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ТЕКСТИ ТА ЗАВДАННЯ ДЛЯ ДОМАШНЬОГО ЧИТАННЯ
(для студентів IV курсу факультету іноземної філології)

Навчально-методичний посібник



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Навчально-методичний посібник містить пояснювальну записку, двадцять чотири різностильових тексти, що відображають тематику навчальних модулів дисципліни, а також чітко розроблену структуру вправ для розвитку лексичних, мовленнєвих та письмових вмінь.

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ПОЯСНЮВАЛЬНА ЗАПИСКА

Читання відіграє важливу роль в житті сучасної людини. Читання – це письмова форма спілкування, яка забезпечує нас інформацією з таких джерел як книги, журнали, газети тощо. Читаючи, ми взаємодіємо не з паперовими сторінками, не з рядками літер, тобто, не просто з книгою, а з людьми, які написали твір, з їх думками та переживаннями, поглядами та переконаннями. Сучасна методика викладання іноземних мов визначає читання не лише як засіб, але і як ціль навчання.

Навчально-методичний посібник призначений для досягнення основної мети домашнього читання у вищій мовній школі – послідовного і глибокого розкриття художньо-естетичного змісту оригінальних літературних творів, яке ґрунтується на активній участі студентів в умовному діалозі з автором художнього тексту та його персонажами – в міжкультурному діалозі. Кожна тематична розробка, яка відповідає програмним вимогам четвертого курсу практики усного та писемного мовлення факультету іноземної філології, розрахована на одне заняття з домашнього читання відповідно до норм читання на IV курсі вищої мовної школи.

Посібник спрямований на розвиток навичок читання та формування основних вмінь, необхідних для ефективного читання, а саме: вмінь читати текст самостійно, не користуючись поясненнями; вміння здогадуватись про значення незнайомих слів, зміст тексту за заголовком; вміння передбачати зміст тексту за його назвою або передбачати фінал твору; вміння стежити за розвитком лінії сюжету; вміння читати тексти різних жанрів і враховувати їх характер; вміння розуміти основну ідею і зміст твору; вміння розуміти загальний зміст тексту; вміння вибирати головне (необхідне) з тексту; вміння користуватись словником та іншими довідковими виданнями під час читання текстів, які своєю лексикою виходять за межі вивченого матеріалу, тобто наголос здійснюється саме на вмінні працювати самостійно, що відповідає основним засадам та вимогам Болонського процесу. Адже сучасні тенденції розвитку України пов'язані з інтеграційними процесами та впровадженням європейських норм і стандартів в освіту, науку та техніку.

Оволодіння даними вміннями здійснюється у вирішенні задач, які необхідно усвідомити як свої власні, а цього, за умови сформованої внутрішньої мотивації, можна досягти за рахунок їх пояснення (пояснення необхідності того чи іншого вміння), а також за рахунок правильної оцінки роботи студентів, їх успіхів або невдач.

Структура і зміст завдань посібника зумовлені цільовою установкою домашнього читання. Запропонований комплекс завдань передбачає послідовне проникнення в ідейний зміст текстів з урахуванням естетичної та соціокультурної інформації і скерований на розвиток творчої активності студентів. Це дає студентам можливість ознайомитись з культурою і зрозуміти національно-специфічні особливості народу, мова якого вивчається, усвідомити розбіжності в умовах життя, в естетичних та етичних нормах, культурних традиціях, виявити особливості пізнання реалій світу, усвідомити їх та виразити ці особливості вербальними засобами.

Увесь комплекс вправ складається з трьох частин: *вокабуляра*, призначеного для активізації лексики, *мовних та мовленнєвих вправ*, спрямованих на сприйняття і розуміння тексту з метою глибшого проникнення в його зміст, формування вмінь застосування нової лексики у монологічному чи діалогічному мовленні. Крім того посібник містить завдання для розвитку вмінь *письма*.



Unit 1: «Higher Education»

– **WHAT DO YOU OFFER THE WORLD** By Richard N. Bolles

Life planning expert Richard N. Bolles, author of What Color Is Your Parachute?, offers some advice on how to identify the skills you have that will lead you to the career you want.

For years, I've taught workshops attended by people from around the world – poor, rich, young, old, schooled, and unschooled. I've discovered that everyone – and I mean *everyone* – has at least 500 skills. The questions are: Which kind, and what are they?

We are all born gifted; we are all born «skilled» even those with severe disabilities. Watch a baby learn, digest, and put information to use. The skills every child has are astounding!

Look at your skills, examine them, and recognize - they are talents you offer the world.

Basically there are three kinds of skills, and it is useful to think of them in three categories: verbs, nouns, and adjectives.

Some of your skills are verbs, things you do. Like: healing, sewing, constructing, driving, communicating, persuading, motivating, negotiating, calculating, organizing, planning, memorizing, researching, synthesizing, etc. These are your Transferable or Functional Skills. They are also called talents, gifts, and «natural skills». They are strengths you have, often from birth. Some

people, for example, are born knowing how to negotiate; but if you weren't, you often can learn how to do it as you grow. So, some of these skills are «acquired». You rarely ever lose these skills.

They are called your Transferable Skills because they can be transferred from one occupation to another and used in a variety of fields, no matter how often you change careers.

These skills are things you are good at doing in one of three universes: people, things, or data/information/ideas. Most of us lean toward preferring work that is primarily with either people, things, or data. And why? Because that's where we use the skills we most love to use.

Some of your skills are nouns, subjects and objects you understand well. Like: computers, English, antiques, flowers, colors, fashion, Microsoft Word, music, farm equipment, data, graphics, Asia, Japanese, the stock market, etc.

These are called your Subject Skills or Knowledge Skills. They are subjects that you know something about and love to use in your work. They are often called «your expertises».

You have learned these, over the years, through apprenticeships (formal or informal), school, life experience, or books, or from a mentor. Which ones do you absolutely love to use? This is the second set of skills you have to offer the world.

Adjectives or adverbs are the third kind of skills.

Like: accurate, adaptable, creative, dependable, flexible, methodical, persistent, punctual, responsible, self-reliant, tactful, courteous, kind, etc.

These are your Personal Trait Skills. Traits are the ways you manage yourself, the way you discipline yourself. They give a style to your transferable skills. Often these are developed only through experience.

In everyday conversation, we speak of our traits as though they floated freely in the air: «I am dependable; I am creative; I am punctual». But in reality, traits are always attached to your transferable skills, as adjectives or adverbs.

For example, if your favorite transferable skill is «researching», then your traits describe or modify how you do your «researching». Is it methodically, or creatively, or dependably?

These styles, these self-disciplines, are the third thing you have to offer to the world.

How you combine these three kinds of skills is what makes you unique.

It is important, then, that you figure out what kinds of jobs need the transferable skills, and the expertises, and the traits that you most like to use. After all, you were born because the world needs what you uniquely have to offer.

(This part of article is adapted from <http://www.jobhuntersbible.com/>, the official site of Bolles's book What Color Is Your Parachute?)

– GETTING TO COLLEGE

Having learned about the skills you possess you get one of life's really big questions: How or where do you find success in life knowing that? And what is it anyway?

Philosophers and advice gurus might spin all kinds of answers, but there's one really easy answer for somebody who is 16 or 17 years old in the United States: college.

U.S. government surveys show that a person who has a college degree will earn \$1 million more over a lifetime, on average, than a person who has a secondary school diploma.

The answer may be easy, but then comes the hard part. How do you get into college? Which one do you pick? Which one will pick you? How do you pay for it?

Just getting into college takes a lot of work and research. Most young people who do it successfully have a parent guiding them and prodding them along the way.

But parents who didn't go to college have a disadvantage as they try to push their kids toward college. And the kids in those families often don't see themselves as college-bound, even when their grades are good enough for admission.

That's the job College Summit has taken on. It's a nonprofit organization that started out 15 years ago when four teens in a low-income neighborhood in Washington, D.C., went to a counselor at a community center and asked for help getting into college. That counselor was J.B. Schramm, and today College Summit is working with secondary schools in 10 U.S. states, serving 17,000 senior-level students who need a boost getting into college.

With a special focus on students from low-income backgrounds, College Summit works with students throughout the senior year to reach all college admission deadlines. An equally important part of the program is helping secondary schools build a college-going culture among all their students. The organization's leaders figured out that when kids see other kids go on to college – kids a lot like themselves – everybody begins to believe they have a shot at making it.

That ripple effect sets in motion huge waves, says Schramm.

«The young person who is the first in his family to get a college degree has basically ended poverty in his or her family line forever», said Schramm, the founder and chief executive officer of this organization.

College Summit employs one strategy used in the military in getting students ready to propel themselves toward college: boot camp. In military-speak, boot camp is an intensive period of basic training in which civilians learn to be soldiers. For College Summit, boot camp is a four-day period of immersion in which instructors help young people see beyond a high school diploma and envision themselves as college students, and even as college graduates.

As College Summit has demonstrated its success and moved into broader partnerships with schools and school districts, the goal is to establish higher expectations in secondary schools. While the high school diploma has long been a goal in itself, College Summit and its partner schools want students to look at secondary school as only the launching pad for further achievement.

In order for seniors to see college as the next step following graduation, College Summit schools put tools and curriculum in the hands of all students to navigate the postsecondary planning process. College Summit and partner schools build time for those activities into the school day and provide training so educators can provide counseling and encouragement for students' college aspirations.

The College Summit philosophy is not that all students may choose a university, but that students shouldn't lose the chance because a secondary school program didn't prepare them.

«Our goal is to have every student find the path that makes sense for them», Schramm said, «whether it's a four-year college, a two-year degree, the military, or occupational certification». (Source «The Chronicle of Higher Education» Wednesday, September 2, 2009)



– OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES

England is famous for its educational institutes. There were many different kinds of schools in Medieval England and the English universities were one of the most significant creations. The students who attended either Oxford or Cambridge Universities set an intellectual standard that contrasted markedly with the norm of Medieval England. Today both Universities are internationally renowned centres for teaching and research, attracting students and scholars from all over the world.

Oxford is the first Saxon settlement developed around a place where ox-drovers had a major crossing point over the River Thames. The exact whereabouts of this crossing is uncertain, but it is believed to be near the present Magdalen

Bridge. The first name given to the crossing was Oxnaforde (the ford of the oxen).

[The University of Oxford](#), located in the city of Oxford is one of the oldest and most highly revered Universities in Europe. It was the first university established in Britain. Oxford is situated about 57 miles (90 km) north-west of London in its own county of Oxfordshire. The city lies at the confluence of the Rivers Cherwell and Thames, or «Isis», as it is locally known, giving the opportunity to enjoy such pleasant pursuits as boating and punting, or a stroll along river banks. The story of Oxford is one of a war, plague, religious persecution, heroes and the emergence of one of the greatest Universities in the world. Known as the city of «Dreaming Spires» Oxford is dominated by the Medieval architecture of the University, and the exquisite gardens within.

According to legend Oxford University was founded by King Alfred the Great in 872 when he happened to meet some monks there and had a scholarly debate that lasted several days. A more realistic scenario is that it grew out of efforts begun by Alfred to encourage education and establish schools throughout his territory.

Long after Alfred, during the late 11th or early 12th century, it is known that Oxford became a centre of learning for clerics, from which a school or university could have sprung or evolved. The university was given a boost in 1167 when, for political reasons, Henry II of England ordered all English students at Paris to return to England. Most of the returning students congregated at Oxford and the University began a period of rapid development. Oxford, like Cambridge, differs from many other universities in that there is no central university campus. Instead, the University consists of a large number of colleges and associated buildings, scattered throughout the city.

From the start there was friction between «town and gown». Most students took lodgings with local people, who soon realised that they could charge high prices and rents of the Academics. However it was a strain on the resources of the community to have to provide for the influx of people from elsewhere. In the 13th century, rioting between students and local people hastened the establishment of primitive halls of residence. These were succeeded by the first of Oxford's colleges or endowed houses whose architectural splendour, together with the University's libraries and museums, give the city its unique character.

The first colleges of Oxford were built in the 13th century, but it wasn't until 1878 that women were admitted to the university, 1920 when they were awarded degrees, and 1974 when the last of the all-male colleges opened their doors to women. So, the first college, University College, was founded in 1249 by William of Durham. Other notable colleges include All Souls (founded in 1438),

Christ Church (founded in 1546) and Lady Margaret Hall (founded in 1878), which was the first women's college. Since 1974, all but one of Oxford's colleges have changed their statutes to admit both men and women. St Hilda's remains the only women's college, and the rest enrol both men and women.

Oxford was hit hard by the Black Plague (1348-1350). The colleges kept country houses where scholars could flee during periods of plague, but the residents of the city had no such recourse. The population of the city dropped heavily, and the colleges took full advantage by buying up vacant property and greatly expanding their holdings within Oxford.

One of the notorious events is the St Scholastica Day riot of February 10, 1355. Following a dispute about beer in a tavern between townspeople and two students of the University of Oxford, the insults exchanged grew into armed clashes between locals and students over the next two days which left 63 scholars and perhaps 30 locals dead. The dispute was settled in favour of the university with a special charter. Annually, on February 10, the town mayor and councillors had to march bareheaded through the streets and pay to the university a fine of one penny for every scholar killed. The penance ended in 1825 when the mayor refused to take part.

Oxford early on became a centre for lively controversy, with scholars involved in religious and political disputes. John Wyclif, a 14th-century Master of Balliol, campaigned for a bible in the vernacular, against the wishes of the papacy. In 1530, Henry VIII forced the University to accept his divorce from Catherine of Aragon. During the Reformation in the 16th century, the Anglican churchmen Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were tried for heresy and burnt at the stake in Oxford. During the Civil War, Oxford was selected as the Royalist capital. The King stayed at Christ Church, the Queen at Merton, and a passage was constructed to allow them to meet. Most of the citizens were violently anti-Royalist, but not the University.

Hitler was intending to use Oxford as his capital if he conquered England which is one of the reasons it was not bombed.

Today Oxford University is comprised of thirty-nine colleges and six permanent private halls, founded between 1249 and 1996, whose architectural grandeur, together with that of the University's libraries and museums, gives the city its unique character. More than 130 nationalities are represented among a student population of over 18,000. A range of scholarships offer support for international students. Thirty colleges and all halls admit students for both undergraduate and graduate degrees. Seven other colleges are for graduates only; one has Fellows only, and one specializes in part-time and continuing education. Each college is practically autonomous with its own set of rules. There is central

administration, providing services such as libraries, laboratories, lectures and examination.

There have been many famous people who have studied at Oxford University and they include John Locke, Adam Smith, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Lewis Carroll, Oscar Wilde, J. R. Tolkien, Indira Gandhi, Baroness Margaret Thatcher, Bill Clinton, Rupert Murdoch, Rowan Atkinson (Mr Bean), and Hugh Grant. All in all, Oxford has produced four British and at least eight foreign kings, 47 Nobel prize-winners, 25 British Prime Ministers, 28 foreign presidents and prime ministers, seven saints, 86 archbishops, 18 cardinals, and one pope. Seven of the last eleven British Prime Ministers have been Oxford graduates.

Oxford's teaching and research is consistently in the top rank nationally and internationally, and is at the forefront of medical, scientific and technological achievement. Amongst the University's old members are many widely influential scientists. Contemporary scientists include Stephen Hawking, Richard Dawkins and Nobel prize-winner Anthony James Leggett, and Tim Berners Lee, inventor of the World Wide Web.

Cambridge was founded in 43AD by the Roman emperor Cantabrigensis, but remained an insignificant market town until the foundation of the university. So, [University of Cambridge](#) is the second-oldest university in the English-speaking world (after Oxford). The start of the University is generally taken as 1209, when some masters and students arrived in Cambridge after fleeing from rioting in Oxford.

Cambridge is situated about 50 miles (80 km) north of London. The town of Cambridge originally took its name from the river on which it stood - the Granta. Through a convoluted process of evolution, the name 'Grontabrice' became 'Cambridge', and the river became the 'Cam'. The town is referred to in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* as 'Canterbridge'.

The university was basically established to study for religious purposes. The earliest teaching sessions of the University were carried out in churches or private houses. This was obviously unsatisfactory, and so the University authorities began to establish buildings for its own use. Some of these early 'schools' still exist on the site known, appropriately, as the 'Old Schools'. During the 14th and 15th Centuries, the University gradually gained its independence from the church, with the Chancellor taking on both religious and civil duties.

Cambridge University is composed of more than thirty constituent colleges, one of the most illustrious of which is Emmanuel College. This college was founded in 1584 by Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth I. Many Emmanuel graduates, including John Harvard, were among those who settled in New England in the first half of the 17th century. The oldest

building is in St John's College but the oldest college as institution is Peterhouse, dates from 1284. King Henry VIII founded the largest college, Trinity, in 1546.

Many of the University buildings are of historical or architectural interest, and the University's museums contain many rare, valuable and beautiful items. King's College Chapel, begun in 1446, is one of Britain's most magnificent buildings. The mulberry tree under which the poet John Milton is reputed to have written *Lycidas* is on the grounds of Christ's College. Samuel Pepys's library, housed in the original cases, is at Magdalene College. Two of the colleges contain chapels designed by Christopher Wren-Pembroke and Emmanuel. The gardens and grounds of the colleges along the River Cam are known as the «Backs,» and together they form a unique combination of large-scale architecture, natural and formal gardens, and river scenery with student boaters.

The University at present has more than 16,500 full-time students - over 11,600 undergraduates and nearly 5,000 graduates. About 17% of the student body is from overseas, coming from over 100 different countries. Because of its high academic reputation, admission to the University is highly competitive, and most overseas students already have a good degree from a university in their own country.

The University also has a worldwide reputation for other aspects of its work. Cambridge University Press (one of the world's oldest and largest publishers) and UCLES (University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate) are world leaders in their respective fields and allow the University to make a direct educational and academic contribution to the lives of millions of people around the world.

Cambridge University is more renowned than its rival for mathematics and natural sciences, and has produced 80 Nobel-prize winners (33 more than Oxford and the highest number of any university worldwide), 13 British Prime Ministers (12 less than the other place) and 8 Archbishops of Canterbury, among others.

The list of illustrious alumni is endless. Among the most famous are Desiderius Erasmus, Francis Bacon, Christopher Marlowe, Lord Byron, Charles Darwin, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Jawaharlal Nehru, Vladimir Nabokov, Lee Kuan Yew (PM of Singapore from 1959 to 1990), and Rajiv Gandhi. The great Russian scientist Pavlov came to Cambridge to receive the degree of the Honorary Doctor of Cambridge. University of Cambridge is known as a great centre of science, where many famous scientists have worked.

The universities of Oxford and Cambridge are sometimes referred to collectively as Oxbridge. The two universities have a long history of competition with each other. Today this is expressed primarily through the annual boat race, and rugby match (The Varsity Match).

Cambridge University is one of the wealthiest institutions in the Great Britain and it does not rely on the income it derives from student fees; its main sources of money come from the land it owns, especially Felixstowe docks (the major container port in the UK) and from the science parks and laboratories around Cambridge.

(Sources: <http://www.ox.ac.uk/aboutoxford/history.shtml>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/University_of_Oxford

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/University_of_Cambridge)

EXERCISES

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. How can the three texts be connected? 2. How do you understand the title of the first extract? 3. What are the three kinds of skills defined in the first extract? 4. What are natural and acquired skills? 5. What is a transferable skill? 6. What does the word combination «three universes» imply? 7. What is College Summit? 8. What is boot camp? 9. What is the legend about founding of Oxford University? 10. How do Oxford and Cambridge differ from the rest universities? 11. What can strike you about both universities? 12. Fill the gaps in the sentences, using the words and phrases below: *evolved, rioting, stroll, comprised, large-scale, carried, rival, stake, confluence, attended, reputed, plague, controversy, endowed, boost, illustrious, congregated, revered, scholarships, overseas, convoluted, friction, renowned, gained, lodgings, fleeing.*

- The students who ... either Oxford or Cambridge Universities set an intellectual standard that contrasted markedly with the norm of Medieval England.

- Today both Universities are internationally ... centres for teaching and research, attracting students and scholars from all over the world.

- The University of Oxford, located in the city of Oxford is one of the oldest and most highly ... Universities in Europe.

- The city lies at the ... of the Rivers Cherwell and Thames.

- Oxford's location is giving the opportunity to enjoy such pleasant pursuits as boating and punting, or a ... along river banks.

- The story of Oxford is one of war, ..., religious persecution, heroes and the emergence of one of the greatest Universities in the world.

- During the late 11th or early 12th century, it is known that Oxford became a centre of learning for clerics, from which a school or university could have sprung or

- The university was given a ... in 1167 when, for political reasons, Henry II of England ordered all English students at Paris to return to England.

- Most of the returning students ... at Oxford and the University began a period of rapid development.

- From the start there was ... between «town and gown».

- Most students took ... with local people, who soon realised that they could charge high prices and rents of the Academics.

- In the 13th century, ... between students and local people hastened the establishment of primitive halls of residence.

- These were succeeded by the first of Oxford's colleges or ... houses whose architectural splendour, together with the University's libraries and museums, give the city its unique character.

- Oxford early on became a centre for lively ..., with scholars involved in religious and political disputes.

- During the Reformation in the 16th century, the Anglican churchmen Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were tried for heresy and burnt at the ... in Oxford.

- Today Oxford University is ... of thirty-nine colleges and six permanent private halls, founded between 1249 and 1996.

- A range of ... offer support for international students.

- University of Cambridge is the second-oldest university in the English-speaking world (after Oxford). The start of the University is generally taken as 1209, when some masters and students arrived in Cambridge after ... from rioting in Oxford.

- The town of Cambridge originally took its name from the river on which it stood - the Granta. Through a ... process of evolution, the name 'Grontabricc' became 'Cambridge', and the river became the 'Cam'.

- The earliest teaching sessions of the University of Cambridge were ... out in churches or private houses.

- University gradually ... its independence from the church, with the Chancellor taking on both religious and civil duties.

- Cambridge University is composed of more than thirty constituent colleges, one of the most ... of which is Emmanuel College.

- King's College Chapel, begun in 1446, is one of Britain's most magnificent buildings. The mulberry tree under which the poet John Milton is ... to have written Lycidas is on the grounds of Christ's College.

- The gardens and grounds of the colleges along the River Cam are known as the «Backs,» and together they form a unique combination of ... architecture, natural and formal gardens, and river scenery with student boaters.

- Cambridge University at present has more than 16,500 full-time students - over 11,600 undergraduates and nearly 5,000 graduates. About 17% of the student body is from ..., coming from over 100 different countries.

- Cambridge University is more renowned than its ... for mathematics and natural sciences, and has produced 80 Nobel-prize winners (33 more than Oxford and the highest number of any university worldwide), 13 British Prime Ministers (12 less than the other place) and 8 Archbishops of Canterbury, among others.

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. I've discovered that everyone – and I mean *everyone* – has at least 500 skills. 2. After all, you were born because the world needs what you uniquely have to offer. 3. But parents who didn't go to college have a disadvantage as they try to push their kids toward college. 4. ...a nonprofit organization... 5. An equally important part of the program is helping secondary schools build a college-going culture among all their students. 6. ...the goal is to establish higher expectations in secondary schools. 7. In order for seniors to see college as the next step following graduation, College Summit schools put tools and curriculum in the hands of all students to navigate the postsecondary planning process. 8. From the start there was friction between «town and gown».

III. Find in the third text equivalents for the following words and phrases and make up your own sentences with them:

1. Синтезуючий, фондова біржа, учнівство, табір новобранців, прагнення, погоничі волів, брід, катання на плотах, заколот, спалені живцем, міністр фінансів, шовковиця.

1. The precise usage of this term varies among English-speaking countries. Usually this is an institution of higher education that offers only undergraduate programs and limited graduate programs, but it also can be a separate unit within a university like a (...) of business or (...) of arts and sciences. In the context of the university it is also known as Faculty. Often these institutions within a university have different admission requirements. How do we call this institution?

2. It is a course of study, either at high school or university level. This program at a US university is, in British English terms, a postgraduate study program. This level is designed to lead towards a master's or doctorate and generally is open only to students who have completed an undergraduate degree. How do we call such educational level?

3. In some educational systems, it means a post-secondary student pursuing a Bachelor's degree. Students of higher degrees are known as postgraduates (or often simply graduates). How do we call such students?

4. What is another way of saying “a dormitory”: a college or university building containing living quarters for students?

5. Two words used to describe the two communities of a university town; «...» being the non-academic population and «...» the university community, especially in traditional seats of learning such as Oxford and Cambridge. The second word in this expression alludes to the academic robes traditional in British universities.

6. It means «MAINLY US» - someone who has left a school, college or university after completing their studies there. What is the word?

7. It means one of the best-known organisations in the world of English Language Teaching and the world's largest and best known educational assessment agencies with examination centres in over 150 countries. Examinations in English as a Foreign Language (EFL) were started at this organization in 1913, with the *Certificate of Proficiency in English (CPE)*. The *First Certificate in English (FCE)* was introduced in 1939. What is the organization?

Written assignment: Find in Internet and present in the classroom any present-day controversial issue concerning educational sphere (for example: «The Need of Changes in the Secondary and Higher Education System in the World of Globalization»).

Unit 2: «Courts and Trial»

– CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

If we look into history we shall find that laws, which are, or ought to be, conventions between men in a state of freedom, have been, for the most part the work of the passions of a few, or the consequences of a fortuitous or temporary necessity.

Observe that by justice I understand nothing more than that bond which is necessary to keep the interest of individuals united, without which men would return to their original state of barbarity. All punishments which exceed the necessity of preserving this bond are in their nature unjust.

The end of punishment, therefore, is no other than to prevent the criminal from doing further injury to society, and to prevent others from committing the like offence. Such punishments, therefore, and such a mode of inflicting them, ought to be chosen, as will make the strongest and most lasting impressions on the minds of others, with the least torment to the body of the criminal.

The torture of a criminal during the course of his trial is a cruelty consecrated by custom in most nations. It is used with an intent either to make

him confess his crime, or to explain some contradiction into which he had been led during his examination, or discover his accomplices, or for some kind of metaphysical and incomprehensible purgation of infamy, or, finally, in order to discover other crimes of which he is not accused, but of which he may be guilty.

No man can be judged a criminal until he be found guilty; nor can society take from him the public protection until it has been proved that he has violated the conditions on which it was granted. What right, then, but that of power, can authorise the punishment of a citizen so long as there remains any doubt of his guilt? This dilemma is frequent. Either he is guilty, or not guilty. If guilty, he should only suffer the punishment ordained by the laws, and torture becomes useless, as his confession is unnecessary. If he be not guilty, you torture the innocent; for, in the eye of the law, every man is innocent whose crime has not been proved.

Crimes are more effectually prevented by the certainty than the severity of punishment.

In proportion as punishments become more cruel, the minds of men, as a fluid rises to the same height with that which surrounds it, grow hardened and insensible. That a punishment may produce the effect required, it is sufficient that the evil it occasions should exceed the good expected from the crime, including in the calculation the certainty of the punishment, and the privation of the expected advantage. All severity beyond this is superfluous, and therefore tyrannical.

The death penalty is pernicious to society, from the example of barbarity it affords. If the passions, or the necessity of war, have taught men to shed the blood of their fellow creatures, the laws, which are intended to moderate the ferocity of mankind, should not increase it by examples of barbarity, the more horrible as this punishment is usually attended with formal pageantry. Is it not absurd, that the laws, which detest and punish homicide, should, in order to prevent murder, publicly commit murder themselves?

It is better to prevent crimes than to punish them. This is the fundamental principle of good legislation, which is the art of conducting men to the maximum of happiness, and to the minimum of misery, if we may apply this mathematical expression to the good and evil of life....

Would you prevent crimes? Let the laws be clear and simple, let the entire force of the nation be united in their defence, let them be intended rather to favour every individual than any particular classes of men; let the laws be feared, and the laws only. The fear of the laws is salutary, but the fear of men is a fruitful and fatal source of crimes.

(Source: *«An Essay on Crimes and Punishments»* by Cesare Beccaria, Internet Modern History Sourcebook)

– HIGHWAYMEN IN 17th AND 18th CENTURY ENGLAND

Houndslow Heath was, for 100 years, between the 17th and 18th centuries, the most dangerous place in England. Across the Heath ran the Bath and Exeter roads used by wealthy visitors to the West country resorts and courtiers returning to Windsor. These travellers provided rich pickings for highwaymen.

Dick Turpin is one of the best remembered highwaymen who operated in this area, although he was often to be found in North London, Essex and Yorkshire. Turpin frequently used as his base the Old Swan Inn at Wroughton-on-the-Green in Buckinghamshire. Turpin was a Yorkshireman, born in York and was later hanged and buried there in 1739. His grave can be seen in the churchyard of St. Denys and St. George in York. Turpin's famous ride from London to York almost certainly was not made by him but by another highwayman, 'Swift Nicks' Nevison during the reign of Charles 2nd. Nevison also ended up on the gallows at York and the leg-irons which held him while in prison there before his execution can be seen in York Castle Museum.

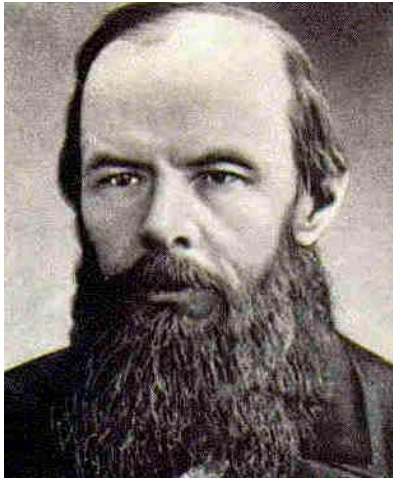
The most gallant of the Heath's highwaymen was French-born Claude Duval. He was idolised by the ladies he robbed as he made much use of his 'gallic charm'. His manners it seems were impeccable as far as his lady victims were concerned! He once insisted on dancing with one of his victims after robbing her husband of £100! Duval was hanged in 1670 and buried at Convent Garden. His grave was marked (now destroyed) by a stone with the following epitaph:- «Here lies Duval, if male thou art, look to your purse, if female to thy heart.»

Most of the highwaymen were not like Duval, they were really no more than 'thugs', but one exception was Twysden, Bishop of Raphoe who was killed carrying out a robbery on the Heath.

Three brothers, Harry, Tom and Dick Dunsdon were famous 18th century highwaymen in Oxfordshire. One of my ancestors, Sampson Pratley, fought one of these brothers in the Royal Oak Inn in Field Assarts. The fight was really a wager to see who was the strongest and the prize was to be a sack of potatoes for the winner. Sampson Pratley won, but never got his potatoes as two of the brothers were caught shortly afterwards and hanged at Gloucester in 1784. Their bodies were brought back to Shipton-under-Wychwood and gibbeted from an oak tree. Dick Dunsdon bled to death when Tom and Harry had to cut off one of his arms to free his hand which was trapped in a door-shutter as they were attempting to rob a house.

Few highwaymen survived beyond their early twenties - they were usually betrayed for 'blood money' or were captured through their own stupidity.

- **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** by F. Dostoevsky
(summary and study guide)



CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Rodion Romanovitch Raskolnikov The main character who is alternately called Rodya, Rodenka, and Rodka.

Avdotya Romanovna Raskolnikov Rodya's sister, alternately called Dounia.

Pulcheria Alexandrovna Raskolnikov Rodya's mother.

Semyon Zakharovitch Marmeladov A drunkard who figures prominently in a bar conversation with Raskolnikov.

Katerina Ivanovna The wife of Marmeladov.

Sofya Semyonovna Marmeladov Marmeladov's daughter and devoted step-daughter of Katerina Ivanovna, who prostitutes herself and later falls in love with Raskolnikov. Also called Sonia.

Arkady Ivanovitch Svidrigailov Dounia's former employer who arrives in St. Petersburg.

Marfa Petrovna Svidrigailov's wife who dies and leaves Dounia a bundle of needed money.

Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin A rich man who thinks he can buy happiness for Dounia, his love. His name, comically, means «puddle.»

Dimitri Prokofitch Razumikhin Raskolnikov's best friend and guardian of Dounia.

Andrei Semyonovitch Lebeziatnikov A tenant in the same building as the Marmeladovs and a liberal.

Porfiry Petrovich The overseeing police officer on Raskolnikov's case.

Alyona Ivanovna The moneylender who Raskolnikov murders.

Lizaveta Ivanovna The simple-minded sister of Alyona and a friend of Sonya.

Praskovya Pavlovna Raskolnikov's complaining landlady.

Nastasya Praskovya's servant and a friend of Raskolnikov.

Amalia Fyodorovna The Marmeladov's landlady who causes a big scandalous fight at a dinner party.

Kapernaumov Sonia's landlady.

Zossimov A friend of Razhumikin and a doctor who cared for Raskolnikov.

Nikodim Fomitch Chief of the police.

Zametov A clerk in the police station and a friend of Razhumikin.

Ilya Petrovitch A police official.

Nikolay and Dimitri The painters, one of whom admits to the crime.

NOVEL SUMMARY

PART ONE

Chapter One:

«Oh God, how loathsome it all is! and can I, can I possibly....No, it's nonsense, it's rubbish!» he added resolutely. 'And how could such an atrocious thing come into my head? What filthy things my heart is capable of».
(*Raskolnikov*)

The reader is introduced to Rodion Romanovitch Raskolnikov, a handsome young student. He is hopelessly in debt to his landlady. He is going to see a pawnbroker and is obsessed with not running into anyone on the way. Raskolnikov is in the process of planning the murder of Alyona Ivanovna, the pawnbroker. The thought of the crime disgusts him, but he continues to plan. After leaving Alyona Ivanovna's, he enters a tavern.

Chapter Two:

«He will come in that day and He will ask: 'Where is the daughter who gave herself for her cross, consumptive step-mother and for the little children of another? Where is the daughter who had pity upon the filthy drunkard, her earthly father, undismayed by his beastliness?' And He will say, 'Come to Me....Thy sins which are many are forgiven thee, for thou has loved much....»
(*Marmeladov*)

Raskolnikov meets Semyon Zakharovitch Marmeladov, a drunken clerk, in the tavern. Marmeladov tells Raskolnikov that he had previously lost his position because of his alcoholism before being reinstated. He mentions how his wife was beaten a month earlier by Mr. Lebeziatnikov. Five days earlier, Marmeladov took all of the family's money and left home, squandering it on alcohol. He is afraid to go home and face his wife, Katerina Ivanovna. Their eldest daughter, Sofya Semyonovna (Sonia), has been forced into prostitution to raise money for her destitute family. Marmeladov is convinced that God will forgive Sonia. Raskolnikov leads Marmeladov home and sees the horrible condition of his family. Although he is in desperate need of money himself, Raskolnikov silently leaves some money on the windowsill. He immediately wishes he hadn't given the money away, but does not take it back.

Chapter Three:

«Almost from the first, while he read the letter, Raskolnikov's face was wet with tears; but when he finished it, his face was pale and distorted and a bitter, wrathful and malignant smile was on his lips».

The reader is introduced to Raskolnikov's cramped quarters. His living conditions disgust him but they keep him isolated, which he desires. Raskolnikov, a former student, used to support himself by teaching children. His maid, Nastasya, tells him that his landlady, Praskovya Pavlovna, is going to file a complaint with the police because he has not paid his back rent. He receives a letter from his mother, Pulcheria Alexandrovna, about his sister, Avdotya Romanovna (Dounia). Dounia worked as a tutor for the Svidrigailovs. Arkady Ivanovitch Svidrigailov tried to seduce Dounia, who rejected him. However, Svidrigailov's wife, Marfa Petrovna, overheard their conversations and spread disgraceful rumors about Dounia throughout town. Once she realized her error, she went door-to-door to explain the situation and restore Dounia's reputation. She introduces Dounia to Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin, who wants an honorable wife without a dowry so that she will feel indebted to him. Pulcheria Alexandrovna writes that the marriage will take place in St. Petersburg, and she and Dounia will be arriving in town soon. She wants Raskolnikov to become Luzhin's law associate or partner. She writes that she hopes Raskolnikov is still saying his prayers. Raskolnikov is angered by the news, adding to his anxiety.

Chapter Four:

«Do you understand, sir, do you understand what it means when you have absolutely nowhere to turn?» (*Marmeladov*, remembered by *Raskolnikov*)

Raskolnikov decides that he must break off Dounia's wedding. He is angry that his mother is pinning all of her hopes on Luzhin, and Raskolnikov thinks Dounia only agreed to the marriage to save him and their mother. He thinks

Dounia's «sacrifice» is on the same level as Sonia's. While walking down the street he sees a drunk, fifteen-year old girl being followed by a base-looking man. Raskolnikov enlists a policeman to help him protect the girl, and then offers the last of his money to call a cab for her. He suddenly has a change of heart, however, and tells the policeman to leave them alone. Raskolnikov has very few friends from the university, since most people thought he looked down upon them, but he is still on good terms with Razumikhin, who is also currently out of school but is saving money to go back. Raskolnikov decides to visit Razumikhin.

Chapter Five:

«But the poor boy, beside himself, made his way, screaming, through the crowd to the sorrel nag, put his arms round her bleeding head and kissed it, kissed the eyes and kissed the lips....»

Raskolnikov decides to delay his visit to Razumikhin until after he finishes the murder. He has a dream about his childhood. In the dream, he is seven years old and is going with his father to visit his mother's grave. They encounter a mob of drunken peasants surrounding a wagon filled with people. The old horse hitched in front of the wagon is unable to pull it and is being beaten by its owner. The man whips the horse in the eyes and bludgeons it with a crowbar, killing it. Raskolnikov thinks this is a sign about his plan to murder Alyona Ivanovna. He prays for the dream to be renounced and feels free from it. He continues to plan the murder, finding out when Lizaveta Ivanovna, Alyona Ivanovna's sister, will be out of the apartment, leaving the pawnbroker alone.

Chapter Six:

«When reason fails, the devil helps!» [Raskolnikov] thought with a strange grin.»

Raskolnikov remembers a conversation where students discuss killing Alyona Ivanovna and using her money to help people, figuring that thousands of good deeds outweigh one crime and that she has done nothing but bad deeds for society. Raskolnikov makes his final preparations for the murder. He feels that criminals get caught because of a «disease of will» that causes them to lose their reason, and is confident that he will not be so afflicted. He has also convinced himself that this is not a crime. He does not arrive at Alyona Ivanovna's apartment until seven-thirty, one half-hour after he had planned. Despite his conviction, he is in a frenzy when he reaches the apartment.

Chapter Seven:

«He longed to run away from the place as fast as possible. And if at that moment he had been capable of seeing and reasoning more correctly, if he had been able to realize all the difficulties of his position, the hopelessness, the hideousness and the absurdity of it, if he could have understood how many

obstacles, and, perhaps, crimes he had still to overcome or to commit, to get out of that place and to make his way home, it is very possible that he would have flung up everything, and would have gone to give himself up, and not from fear, but from simple horror and loathing of what he had done.»

Raskolnikov commits the murder. He strikes Alyona Ivanovna twice in the head with the blunt side of an ax, killing her. He stands still trembling after the murder before finally searching for her keys and trying to find the money. Lizaveta returns, and in his panic Raskolnikov splits her skull with one blow from the sharp side of the ax. After this, he is unconscious in his delirium. He deliberately attempts to clean the ax and his clothing. As he is ready to leave, two visitors ring the doorbell. Realizing that the door is locked from the inside, they leave to get help, allowing Raskolnikov to escape. He falls asleep almost immediately after returning home.

PART TWO

Chapter One:

«A strange idea suddenly occurred to [Raskolnikov], to get up at once, to go to Nikodim Fomitch, and tell him everything that had happened yesterday, and then go with him to his lodgings to show him the things in the hole in the corner. The impulse was so strong that he got up from his seat to carry it out.»

Raskolnikov is furious with himself for not locking his door and hiding the few things he stole, thinking that he will be discovered. Nastasya comes into his room with a police officer, giving him a summons to appear at the police station. Raskolnikov thinks the summons is a trick to get him to confess, and he wonders if he should or not. He feels unencumbered because of his crime and mocks the assistant superintendent at the station. Raskolnikov signs an IOU for the 115 roubles he owes his landlady. As he leaves he overhears a conversation about the murders and passes out. After awakening, he is terrified that the police will suspect him of being the murderer.

Chapter Two:

«No one has been here. That's the blood crying in your ears. When there's no outlet for it and it gets clotted, you begin fancying things....» (*Nastasya*)

Raskolnikov decides to hide the stolen loot under a large rock. His delirium is clearly affecting his actions, and he feels an “almost unbearable joy” after successfully hiding the goods. Raskolnikov goes to visit Razumikhin and almost immediately regrets it. Razumikhin offers Raskolnikov a translating job, but he refuses it. Raskolnikov is almost run over by a coach on his way home and is given money by an old woman who believes he's a beggar. Raskolnikov throws the money away. When he returns home he believes he hears Ilya

Petrovich, a police officer, beating his landlady. Nastasya tells him that it never happened and realizes that he is sick. He soon collapses into unconsciousness.

Chapter Three:

«Raskolnikov looked at all this with profound astonishment and a dull, unreasoning terror. He made up his mind to keep quiet and see what would happen. ‘I believe I am not wandering, I believe it’s reality,’ he thought.»

Raskolnikov is suffering from a fever and had forgotten about the murder. A man comes to see Raskolnikov with 35 roubles from his mother. He initially refuses it, but Razumikhin, who has been taking care of him, convinces him to accept it. Raskolnikov is not sure that he’s fully conscious and decides to play possum until he knows the full situation. He is afraid that Razumikhin and the others know he is guilty, and considers escaping to America. Razumikhin shows him that he has recovered the IOU and tears it up, then leaves to buy Raskolnikov some new clothes.

Chapter Four:

- «Too clever! No, my boy, you’re too clever. That beats everything!»
- «But, why, why?»
- “Why, because everything fits too well...it’s too melodramatic.”
(*Zossimov* rejecting *Razumikhin*’s theory of the execution of the escape)

The doctor, Zossimov, and the investigator, Porfiry Petrovich, come to see Raskolnikov. Zossimov and Razumikhin discuss the murder, and Raskolnikov learns that the painters at the building have been accused. Razumikhin has most of the truth sorted out, except for the fact that Raskolnikov is the murderer. Zossimov rejects his story as melodramatic. Raskolnikov is excited by the conversation. Zossimov recognizes this, but misinterprets it as a sign of recovery from his illness.

Chapter Five:

«...[Is] it true that you told your fiancée...within an hour of her acceptance, that what pleased you most...was that she was a beggar...because it was better to raise a wife from poverty, so that you may have complete control over her, and reproach her with your being her benefactor?» (*Raskolnikov* to *Luzhin*)

Luzhin comes to see Raskolnikov. Raskolnikov openly dislikes him, but Luzhin tries rather unsuccessfully to ignore it. Luzhin is staying with Lebeziatnikov and has made poor living arrangements for Dounia and Pulcheria Alexandrovna. The conversation turns to the murders and Raskolnikov learns that all people who had left pledges with the pawnbroker will be examined. Razumikhin comments that the murderer must have been a novice who escaped by luck. Raskolnikov accuses Luzhin of only wanting Dounia to feel indebted to him, causing Luzhin to accuse Pulcheria Alexandrovna of misrepresenting him.

Raskolnikov threatens Luzhin with violence if he ever mentions his mother again. Luzhin declares that he has been irrevocably offended. Razumikhin and Zossimov notice that Raskolnikov seems to care only about the murders.

Chapter Six:

«I dare say when it came to deeds you'd make a slip. I believe that even a practiced desperate man cannot always reckon on himself, much less you and I.» (*Zametov to Raskolnikov*)

Raskolnikov leaves his apartment despite his illness. He decides that life, no matter how poor, is better than death, ending for the time his thoughts of suicide. He goes to a restaurant, the Palais de Cristal, and asks for the newspapers from the past five days. While reading the newspapers he meets Zametov, a police officer and friend of Razumikhin. Raskolnikov taunts Zametov by saying he only came to read about the murders. Zametov insinuates that an amateur must have committed the murders, angering Raskolnikov. Raskolnikov then lays out his plan for the perfect execution of the murder and theft, the way he actually did it. He asks Zametov what he would think if Raskolnikov had been the murderer. Zametov is momentarily frightened but decides it couldn't be true. After leaving the restaurant Raskolnikov meets Razumikhin and tells him to leave him alone. He goes to a bridge and sees a woman attempt to drown herself. He realizes that he was about to attempt the same thing and decides that it is not a good enough death for him. He returns to the site of the murders and asks questions of the workmen repairing it. He is obviously still somewhat delirious. Raskolnikov then resolves to confess to the police and starts to go to the police station.

Chapter Seven:

«Polenka, my name is Rodion. Pray sometimes for me, too. 'And Thy servant Rodion, nothing more.» (*Raskolnikov*)

Raskolnikov comes across Marmeladov while on his way to the police station. Marmeladov has been run over by a carriage, having drunkenly stumbled in front of it. Raskolnikov brings him back to his apartment and calls for a doctor. Sonia comes in dressed as a prostitute, and Marmeladov, after trying to make apologies to his family, dies in her arms. Raskolnikov gives Katerina Ivanovna twenty roubles and asks Polenka, the younger daughter, to pray for him. Raskolnikov is in high spirits, convinced that he still has life in him. Zossimov believes that Raskolnikov may be insane. Raskolnikov returns home to find his mother and sister waiting for him.

PART THREE

Chapter One:

«I like them to talk nonsense. That's man's one privilege over all creation. Through error you come to the truth. I am a man because I err! You never reach any truth without making fourteen mistakes and very likely a hundred and fourteen.» (*Razumikhin*)

Raskolnikov declares that he will not allow Dounia and Luzhin's wedding to take place. Zossimov tells Pulcheria Alexandrovna that Raskolnikov will be fine but that "fresh shocks" must be avoided. Dounia and Pulcheria Alexandrovna are thankful to Razumikhin for his help taking care of Raskolnikov. Both Razumikhin and Zossimov are attracted to Dounia.

Chapter Two:

«I never could depend on what he would do when he was only fifteen. And I am sure that he might do something now that nobody else would think of doing....» (*Pulcheria Alexandrovna* about *Raskolnikov*)

Razumikhin is upset with himself for playing to Dounia's emotions. Zossimov says that Raskolnikov is a "monomaniac," not insane, and that he is satisfied with Raskolnikov's progress. Razumikhin goes to visit Dounia and Pulcheria Alexandrovna and is surprised that Dounia is not angry with him. He tells them about Raskolnikov's life for the past two years. They show him a letter from Luzhin requesting that Raskolnikov not be present at their first meeting.

Chapter Three:

«It is me or Luzhin. If I am a scoundrel, you must not be. One is enough. If you marry Luzhin, I cease at once to look on you as a sister.» (*Raskolnikov* to *Dounia*)

Dounia and Pulcheria Alexandrovna go to visit Raskolnikov. He feigns sentimentality, but Dounia sees through it. Pulcheria Alexandrovna is strangely afraid of her son. Raskolnikov realizes that his mother is becoming timid. Raskolnikov is in a state of despair because he realizes he can never speak freely again without revealing his crime. Raskolnikov believes Dounia is selling herself for money and lays down an ultimatum: it's either him or Luzhin. Raskolnikov and Razumikhin will be present at the meeting with Luzhin.

Chapter Four:

«Do you know, Dounia, I was looking at you two. You are the very portrait of [Raskolnikov], and not so much in face as in soul. You are both melancholy, both morose and hot-tempered, both haughty and both generous....» (*Pulcheria Alexandrovna*)

Sonia comes to Raskolnikov's apartment to ask him to come to her father's funeral. She becomes embarrassed because she realizes Raskolnikov must have given them all of his money. Pulcheria Alexandrovna says that Dounia and Raskolnikov are much alike. Dounia shows her anger towards Luzhin's attack on

her mother, referring to him as a «contemptible slanderer». Raskolnikov tells Razumikhin that he wants to get his pawned goods back. Dounia and Pulcheria Alexandrovna leave. Raskolnikov tells Razumikhin that he wants to speak with Porfiry. Sonia leaves and a man follows her back to her place. Raskolnikov goes with Razumikhin to see Porfiry and mocks him for blushing in front of Dounia.

Chapter Five:

«...I don't contend that extraordinary people are always bound to commit breaches of morals, as you call it....I simply hinted that an extraordinary man has the right...that is not an official right, but an inner right to decide in his own conscience to overstep...certain obstacles, and only in case it is essential for the practical fulfilment of his idea....» (*Raskolnikov*)

Porfiry tells Raskolnikov that he is the only pledger who has yet to come forward. Porfiry subtly lets Raskolnikov know that he knows the details of his life over the previous few days. He asks Raskolnikov about an article he wrote about crime. In this article, Raskolnikov wrote that crime is accompanied by illness. He believes there is a distinction between ordinary and extraordinary men; ordinary men must obey the law, but extraordinary men can find sanction to break it under certain circumstances. There are very few such men. In the article, Raskolnikov sanctions «bloodshed by conscience.» Porfiry thinks Raskolnikov might believe himself to be an extraordinary man. Raskolnikov says that he does believe in God and in Lazarus' resurrection. Porfiry tries to trick Raskolnikov by asking him if he saw painters when he went to see the pawnbroker. Raskolnikov says he had not been at the apartment since a few days prior to the murder.

Chapter Six:

«Because only peasants, or the most inexperienced novices deny everything flatly at examinations. If a man is ever so little developed and experienced, he will certainly try to admit all the external facts that can't be avoided, but will seek other explanations of them, will introduce some special, unexpected turn, that will give them another significance and put them in another light». (*Raskolnikov*)

Raskolnikov and Razumikhin discuss Raskolnikov's discussion with Porfiry. Raskolnikov returns to his apartment to make sure he didn't leave any evidence behind. As he leaves, a stranger approaches him in the street and tells him that he knows Raskolnikov is the murderer. Raskolnikov reassures himself by claiming he killed a principle, not a person. He returns to his room and falls asleep. He has a dream in which he repeatedly strikes the pawnbroker with his ax but she only laughs at him and does not die. When he awakens, Svidrigaïlov is standing in the doorway.

PART FOUR

Chapter One:

«Well, wasn't I right when I said we were kindred spirits?» (*Svidrigailov*)

In this chapter, readers are introduced to Svidrigailov, the most literary character in the novel. Svidrigailov is that extraordinary man that Raskolnikov wanted to become. He appears as the person who is capable of killing without moral pangs. A sadist, a murderer, an abuser from one side, he, later in the novel, demonstrates some random acts of kindness, like saving Marmeladov's children. In the Raskolnikov-Svidrigailov conversation, both men show great similarities in their thinking. Svidrigailov came to St. Petersburg because of Dounia. He offers to pay her 10000 rubles so that she wouldn't marry Luzhin. He also claims that this is the act of kindness and does not carry any motif. After all, he is planning to get married very soon.

Chapter Two:

-«Avdotya Romanovna, if I go out of that door now, with such a farewell, depend upon it I shall never return. Think well! I mean what I say!»
-«'What insolence!' cried Dounia, springing up from her place, 'I do not wish you to return!'» (*Luzhin and Dounia*)

In this chapter, the setting takes place in the rooms of Raskolnikov's mother and sister. During the night the confrontation between Dounia and Luzhin occurs. Luzhin shows himself in the different light; and Dounia, realizing the mistake she made in her judgment of this individual, asks her fiancée to leave forever. Here, the readers are also shown the noble character of Razumikhin and his desire to defend Dounia at all costs. His fascination with her continues to be seen in the novel.

Chapter Three:

«Leave me, but ...don't leave them. Do you understand?» (*Raskolnikov*)

In this chapter, Raskolnikov's inner struggle continues. He leaves his family to Razumikhin, giving him full responsibility for their care. Razumikhin dreams to start a publishing business with Dounia and her brother. He is determined to be close and loyal to them. Raskolnikov knows that he has found the right man to pass his family to.

Chapter Four:

«...so we must go together, by the same path! Let us go!» (*Raskolnikov*)

Raskolnikov leaves his family and goes immediately to Sonya's house. His mean-spirited taunting of Sonia in this part reminds the reader of an earlier work by Dostoevsky, *The Underground Man*. This is the religious part of the novel, where Sonia's faith is emphasized. He has her read the raising of Lazarus from the New Testament in a Bible that Lizaveta gave her. Then they agree to go together and take suffering on themselves. Raskolnikov tells her that he knows who

committed the murder. Svidrigailov is listening through the door of a neighboring flat.

Chapter Five or “Double Edged Psychology”:

«There is one thing, however, to be said – all these psychological means of defence, these excuses and evasions, are very insubstantial, and they cut both ways.» (*Porfiry*)

In this chapter the second duel of minds occurs between Raskolnikov and Porfiry. The detective meets his man with warm welcome calling him *batiushka* (dear little father). He stretches his hands to Raskolnikov but does not shake them. Then, the long conversation occurs where Porfiry using all his talent of psychologist and wit tries to provoke Raskolnikov to confess his crime. The detective does not have any substantial evidence but only the feeling that he found his murderer. He almost succeeds in his task, but is interrupted by the unexpected denouncement.

Chapter Six:

-«Why, my dear, you did not expect it either. Look how your hands shake!»

-«You are trembling yourself Porfiry Petrovich»

-«So, I am, sir. I did not expect this...» (*Porfiry and Raskolnikov*)

In the middle of the above conversation, Nikolay, a house painter at Lizaveta's and Alyona Ivanovna's house, suddenly appears at the door and confesses of the murder. Both Raskolnikov and Porfiry are in shock. None of them expected such a turn of events. Raskolnikov is saved for some time. In this chapter, Raskolnikov also discovers that the witness Porfiry had was the man he met on the street that accused him of spilling blood. Raskolnikov realizes that detective does not have anything on him and was bluffing all the way. He decides to continue the fight.

PART FIVE

Chapter One:

«I heard everything and I saw everything. This was noble, I mean humane.» (*Lebeziatnikov*)

In this chapter, readers are more closely introduced to Lebeziatnikov, a funny intellectual who parrots the socialist ideas but betrays them himself in his life. Also here, the meeting between Luzhin and Sonia occurs where Luzhin gives 10 rubles to Marmeladov's family. Lebeziatnikov witnesses the scene and compliments Luzhin on his act of kindness. He saw that Luzhin put something additional in Sonia's pocket and amazed at his generosity. Lebeziatnikov is not

aware of Luzhin's plan to humiliate Sonia and provoke a scandal that will occur in the later chapter.

Chapter Two:

«Perhaps the most potent influence on her was that special 'pride of the poor', which makes many poor people exert their utmost efforts and spend the last penny of their savings, simply in order to make as good a showing as their neighbors and not be 'criticized' by them.»

The chapter provides outrageous comic relief. Katerina Ivanovna has a funeral banquet to honor her dead husband. She makes the mistake of inviting everybody to the dinner, but not being happy with the guests that showed up. She feels insulted by the banquet and demands appreciation to her good heritage from everybody. In the end she gets into a horrible fight with her landlady.

Chapter Three:

«Sofia Ivanovna, immediately after your visit, a banknote of one hundred rubles disappeared from my table in my friend Andrei Semyonovitch Lebeziatnikov's room. If, in any way whatever, you know where it is now, and will tell us, than I assure you that shall be the end of the matter. In the contrary event, I shall be obliged to have recourse to more serious measures, and then... on your own head be it!» (*Luzhin*)

There is the scandal scene in which Luzhin accuses Sonia of stealing his 100 rubles. He gets caught in the act by Lebeziatnikov who refuses to testify on his behalf and proves Sonia's innocence. Luzhin leaves in disgrace. On his way out the door, a goblet narrowly misses his head and hits the landlady. Her response is to evict Katerina from the building.

Chapter Four:

«Go at once, this instant, stand at the cross roads, first bow down and kiss the earth you have desecrated, then bow to the whole world, to the four corners of the earth and say aloud to all the world: 'I have done murder.' Then God will send you life again.» (*Sonia*)

Raskolnikov confesses about his crime to Sonia. She is shocked but promises to follow him to Siberia. Sonya asks him to ask for forgiveness of his sins, but he refuses to do so, as he refuses to accept her cypress cross. However, Sonia leaves her door open for him to come back and except his life of suffering. The conversation is overheard by Svidrigailov.

Chapter Five:

«Let them see well-born children, whose father was a civil servant, going about the streets as beggars.» (*Katerina Ivanovna*)

In this chapter, Lebeziatnikov tells Sonya what she already knew from Raskolnikov, that Katerina Ivanovna and her children are on the streets. Sonia

rushes to her family and finds her mother and siblings singing, dancing for the crowd and begging for money. Katerina Ivanovna loses her mind and collapses. When taken to Sonia's apartment she says her last words and dies. Svidrigailov offers to help with the funeral and the future of Marmeladov's children. He decides to pay for their care in the orphanage house. Also here, Raskolnikov's inner struggle continues. He meets with Dounia and encourages her to stay with Razumikhin, while saying 'good bye' to her himself. At the end of the chapter, Raskolnikov is also witnessing Katerina's death. At the scene he learns that Svidrigailov knows his little secret.

PART SIX

Chapter One:

«Whatever happens to me, wherever I go, you will stay and look after them. I entrust them to you, so to speak, Razumikhin.» (*Raskolnikov*)

In this chapter, Raskolnikov again asks his friend, Razumikhin, to look after Dounia and his mother. From Razumikhin, the readers also learn that Dounia received a letter from Svidrigailov and soon left the house. Upon Razumikhin's leaving, Raskolnikov gets another visitor, Porfiry. Significantly, Raskolnikov no longer feels nervous around him.

Chapter Two:

«Who was the murderer? But it was you, Rodion Romanovich! You murdered them!» (*Porfiry*)

In this chapter, Porfiry opens up all of his cards. Again using the methods of his psychology, the smart detective explains to Raskolnikov why the two painters, Nikolay and Dimitri, could not have committed the crime and why it was only he, Raskolnikov, who could. Porfiry offers him to confess the murder on his own will and tells him that he is not afraid of Raskolnikov trying to escape.

Chapter Three:

«It was a rather strange face, almost like a mask: red and white, with a very light colored beard and still quiet abundant fair hair. The eyes seemed somehow too blue, and their gaze too massive and unmoving. There was something terribly unpleasant in the handsome face, so extraordinarily young for its years.»

After the talk with the detective, Raskolnikov runs to see Svidrigailov, to hear something new from him. He finds his man in the tavern, drinking and partying with the prostitute. Raskolnikov threatens Svidrigailov not to see his sister, but the man seemed not to take his words into consideration. Here, readers gain a deeper insight in Svidrigailov's character and get the first foreshadowing on his suicide.

Chapter Four:

«I like all children. I like them very much,» laughed Svidrigailov.

The conversation between Raskolnikov and Svidrigailov continues. Here, the reader sees the whole nasty and horrible nature of the man with all his sexual appetites. Svidrigailov tells Raskolnikov about his life, his marriage to Marfa Petrovna and their agreement, about Dounia's appearance in his house and his fascination with her. Svidrigailov describes the whole scandal related to Dounia and its happy ending for Raskolnikov's sister. Then he talks about his soon marriage to a sixteen year old and his fascination with children. This narrative clearly shows the perverted side to Svidrigailov's character and the danger he presents for women and children. It also becomes obvious that he is still obsessed with Dounia and not about to give up on her.

Chapter Five:

«There was a strange smile on his face, the weak, pitiful, mournful smile of despair».

In this chapter, the most evil, scandalous scene occurs between Dounia and Svidrigailov. They meet on the street, and Svidrigailov tricks Dounia into coming to his apartment. There he tells her that he knows that her brother has committed all those murders and tries to black mail her with this information. Svidrigailov asks Dounia to be his and in return he would protect her brother and her mother from unnecessary problems. Insulted by the whole situation Dounia tries to leave and discovers that Svidrigailov has locked the door and that there is no one in the house except the two of them. Seeing that the man is very serious about his intentions, Dounia grabs Svidrigailov's gun and shoots him twice, but misses. The third time, she is at the very close range, however feels that she has no strength to kill a person. Svidrigailov embraces her and realizing that there is no hope that this woman would even care for him a little bit, he gives her the key and lets her go. At the end it becomes clear that he truly loves Dounia and that this love will be his executioner.

Chapter Six:

«This...what is this?» But now she turned to him, all her little face glowing, and stretched out her arms... 'Accursed creature!' cried Svidrigailov in horror, raising his arm to strike her...»

In this chapter, Svidrigailov gives money to Sonia for her trip to Siberia with Raskolnikov. Then, Svidrigailov dreams a perverse sexual dream with the five-year-old girl. After, he makes his decision to shoot himself and shortly acts on it.

Chapter Seven:

«Crime? What crime? Killing a foul, noxious louse, that old moneylender, no good to anybody, who sucked the life-blood of the poor, so vile that killing her ought to bring absolution for forty sins – was that a crime?» (*Raskolnikov*)

Here, Raskolnikov visits his mother asking her to pray for him and warning her about his soon departure. Then he talks to his sister about suffering and confessing the crime. He wishes her ‘good bye’ and leaves to Sonia’s. It is obvious that Raskolnikov, deep down his soul, decided to confess his crime.

Chapter Eight:

«It was I who killed the old woman and her sister, Lizaveta, with an axe, and robbed them» (*Raskolnikov*)

In this chapter, Raskolnikov accepts Sonia’s cross. Both of them begin their way of suffering and obedience. He goes and asks forgiveness from God and people at the crossroads, and then enters the police station to confess his crime. Sonia follows him all the way.

EPILOGUES

«But that is the beginning of the new story, the story of the gradual renewal of a man, of his gradual regeneration, of his slow progress from one world to another, of how he learned to know a hitherto undreamed of reality.»

Raskolnikov is sentenced to eight years in Siberia and Sonia goes with him. Two months after Raskolnikov's trial, Razumikhin marries Dounia. The mother dies. Raskolnikov is, at first, an aloof prisoner, but then after Sonia’s illness he realizes his love for her. Thus the book ends.

Some facts that the English reader should know:

1) Raskolnikov, Luzhin, Svidrigailov, Zametov, Marmeladov and Razumikhin have some symbolic meanings in their last names. For every Russian reader it is the obvious fact; however, in translation the meaning of names becomes lost.

Raskol’nik – schismatic

Luzha – puddle

Razum – reason, intelligence

Zametit’ – to notice

Marmelad – sort of sweet candy

Svidrigailov – name from the medieval Russian history, Lithuanian prince

2) The story of Marmeladov’s family came from the other Dostoevsky’s novel The Drunkards, which the writer had never finished. Instead of turning the story into the complete literary work, Dostoevsky put it in the plot of Crime and Punishment.

3) The character of Raskolnikov could be compared to other characters in Russian literature of that time. These heroes of Romantic era often possessed the qualities of revolt, cynicism and moral flaw in intelligent and attractive light. The critics created a name for such type of literary character, superfluous person. The examples of these heroes are Pushkin's Yevgeniy Onegin and Lermontov's Pechorin (Hero of Our Time).

4) Russian word for "crime" is «*prestuplenie*» which in direct translation means «stepping over». «Stepping over the line» is also one of the phrases used by Raskolnikov in his «Louse or Napoleon» theory.

5) The murder weapon in the novel is an axe, a tool so often associated with Russian peasantry. It also carries the connotations of peasant unrest. However, Porfiry, is not deluded by the traditional weapon of a peasant and dismisses two painters from the list of suspects. Instead the 'axe' is used in his conversation with Raskolnikov as a double edged metaphor.

(Source: <http://www.studyenglishtoday.net/lessons.html>)

EXERCISES

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. How does the author of the first extract understand justice? 2. What is the end of punishment due to the first text? 3. What is the fundamental principle of good legislation? 4. Who was the best remembered highwayman? 5. Who was the most gallant of the Heath's highwaymen? 6. How long did highwaymen usually live? Why? 7. What do you think is the worst crime a person could commit? Why? 8. Do you think that punishment for violent crimes should be the same for juveniles and adults? Why/why not? 9. Is prison an effective punishment? (Why? or Why not?) 10. Does prison help rehabilitate criminals? (Should it?) 11. What's your opinion about the death penalty? 12. What makes some people become criminals? Is it poverty, upbringing, lack of education, unemployment or something else? 13. Why do you think crime is more prevalent in some societies than in others? 14. Study the ten expressions about crimes of today, find their meanings and use them in the sentences of your own: 1. Joy-riding; 2. Identity theft; 3. Computer fishing; 4. Intellectual property violation; 5. Fly tipping; 6. Unfair dismissal; 7. Indecent exposure; 8. Cruelty to animals; 9. Inciting racial hatred; 10. Happy slapping. 15. Trace the psychological progress of Raskolnikov's mind from the planning stages of the murder through the final realization of love. 16. Delineate the superior man argument and evaluate Raskolnikov by the theory. 17. Consider the different dreams throughout the novel and decide what functional role they fulfill. 18. Explore the religious and biblical themes in the novel, especially the story of Lazarus that Sonia reads to

Raskolnikov. 19. Compare and contrast Svidrigailov with Raskolnikov. How are they paralleled and opposed? How does Svidrigailov fit into the extraordinary man theory? Why does Svidrigailov commit suicide? Decide how you feel about his character. 20. What role does suffering have in the characters and in the novel? How does each character suffer and feel about suffering? Who suffers the greatest in Crime and Punishment? 21. The crime in Crime and Punishment occurs very early in the novel leaving the rest of the novel to entertain theories of punishment. Discuss the different forms of punishment and the concepts of law present in the novel. 22. Fill the gaps in the sentences, using these words: *guilty, ferocity, custom, salutary, pernicious, unjust, barbarity, homicide, superfluous, crimes, punishment, certainty, torment*:

a) Observe that by justice I understand nothing more than that bond which is necessary to keep the interest of individuals united, without which men would return to their original state of

b) All punishments which exceed the necessity of preserving this bond are in their nature

c) The end of ...therefore, is no other than to prevent the criminal from doing further injury to society, and to prevent others from committing the like offence.

d) Such punishments, therefore, and such a mode of inflicting them, ought to be chosen, as will make the strongest and most lasting impressions on the minds of others, with the least ...to the body of the criminal.

e) The torture of a criminal during the course of his trial is a cruelty consecrated by ...in most nations.

f) No man can be judged a criminal until he be found ...; nor can society take from him the public protection until it have been proved that he has violated the conditions on which it was granted.

g) Crimes are more effectually prevented by the ...than the severity of punishment.

h) All severity beyond this is ...and therefore tyrannical.

i) The death penalty is ... to society, from the example of barbarity it affords.

j) The laws, which are intended to moderate the ...of mankind, should not increase it by examples of barbarity.

k) Is it not absurd, that the laws, which detest and punish ..., should, in order to prevent murder, publicly commit murder themselves?

l) It is better to prevent ...than to punish them.

m) The fear of the laws is ..., but the fear of men is a fruitful and fatal source of crimes.

23. In each sentence, choose the best phrase to complete the gap from the choices below (a, b, c, or d):

- The best way to reduce crime on the streets is to have more policemen on... a) the take b) the pull c) the go d) the beat
- When Mike was a teenager, he was arrested for shop ... - he stole some jeans from a clothes store once. a) robbing b) taking c) lifting d) stealing
- A lot of visitors to the UK don't understand why the police don't all ... guns. a) take b) carry c) handle d) use
- Someone broke ... her house and stole all her jewellery. a) away b) out c) into d) through
- The police are ... the area for the murder weapon. a) regarding b) searching c) considering d) looking into
- One way of protecting your home is to get a burglar a) scarer b) ring c) alarm d) warning
- It shouldn't be difficult to find out who did this. There are finger ... all over the room. a) impressions b) signs c) marks d) prints
- The police found thousands of ... banknotes at his house, and arrested him. a) faked b) forged c) printed d) artificial
- There was a vicious attack on a vulnerable old person. The ... has been described as tall, with dark hair and in his early twenties. a) criminal b) prisoner c) doer d) suspect
- I would never kill anyone, except in a) self-defence b) self-help c) self-preservation d) self-protection
- A lot of young people these days are involved in car crime. ... is quite common round here. a) Thrill riding b) Joy riding c) Danger riding d) Steal riding
- Stan was in prison for fraud before, I think. He's got a criminal a) history b) account c) story d) record

II. Comment and explain what is meant by: 1. laws ... have been, for the most part the work of the passions of a few, or the consequences of a fortuitous or temporary necessity. 2. Crimes are more effectually prevented by the certainty than the severity of punishment. 3. The death penalty is pernicious to society, from the example of barbarity it affords. 4. Is it not absurd, that the laws, which detest and punish homicide, should, in order to prevent murder, publicly commit murder themselves?

III. Find in the passages equivalents for the following words and phrases and make up your own sentences with them:

1. Text 1: випадковий, варварство, співучасник, очищення, руйнівний, законодавство. **Text 2:** розбійник, головоріз, парі. **Text 3:** лихвар; боргова розписка; прикидатись, що спиш, щоб довідатись про щось; донос (в поліцію); підла, шкідлива воша.

Written assignment: Comment on how totalitarian legislation is presented in the literature masterpiece «Gethsemane Garden» by I.Bahriany and death penalty in the film «The Green Mile»?

Unit 3: «Books and Reading»

– 10 REASONS WHY THE INTERNET IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A LIBRARY By Mark Y. Herring

Dean of library services, Dacus Library; Winthrop University, Rock Hill, South Carolina

Reading, said the great English essayist Matthew Arnold, «is culture». Given the condition of reading test scores among school children nationwide, it isn't surprising to find both our nation and our culture in trouble. Further, the rush to Internetize all schools adds to our downward spiral. If it were not for the Harry Potter books one might lose all hope that languishes here. Then, suddenly, you realize libraries really are in trouble, grave danger, when important higher-education officials opine, «Don't you know the Internet has made libraries obsolete?»



In an effort to save our culture, strike a blow for reading, and, above all, correct the well-intentioned but horribly misguided notions about what is fast becoming Intertopia among many nonlibrarian bean counters, here are 10 reasons why the Internet is no substitute for a library.

1. Not Everything Is on the Internet

With over one billion Web pages you couldn't tell it by looking. Nevertheless, very few *substantive* materials are on the Internet *for free*. For example, only about 8% of all journals are on the Web, and an even smaller fraction of books are there. Both are costly! If you want the *Journal of Biochemistry*, *Physics Today*, *Journal of American History*, you'll pay, and to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

2. The Needle (Your Search) in the Haystack (the Web)

The Internet is like a vast uncataloged library. Whether you're using Hotbot, Lycos, Dogpile, Infoseek, or any one of a dozen other search or metasearch engines, you're not searching the entire Web. Sites often promise to search everything but they can't deliver. Moreover, what they do search is not updated daily, weekly, or even monthly, regardless of what's advertised. If a librarian told you, «Here are 10 articles on Native Americans. We have 40 others but we're not going to let you see them, not now, not yet, not until you've tried another search in another library», you'd throw a fit. The Internet does this routinely and no one seems to mind.

3. Quality Control Doesn't Exist

Yes, we need the Internet, but in addition to all the scientific, medical, and historical information (when accurate), there is also a cesspool of waste. When young people aren't getting their sex education off XXX-rated sites, they're learning politics from the Freeman Web page, or race relations from Klan sites. There is no quality control on the Web, and there isn't likely to be any. Unlike libraries where vanity press publications are rarely, if ever, collected, vanity is often what drives the Internet. Any fool can put up anything on the Web, and, to my accounting, all have.

4. What You Don't Know Really Does Hurt You

The great boon to libraries has been the digitization of journals. But full-text sites, while grand, aren't always full. What you don't know can hurt you:

1. articles on these sites are often missing, among other things, footnotes;
2. tables, graphs, and formulae do not often show up in a readable fashion (especially when printed); and
3. journal titles in a digitized package change regularly, often without warning.

A library may begin with X number of journals in September and end with Y number in May. Trouble is, those titles aren't the same from September to May. Although the library may have paid \$100,000 for the access, it's rarely notified of any changes. I would not trade access to digitized journals for anything in the world, but their use must be a judicious, planned, and measured one, not full, total, and exclusive reliance.

5. States Can Now Buy One Book and Distribute to Every Library on the Web—NOT!

Yes, and we could have one national high school, a national university, and a small cadre of faculty teaching everybody over streaming video. Let's take this one step further and have only digitized sports teams for *real* savings! (Okay, I

know, I've insulted the national religion.) Since 1970 about 50,000 academic titles have been published every year. Of these 1.5 million titles, fewer than a couple thousand are available. What is on the Net are about 20,000 titles published before 1925. Why? No copyright restrictions that cause prices to soar to two or three times their printed costs. Finally, vendors delivering e-books allow only one digitized copy per library. If you check out an e-book over the Web, I can't have it until you return it. Go figure, as they say. And if you're late getting the book back, there is no dog-ate-my-homework argument. It's charged to your credit card *automatically*.

6. Hey, Bud, You Forgot about E-book Readers

Most of us have forgotten what we said about microfilm («It would shrink libraries to shoebox size»), or when educational television was invented («We'll need fewer teachers in the future»). Try reading an e-book reader for more than a half-hour. Headaches and eyestrain are the best results. Besides, if what you're reading is more than two pages long, what do you do? Print it. Where's a tree hugger when you really need one? Moreover, the cost of readers runs from \$200 to \$2,000, the cheaper ones being harder on the eyes. Will this change? Doubtless, but right now there's no market forces making it change. Will it change in less than 75 years? Unlikely!

7. Aren't There Library-less Universities Now?

No. The newest state university in California at Monterey opened without a library building a few years ago. For the last two years, they've been buying books by the tens of thousands because—surprise, surprise—they couldn't find what they needed on the Internet. California Polytechnic State University, home of the world's highest concentration of engineers and computer geeks, explored the possibility of a virtual (fully electronic) library for two years. Their solution was a \$42-million traditional library with, of course, a strong electronic component. In other words, a fully virtualized library just can't be done. Not yet, not now, not in our lifetimes.

8. But a Virtual State Library Would Do It, Right?

Do what, bankrupt the state? Yes, it would. The cost of having everything digitized is incredibly high, costing tens of millions of dollars just in copyright releases. And this buys only one virtual library at one university. Questia Media, the biggest such outfit, just spent \$125 million digitizing 50,000 books released (but not to libraries!) in January. At this rate, to virtualize a medium-sized library of 400,000 volumes would cost a mere \$1,000,000,000! Then you need to make sure students have equitable access everywhere they need it, when they need it. Finally, what do you do with rare and valuable primary sources once they are digitized? Take them to the dump? And you must hope the power never, ever

goes out. Sure, students could still read by candlelight, but what would they be reading?

9. The Internet: A Mile Wide, an Inch (or Less) Deep

Looking into the abyss of the Internet is like vertigo over a void. But the void has to do not only with what's there, but also with what isn't. Not much on the Internet is more than 15 years old. Vendors offering magazine access routinely add a new year while dropping an earlier one. Access to older material is very expensive. It'll be useful, in coming years, for students to know (and have access to) more than just the scholarly materials written in the last 10 to 15 years.

10. The Internet Is Ubiquitous but Books Are Portable

In a recent survey of those who buy electronic books, more than 80% said they like buying paper books over the Internet, not reading them on the Web. We have nearly 1,000 years of reading print in our bloodstream and that's not likely to change in the next 75. Granted, there will be changes in the delivery of electronic materials now, and those changes, most of them anyway, will be hugely beneficial. But humankind, being what it is, will always want to curl up with a good book—not a laptop—at least for the foreseeable future.

The Web is great; but it's a woefully poor substitute for a full-service library. It is mad idolatry to make it more than a tool. Libraries are icons of our cultural intellect, totems to the totality of knowledge. If we make them obsolete, we've signed the death warrant to our collective national conscience, not to mention sentencing what's left of our culture to the waste bin of history. No one knows better than librarians just how much it costs to run a library. We're always looking for ways to trim expenses while not contracting service. The Internet is marvelous, but to claim, as some now do, that it's making libraries obsolete is as silly as saying shoes have made feet unnecessary.

(This article originally appeared in «American Libraries», April 2001, p. 76–78.)

– 12 WAYS LIBRARIES ARE GOOD FOR THE COUNTRY

(A 2000 revision of the list that originally appeared in *American Libraries* in December 1995.)

MOST AMERICANS KNOW what they can expect from a library. And librarians know what it takes to provide comprehensive access to every recorded detail of human existence. It takes support.

Libraries are ready when they are needed, ready to enrich our minds and defend our right to know, just as other institutions protect our safety and property. Without sound minds, however, the American dream of safe streets and secure homes will never be fulfilled.

Libraries safeguard our freedom and keep democracy healthy. It will take all of us, in a spirit of pride and freedom, to maintain libraries as a living reality in a free nation into the 21st century.

1. Libraries inform citizens. Democracy vests supreme power in the people. Libraries make democracy work by providing access to information so that citizens can make the decisions necessary to govern themselves. The public library is the only institution in American society whose purpose is to guard against the tyrannies of ignorance and conformity, and its existence indicates the extent to which a democratic society values knowledge, truth, justice, books, and culture.

2. Libraries break down boundaries. Libraries provide free family literacy programs for low-literate, illiterate, and non-English-speaking people. In addition, hundreds of librarians across America lead outreach programs that teach citizenship and develop multilingual and multicultural materials for their patrons. Libraries serve the homebound elderly, prisoners, and other institutionalized individuals, the homeless, and the blind and hearing-impaired.

3. Libraries level the playing field. Economists have cited a growing income inequity in America, with the gap between the richest and poorest citizens becoming wider year by year. By making all its resources equally available to all members of its community, regardless of income, class, or other factors, the library levels the playing field. Once users have access to the library's materials, they have the opportunity to level the playing field outside the library by learning to read, gaining employment, or starting a business.

4. Libraries value the individual. Library doors swing open for independent thinking without prejudice. Libraries offer alternatives to the manipulations of commercialism, from the excellence of public-television productions to the freethinking of renegade publishers and the vision of poets and artists outside the mainstream business of art and literature.

5. Libraries nourish creativity. In the library we are all children. By stimulating curiosity—parent to the twin forces of creativity and imagination—even the most focused and specialized library serves the purpose of lifting the mind beyond its horizons. Libraries store ideas that may no longer work but can serve as the raw material that, cross-fertilized in the innovative mind, may produce answers to questions not yet asked.

6. Libraries open kids' minds. Bringing children into a library can transport them from the commonplace to the extraordinary. From story hours for preschoolers to career planning for high schoolers, children's librarians make a difference because they care about the unique developmental needs of every individual who comes to them for help. Children get a handle on personal

responsibility by holding a library card of their own, a card that gives them access to new worlds in books, videos, audiotapes, computers, games, toys, and more.

7. Libraries return high dividends. What do Gallo wines, the I Can't Believe It's Yogurt chain, and billboard-sign giant Metromedia have in common? Libraries made millionaires out of each of these companies' grateful owners by providing crucial start-up information when they were no more than wannabe business titans. Libraries are there to help people with more personal goals, too.

8. Libraries build communities. No narrow definition of community will work in a library. Each community has its libraries and its special collections. Libraries validate and unify; they save lives, literally and by preserving the record of those lives. Community-building means libraries link people with information. Librarians have become experts at helping others navigate the Internet. Before there was talk of cyberspace, there were libraries, paving the way for the superhighway.

9. Libraries make families friendlier. The American family's best friend, the library, offers services guaranteed to hone coping skills. Homework centers, literacy training, parenting materials, after-school activities, summer reading programs, outreach—like the families they serve, libraries everywhere are adapting to meet new challenges.

10. Libraries offend everyone. Children's librarian Dorothy Broderick contends that every library in the country ought to have a sign on the door reading: «This library has something offensive to everyone. If you are not offended by something we own, please complain». This willingness and duty to offend connotes a tolerance and a willingness to look at all sides of an issue that would be good for the nation in any context; it is particularly valuable when combined with the egalitarianism and openness that characterize libraries.

11. Libraries offer sanctuary. Like synagogues, churches, mosques, and other sacred spaces, libraries can create a physical reaction, a feeling of peace, respect, humility, and honor that throws the mind wide open and suffuses the body with a near-spiritual pleasure. But why? Perhaps it is because in the library we are answerable to no one; alone with our private thoughts, fantasies, and hopes, we are free to nourish what is most precious to us with the silent companionship of others we do not know.

12. Libraries preserve the past. Libraries preserve the record; a nation, a culture, a community that does not understand its own past is mired in its own mistakes. Libraries enable us to communicate through distance and time with the living and the dead. It is a miracle kept available by the meticulous sorting, storing, indexing, and preservation that still characterizes library work—work that will carry, in the electronic environment, challenges and a price tag yet unknown.

– BOOKS AND CULTURE

By Hamilton Wright Mabie (extract)

«The Feeling for Literature».

The importance of reading habitually the best books becomes apparent when one remembers that taste depends very largely on the standards with which we are familiar, and that the ability to enjoy the best and only the best is conditioned upon intimate acquaintance with the best. The man who is thrown into constant association with inferior work either revolts against his surroundings or suffers a disintegration of aim and standard. In either case the power of enjoyment from contact with a genuine piece of creative work is sensibly diminished, and may be finally lost. The delicacy of the mind is both precious and perishable; it can be preserved only by associations which confirm and satisfy it. For this reason, among others, the best books are the only books which a man bent on culture should read; inferior books not only waste his time, but they dull the edge of his perception and diminish his capacity for delight.

This delight, born afresh of every new contact of the mind with a real book, furnishes indubitable evidence that the reader has the feeling for literature,—a possession much rarer than is commonly supposed. It is no injustice to say that the majority of those who read have no feeling for literature; their interest is awakened or sustained not by the literary quality of a book, but by some element of brightness or novelty, or by the charm of narrative. Reading which finds its reward in these things is entirely legitimate, but it is not the kind of reading which secures culture. It adds largely to one's stock of information, and it refreshes the mind by introducing new objects of interest; but it does not minister directly to the refining and maturing of the nature. The same book may be read in entirely different ways and with entirely different results. One may, for instance, read Shakespeare's historical plays simply for the story element which runs through them, and for the interest which the skilful use of that element excites; and in such a reading there will be distinct gain for the reader. This is the way in which a healthy boy generally reads these plays for the first time. From such a reading one will get information and refreshment; more than one English statesman has confessed that he owed his knowledge of certain periods of English history largely to Shakespeare. On the other hand, one may read these plays for the joy of the art that is in them, and for the enrichment which comes from contact with the deep and tumultuous life which throbs through them; and this is the kind of reading which produces culture, the reading which means enlargement and ripening.

The feeling for literature, like the feeling for art in general, is not only susceptible of cultivation, but very quickly responds to appeals which are made to it by noble or beautiful objects. It is essentially a feeling, but it is a feeling which depends very largely on intelligence; it is strengthened and made sensitive and responsive by constant contact with those objects which call it out. No rules can be laid down for its development save the very simple rule to read only and always those books which are literature. It is impossible to give specific directions for the cultivation of the feeling for Nature. It is not to be gotten out of text-books of any kind; it is not to be found in botanies or geologies or works on zoology; it is to be gotten only out of familiarity with Nature herself. Daily fellowship with landscapes, trees, skies, birds, with an open mind and in a receptive mood, soon develops in one a kind of spiritual sense which takes cognisance of things not seen before and adds a new joy and resource to life. In like manner the feeling for literature is quickened and nourished by intimate acquaintance with books of beauty and power. Such an intimacy makes the sense of delight more keen, preserves it against influences which tend to deaden it, and makes the taste more sure and trustworthy. A man who has long had acquaintance with the best in any department of art comes to have, almost unconsciously to himself, an instinctive power of discerning good work from bad, of recognising on the instant the sound and true method and style, and of feeling a fresh and constant delight in such work. His education comes not by didactic, but by vital methods.

The art quality in a book is as difficult to analyse as the feeling for it; not because it is intangible or indefinite, but because it is so subtly diffused. It is difficult to analyse because it is the breath of life in the book, and life always evades us, no matter how keen and exhaustive our search may be. Most of us are so entirely out of touch with the spirit of art in this busy new world that we are not quite convinced of its reality. We know that it is decorative, and that a certain pleasure flows from it; but we are sceptical of its significance in the life of the race, of its deep necessity in the development of that life, and of its supreme educational value. And our scepticism, it must be frankly said, like most scepticism, grows out of our ignorance. True art has nothing in common with the popular conception of its nature and uses. Instead of being decorative, it is organic; when men arrive at a certain stage of ripeness and power they express themselves through its forms as naturally as the tree puts forth its flowers. Nothing which lies within the range of human achievement is more real or inevitable. This expression is neither mechanical nor artificial; it is made under certain inflexible laws, but they are the laws of the human spirit, not the rules of a craft; they are rooted in that deeper psychology which deals with man as an organic whole and not as a bundle of separate faculties.

Art, it need hardly be said, is never artifice; intelligence and calculation enter into the work of the artist, but in the last analysis it is the free and noble expression of his own personality. It expresses what is deepest and most significant in him, and expresses it in a final rather than a provisional form. The secret of the reality and power of art lies in the fact that it is the culmination and summing up of a process of observation, experience, and feeling; it is the deposit of whatever is richest and most enduring in the life of a man or a race. It is a finality both of experience and of thought; it contains the ultimate and the widest conception of man's nature and life, or of the meaning and reality of Nature, which an age or a race reaches. It is the supreme flowering of the genius of a race or an age. It has, therefore, the highest educational value. For the very highest products of man's life in this world are his ideas and ideals; they grow out of his highest nature; they react on his character; they are the precious deposit of all that he has thought, felt, suffered, and done in word and work, in feeling and action. The richest educational material upon which modern men are nourished are these ultimate conclusions and convictions of the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Roman. These ultimate inferences, these final interpretations of their own natures and of the world about them, contain not only the thought of these races, but their life as well. They have, therefore, a vital quality which not only assures their own immortality, but has the power of transmission to others. These ultimate results of experience are embodied in art, and especially in literature; and that which makes them art is this very vitality. For this reason art is absolutely essential for culture; it has the power of enriching and expanding the natures which come in contact with it by transmitting to them the highest results of the life of the past, by sharing with them the ripeness and maturity of the human spirit in its universal experience.

EXERCISES

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. Summarise all three articles. 2. What are the ten reasons why Internet is no substitute for a library? 3. What is Intertopia? 4. Why is it mad idolatry to make Web more than a tool? 5. Do you agree that teenagers and children read nowadays less and less being overwhelmed with Internet, TV and other high technologies? 6. What are the 12 ways libraries are good for the country? 7. When does the importance of reading habitually the best books become apparent? 8. How can the feeling for literature be quickened and nourished? 9. What is the secret of the reality and power of art. 10. What is an institutionalized individual? 11. What are the typical characters, setting, and plot for these kinds of books: detective stories, fairy story, romance, spy story, science fiction? 12. What makes

a good book? 13. Is reading just an escape from reality? 14. What is reading for you? 15. Can you name any literary work that once crucially influenced you? Which one? 16. Compose a top-list of your five most favourite literary works. Ground your choice. 17. Do you agree with the belief that being well-read contributes to our happiness? Is it always true? To what extent? What about the contrary saying that awareness breeds sorrow? 18. What do we call “Book of Books”? Why? What is it for you: just all-human spiritual asset or something personal too? 19. Find proverbs and sayings about books and reading. Comment on them.

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. Reading is «culture». 2. ... the rush to Internetize all schools adds to our downward spiral. 3. ...substantive materials...4. ...you'd throw a fit... 5. Libraries are icons of our cultural intellect, totems to the totality of knowledge. 6. Libraries store ideas that...can serve as the raw material that, cross-fertilized in the innovative mind, may produce answers to questions not yet asked. 7. Libraries made millionaires out of each of these companies' grateful owners by providing crucial start-up information when they were no more than wannabe business titans. 8. ... the ability to enjoy the best and only the best is conditioned upon intimate acquaintance with the best. 9. ... inferior books not only waste his time, but they dull the edge of his perception and diminish his capacity for delight. 10. The art quality in a book is ... difficult to analyse because it is the breath of life in the book, and life always evades us, no matter how keen and exhaustive our search may be. 11. For the very highest products of man's life in this world are his ideas and ideals; they grow out of his highest nature; they react on his character; they are the precious deposit of all that he has thought, felt, suffered, and done in word and work, in feeling and action.

III. Find in the passages equivalents for the following words and phrases and make up your own sentences with them:

1. Переведення на цифрові носії 2. всюдишущі 3. смертний вирок 4. з вадами слуху 5. святилище 6. мечеті 7. цінник 8. швидкоплинний 9. тимчасова форма.

1. Find in text 1 word combination meaning somebody concerned only with making money. 2. Find in text 1 word combination that is said to show that you think something is strange and difficult to explain. 3. What is another way to say “superhighway” due to the context of the second article? 4. What word denotes belief that everyone is equal and should have equal rights?

Written assignment: Try your hand at writing and make up a short story in any genre you like.

Unit 4: «Man and Music»

**– HOW SUMMER CAMP & PRAYER TURNED ME INTO A
HALFWAY DECENT PIANO PLAYER - Or – «Scout Shinn, Where Are
Your Pants?»**

When I was 8 years old, I was one of the worst *piano students* known to mortal piano teachers. I stared out the window, dreamed about baseball, and drove poor Mrs. Graham, my 70-year-old piano teacher with whom I had a lesson every Saturday morning, to distraction. I even wore my fielder's glove to a lesson one day.

It wasn't that I didn't like music – I did – but all those old guys like Bach and Brahms and Beethoven just didn't match up with stars such as Joltin' Joe, Scooter Rizzuto, Stan the Man, Ted Williams, and guys like that. I lived and breathed baseball, and my daily *piano practice* was a rude interruption into the world of home runs, stolen bases, and off-the-wall leaping catches.

My folks were patient with me – more patient by far than I deserved – and yet they insisted that I put in my required half-hour per day of *piano practice*. My older brother, Garland, even typed up an «I promise to practice» document and made me sign it. (It resides to this day on the wall of my music studio.) My seat put in its required half-hour on the piano stool, but my mind spent more like five minutes on scales, chords, and thrilling pieces such as «Left Thumb, Right Thumb», «Swans On The Lake», and the ever popular «Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum». The musical situation, in short, looked bleak, and at 8 years of age I seemed destined to spend my life in the pursuit of baseball dreams.

But life is stranger than fiction, or so I once heard some wise-looking adults observe, and the summer between my 4th and 5th grade years brought a turn of events which was to change the direction of my life.

My best friend, Willie McTavish, who had come to our school during our 4th grade year directly from Scotland, decided to join the Boy Scouts, and I thought that sounded like a great idea too. We heard that after the meetings were over, baseball games were held with all Scouts participating. I asked my folks if I

could join – well, actually, I begged my folks – and they said I could join as long as I kept up my homework and my piano practice.

I promised that I would.

I basically lied.

And so Willie & I joined Boy Scouts the summer of 1946. Our den mother, Mrs. Goldsberry, had a wonderfully big basement we met in after school once a week on Thursdays, with all kinds of nooks & surprising crannies to explore and hide in. Willie discovered a short, narrow door behind the furnace, which led from the basement to the alley behind the Goldsberry's house. In those days some people used sawdust as fuel for their furnaces, and the door was where the sawdust would accumulate when the sawdust truck dumped a load into the slide bin right off the alley that ran behind their home on College Way. Willie thought it would be fun to try to climb up the shoot, since it was summer and no prospect of a sawdust delivery was in sight. He talked me into joining him in the climb, which proved to be a poor decision.

We negotiated the turns in the shoot, and happily didn't encounter any sawdust. What we did encounter, however, were wasps, or yellow jackets, which were spending a blissful summer vacationing in the sawdust shoot until two Boy Scouts rudely interrupted them. Willie had generously allowed me to go first up the shoot, ostensibly so he could see the den mother and other threats to our little adventure. In the darkness of the shoot I could not see the wasps, but I heard them as once or more passed my face, and I yelled «Willie – watch out! There's something in here!» The warning came too late. Willie felt the message in his left hip before he heard mine. As he screamed, he also let go of the sides of the shoot, and slipped in full-voiced terror back down the shoot, rolling into and through the little door behind the furnace, landing in a heap at the feet of Den Mother Goldsberry.

Meanwhile, I had motivation of my own, and I scampered up the rest of the shoot to the opening in the alley faster than a speeding bullet, setting a new record for short climbing, then sprinted around the corner, arms flailing, through the yard, and back around to the front door of the basement with a wasp's patrol in hot pursuit. Once through the door and in the safety of the entryway, I stopped to regain both my breath and my composure before re-mingling with the rest of the Cub Scouts, most of whom were busily engaged in various craft projects, from Moccasin making to clay forming, to knot tying. There was a commotion, however, in the corner of the basement, close to the furnace. Seems as though Mrs. Goldsberry had caught a Cub Scout trying to escape through the fuel shoot, and was instructing him earnestly in the morality of the Boy Scout code.

Being a Boy Scout myself, I could not tell a lie.

So I didn't. I didn't say anything at all. Cub Scout McTavish tried to tell Den Mother Goldsberry that he had an accomplice, but she was much too busy scolding him, so he finally resigned trying and just gave me a sideways glance, and not a kind one at that.

By August, however, Willie and I had made up, and plans were being made for the great scouting event of the year – Camp Ugwam. Both of us were as excited as 9 year old boys could be about the prospect of going away to camp for a solid week, something neither one of us had ever done.

Camp Ugwam was the official Boy Scout camp of the region, high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains at nearly 6000 feet elevation, complete with its own mountain lake, appropriately named Lake Ugwam. True to the Boy Scout code, we did our best to be prepared, and packed all our essentials in our suitcases at least two weeks in advance – flashlight, collapsible drinking cup, rope for tying knots, Scout Manual, 3 or 4 dozen Donald Duck and Bugs Bunny comic books, fielders glove, decoder ring (for sending secret messages), the Official Major League Baseball Guide, 1947 edition (so we could memorize batting averages while we were away from the radio), and since Willie had a larger suitcase than I, he even took his bat.

As prepared as we were, when the day arrived at last for us to pile into the Scoutmaster's mini-bus for the trip, (which was a pre-World War II school bus that had been used during the war to transport troops in and out of Camp Flint in Auburn where several hundred soldiers were stationed), our Mothers pointed out to us that we might need a change of clothes. Luckily, they had each packed another suitcase for us with all the stuff Mothers pack – pants, shirts, sox, umpteen pairs of underwear, extra sweaters – that sort of thing. It was reassuring to have along, but since I already had my Scout uniform on, I don't believe I opened that particular suitcase until the last day of camp, when I suddenly remembered what Mom had said about changing clothes daily. I think Willie opened his earlier, since his Mom had mentioned something about putting in some extra spending money if he needed it, and I believe he did need it the evening of the first day.

The bus was packed, and us younger Scouts who had boarded the bus first soon relinquished our choice seats at the back of the bus to the older Scouts, presumably out of respect for rank, but actually out of fear of being beat up. So Willie and I and a couple of other Cub Scouts spent the trip sitting in the aisle on the floor of the bus, so the only scenery we saw as we traveled beautiful Highway 80 up toward Donner Summit was the lower limbs of older Scouts.

I guess the curves in the winding forest road were too much for me, because I threw up somewhere between Red Dog and You Bet (now abandoned

ghost towns left over from the gold rush of 1849), much to the disgust of the older Scouts.

«Geez, Shinn, thanks a lot! We get to smell puke from here to camp!»

«Oh yuk, Shinn barfed. Stop the bus!»

«Good grief, Shinn, we're not even to camp yet, and you throw up like a baby!»

After the bus was more or less cleaned up and I felt somewhat better, we re-loaded for the final leg of the journey to Camp Ugwam. At that altitude even in August, the air was a little cool, so our Scoutmaster-driver had everyone shut the windows and he turned on the heat. I think I would have been OK if it wasn't for that heat. It did something to the remaining scent of throw-up that was downright sickening, and as hard as I tried to hold it back, I threw up again.

There were groans around the bus when they heard me heave, but the reaction was much quieter than the first time, since the warm odor of left-over puke had gotten to most everyone else, too, and as I brought my head up off the floor I caught a quick glimpse of one of the older Scouts trying to roll his window down in time, but he didn't make it. Scouts were slouched all over the van, pea-green faces, eyes closed, some making faces, some holding their noses, some joining me on the floor.

We drug ourselves out of the bus again at Soda Springs, and lay on the ground under some big pines while the Scoutmaster hosed out the van at a Flying A service station across the road. He was in a fairly poor mood when he returned, and warned us not to get back in the van until we felt perfect. We were already an hour or so behind schedule, and one Scout said he had heard that if you were late on your first day, you had to wash dishes all week while the other Scouts were playing.

I wanted to go home.

But within the hour we were on our way again, this time with all the windows down, sitting on wet seats in a freshly hosed-out bus. Shivering almost felt good, now that the warm smell was gone, and we knew we had only a few minutes until we arrived at Camp Ugwam.

It was an exciting moment as we pulled into the legendary camp. There was a large sign welcoming us to «Mysterious Camp Ugwam.» I wondered about the «mysterious» part, and worried a little. As the bus snaked its way through a complex of teepees and rustic buildings and evergreens we saw another sign over the entrance to a rustic building which read «Ugwam Lodge», and another that pointed toward «Ugwam Memorial Field» and still another with an arrow on it pointing to «Lake Ugwam». Still another sign read «Ugwam Trail» and another read «Ugwam Midnight Survival Test», which scared the merit badges out of me.

The bus came to a stop in front of the Ugwam Registration Teepee, so we all piled out and signed in, checked our spending money with the pleasant-faced fat lady in charge of the canteen.

There were at least a hundred tents scattered through the pines within a radius of a quarter mile from Ugwam Lodge, and each tent held four campers. Willie and I were assigned to Teepee 34 along with two other Scouts from a different town, so as we moved in and got settled, we began to get acquainted. We learned that one of the boys was 12 years old and fresh out of reform school – he was sent there for beating up other Boy Scouts, he said – and the other boy was a chubby little 9-year old (Willie and I were both 9 too) who had a bed-wetting problem, and was as scared of his “friend” as we were, so it didn’t take long to determine who the boss of the teepee would be.

It wasn’t me, it wasn’t Willie, & it certainly wasn’t the bed wetter. I knew I was in for a long week.

Rock – the teepee boss from reform school – announced that he would rather sleep on the bed assigned to me, since it was nearest to the door of the tent and he would be getting in later than the rest of us. That certainly sounded reasonable to me, and since Rock had already moved his stuff onto my bed, I readily agreed. Rock seemed to be pleasant enough as long as things went his way, so we all dedicated ourselves to making sure things went his way. It wasn’t as though we were exactly afraid of him, but he was older, at least a head taller, and his upper arms reminded me of Tarzan. But I was sure he was a nice guy at heart, and if it took a king-slave arrangement to make the friendship work, so be it. Camp doesn’t last forever.

Or so I thought.

As it turned out, the rumor about washing dishes all week as punishment for being late was not true, and soon we found ourselves in Ugwam Mess Hall, which was certainly an appropriate name. The camaraderie of a dining room full of enthusiastic Scouts, the coziness of the Lodge with its huge rock fireplace crackling cheerily, and the comfort that came from eating our first (and best) meal of the week quickly erased our memories of the bus trip and our apprehension about the rest of the week.

Boy, were we ever wrong.

The insistent bleating of a bugle burst rudely into our little 4-Scout tent at 6:30 sharp, abruptly ending our first cozy night’s slumber. Little did we know that this was to be the only uneventful night of the week. Rock snorted and mumbled that he was going to sleep in. We let him be and headed for breakfast. We knew, from stern announcements the evening before, that during breakfast each tent

would be checked for neatness, cleanliness, and of course, beds made up in the prescribed Scout manner. We giggled about how Rock was about to get it.

We underestimated Rock.

After breakfast we all lined up for personal inspection of our uniforms, hair, teeth, and other Scout parts. Much to our surprise, Rock was there, looking spiffy in his brand-new Scout outfit. The Scoutmaster team in charge of inspecting tents announced that all tents were approved, except Teepee #34, and would Scout Shinn please come forward.

«Scout Shinn, why wasn't your bed made?» the stern-looking Scoutmaster inquired.

«It was – hones it was! I made it before breakfast – honest!» I pleaded in wide-eyed innocence.

«Then why does it look like you just got out of it? No effort at all was made to straighten it out».

«But I did! Maybe it was.....» I suddenly remembered Rock sleeping in, and started to explain. But Rock was in the line of Scouts right behind me, and then too, I remembered him switching beds with me the night before. My stomach sank.

«Scout Shinn, are you a Boy Scout?» questioned the gruff Scoutmaster. Sounded like a stupid question to be asking a Scout, but I thought I had better answer it.

«Yes, sir».

«Well, Scout Shinn, have you ever heard that Scouts are neat, orderly, and follow directions?»

«Yes sir, sir!»

«And did you follow our directions to make up your bed and keep your tent orderly?»

«Well, I.....»

«One demerit. Report to Scoutmaster Seaverson in the kitchen immediately. And see that it doesn't happen again. Who else is in Teepee #34?»

Rock raised his hand righteously.

«Scout Riggotoni, would you be responsible for Test #34, and make sure that Scout Shinn does his duty?»

«Yes sir!» beamed Rock.

My stomach dropped a notch further. Now he was not only the ad hoc boss, he was the authorized boss.

The thing I remember most about washing dishes that first morning was the hot water. It was HOT, and I was miserable. I was missing the first morning of

activities, and I knew that tomorrow morning I would be a day behind everyone else.

At lunchtime Scout Riggotoni put his arm around me and said «It's OK, Shinn. It's your first year at camp. We all have to learn». That was sweet of him, I thought, and the head Scoutmaster apparently thought so too, as later I saw him pat Rock on the back in an apparent gesture of praise for helping a young, wayward Scout such as I.

The bathroom at Camp Ugwam – at least the only one we were allowed to use – was a long outhouse with perhaps 20 holes in a long bench, with no dividers between each «station». I took one long stare in the doorway, saw some older boys gathered in a group at the other end looking at something and laughing loudly, and I decided I could wait until I got home.

It was a long week.

After lunch we had marching drills, and we marched left and we marched right and we marched through the trees and most everywhere. This was probably the easiest part of camp for me, since I had joined the school's beginner band the year before as a trombone player, and already knew my left foot from my right, and what “about face” meant. Some of the other Scouts apparently didn't however, as there were several head-on collisions before the drill was over.

After drill we were excused for the afternoon to pursue whatever recreation we desired. I desired to go home, and wondered how far it was over the hill and back down to Soda Springs. I figured I could use the phone there, and had visions of my Dad & Mom and big brother picking me up and calling me “Duane” instead of Scout Shinn. But the first evening's warnings about the bears in the mountains outside the camp sufficiently dissuaded me from my vision.

Willie wanted to go swimming, and I thought that sounded good too. We pulled on our trunks, headed for the lake that was situated directly behind the lodge, and took a headlong leap of faith into the chilling waters of Lake Ugwam. As I hit the water I recalled that I sometimes got leg cramps at night in bed, and sure enough, in the rarified atmosphere of 6000 feet and the ice water of Lake Ugwam, my hamstrings in both legs cramped up like the Scout-approved knot I always wished I could tie. If you've ever had the glorious experience of having both hamstrings cramp at once, you will appreciate the fact that I was very fortunate indeed to make it to shore at all, even though it was just a few feet away. That ended my swimming for the week, and the next five afternoons were spent trying to get some sleep, since the cramps, having been started by the 33 degree water, persisted each night thereafter, probably because of the elevation working on the freshly cramped muscles.

In any case, I knew I was not cut out to be a Scout, and daydreamed a great deal about low-elevation baseball fields, beds with firm mattresses, and bathrooms with doors on them. Willie, meanwhile, kept busy exchanging baseball data with every fan he could unearth, which included the head cook, a widow whose husband had once played 3rd base for the Portland Beavers of the old Pacific Coast League. That got Willie not only some fascinating baseball stories of the old days, but also a tasty preview of the desserts being prepared for the evening meals, since the widow lady was thrilled that someone was interested enough to listen to her baseball stories about her husband's career. Willie's curiosity was only exceeded by his energy level, and many a night when I was painfully trying to get my legs straightened out, I would hear this «whack – crack – swoosh – whack» sound outside Teepee #34. It was a moonlighted week on nights, and Willie got in some extra batting practice by throwing rocks up and hitting them with his bat. Why some Scoutmaster didn't put an end to it, I'll never understand, but no one ever said anything about it. Maybe the other campers and counselors thought it was a bear breaking tree limbs, or the ghost of some Indian warrior haunting the battleground where he had died a hundred years ago. Perhaps it added to the mystery of camp. As my cramps gradually subsided, I fell asleep wondering.

The last night of camp was the climax of our Scout training, when all of us were required to go on the mysterious "Midnight Manhood March" through the forest. Just the sound of it gave me the shivers, and from the talk around camp, most everyone except the very oldest Scouts felt the same. The Scout leaders had done their very best all week to build up this event in our minds, and to make it as scary sounding as possible. I'm sure their motives were excellent, but in the minds of imaginative 9 year olds the images of dark trails at midnight and departed spirits of Indian warriors and bears and mountain lions and getting lost forever in the high Sierras was enough to make us yearn for the security of home and civilization. But that dreaded night was fast approaching, and the only thing that kept me going was the knowledge that if I survived the night, the dawn would bring the bus and the return trip to the comfort and warmth and familiarity of home, with all it represented – like Mom's cooking, the absence of Scout Riggotoni, and a bathroom with a door.

After dinner Friday evening we were instructed to retire to our tents, lie motionless on our beds, and prepare mentally & spiritually for the great test of endurance and bravery and resourcefulness that lay immediately ahead. None of us had the slightest idea what that meant – to prepare mentally & spiritually – so we lay on our beds and scared ourselves silly with thoughts of the worst that might shortly come to pass. I remember praying «Dear God, I know I haven't

been too good in the past, but if you will get me through this night, I promise to practice my piano lesson 30 minutes every day. Please, God?»

The dreaded event started with a campfire at 10PM. It began innocently enough, with singing and skits and a marshmallow roast. Then came story time, when each Scoutmaster outdid the other at relating stories of Indian lore, Scouts lost forever in the woods, and ghosts of Indian warriors who even at this very moment stalk the hills above Camp Ugwam, searching for a Scout who doesn't follow orders and wanders off the appointed trail. Eyeballs grew noticeably larger, and the circle of Scouts moved imperceptibly closer in toward the campfire, and away from the darkness behind.

The last Scoutmaster was the best storyteller of all (they had apparently saved the best for the last), and he told an absolutely terrifying tale of the Indian warrior ghost who had **ALREADY** possessed the body of one of us Scouts around the fire. Without moving our heads in the slightest, we eyed each other suspiciously for any tell-tail sign that the fearsome Indian warrior might inhabit the body of the Scout next to us. As the story went on with tales of raids and scalping, I thought of my Dad, who was stone bald, and wondered briefly if what I had always been told was true – that he had a high fever as a teenager and lost his hair then – or whether possibly he had attended a Scout camp when he was nine in Missouri, and the 200 year old warrior Spirit had found him wandering slightly from the trail, and separated him from his hair.

I slowly raised my left hand to feel if my hair was still intact, and was please to find that it was still there – standing on end in stark terror.

As the storyteller was working the story to a climax in a barely-audible whisper, and every Scout eye and every Scout ear was glued on him in terrified attention, the shrill voice of the head Scoutmaster broke into the silence with «Quick, Scouts! Follow me! The final test of your courage has begun. We must begin our Midnight Survival Test and move along the Ugwam Trail quickly, as we have just received word that the dreaded Warrior Spirit is on the war path, and is close behind us!»

Scouts instantly formed a tight line behind the Scoutmaster, with the end of the line battling for a spot further up in the line. The survival of the fittest was no doubt at work, and the smallest nine year olds soon found themselves at the end of the line, with the smallest of the small at the very end.

Me.

I repeated my prayer rapidly, desperately, this time raising the ante. «Make that an hour, Lord. I really will practice my piano lesson a solid hour every day if you just get me through this». The darkness behind me was absolutely terrifying, and once I had gotten up the courage to look back, and saw the blackness behind

that held every fear I had ever known, I vowed to never look back again, and kept my vow. I even raised my practice-time prayer-promise bargaining chip to an hour and a half, and threw in the offer to stop picking my nose as a sweetener.

The trail wound through the pines and firs, around huge boulders, under fallen logs, past the lake which we could barely make out in the light of the quarter-moon, and who knows where. The only lights were our little beams of Scout-issue flashlights each Scout carried. The outlines of the trees and branches and boulders and crags in the darkness conjured up images of all the stories we had just heard, and dug up a few more out of the recesses of our memories. My imagination added to the terror, as I visualized the movie I had seen the week before – *Frankenstein Meets Dracula*. No headless horseman could have added to my fear. It was already total.

From out of the darkness behind me came a silent hand which wrapped itself around my mouth, keeping my screams of terror private, and the next thing I knew I was on the ground with my mouth covered and three dark figures holding me down. Surprisingly, my fear subsided a bit, as I suppose it does when one moves from danger on to death. I supposed the figures huddled over me to be the Spirits of Indian Warriors about to take my scalp, but instead they took my pants. The largest of the three threatened me not to tell the Scoutmaster, or I was a dead Scout. Since I thought I was a dead Scout anyway, that really was a welcome announcement of a second chance at life. Perhaps I would survive after all. Perhaps my prayers had been heard. Practicing the piano sounded utterly fantastic by contrast to my present state.

The three nightriders disappeared back into the darkness from whence they had come, and I sprinted back to the end of the line, which fortunately I could still see in the distance because of the flashlights each Scout carried. I was so glad to be back that even though I was still at the end of the line and pantless, I actually kind of enjoyed the rest of the track – like a person back from the dead might enjoy seeing the top half of the cemetery – which was relatively eventless compared to my recent descent into Hell and back.

As we marched back into camp, we lined up in front of the lodge for inspection under the glow of the outdoor lamps, which stood on either side of the lodge door. We stood at attention – 299 Scouts in full dress, and one standing in his underwear.

«Scout Shinn, step forward».

«Yes sir.»

«Scout Shinn, where in the world are your pants?»

«I don't know, sir.»

«You don't know where your pants are?»

«No sir.»

Snickers roll through the line of Scouts at attention.

«Why don't you know where your pants are?»

«Well, sir, I had them on when I started the Midnight Manhood March.»

More giggles from behind me.

«You had them on when you started the Midnight Manhood March, but you don't have them on now. Did you donate them to a cold bear, perhaps?»

Gales of laughter from behind me.

«No sir.»

«Then perhaps they were taken by the Spirit of the dead Indian warrior?»

«Yes sir, I suppose so.»

Scouts now on the ground, holding their sides. Full grown Scoutmasters doubled over in hysterics.

Apparently the Head Scoutmaster thought that might be a good place to leave the issue, perhaps to instill fear into next years' campers by a rumor that the Spirit of the dead Indian warrior not only scalps selected Scouts, but now also is into de-panting Scouts who wander from the trail. In any case, when he had regained his own composure and the volume of laughter had died down a bit, he dismissed the group, instructing them to go straight to their Teepees. I was extremely grateful for that, and I was the very first to go.

I was frozen by then, of course, having been without pants for the past half-hour or so, so when I got into our tent I immediately opened the suitcase Mom had so thoughtfully packed for me, put on two pair of pants, three shirts, a sweater, and a coat. Over what was left of my Scout uniform.

I crept into bed that way, and fell asleep praying «Lord, if you will somehow get me on the bus tomorrow morning without anyone seeing me, I promise to practice an hour and forty-five minutes a day. I really mean it, God, and if you could somehow make me invisible on the bus so the kids won't laugh at me, I will practice two hours a day, and even on weekends. And if...»

Update: You will be relieved to know that Scout Shinn indeed did survive, and lived to keep his promise, more or less. He now teaches piano at PlayPiano.com in Medford, Oregon. Willie McTavish works for the San Francisco Giants in the PR department. Scout Riggotoni is a respected trustee and block leader at Folsom State Prison in Folsom, California.

– INTERNET CHAT RESULTS: 50 REASONS AS TO WHY LOVE MUSIC (FM-JOURNAL July 20 2006)



I love music because?

1. It affects people in a way that words can't.
2. It makes me laugh.
3. It makes me cry.
4. It makes me dance.
5. It makes me remember.
6. Take any one song and play it for 20 people, and they will all get something out of it.
7. It lowers my inhibitions.
8. Its better than drugs and alcohol.
9. It brings people together.
10. I love the scene. Almost any scene.
11. I love the style, I love the attitude.
12. It makes working out easier.
13. It communicates things for you.
14. It can make people want to love each other.
15. It can make people angry at each other.
16. It can make 2 people meet each other or leave each other.
17. It can show you who your true friends are.
18. Every single person listens to music at one point or another.
19. Every single country, every single culture has their own music.
20. It's just as essential as food, but you can listen to it all day and it won't make you gain a single pound.
21. It doesn't take up space.
22. It makes movies a lot better.
23. It fuels art and theatre and fashion.
24. It's controlled by the people.
25. You're not forced to like any kind of music.
26. It's made by people just like you.
27. Someone put their blood, sweat, and tears into those songs.
28. Someone's wishing that you bought their record.
29. It's so good, kids are stealing it.
30. It makes you matter. Without you, that band would not have sold a million records. You were the millionth record.

31. You can share it with everyone.
32. It will fill a whole room but not take up any space.
33. It makes the nights warmer.
34. It makes the mornings happier.
35. It makes a whole room full of people feel friendlier.
36. It just makes you feel good.
37. Whole buildings are built because of it.
38. People are seen because of it.
39. It can make or break you.
40. It lets people control their own destiny.
41. It's been around since the creation of the earth.
42. It doesn't have to have any words, and it will still evoke emotion.
43. Some people dedicate their entire lives to it.
44. It's the perfect gift.
45. It can make everything seem okay.
46. It can make everything feel like its crashing down on you.
47. Its delicious.
48. It can cause you to pull the trigger.
49. It can cause you to put the gun down.
50. It's my life and I love it.

–UNACCOMPANIED SONATA By Orson Scott Card

When Christian Haroldsen was six months old, preliminary tests showed a predisposition toward rhythm and a keen awareness of pitch. There were other tests, of course, and many possible routes still open to him. But rhythm and pitch were the governing signs of his own private zodiac, and already the reinforcement began. Mr. and Mrs. Haroldsen were provided with tapes of many kinds of sound and instructed to play them constantly, whether Christian was awake or asleep.

When Christian Haroldsen was two years old, his seventh battery of tests pinpointed the path he would inevitably follow. His creativity was exceptional; his curiosity, insatiable; his understanding of music, so intense that on top of all the tests was written "Prodigy."

Prodigy was the word that took him from his parents' home to a house in deep deciduous forests where winter was savage and violent and summer, a brief, desperate eruption of green. He grew up, cared for by unsinging servants, and the only music he was allowed to hear was bird song and wind song and the crackling of winter wood; thunder and the faint cry of golden leaves as they broke free and tumbled to the earth; rain on the roof and the drip of water from icicles; the chatter of squirrels and the deep silence of snow falling on a moonless night.

These sounds were Christian's only conscious music. He grew up with the symphonies of his early years only distant and impossible-to-retrieve memories. And so he learned to hear music in unmusical things-for he had to find music, even when there was none to find.

He found that colors made sounds in his mind: Sunlight in summer was a blaring chord; moonlight in winter a thin, mournful wail; new green in spring, a low murmur in almost (but not quite) random rhythms; the flash of a red fox in the leaves, a gasp of sudden startlement.

And he learned to play all those sounds on his Instrument. In the world were violins, trumpets, and clarinets, as there had been for centuries. Christian knew nothing of that. Only his Instrument was available. It was enough.

Christian lived in one room in his house, which he had to himself most of the time. He had a bed (not too soft), a chair and table, a silent machine that cleaned him and his clothing, and an electric light.

The other room contained only his Instrument. It was a console with many keys and strips and levers and bars, and when he touched any part of it; a sound came out. Every key made a different sound; every point on the strips made a different pitch; every lever modified the tone; every bar altered the structure of the sound.

When he first came to the house, Christian played (as children will) with the Instrument, making strange and funny noises. It was his only playmate; he learned it well, could produce any sound he wanted to. At first he delighted in loud, blaring tones. Later he began to learn the pleasure of silences and rhythms. And soon he began to play with soft and loud and to play two sounds at once and to change those two sounds together to make a new sound and to play again a sequence of sounds he had played before.

Gradually, the sounds of the forest outside his house found their way into the music he played. He learned to make winds sing through his instrument; he learned to make summer one of the songs he could play at will. Green with its infinite variations was his most subtle harmony; the birds cried out from his Instrument with all the passion of Christian's loneliness.

And the word spread to the licensed Listeners:

«There's a new sound north of here, east of here: Christian Haroldsen, and he'll tear out your heart with his songs.»

The Listeners came, a few to whom variety was everything first, then those to whom novelty and vogue mattered most, and at last those who valued beauty and passion above everything else. They came and stayed out in Christian's woods and listened as his music was played through perfect speakers on the roof of his house. When the music stopped and Christian came out of his house, he

could see the Listeners moving away. He asked and was told why they came; he marvelled that the things he did for love on his Instrument could be of interest to other people.

He felt, strangely, even more lonely to know that he could sing to the Listeners and yet never be able to hear their songs.

«But they have no songs», said the woman who came to bring him food every day. «They are Listeners. You are a Maker. You have songs, and they listen.»

«Why?» asked Christian, innocently.

The woman looked puzzled. «Because that's what they want most to do. They've been tested, and they are happiest as Listeners. You are happiest as a Maker. Aren't you happy?»

«Yes», Christian answered, and he was telling the truth. His life was perfect, and he wouldn't change anything, not even the sweet sadness of the backs of the Listeners as they walked away at the end of his songs.

Christian was seven years old.

For the third time the short man with glasses and a strangely inappropriate mustache dared to wait in the underbrush for Christian to come out. For the third time he was overcome by the beauty of the song that had just ended, a mournful symphony that made the short man with glasses feel the pressure of the leaves above him, even though it was summer and they had months left before they would fall. The fall was still inevitable, said Christian's song; through all their life the leaves hold within them the power to die, and that must color their life. The short man with glasses wept-but when the song ended and the other Listeners moved away, he hid in the bush and waited.

This time his wait was rewarded. Christian came out of his house, walked among the trees, and came toward where the short man with glasses waited. The man admired the easy, unpostured way that Christian walked. The composer looked to be about thirty, yet there was something childish in the way he looked around him, the way his walk was aimless and prone to stop so he would just touch (and not break) a fallen twig with his bare toes.

«Christian», said the short man with glasses.

Christian turned, startled. In all these years, no Listener had ever spoken to him. It was forbidden. Christian knew the law.

«It's forbidden», Christian said.

«Here», the short man with glasses said, holding out a small black object.

«What is it?»

The short man grimaced. «Just take it. Push the button and it plays.»

«Plays?»

«Music».

Christian's eyes opened wide. «But that's forbidden. I can't have my creativity polluted by hearing other musicians work. That would make me imitative and derivative, instead of original.»

«Reciting», the man said. «You're just reciting that. This is Bach's music.» There was reverence in his voice.

«I can't», Christian said.

And then the short man shook his head. «You don't know. You don't know what you're missing. But I heard it in your song when I came here years ago, Christian. You want this.»

«It's forbidden,» Christian answered, for to him the very fact that a man who knew an act was forbidden still wanted to perform it was astounding, and he couldn't get past the novelty of it to realize that some action was expected of him.

There were footsteps, and words being spoken in the distance, and the short man's face became frightened. He ran at Christian, forced the recorder into his hands, then took off toward the gate of the preserve.

Christian took the recorder and held it in a spot of sunlight coming through the leaves. It gleamed dully. «Bach», Christian said. Then, «Who the hell is Bach?»

But he didn't throw the recorder down. Nor did he give the recorder to the woman who came to ask him what the short man with glasses had stayed for. «He stayed for at least ten minutes.»

«I only saw him for thirty seconds», Christian answered.

«And?»

«He wanted me to hear some other music. He had a recorder.»

«Did he give it to you?»

«No», Christian said. «Doesn't he still have it?»

«He must have dropped it in the woods.»

«He said it was Bach.»

«It's forbidden. That's all you need to know. If you should find the recorder, Christian, you know the law.»

«I'll give it to you.»

She looked at him carefully. «You know what would happen if you listened to such a thing.»

Christian nodded.

«Very well. We'll be looking for it, too. I'll see you tomorrow, Christian. And next time somebody stays after, don't talk to him. Just come back in and lock the doors.»

«I'll do that,» Christian said.

There was a summer rainstorm that night, wind and rain and thunder, and Christian found that he could not sleep. Not because of the music of the weather—he'd slept through a thousand such storms. It was the recorder that lay against the wall behind the Instrument. Christian had lived for nearly thirty years surrounded only by this wild, beautiful place and the music he himself made. But now...

Now he could not stop wondering. Who was Bach? Who is Bach? What is his music? How is it different from mine? Has he discovered things that I don't know?

What is his music? What is his music? What is his music?

Wondering. Until dawn, when the storm was abating and the wind had died. Christian got out of his bed, where he had not slept but only tossed back and forth all night, and took the recorder from its hiding place and played it.

At first it sounded strange, like noise; odd sounds that had nothing to do with the sounds of Christian's life. But the patterns were clear, and by the end of the recording, which was not even a half-hour long, Christian had mastered the idea of fugue, and the sound of the harpsichord preyed on his mind.

Yet he knew that if he let these things show up in his music, he would be discovered. So he did not try a fugue. He did not attempt to imitate the harpsichord's sound.

And every night he listened to the recording, learning more and more until finally the Watcher came.

The Watcher was blind, and a dog led him. He came to the door, and because he was a Watcher, the door opened for him without his even knocking.

«Christian Haroldsen, where is the recorder?» the Watcher asked.

«Recorder?» Christian asked, then knew it was hopeless. So he took the machine and gave it to the Watcher.

«Oh, Christian,» said the Watcher, and his voice was mild and sorrowful. «Why didn't you turn it in without listening to it?»

«I meant to,» Christian said. «But how did you know?»

«Because suddenly there are no fugues in your work. Suddenly your songs have lost the only Bach-like thing about them. And you've stopped experimenting with new sounds. What were you trying to avoid?»

«This,» Christian said, and he sat down and on his first try duplicated the sound of the harpsichord.

«Yet you've never tried to do that until now, have you?»

«I thought you'd notice.»

«Fugues and harpsichord, the two things you noticed first—and the only things you didn't absorb into your music. All your other songs for these last weeks have been tinted and colored and influenced by Bach. Except that there

was no fugue, and there was no harpsichord. You have broken the law. You were put here because you were a genius, creating new things with only nature for your inspiration. Now, of course, you're derivative, and truly new creation is impossible for you. You'll have to leave.»

«I know,» Christian said, afraid, yet not really understanding what life outside his house would be like.

«We'll train you for the kinds of jobs you can pursue now. You won't starve. You won't die of boredom. But because you broke the law, one thing is forbidden to you now».

«Music».

«Not all music. There is music of a sort, Christian, that the common people, the ones who aren't Listeners, can have. Radio and television and record music. But live music and new music-those are forbidden to you. You may not sing. You may not play an instrument. You may not tap out a rhythm.»

«Why not?»

The Watcher shook his head. «The world is too perfect, too at peace, too happy, for us to permit a misfit who broke the law to go about spreading discontent. And if you make more music, Christian, you will be punished drastically. Drastically.»

Christian nodded, and when the Watcher told him to come, he came, leaving behind the house and the woods and his Instrument. At first he took it calmly, as the inevitable punishment for his infraction; but he had little concept of punishment, or of what exile from his Instrument would mean.

Within five hours he was shouting and striking out at anyone who came near him, because his fingers craved the touch of the Instrument's keys and levers and strips and bars, and he could not have them, and now he knew that he had never been lonely before.

It took six months before he was ready for normal life. And when he left the Retraining Center (a small building, because it was so rarely used), he looked tired and years older, and he didn't smile at anyone. He became a delivery truck driver, because the tests said that this was a job that would least grieve him and least remind him of his loss and most engage his few remaining aptitudes and interests.

He delivered doughnuts to grocery stores.

And at night he discovered the mysteries of alcohol; and the alcohol and the doughnuts and the truck and his dreams were enough that he was, in his way, content. He had no anger in him. He could live the rest of his life, without bitterness.

He delivered fresh doughnuts and took the stale ones away with him.

«With a name like Joe,» Joe always said, «I had to open a bar and grill, just so I could put up a sign saying `Joe's Bar and Grill: « And he laughed and laughed, because, after all, Joe's Bar and Grill was a funny name these days.

But Joe was a good bartender, and the Watchers had put him in the right kind of place. Not in a big city but in a small town; a town just off the freeway, where truck drivers often came; a town not far from a large city, so that interesting things were nearby to be talked about and worried about and loved.

Joe's Bar and Grill was, therefore, a nice place to come, and many people came there. Not fashionable people, and not drunks, but lonely people and friendly people in just the right mixture. «My clients are like a good drink. Just enough of this and that to make a new flavor that tastes better than any of the ingredients.» Oh, Joe was a poet; he was a poet of alcohol, and like many another person these days, he often said, «My father was a lawyer, and in the old days I would have probably ended up a lawyer, too. And I never would have known what I was missing.»

Joe was right. And he was a good bartender, and he didn't wish he were anything else, so he was happy.

One night, however, a new man came in, a man with a doughnut delivery truck and a doughnut brand name on his uniform. Joe noticed him because silence clung to the man like a smell-wherever he walked, people sensed it, and though they scarcely looked at him, they lowered their voices or stopped talking at all, and they got reflective and looked at the walls and the mirror behind the bar. The doughnut deliveryman sat in a corner and had a watered down drink that meant he intended to stay a long time and didn't want his alcohol intake to be so rapid that he was forced to leave early.

Joe noticed things about people, and he noticed that this man kept looking off in the dark corner where the piano stood. It was an old, out-of-tune monstrosity from the old days (for this had been a bar for a long time), and Joe wondered why the man was fascinated by it. True, a lot of Joe's customers had been interested, but they had always walked over and plunked on the keys, trying to find a melody, failing with the out-of-tune keys, and finally giving up. This man, however, seemed almost afraid of the piano, and didn't go near it.

At closing time, the man was still there, and, on a whim, instead of making the man leave, Joe turned off the piped in music, turned off most of the lights, and went over and lifted the lid and exposed the gray keys.

The deliveryman came over to the piano. Chris, his name tag said. He sat and touched a single key. The sound was not pretty. But the man touched all the

keys one by one and then touched them in different orders, and all the time Joe watched, wondering why the man was so intense about it.

«Chris,» Joe said.

Chris looked up at him.

«Do you know any songs?»

Chris's face went funny.

«I mean some of those old-time songs, not those on the radio, but songs. `In a Little Spanish Town: My mother sang that one to me.» And Joe began to sing, «In a little Spanish town, 'twas on a night like this. Stars were peek-a-booing down, 'twas on a night like this.»

Chris began to play as Joe's weak and toneless baritone went on with the song. But his playing wasn't an accompaniment, not anything Joe could call an accompaniment. It was, instead, an opponent to his melody, an enemy to it, and the sounds coming out of the piano were strange and unharmonious and, by God, beautiful. Joe stopped singing and listened. For two hours he listened, and when it was over he soberly poured the man a drink and poured one for himself and clinked glasses with Chris the doughnut deliveryman who could take that rotten old piano and make the thing sing.

Three nights later, Chris came back, looking harried and afraid. But this time Joe knew what would happen (had to happen), and instead of waiting until closing time, Joe turned off the piped-in music ten minutes early. Chris looked up at him pleadingly. Joe misunderstood—he went over and lifted the lid to the keyboard and smiled. Chris walked stiffly, perhaps reluctantly, to the stool and sat.

«Hey, Joe,» one of the last five customers shouted, «closing early?»

Joe didn't answer. Just watched as Chris began to play. No preliminaries this time; no scales and wanderings over the keys. Just power, and the piano was played as pianos aren't meant to be played; the bad notes, the out-of-tune notes, were fit into the music so that they sounded right, and Chris's fingers, ignoring the strictures of the twelve-tone scale, played, it seemed to Joe, in the cracks.

None of the customers left until Chris finished an hour and a half later. They all shared that final drink and went home, shaken by the experience.

The next night Chris came again, and the next, and the next. Whatever private battle had kept him away for the first few days after his first night of playing, he had apparently won it or lost it. None of Joe's business. What Joe cared about was the fact that when Chris played the piano, it did things to him that music had never done, and he wanted it.

The customers apparently wanted it, too. Near closing time people began showing up, apparently just to hear Chris play. Joe began starting the piano music

earlier and earlier, and he had to discontinue the free drinks after the playing, because there were so many people it would have put him out of business.

It went on for two long, strange months. The delivery van pulled up outside, and people stood aside for Chris to enter. No one said anything to him. No one said anything at all, but everyone waited until he began to play the piano.

He drank nothing at all. Just played. And between songs the hundreds of people in Joe's Bar and Grill ate and drank.

But the merriment was gone. The laughter and the chatter and the camaraderie were missing, and after a while Joe grew tired of the music and wanted to have his bar back the way it was. He toyed with the idea of getting rid of the piano, but the customers would have been angry at him. He thought of asking Chris not to come any more, but he could not bring himself to speak to the strange, silent man.

And so finally he did what he knew he should have done in the first place. He called the Watchers.

They came in the middle of a performance, a blind Watcher with a dog on a leash, and an earless Watcher who walked unsteadily, holding on to things for balance. They came in the middle of a song and did not wait for it to end. They walked to the piano and closed the lid gently, and Chris withdrew his fingers and looked at the closed lid.

«Oh, Christian,» said the man with the seeing-eye dog.

«I'm sorry,» Christian answered. «I tried not to.»

«Oh, Christian, how can I bear doing to you what must be done?»

«Do it,» Christian said.

And so the man with no ears took a laser knife from his coat pocket and cut off Christian's fingers and thumbs, right where they rooted into his hands. The laser cauterized and sterilized the wound even as it cut. And, his hands now meaningless palms and useless knuckles, Christian stood and walked out of Joe's Bar and Grill. The people made way for him again, and they listened intently as the blind Watcher said, «That was a man who broke the law and was forbidden to be a Maker. He broke the law a second time, and the law insists that he be stopped from breaking down the system that makes all of you so happy.»

The people understood. It grieved them; it made them uncomfortable for a few hours, but once they returned home to their exactly right homes and got back to their exactly right jobs, the sheer contentment of their lives overwhelmed their momentary sorrow for Chris. After all, Chris had broken the law. And it was the law that kept them all safe and happy.

Even Joe. Even Joe soon forgot Chris and his music. He knew he had done the right thing. He couldn't figure out, though, why a man like Chris would have

broken the law in the first place, or what law he would have broken. There wasn't a law in the world that wasn't designed to make people happy-and there wasn't a law Joe could think of that he was even mildly interested in breaking.

Yet. Once, Joe went to the piano and lifted the lid and played every key on the piano. And when he had done that he put his head down on the piano and cried, because he knew that when Chris lost that piano, lost even his fingers so he could never play again-it was like Joe's losing his bar. And if Joe ever lost his bar, his life wouldn't be worth living.

As for Chris, someone else began coming to the bar driving the same doughnut delivery van, and no one ever saw Chris again in that part of the world.

«Oh, what a beautiful morning! « sang the road-crew man who had seen Oklahoma four times in his home town.

«Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham!» sang the road-crew man who had learned to sing when his family got together with guitars.

«Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom!» sang the road-crew man who believed.

But the road-crew man without hands, who held the signs telling the traffic to Stop or Go Slow, listened but never sang.

«Why'n't you never sing?» asked the man who liked Rogers and Hammerstein; asked all of them, at one time or another.

And the man they called Sugar just shrugged. «Don't feel like singing',» he'd say, when he said anything at all.

«Why they call him Sugar?» a new guy once asked. «He don't look sweet to me.»

And the man who believed said, «His initials are CH. Like the sugar, C & H, you know.» And the new guy laughed. A stupid joke, but the kind of gag that makes life easier on the road building crew.

Not that life was that hard. For these men, too, had been tested, and they were in the job that made them happiest. They took pride in the pain of sunburn and pulled muscles, and the road growing long and thin behind them was the most beautiful thing in the world. And so they sang all day at their work, knowing that they could not possibly be happier than they were this day.

Except Sugar.

Then Guillermo came. A short Mexican who spoke with an accent, Guillermo told everyone who asked, «I may come from Sonora, but my heart belongs in Milano! « And when anyone asked why (and often when no one asked anything), he'd explain: «I'm an Italian tenor in a Mexican body,» and he proved it

by singing every note that Puccini and Verdi ever wrote. «Caruso was nothing,» Guillermo boasted. «Listen to this! «

Guillermo had records, and he sang along with them, and at work on the road crew he'd join in with any man's song and harmonize with it or sing high above the melody, a soaring tenor that took the roof off his head and filled the clouds. «I can sing,» Guillermo would say, and soon the other road-crew men answered, «Damn right, Guillermo! Sing it again!»

But one night Guillermo was honest and told the truth. «Ah, my friends, I'm no singer.»

«What do you mean? Of course you are!» came the unanimous answer.

«Nonsense!» Guillermo cried, his voice theatrical. «If I am this great singer, why do you never see me going off to record songs? Hey? This is a great singer? Nonsense! Great singers they raise to be great singers. I'm just a man who loves to sing but has no talent! I'm a man who loves to work on the road crew with men like you and sing his guts out, but in the opera I could never be! Never! «

He did not say it sadly. He said it fervently, confidently. «Here is where I belong! I can sing to you who like to hear me sing! I can harmonize with you when I feel a harmony in my heart. But don't be thinking that Guillermo is a great singer, because he's not!»

It was an evening of honesty, and every man there explained why it was he was happy on the road crew and didn't wish to be anywhere else. Everyone, that is, except Sugar.

«Come on, Sugar. Aren't you happy here?»

Sugar smiled. «I'm happy. I like it here. This is good work for me. And I love to hear you sing.»

«Then why don't you sing with us?»

Sugar shook his head. «I'm not a singer.»

But Guillermo looked at him knowingly. «Not a singer, ha! Not a singer. A man without hands who refuses to sing is not a man who is not a singer. Hey?»

«What the hell did that mean?» asked the man who sang folk songs.

«It means that this man you call Sugar, he's a fraud. Not a singer! Look at his hands. All his fingers gone! Who is it who cuts off men's fingers?»

The road crew didn't try to guess. There were many ways a man could lose fingers, and none of them were anyone's business.

«He loses his fingers because he breaks the law and the Watchers cut them off! That's how a man loses fingers. What was he doing with his fingers that the Watchers wanted him to stop? He was breaking the law, wasn't he?»

«Stop,» Sugar said.

«If you want,» Guillermo said, but the others would not respect Sugar's privacy.

«Tell us,» they said.

Sugar left the room.

«Tell us,» and Guillermo told them. That Sugar must have been a Maker who broke the law and was forbidden to make music any more. The very thought that a Maker even a lawbreaker-was working on the road crew with them filled the men with awe. Makers were rare, and they were the most esteemed of men and women.

«But why his fingers?»

«Because,» Guillermo said, «he must have tried to make music again afterward. And when you break the law a second time, the power to break it a third time is taken away from you.» Guillermo spoke seriously, and so to the road-crew men Sugar's story sounded as majestic and terrible as an opera. They crowded into Sugar's room and found the man staring at the wall.

«Sugar, is it true?» asked the man who loved Rogers and Hammerstein.

«Were you a Maker?» asked the man who believed.

«Yes,» Sugar said.

«But Sugar,» the man who believed said, «God can't mean for a man to stop making music, even if he broke the law.»

Sugar smiled. «No one asked God.»

«Sugar,» Guillermo finally said, «There are nine of us on the crew, nine of us, and we're miles from any other human beings. You know us, Sugar. We swear on our mother's graves, every one of us, that we'll never tell a soul. Why should we? You're one of us. But sing, dammit man, sing! «

«I can't,» Sugar said.

«It isn't what God intended,» said the man who believed. «We're all doing what we love best, and here you are, loving music and not able to sing a note. Sing for us! Sing with us! And only you and us and God will know!»

They all promised. They all pleaded.

And the next day as the man who loved Rogers and Hammerstein sang «Love, Look Away,» Sugar began to hum. As the man who believed sang «God of Our Fathers,» Sugar sang softly along. And as the man who loved folk songs sang, «Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,» Sugar joined in with a strange, piping voice, and all the men laughed and cheered and welcomed Sugar's voice to the songs.

Inevitably Sugar began inventing. First harmonies, of course, strange harmonies that made Guillermo frown and then, after a while, grin as he joined in, sensing as best he could what Sugar was doing to the music.

And after harmonies, Sugar began singing his own melodies, with his own words. He made them repetitive, the words simple and the melodies simpler still. And yet he shaped them into odd shapes and built them into songs that had never been heard of before, that sounded wrong and yet were absolutely right. It was not long before the man who loved Rogers and Hammerstein and the man who sang folk songs and the man who believed were learning Sugar's songs and singing them joyously or mournfully or angrily or gaily as they worked along the road.

Even Guillermo learned the songs, and his strong tenor was changed by them until his voice, which had, after all, been ordinary, became something unusual' and fine. Guillermo finally said to Sugar one day, «Hey, Sugar, your music is all wrong, man. But I like the way it feels in my nose! Hey, you know? I like the way it feels in my mouth!»

Some of the songs were hymns: «Keep me hungry, Lord; ' Sugar sang, and the road crew sang it too.

Some of the songs were love songs: «Put your hands in someone else's pockets,» Sugar sang angrily; «I hear your voice in the morning,» Sugar sang tenderly; «Is it summer yet?» Sugar sang sadly; and the road crew sang them, too.

Over the months, the road crew changed, one man leaving on Wednesday and a new man taking his place on Thursday, as different skills were needed in different places. Sugar was silent when each newcomer arrived, until the man had given his word and the secret was sure to be kept.

What finally destroyed Sugar was the fact that his songs were so unforgettable. The men who left would sing the songs with their new crews, and those crews would learn them and teach them to others. Crew men taught the songs in bars and on the road; people learned them quickly and loved them; and one day a blind Watcher heard the songs and knew, instantly, who had first sung them. They were Christian Haroldsen's music, because in those melodies, simple as they were, the wind of the north woods still whistled and the fall of leaves still hung oppressively over every note and-and the Watcher sighed. He took a specialized tool from his file of tools and boarded an airplane and flew to the city closest to where a certain road crew worked. And the blind Watcher took a company car with a company driver up the road, and at the end of it, where the road was just beginning to swallow a strip of wilderness, he got out of the car and heard singing. Heard a piping voice singing a song that made even an eyeless man weep.

«Christian,» the Watcher said, and the song stopped.

«You, » said Christian.

«Christian, even after you lost your fingers?»

The other men didn't understand-all the other men, that is, except Guillermo.

«Watcher, » said Guillermo. «Watcher, he done no harm.»

The Watcher smiled wryly. «No one said he did. But he broke the law. You, Guillermo, how would you like to work as a servant in a rich man's house? How would you like to be a bank teller?»

«Don't take me from the road crew, man,» Guillermo said.

«It's the law that finds where people will be happy. But Christian Haroldsen broke the law. And he's gone around ever since, making people hear music they were never meant to hear.»

Guillermo knew he had lost the battle before it began, but he couldn't stop himself. «Don't hurt him, man. I was meant to hear his music. Swear to God, it's made me happier.»

The Watcher shook his head sadly. «Be honest, Guillermo. You're an honest man. His music's made you miserable, hasn't it? You've got everything you could want in life, and yet his music makes you sad. All the time, sad.»

Guillermo tried to argue, but he was honest, and he looked into his own heart. And he knew that the music was full of grief. Even the happy songs mourned for something; even the angry songs wept; even the love songs seemed to say that everything dies and contentment is the most fleeting of things. Guillermo looked in his own heart, and all Sugar's music stared back up at him; and Guillermo wept.

«Just don't hurt him, please,» Guillermo murmured as he cried.

«I won't,» the blind Watcher said. Then he walked to Christian, who stood passively waiting, and he held the special tool up to Christian's throat. Christian gasped.

«No,» Christian said, but the word only formed with his lips and tongue. No sound came out. Just a hiss of air. No.

«Yes,» the Watcher said.

The road crew watched silently as the Watcher led Christian away. They did not sing for days. But then Guillermo forgot his grief one day and sang an aria from La Boheme, and the songs went on from there. Now and then they sang one of Sugar's songs, because the songs could not be forgotten.

In the city, the blind Watcher furnished Christian with a pad of paper and a pen. Christian immediately gripped the pencil in the crease of his palm and wrote: «What do I do now?»

The blind Watcher laughed. «Have we got a job for you! Oh, Christian, have we got a job for you! «

In the entire world there were only two dozen Watchers. They were secretive men who supervised a system that needed little supervision because it actually made nearly everybody happy. It was a good system, but like even the most perfect of machines, here and there it broke down. Here and there someone acted madly and damaged himself, and to protect everyone and the person himself, a Watcher had to notice the madness and go to fix it.

For many years the best of the Watchers was a man with no fingers, a man with no voice. He would come silently, wearing the uniform that named him with the only name he needed-Authority: And he would find the kindest, easiest, yet most thorough way of solving the problem and curing the madness and preserving the system that made the world, for the first time in history, a very good place to live. For practically everyone.

For there were still a few people-one or two each year who were caught in a circle of their own devising, who could neither adjust to the system nor bear to harm it, people who kept breaking the law despite their knowledge that it would destroy them.

Eventually, when the deprivations did not cure their madness and set them back into the system, they were given uniforms, and they, too, went out. Watching.

The keys of power were placed in the hands of those who had most cause to hate the system they had to preserve. Were they sorrowful?

«I am,» Christian answered in the moments when he dared to ask himself that question.

In sorrow he did his duty. In sorrow he grew old. And finally the other Watchers, who revered the silent man (for they knew he had once sung magnificent songs), told him he was free. «You've served your time,» said the Watcher with no legs, and he smiled.

Christian raised an eyebrow, as if to say, «And?»

«So wander.»

Christian wandered. He took off his uniform, but lacking neither money nor time he found few doors closed to him. He wandered where in his former lives he had once lived. A road in the mountains. A city where he had once known the loading entrance of every restaurant and coffee shop and grocery store. And, at last, a place in the woods where a house was falling apart in the weather because it had not been used in forty years.

Christian was old. The thunder roared, and it only made him realize that it was about to rain. All the old songs. All the old songs, he mourned inside himself, more because he couldn't remember them than because he thought his life had been particularly sad.

As he sat in a coffee shop in a nearby town to stay out of the rain, he heard four teenagers who played the guitar very badly singing a song that he knew. It was a song he had invented while the asphalt poured on a hot summer day. The teenagers were not musicians and certainly were not Makers. But they sang the song from their hearts, and even though the words were happy, the song made everyone who heard it cry.

Christian wrote on the pad he always carried, and showed his question to the boys. «Where did that song come from?»

«It's a Sugar song,» the leader of the group answered. «It's a song by Sugar.»

Christian raised an eyebrow, making a shrugging motion.

«Sugar was a guy who worked on a road crew and made up songs. He's dead now, though,» the boy answered.

Christian smiled. Then he wrote (and the boys waited impatiently for this speechless old man to go away): «Aren't you happy? Why sing sad songs?»

The boys were at a loss for an answer. The leader spoke up, though, and said, «Sure, I'm happy. I've got a good job, a girl I like, and man, I couldn't ask for more. I got my guitar. I got my songs. And my friends.»

And another boy said, «These songs aren't sad, mister. Sure, they make people cry, but they aren't sad.»

«Yeah,» said another. «It's just that they were written by a man who knows.»

Christian scribbled on his paper. «Knows what?»

«He just knows. Just knows, that's all:»

And then the teenagers turned back to their clumsy guitars and their young untrained voices, and Christian walked to the door to leave because the rain had stopped and because he knew when to leave the stage. He turned and bowed just a little toward the singers. They didn't notice him, but their voices were all the applause he needed. He left the ovation and went outside where the leaves were just turning color and would soon, with a slight inaudible sound, break free and fall to the earth.

For a moment he thought he heard himself singing. But it was just the last of the wind, coasting madly through the wires over the street. It was a frenzied song, and Christian thought he had recognized his voice.

EXERCISES

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. Summarize and comment on the humorous and science-fiction story you have just read. 2. Is it reasonable for parents to make their children learn to play a musical instrument regardless of their wish to do it? Do children really know what is good for them? 3. Comment on the personality of the main character of the first story. 4. What made the boy become industrious while learning to play the piano? 5. What are the most humorous moments in the first story and the most horrible in the second? 6. Comment on the list of reasons why one may love music. What points do you consider to be the most proper and the most ridiculous or strange ones? 7. What is a preliminary test? 8. What is a prodigy child? 9. What was the only music Christian was allowed to hear? Why? 10. How did Christian's piano music influence people? 11. Why was merriment gone from the bar when the main character of this science-fiction story played the piano? Was it what people really wanted? 12. Did the system in the story make all people happy? In which way? 13. What was it in Christian's music and singing that made people sad? Why did they still long for it? 14. What do you consider to be elite music? Low-grade music? 15. What is music for you? 16. It is believed that a human voice is the most exquisite "musical instrument". Can you think of any situation when somebody's singing made you believe it? 17. Andrea Bocelli's voice is acknowledged to be one of the most perfect by musical experts. Listen to his song and comment on emotions it arouses in you. (*A teacher can bring a record of any other recognized singer to attract students to high standard art*) 18. Recall and comment on any literature work or a film where music is a central theme. 19. What is the role of music in the film «The Phantom of the Opera»? 20. Fill in the gaps while listening and comment on these songs from the musical (*being popular and well-known the songs can be easily found by the teacher on Internet*):

The Phantom of the Opera

CHRISTINE

In sleep he sang to me,
in dreams he came,

.....

and speaks my name.

And do I dream again?

For now I find -

the Phantom of the Opera is there -
inside my mind.

PHANTOM

Sing once again with me

.....

My power over you

grows stronger yet.

And though you turn from me,

to glance behind,

the Phantom of the Opera is there -

.....

CHRISTINE

Those who have seen your face
draw back in fear.

I am the mask you wear...

PHANTOM

It's me they hear...

BOTH

My/your spirit and your/my voice,
in one combined:

the Phantom of the Opera is there
inside your/my mind...

OFFSTAGE VOICES

.....

CHRISTINE

He's there, the Phantom of the Opera...

PHANTOM

Sing, my Angel of Music!

Sing, for me!

The Music of the Night

PHANTOM

Night-time sharpens,
heightens each sensation.

.....

Silently the senses abandon their
defences...

Slowly, gently night unfurls its
splendour
Grasp it, sense it - tremulous and tender
Turn your face away
from the garish light of day,
turn your thoughts away

.....
and listen to the music of the night...

Close your eyes and surrender
To your darkest dreams!
Purge your thoughts of the life
you knew before!
Close your eyes,
let your spirit start to soar!

.....
as you've never lived before...

Softly, deftly,
music shall caress you...

Feel it, hear it,
secretly possess you ...

Open up your mind,
let your fantasies unwind,
in this darkness which
you know you cannot fight -
the darkness of the music of the
night...

.....
through a strange new world!
Leave all thoughts
of the life you knew before!
Let your soul take you where you
long to be!
Only then can you belong to me...
Floating, falling, sweet intoxication!
Touch me, trust me savour each
sensation!

Let the dream begin,
let your darker side give in
to the power of the music that I write -
the power of the music of the night...

You alone can make my song
take flight - help me make the music of
the night!

21. What do you feel when you hear these songs? 22. What is your favourite musical? Why? 23. Read and comment on these pieces of information: a) the legend of J.R.R. Tolkien's famous literature work «The Silmarillion» says that the whole world was created out of harmonious sounds, the Universe is filled with music and when evil comes this harmony is ruined; b) it is believed that people used only rhythmical language before The Fall; c) rhythm of the mother's heart beating is the first sound a foetus hears; d) all over the world throughout the history of mankind cradle songs were used to lull a child; e) experiments in the agricultural sphere prove that even plants grow better and animals feel comfort hearing classical music and the results are opposite with the rock or heavy metal music. 24. What do you think of the musical genres of today? 25. Why do so many music stars tend to ruin their life by dissipation having achieved the greatest possible success? Can you illustrate this fact by any life example?

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. ... the ad hoc boss... 2. ... leap of faith... 3. ... we were instructed to retire to our tents, lie motionless on our beds, and prepare mentally & spiritually for the great test of endurance and bravery and resourcefulness that lay immediately ahead. 4. It lowers my inhibitions. 5. It fuels art and theatre and fashion. 6. It's been around since the creation of the earth. 7. And so he learned to hear music in unmusical things – for he had to find music, even when there was none to find. 8. He found that colors made sounds in his mind: sunlight in summer was a blaring chord; moonlight in winter a thin, mournful wail; new green in spring, a low murmur in almost (but not quite) random rhythms; the flash of a red fox in the leaves, a gasp of sudden startlement. 9. Whatever private battle had kept him away for the first few days after his first night of playing, he had apparently won it or lost it. 10. «No one asked God.» 11. Even the happy songs mourned for something; even the angry songs wept; even the love songs seemed to say that everything dies and contentment is the most fleeting of things.

III. Find in the passages equivalents for the following words and phrases and make up your own sentences with them:

1) Гама; 2) акорд; 3) ви не наберете ані грама ваги; 4) пробуджувати емоції; 1) ненаситний; 2) fuga; 3) клавесин; 4) покараний радикально; 5) з примхи; 6) товаришування, панібратство.

Written assignment: comment on the way music influences people.

Unit 5: «Difficult Children»

– THE STORY-TELLER

By Sakl (Hector Hugh Munro) (1870-1916)

It was a hot afternoon, and the railway carriage was correspondingly sultry, and the next stop was at Templecombe, nearly an hour ahead. The occupants of the carriage were a small girl, and a smaller girl, and a small boy. An aunt belonging to the children occupied one corner seat, and the further corner seat on the opposite side was occupied by a bachelor who was a stranger to their party, but the small girl and the small boy emphatically occupied the compartment. Both the aunt and the children were conversational in a limited, persistent way, reminding one of the attentions of a housefly that refused to be discouraged. Most of the aunt's remarks seemed to begin with «Don't», and nearly all of the children's remarks began with «Why?». The bachelor said nothing out loud.

«Don't, Cyril, don't,» exclaimed the aunt, as the small boy began smacking the cushions of the seat, producing a cloud of dust at each blow.

«Come and look out of the window,» she added.

The child moved reluctantly to the window. «Why are those sheep being driven out of that field?» he asked.

«I expect they are being driven to another field where there is more grass,» said the aunt weakly.

«But, there is lots of grass in that field,» protested the boy; «there's nothing else but grass there. Aunt, there's lots of grass in that field.»

«Perhaps the grass in the other field is better,» suggested the aunt fatuously.

«Why is it better?» came the swift, inevitable question.

«Oh, look at those cows!» exclaimed the aunt. Nearly every field along the line contained cows or bullocks, but she spoke as though she were drawing attention to a rarity.

«Why is the grass in the other field better?» persisted Cyril.

The frown on the bachelor's face was deepening to a scowl. He was a hard, unsympathetic man, the aunt decided in her mind. She was utterly unable to come to any satisfactory decision about the grass in the other field.

The smaller girl created a diversion by beginning to recite *On the Road to Mandalay*. She only knew the first line, but she put her limited knowledge to the fullest possible use. She repeated the line over and over again in a dreamy but resolute and very audible voice; it seemed to the bachelor as though someone had had a bet with her that she could not repeat the line aloud two thousand times without stopping. Whoever it was who had made the wager was likely to lose his bet.

«Come over here and listen to a story,» said the aunt, when the bachelor had looked twice at her and once at the communication cord.

The children moved listlessly towards the aunt's end of the carriage. Evidently her reputation as a story-teller did not rank high in their estimation.

In a low, confidential voice, interrupted at frequent intervals by loud, petulant questions from her listeners, she began an unenterprising and deplorably uninteresting story about a little girl who was good, and made friends with everyone on account of her goodness, and was finally saved from a mad bull by a number of rescuers who admired her moral character.

«Wouldn't they have saved her if she hadn't been good?» demanded the bigger of the small girls. It was exactly the question that the bachelor had wanted to ask.

«Well, yes,» admitted the aunt lamely, «but I don't think they would have run quite so fast to her help if they had not liked her so much.»

«It's the stupidest story I've ever heard,» said the bigger of the small girls, with immense conviction.

«I didn't listen after the first bit, it was so stupid,» said Cyril.

The smaller girl made no actual comment on the story, but she had long ago recommenced a murmured repetition of her favourite line.

«You don't seem to be a success as a story-teller,» said the bachelor suddenly from his corner.

The aunt bristled in instant defence at this unexpected attack.

«It's a very difficult thing to tell stories that children can both understand and appreciate,» she said stiffly.

«I don't agree with you,» said the bachelor.

«Perhaps you would like to tell them a story,» was the aunt's retort.

«Tell us a story,» demanded the bigger of the small girls.

«Once upon a time,» began the bachelor, «there was a little girl called Bertha, who was extraordinarily good.»

The children's momentarily-aroused interest began at once to flicker; all stories seemed dreadfully alike, no matter who told them.

«She did all that she was told, she was always truthful, she kept her clothes clean, ate milk puddings as though they were jam tarts, learned her lessons perfectly, and was polite in her manners.»

«Was she pretty?» asked the bigger of the small girls. «Not as pretty as any of you,» said the bachelor, «but she was horribly good.»

There was a wave of reaction in favour of the story; the word horrible in connection with goodness was a novelty that commended itself. It seemed to introduce a ring of truth that was absent from the aunt's tales of infant life.

«She was so good,» continued the bachelor, «that she won several medals for goodness, which she always wore, pinned on to her dress. There was a medal for obedience, another medal for punctuality, and a third for good behaviour. They were large metal medals and they clinked against one another as she walked. No other child in the town where she lived had as many as three medals, so everybody knew that she must be an extra good child.»

«Horribly good,» quoted Cyril.

«Everybody talked about her goodness, and the Prince of the country got to hear about it, and he said that as she was so very good she might be allowed once a week to walk in his park, which was just outside the town. It was a beautiful park, and no children were ever allowed in it, so it was a great honour for Bertha to be allowed to go there.»

«Were there any sheep in the park?» demanded Cyril.

«No,» said the bachelor, «there were no sheep.»

«Why weren't there any sheep?» came the inevitable question arising out of that answer.

The aunt permitted herself a smile, which might almost have been described as a grin.

«There were no sheep in the park,» said the bachelor, «because the Prince's mother had once had a dream that her son would either be killed by a sheep or else by a clock falling on him. For that reason the Prince never kept a sheep in his park or a clock in his palace.»

The aunt suppressed a gasp of admiration.

«Was the Prince killed by a sheep or by a clock?» asked Cyril.

«He is still alive, so we can't tell whether the dream will come true,» said the bachelor unconcernedly; «anyway, there were no sheep in the park, but there were lots of little pigs running all over the place.»

«What colour were they?»

«Black with white faces, white with black spots, black all over, grey with white patches, and some were white all over.»

The story-teller paused to let a full idea of the park's treasures sink into the children's imaginations; then he resumed:

«Bertha was rather sorry to find that there were no flowers in the park. She had promised her aunts, with tears in her eyes, that she would not pick any of the kind Prince's flowers, and she had meant to keep her promise, so of course it made her feel silly to find that there were no flowers to pick.»

«Why weren't there any flowers?»

«Because the pigs had eaten them all,» said the bachelor promptly.

«The gardeners had told the Prince that you couldn't have pigs and flowers, so he decided to have pigs and no flowers.»

There was a murmur of approval at the excellence of the Prince's decision; so many people would have decided the other way.

«There were lots of other delightful things in the park. There were ponds with gold and blue and green fish in them, and trees with beautiful parrots that said clever things at a moment's notice, and humming birds that hummed all the popular tunes of the day. Bertha walked up and down and enjoyed

herself immensely, and thought to herself: “If I were not so extraordinarily good I should not have been allowed to come into this beautiful park and enjoy all that there is to be seen in it,” and her three medals clinked against one another as she walked and helped to remind her how very good she really was. Just then an enormous wolf came prowling into the park to see if it could catch a fat little pig for its supper.»

«What colour was it?» asked the children, amid an immediate quickening of interest.

«Mud-colour all over, with a black tongue and pale grey eyes that gleamed with unspeakable ferocity. The first thing that it saw in the park was Bertha; her pinafore was so spotlessly white and clean that it could be seen from a great distance. Bertha saw the wolf and saw that it was stealing towards her, and she began to wish that she had never been allowed to come into the park. She ran as hard as she could, and the wolf came after her with huge leaps and bounds. She managed to reach a shrubbery of myrtle bushes and she hid herself in one of the thickest of the bushes. The wolf came sniffing among the branches, its black tongue lolling out of its mouth and its pale grey eyes glaring with rage. Bertha was terribly «frightened, and thought to herself: “If I had not been so extraordinarily good I should have been safe in the town at this moment.” However, the scent of the myrtle was so strong that the wolf could not sniff out where Bertha was hiding, and the bushes were so thick that he might have hunted about in them for a long time without catching sight of her, so he thought he might as well go off and catch a little pig instead. Bertha was trembling very much at having the wolf prowling and sniffing so near her, and as she trembled the medal for obedience clinked against the medals for good conduct and punctuality. The wolf was just moving away when he heard the sound of the medals clinking and stopped to listen; they clinked again in a bush quite near him. He dashed into the bush, his pale grey eyes gleaming with ferocity and triumph, and dragged Bertha out and devoured her to the last morsel. All that was left of her were her shoes, bits of clothing, and the three medals for goodness.»

“Were any of the little pigs killed?”

“No, they all escaped.”

“The story began badly,» said the smaller of the small girls, «but it had a beautiful ending.”

“It is the most beautiful story that I ever heard,” said the bigger of the small girls, with immense decision.

“It is the only beautiful story I have ever heard,” said Cyril.

A dissentient opinion came from the aunt.

“A most improper story to tell to young children! You have undermined the effect of years of careful teaching.”

“At any rate,” said the bachelor, collecting his belongings preparatory to leaving the carriage, “I kept them quiet for ten minutes, which was more than you were able to do.”

“Unhappy woman!” he observed to himself as he walked down the platform of Templecombe station; “for the next six months or so these children will assail her in public with demands for an improper story!”

– 150 WAYS TO SHOW KIDS YOU CARE
By Jolene L.Roehlkepartain



Everyone in a community can make a difference in the lives of children and youth. Even if you don’t think you can tackle tough problems such as violence, alcohol and other drugs use, or school problems, you can make a difference by being a caring, responsible friend for a child or young people.

In the lives of our kids it is often easy to become caught up in the hustle and bustle of daily life and forget to «show up» in our kid's lives. It is common, in the hurry of the day, to speak much more cheerfully to the person serving coffee at the Quick Stop on the way to work than to those in our family that we love.

With the school year back in session, and a busier schedule for all, it never hurts to stop and develop a plan for **SHOWING THAT WE CARE** and not just assuming that others know it.

Here is a list of ways that we can show our love for our children; and by the way - spouses can benefit from the same loving actions!

1.	Notice them.	76.	Let them act their age.
2.	Smile a lot.	77.	Praise more; criticize less.
3.	Acknowledge them.	78.	Be consistent.
4.	Learn their names.	79.	Admit when you make a mistake.
5.	Seek them out.	80.	Enjoy your time together.
6.	Remember their birthday.	81.	Give them a special nickname.
7.	Ask them about themselves.		

8. Look in their eyes when you talk to them.	82. Marvel at what they can do.
9. Listen to them.	83. Tell them how proud you are of them.
10. Play with them.	84. Pamper them.
11. Read aloud together.	85. Unwind together.
12. Giggle together.	86. Be happy.
13. Be nice.	87. Ask them to help you.
14. Say yes a lot.	88. Support them.
15. Tell them their feelings are okay.	89. Applaud their successes.
16. Set boundaries that keep them safe.	90. Deal with problems and conflicts while they're still small.
17. Be honest.	91. Chaperone a dance.
18. Be yourself.	92. Tell them stories in which they are the hero.
19. Listen to their stories.	93. Believe in them.
20. Hug them.	94. Nurture them with good food.
21. Forget your worries sometimes and concentrate only on them.	95. Be flexible.
22. Notice when they're acting differently.	96. Delight in their uniqueness.
23. Present options when they seek your counsel.	97. Let them make mistakes.
24. Play outside together.	98. Notice when they grow.
25. Surprise them.	99. Wave and honk when you drive by them.
26. Stay with them when they're afraid.	100. Give them immediate feedback.
27. Invite them over for juice.	101. Include them in conversations.
28. Suggest better behaviors when they act out.	102. Respect them.
29. Feed them when they're hungry.	103. Join in their adventures.
30. Delight in their discoveries.	104. Visit their schools.
31. Share their excitement.	105. Help them learn something new.
32. Send them a letter or postcard.	106. Be understanding when they have a difficult day.
33. Follow them when they lead.	107. Give them good choices.
34. Notice when they're absent.	108. Respect the choices they make.
35. Call them to say hello.	109. Be silly together.
36. Hide surprises for them to find.	110. Hang out together.
37. Give them space when they need it.	111. Make time.
	112. Inspire their creativity.
	113. Accept them as they are.
	114. Become their advocate.

38. Contribute to their collections.	115. Appreciate their personality.
39. Discuss their dreams and nightmares.	116. Talk openly with them.
40. Laugh at their jokes.	117. Tolerate their interruptions.
41. Be relaxed.	118. Trust them.
42. Kneel, squat, or sit so you're at their eye level.	119. Share a secret.
43. Answer their questions.	120. Write a chalk message on their sidewalk.
44. Tell them how terrific they are.	121. Create a safe, open environment.
45. Create a tradition with them and keep it.	122. Be available.
46. Learn what they have to teach.	123. Cheer their accomplishments.
47. Use your ears more than your mouth.	124. Encourage them to help others.
48. Make yourself available.	125. Tackle new tasks together.
49. Show up at their concerts, games, and events.	126. Believe what they say.
50. Find a common interest.	127. Help them take a stand and stand with them.
51. Hold hands during a walk.	128. Daydream with them.
52. Apologize when you've done something wrong.	129. Do what they like to do.
53. Listen to their favorite music with them.	130. Make decisions together.
54. Keep the promises you make.	131. Magnify their magnificence.
55. Wave and smile when you part.	132. Build something together.
56. Display their artwork in your home.	133. Encourage them to think big.
57. Thank them.	134. Celebrate their firsts and lasts, such as the first day of school.
58. Point out what you like about them.	135. Go places together.
59. Clip magazine pictures or articles that interest them.	136. Welcome their suggestions.
60. Give them lots of compliments.	137. Visit them when they're sick.
61. Catch them doing something right.	138. Tape record a message for them.
62. Encourage win-win solutions.	139. Help them learn from mistakes.
63. Give them your undivided attention.	140. Be sincere.
	141. Introduce them to people of excellence.
	142. Tell them what you expect of them.
	143. Give them your phone number.
	144. Introduce them to new experiences.
	145. Share a meal together.
	146. Talk directly together.

64. Ask for their opinion.	147. Be spontaneous.
65. Have fun together.	148. Expect their best; don't expect perfection.
66. Be curious with them.	149. Empower them to help and be themselves.
67. Introduce them to your friends and family.	150. Love them, no matter what.
68. Tell them how much you like being with them.	
69. Let them solve most of their own problems.	
70. Meet their friends.	
71. Meet their parents.	
72. Let them tell you how they feel.	
73. Help them become an expert at something.	
74. Be excited when you see them.	
75. Tell them about yourself.	

Print this list and pick one each day to use. You can plan to show your love for your kids. Make a list of your own. Find lists elsewhere of ways of showing love and care.

Remember, that you can fake like you care, but you can't fake being there. The common element to each item on the above list is time. Kids spell love «t-i-m-e»!

– THE PERFECT PARENT by Debbie Farmer

I used to be a perfect parent. I had strong opinions about the best ways to raise a healthy happy, well-mannered child. I vowed that my children would appear well-groomed and clean at all times, they would be disciplined by firm, fair, and consistent parenting techniques, and they would always, always be well-behaved in a restaurant. And when they were older, I would install a sense of self-confidence and mutual respect by showing them that I valued their opinions and by treating them as equals. My ideas were so straightforward and simple that I couldn't understand why other parents couldn't be as perfect as I was. Then I had two children.

I used to think that any mother, whose child was inappropriately dressed and had sweets stains around his lips before eleven o'clock in the morning, was obviously an unfit parent who spends her days talking on the phone -- and who serves fruit loops for breakfast.

My opinion changed when my two-year old daughter decided that she no longer wanted to wear clothing in public. One minute she'd be in her stroller, fully

dressed, innocently sucking on a pacifier in her stroller. And the next, she'd be waving at strangers wearing only a diaper and her pair of red patent leather shoes. The first few times this happened I kept putting her clothes back on - only to have them thrown at me again two seconds later. After several days of struggling to keep her fully dressed, I finally decided that it would be less stressful and much faster if she just started out naked when we left the house.

I also used to think that parents who let their children watch cartoons, instead of doing enriching activities together like reading, lacked self discipline and motivation. This was before my son turned three and I began daydreaming about how great it would be if he stopped making big messes around the house and did nothing but watch television. There would be no toys to pick up and no crayons to take out of nostrils. Besides I figured if he got really hooked on a few afternoon cartoons I could finally get some chores done around the house.

Before I had children I was going to be a good, health-conscious parent. My family would only eat organic produce and dairy products, fresh fruit, yeast free bread, and un-medicated, free range turkey. Sugar would never, ever touch their lips.

I changed my mind the first time I took my toddler to the grocery store by myself and she refused to bend her legs so she could fit into the front seat of the shopping cart. «If you get in the cart Mommy will give you part of the nice candy bar she has in her purse.» I whispered desperately in her ear.

This tactic worked well until she had eaten all of the candy. Then she decided the trip would be much more interesting if she got out of the cart and flung all of the food off of the shelves as ran down the aisles. So I did what any other modern, educated mother would do: I desperately started tossing junk food into the cart. I mentally calculated that one box of mini nuts should be enough to get me through the dairy section and halfway through produce. The caramel corn should last through frozen food and the entire paper product section, and the Tootsie Pop sucker should give me enough time to get through the register, out the door and back to the car.

As the cashier began ringing up my cartful of empty junk food boxes it became clear that the one thing preventing me from being a perfect parent -- were my children.

Now when my children go into public I want to stop people and let them know that I am really a good parent. I want to tell them that my son is eating a popsicle for breakfast because he is going through a phase where he will only eat blue food and I'm running out of options. He has a dirty dishtowel tucked into the back of his shirt because he thinks it's a cape and today he wants to be Batman. And my daughter is wearing her bathing suit with a pair of cowboys boots

because she picked out her own outfit and she thinks leather goes great with the pink netting on her skirt.

And when I yell things like “because I’m the Mommy and I said so that’s why!” I really mean «I can understand your desire, but it is my duty as a concerned mother to constantly look out for your best interest».

Sometimes I wonder how it would feel to appear in public with two orderly, quiet children with immaculate faces and clean clothes. I could shop without anyone repeating «can I have a big pretzel now, Mommy» every three seconds like some sort of hypnotic mantra. Maybe I could even stop to look at something. Or enter a store, get only what I actually need, then leave!

But I have a feeling my life wouldn’t be nearly as exciting. Besides, my children have taught me that being a good parent has a lot more to do with patience, commitment, and understanding -- than looking perfect.

And now, when I see a mother with a child who is happily meandering behind her eating a Twinkie, and wearing wrinkled dinosaur pyjamas and a pair of swim fins, I no longer think she’s an unfit parent -- I know that she is just doing the best that she can.

EXERCISES

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. Comment on the first story. 2. What means are used to provoke readers’ laughter? 3. Why did not aunt’s reputation as a story-teller rank high in the children’s estimation? 4. What are the traditional features of the tale told by the fellow-passenger and what is unusual? 5. Why did Cyril say that it was the only beautiful story she had ever heard? 6. Was the story-teller wrong telling children this tale? 7. Where do we find examples that show the bachelor has greater imagination than the aunt? 8. Is the tale intended to provoke laughter, or is it designed to describe the characters? 9. Comment on the list of ways to show kids one’s care. 10. Why is it common, in the hurry of a day, to speak much more cheerfully to the person serving coffee at the Quick Stop on the way to work than to those in your family that we love? 11. What points do you find the most touching and accurate? Which seems irrelevant? 12. How can we acknowledge children? 13. Why should we kneel, squat, or sit so we’re at their eye level communicating with children? 14. Is it common for adults to apologize when they have done something wrong? Why? 15. Why is it necessary for a parent to be consistent? 16. What is the importance of being sometimes silly together with a child? 17. What was Debbie Farmer’s image of a perfect parent? 18. When, why and how did it ruin? 19. Which point of view do you support? 20. Do you consider a child being always obedient a sure proof of his/her

happy and harmonious growing up? 21. Comment on the poem with relation to our topic:

I AM THE CHILD

I am the child,
All the world waits for my coming,
All the earth watches with interest to see what I shall become.
Civilization hangs in the balance,
For what I am, the world of tomorrow will be.
I am the child,
I have come into your world,
About which I know nothing,
Why I came I know not;
How I came I know not;
I am curious;
I am interested.
I am the child,
You hold in your hand my destiny,
You determine, largely, whether I shall succeed or fail.
Give me, I pray you,
Those things that make for happiness.
Train me, I beg you,
That I may be a blessing to the world.

~~ Author Unknown ~~

22. Comment on Alexandra McCall's words with relation to our topic:

"As the years go by, you forget the bad parts. Or at least you put them in perspective as unimportant.

Before you know it, you're wishing you had a baby around again. But be careful not to wish you life away.

First you wish you were pregnant. And then you wish you had a big belly to show off. But when the belly gets to be a burden, you wish for labour to come. And as soon as it comes, you wish it were over. You wish for the baby, and then you wish he was older. You wish your children toilet trained and off to school. You wish them grown up. And then you get what you wish, and your children are gone, and you've wished motherhood away.

The time it takes to have a baby is so fleeting and so full of everything, that maybe there isn't opportunity to savour it until it's over. And when it's over, you're left with you photographs and your memories and your regrets that you didn't appreciate it all the more at the time. You forget how busy you were and how tired. You remember only how wonderful it was to be a mother, and is.

So savour every morsel of motherhood as it comes along. Especially if, like most women today you're only having one, or two, or even three children. In the course of a lifetime, that not so many times to do something as precious as making a baby. It's important to make it count."

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. ...the word horrible seemed to introduce a ring of truth that was absent from the aunt's tales of infant life. 2. ... it is often easy to become caught up in the hustle and bustle of daily life and forget to «show up» in our kid's lives. 3. Kids spell love «t-i-m-e»! 4. And now, when I see a mother with a child who is happily meandering behind her eating a Twinkie, and wearing wrinkled dinosaur pyjamas and a pair of swim fins, I no longer think she's an unfit parent – I know that she is just doing the best that she can.

III. Find in the passages equivalents for the following words and phrases and make up your own sentences with them:

1) Вирішувати непрості проблеми насилля, алкоголю та вживання наркотиків; 2) я заприсяглась, що мої діти будуть виглядати добре доглянутими та чистими увесь час; 3) дитина, що починає ходити; 4) тихі діти з бездоганними обличчями та чистим одягом.

Written assignment: Write about the best and the worst parenting experience you can think of.

Unit 6: «Television»

<p><i>I'm addicted to T.V. I can't get away I flip through the channels every night and day overdose on movies sit-com's and soaps I feel my life is tied up in ropes The T.V. is a nemesis</i></p>	<p><i>a death wish a void I'm caged a beached fish I'm a tube-head mental case with no direction in this techno-fix rat race with satellite and cable hypnotized by a faceless ones fable I'm locked in</i></p>
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*I believe it so
I can't think for myself
have no get up and go
I'm wasted on commercials
and ads
conned by the latest fads
buy this buy that
and all that crap*

*and unable
to pull free
from the mind numbing
life sucking T.V.*

By Dare, January, 2003

– MEDIA AND CHILDREN

Media offer entertainment, culture, news, sports, and education. They are an important part of our lives and have much to teach. But some of what they teach may not be what we want children to learn.

Children, being more susceptible at such a young age, are at a high risk of being influenced negatively by the media. For example, they don't really follow plot lines as well as an adult. They generally tend to focus on pictures, so as a result, when a child sees violence on television, they see a guy running around with guns shooting people in the face and they aren't shown all the repercussions behind all the senseless slaughtering. And it's not just that children don't understand the ramifications of violence, a lot of the time they aren't even getting the chance to see it. Very often violence and murder appear to be without consequence and they are represented as the ready «solution» to a problem. But in «real life,» violence and murder normally have profound and lingering effects on both the people involved and on their friends and families. This painful reality is normally glossed over or ignored in film and TV drama.

With the average child spending 4 hours a day with television, computers, and video games, they end up being exposed to an extreme amount of violence. Children, or anyone for that matter, become desensitized. Violence is nothing new to them. In one study, children who, after watching a violent program, saw a fight in real life didn't call for help or intervene as quickly as others who had not just been watching a violent program.

Video games are probably the most dangerous due to the fact that, according to researchers, «they are interactive, very engrossing and require the player to identify with the aggressor». These video games train aggressive thoughts by teaching and letting kids practice aggressive solutions to life situations. In one study, a researcher sampled 33 of the more popular video games and found that not only did about 80% of the games have violent content, but

21% of the games had violence towards women. As the popularity of violent video games increase and it's users become desensitized to all the bloodshed and violence to which they are exposed to so frequently, the games will just evolve and become more violent, realistic, and more played.

Children are prone to mimic and copy what they see. In a matter of seconds, most children can mimic a movie or TV character, sing an advertising jingle, or give other examples of what they have learned from media. Sadly, these examples may include naming a popular brand of beer, striking a «sexy» pose, or play fighting. Children only have to put a movie into the VCR, open a magazine, click on a Web site, or watch TV to experience all kinds of messages. It really is that easy.

Messages about tobacco and alcohol are everywhere in media. For years, cigarette advertising has specifically targeted young people. And the research suggests that these ads have contributed to the initiation of many teen smokers.

But the allure of cigarette ads is not confined to adolescents. Studies have found that younger children who pay closer attention to cigarette ads are much more likely to view smoking favorably and to become smokers. In fact, one study found that twice as many children as adults were able to associate Joe Camel with Camel cigarettes and found the ads appealing.

Kids see characters on screen smoking and drinking. Like advertisements for cigarettes, the way smoking is depicted in movies sends young people the message that smoking is sexy, rebellious and cool, and that «everyone does it». Movies rarely show the health consequences of smoking - no lung cancer or heart disease. Likewise, cigarette-puffing action heroes aren't shown gasping for breath as they chase down bad guys.

Media heavily promote unhealthy foods. Ads for junk food and sweets have been found to influence children's short and long-term food preferences. Furthermore, there is evidence that children's television viewing is positively related to their consumption of candy and snack foods.

Paradoxically, at the same time that some ads sell snack foods to kids, others emphasize a female body image that is unrealistically thin. While children are encouraged to indulge in high-fat foods, girls are also given the strong message that they must not get fat. These two contradictory messages can lead to unhealthy eating behaviors.

Girls of all ages worry about their weight. Many of them are starting to diet at early ages. Media can promote an unrealistic image of how people look. Often, the thin and perfect-looking person on screen or in print is not even one whole person but parts of several people! This «person» is created by using body doubles, airbrushing, and computer-graphics techniques.

Studies have shown that children who feel alienated and don't have an adult to help them through the trials of growing up may be most susceptible to the negative effects of the media.

Parents need to set limits and be actively involved with the TV shows, computer games, magazines, and other media that children use. But this is only one step in helping media play a positive role in children's lives. Because media surround us and cannot be avoided, one way to filter their messages is to develop the skills to question, analyze, and evaluate them. This is called *media literacy* or media education.

Just as a print-literate child learns to be critical of the things he reads, he should also be able to do the same with moving pictures and sounds. Your child can learn to understand both the obvious and hidden messages in all media. Once children learn media education skills, they will begin to ask questions and think about the media messages they watch, read, and hear. And they usually will enjoy doing it!

Sources: 1. American Academy of Pediatrics 2. www.plu.edu/~gunvlnce/

–TV AND SOCIETY

Media Violence and its Influence on Children

Contrary to the common belief that media violence only brings about negative effects, some effects of media violence can also be beneficial. By having exposure to media violence, children will not grow up naive and ignorant of the harsh realities in life of which they must be aware and cautious. Most kids, after watching a violent or frightening movie, are usually afraid and slightly more cautious about their actions or what they say to strangers. In this way, media violence can be helpful, it gives kids an understanding that the world is not perfect, it never will be and that violence can be a reality. For example, just hearing about the dangers of giving away personal information to the wrong person, might not be enough to make a child fully aware of the consequences. Instead, a dramatization of a worst case scenario can provide visual picture in their mind, and thus instill a sense of fear in the child. In response, this may then help them to act in ways to avoid such dangerous situations that could bring about a recurrence of such fear.

For most kids, the effect of media violence is fairly small, so long as the examples they see on TV and in movies are balanced with good examples, values and morals, set and followed through by parents and peers. But for children who grow up with poor adult examples or an unclear idea of what's right and wrong, media violence can have a greater effect. When children grow up with few examples and morals set by others around them, they sometimes adopt a celebrity

as a role model. If they see someone they look up to promoting violence either on TV or in movies, they may think that violence is the right or «cool» thing to do. This mind set is very often the cause of violent acts by children and teens. Also, according to the beliefs of Tina Pieracinni, a professor at Columbia University, the more violence children are exposed to, the less sensitive they become to real life issues, since they see them portrayed on TV as insignificant.

It has been found that most viewers do not turn on television to watch a specific program. They simply decide to «watch television» and then find a program that looks interesting. This is the least-objectionable-program (LOP) model of television viewing.

We also know that most children and adults watch TV in a kind of relaxed, transfixed state of awareness. In the view of some psychologists the fact that people aren't critically thinking about what they are seeing while in this state means that situations (and commercials) are passively accepted on somewhat of an unconscious level. Some go so far as to say that because of this, TV has a kind of hypnotic influence.

Why We Watch TV

We like to be entertained. We like excitement. We like to see handsome men and sexy women. We like to vicariously (and safely) experience the experiences of other people. We like to be drawn into fantasy worlds that we will probably never be able to experience first hand.

But, maybe most of all, we like to passively relax in front of «the tube,» select our vicarious experiences, and let them flood over us without any real effort on our part.

What's wrong with that?

Nothing, in moderation. In fact, to stay mentally and physically healthy, it's important to spend some time relaxing each day.

Plus, it's been proven that it's healthy to laugh and release our tensions. With TV we can enjoy the humorous escapades of our TV friends.

And then there's the information we gain from TV.

We first realized the impact of TV during the mid-1900s. U.S. citizens had been reading about the civil rights struggle for decades. But, it was only when TV came along in the 50s and 60s and viewers saw in TV news footage what was really happening, that the country amassed political pressure to take action to change things.

U.S. citizens had also read about war for decades. But when they started seeing newsreel footage of dead, maimed, and wounded American soldiers every

night on TV as a result of the Vietnam War, the majority of the country soon tuned against the war.

All these things had been reported in great detail in newspapers for decades; but reading about them was one thing, *seeing* them was another.

Before television, children had no idea what most foreign countries or their peoples looked like, or how they lived. Most exotic animals and fish were only names in books. Letters, numbers, and words were things that you started learning when you got to first grade. However, because of television, most children are now familiar with these things even before they start school.

«Free TV» Is Not Exactly Free

In countries like the United States where most TV relies on commercials to exist, viewers pay *a price* for their «free TV.» We are approaching the 50% level on TV – half of the programming is taken up with commercials.

Not all commercials are in breaks from programming; some are in the programs, themselves. This is called *product placement*, and it may simply be a conspicuous can of Coke, or a cup of Starbuck's coffee held by an actor. Advertisers pay for this visibility.

This advertising cost is the added cost of goods and services that we buy, and it amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

But there are also other «costs.»

Critics say that commercials make us materialistic and suggest that happiness and well-being revolve around material possessions. Commercials often pair happiness with products we need to buy.

Examples they give are the simplistic scenarios we often see in commercials. If you have a disappointing love life you can solve the problem by changing to a new brand of toothpaste, a new breath mint, a new brand of jeans, or a different shampoo.

Although you may laugh and assume that these commercial messages don't affect you, advertisers know they do. They don't pay a million-dollars a minute for a commercial on the remote chance that it might increase sales — they know it will.

How many tubes of toothpaste do you have to sell in 30 seconds to pay for that million-dollar commercial? Such is the power of television.

The Beginning of Television Research

Of course, people were concerned about the effects of television from «day one,» but many people just said that they couldn't be much different from the effects of radio.

However, early in TV's history a particular televised event showed that these two forms of electronic mass media were, in fact, quite different.

That event was a debate between the leading candidates for U.S. president in 1960, Richard M. Nixon and John F. Kennedy.

Before the debates, most polls showed Kennedy trailing Nixon in popularity. Even with his Boston accent, and Catholic background (both of which some voters objected to) Kennedy moved ahead of Nixon during the debates, and a short time later was elected president.

In the minds of many the debates made the difference. Kennedy came across as much more at ease and «presidential.» Nixon looked fidgety and ill-at-ease.

But the story doesn't end there.

The people who only listened to the debates on the radio had the reverse impression.

To them Nixon seemed more articulate and more in command of the issues. Fortunately, for Kennedy, most people followed the debates on television.

Some people feel that if Nixon had insisted on confining the debates to radio, he would have won the election.

After it became apparent what happened, political consultants quickly started studying the elements of a «winning TV image» and social scientists launched numerous studies into how television affects viewers.

Although there are almost as many points of view about TV as there are viewers, it would be difficult to find a complaint that didn't fall into one of these seven areas:

The critics of TV say that television:

- Debases the arts and audience tastes
- Undermines moral standards
- Encourages escapism
- Engages in economic exploitation
- Exhibits a liberal bias
- Sets up false images of reality
- Distorts reality through omission

1. *Television debases the arts and audience tastes.* To *debase* something is to water it down, or undermine it.

This criticism, which some see as a bit «hi-brow,» is more relevant to U.S. network programming (that tries to appeal to the LCD (lowest common dominator) than to all of television.

The United States leads the world in entertainment programming -- but not in film and TV programming that many feel is more socially desirable and beneficial.

Compared to the United States, many countries feature more current events programming, documentaries, in-depth news, «good» music, and meaningful dramatic productions. Since there are no alternative TV stations in many of these countries, people watch this programming and, as a result, develop a greater understanding of world events and a greater appreciation for the arts.

Having lived in one of these countries for a number of years, I can attest to these effects. It was not unusual, for example, to find a farmer or fisherman with less than a high school education who knows more about what's going on in the world than most Americans -- or even enjoys classical music.

At the same time, when any one person or group decides what is «good» and «bad» for everyone else, we enter a dangerous area.

To Censor or Not to Censor

The survival of a democracy rests on a free flow of information and an informed electorate.

Someone or some agency «dictating» what you should or not see or know about is the approach dictators use to control their people. In fact, when dictators take over a country a free press is the first thing to go.

Who would you trust to decide what you should and should not know about -- what you should and should not be able to see on television or read in a newspaper?

For example, even though the Philippines was considered a democracy, President Marcos was able to retain popular support for 20 years -- largely though his control of the media and his suspension of his country's constitution.

During this time, the controlled media tended to paint Marcos and his regime in glowing terms. Things that would hurt his image -- and there were many -- went largely unreported. When simple bribes didn't work, news people who didn't go along «disappeared,» or were found floating in rivers.

Decades after Marcos' death he's still regarded as a «saint» in the minds of many Filipinos. The Philippines finally regained its democratic foundation, although it required a revolution.

Although we like to think that there is no political or religious repression in the United States, even in the brief history of the media we've covered so far, we can see that there has been. During the Nixon era, students were jailed for marching against the Vietnam war (although unlike in some countries they were soon released), and even in 2007 we saw the suppression of documents, research, and even talks by those who didn't support the Administration's political views.

Today, there is public support for suppressing violence and sex in the mainstream media. So the question becomes, when is it acceptable to suppress or censor what the public can read, see, or hear?

It's generally assumed that the public has a right to protect its own safety, but not the political or religious interests of any one group at the expense of others.

Using this as a guideline the public has a right to suppress or censor violence and sex in the media. Many studies show a link between media violence and anti-social behavior. (The research on sex is not as clear.)

But there is a problem. Media violence and sex are clearly linked to ratings, and ratings are clearly linked to corporate profits. And, as we saw in the ongoing cigarette-cancer debate that lasted for decades, or even with the recent global warming debate, when profit-centered issues are involved, it can be a long time before public pressure prevails.

In the violence-sex issue then there is the matter of decides what is too violent or too sexy? What is and isn't acceptable has changed dramatically over the years. In the early days of U.S. broadcasting the words «virgin,» «pregnant,» and even «stomach» were not seen as suitable for general audiences to hear; and, as we've noted, even an on-screen kiss was once seen as being indecent.

A public kiss still is in some countries. You may remember the cultural backlash recently when a well-known American actor kissed a popular actress on stage in India.

Not only is what's acceptable and not acceptable *moving targets* in the United States (they keep changing with the times), but as we've seen with the various motion picture codes, they vary with observers.

Although what is and what isn't detrimental to public's general welfare is often hotly debated, when we get to what's «moral» and «immoral» is based on belief, and here things get even more complicated. This brings us to the next criticism.

2. Undermines Moral Standards This area of criticism garners the most complaints from viewers. Although there are many moral issues related to media content, sex and violence create the greatest stir. (As we noted earlier, attitudes toward this issue tend to be related to education and other demographic characteristics.)

Chief among the moral concerns, of course, are *casual* sex (sex outside of marriage or without a loving commitment) and *gratuitous* violence (unnecessary and graphic violence added to programming for the sake of gaining ratings).

Depiction of Casual Sex

This is probably the most volatile of the media issues – especially in certain areas of the country. But, research on the subject appears to be at odds with prevailing public opinion.

In the minds of many, not only is casual sex a sin, but it leads to life-threatening disease and unwanted pregnancies.

Even though some influential U.S. religious and government groups have opposed sex education, the two-decade decline in the rate of unwanted pregnancies in the United States appears to be primarily due to sex education. (We might include here the «sex education» information that has been included in the storylines of TV programming.)

There is no doubt that the depictions of casual sex have been increasing to the point that they have become almost «normal» on TV and in film.

This has prompted some conservative families to ban most TV from their homes, or to subscribe only to «family» cable channels and satellite services.

Interestingly, some of these «family oriented» programs in the U.S. – the 1959 «Bonanza» series, for example – have been banned in some countries because of their violent content. But these same countries feature sexual content that would never be allowed on U.S. television. Clearly, as any 'world traveller' knows, cultures differ widely on these issues.

Among young people in the United States sexual diseases lead all other types of disease. However, when television programs tried to deal with the elements of «safe sex,» there has been immediate opposition in the U.S. from some conservative groups.

At the same time, industrialized countries where sex education information has traditionally been available (including on TV) tend to have much lower rates of unwanted pregnancies and sexually transmitted disease.

Thus, what is and what is not «moral» and acceptable changes with audiences, times, and geography.

TV Violence

Those who criticize television for showing gratuitous violence cite the fact that by the time they are 18, U.S. children typically see nearly 20,000 murders on TV.

Most of these murders appear to be without consequence and most are represented as the «solution» to a problem.

Studies show that each year the level of violence on TV in films increases -- with 2007 setting a new record high.

Studies show that heavy viewers of TV violence tend to be more «paranoid» about the level of violence around them. They also tend to be more

suspicious of people, in general, and more inclined to view their surroundings as «unsafe.»

In this regard it's time for another «reality check.»

We've noted that violence in films and TV, although related to ratings and profits, causes harm to individuals and society.

Freedom vs. Government Control

For decades some viewers in the United States have made demands on government officials to do something about violence and sex on television.

Fines are levied against TV stations that broadcast sex-related words or depictions of sex seen as objectionable, but violence tends to be more acceptable – at least to American audiences. The issue was to a degree put under the control of parents in a provision of the 1996 Telecommunications Act. The Act requires US television sets with screens 33 centimeters (13 inches) or larger to be equipped with features to block the display of television programming based upon its rating.

The V-Chip

The «V-chip» («V» for violence) – originally developed in Canada – allows parents to block programming they feel is unsuitable for their children.

However, since this option requires time and effort to program, and since many children watch TV alone, the V-chip has, to date, had a limited effect on viewing patterns.

In one study only 27% of all parents could figure out how to program the V-chip (it's a multi-step process), and many parents who might otherwise have used the V-Chip were frustrated by an inability to get it to work properly.

The last of the moral issues to be cited here are the above-the-law behaviors exhibited by many TV and film police officers, detectives, and heroes.

Although it may be much simpler to have a hero «do what's necessary» to bring «the bad guys» to justice, trampling over the laws of society in the process communicates the idea that if you are right -- or at least if you *think* you are right -- you can then simply ignore laws.

Plus, it's difficult to find someone who will not try to justify his or her behavior in some way -- no matter what they do.

For example, defrauding a company can be justified because «they are ripping off people and they deserve it.» Hurting someone can be justified because he or she «had it coming.» Even murdering someone has been justified because «she is bad,» or because «he was messing with me.»

However, in order to enjoy the level of social order that we do, we must all abide by the laws we've established. Thus, programs that send the message that it's okay to ignore the law to achieve «what's right,» create major problems.

3. *Encourages escapism* Some people maintain that television has become the «opiate of the people» (opiate from opium, a mind numbing narcotic).

We noted that we all need to take *some* time to relax and escape from the responsibilities of the day. But we quickly create problems for ourselves when we use *anything* - -- alcohol, drugs, constant socializing, TV, etc. - -- to as a way of escaping our personal responsibilities.

A stereotypical (exaggerated) male in this category comes home from work, grabs a beer out of the refrigerator, throws a TV dinner in the microwave, crashes on the couch, and watches TV until 11 o'clock when the news comes on and threatens to invade his fantasy world. He resents any interruption. Problems at work or with family members are ignored.

Although we assume not too many people *actually* fit this description, the shades of truth it suggests undoubtedly explains why so many people are overweight - -- and it might go a long way toward explaining why so many children get into trouble, due to a lack of parental attention, concern.

Is television the opiate of the people? For some people at least, it may well be.

4. *Engages in economic exploitation* In the United States, commercial television is a moneymaking business - -- it makes money by getting viewers to spend money on advertised products.

Program popularity is critical because it means that more people will watch the commercials, and, as a result, more products will be sold.

This isn't all bad. The United States has one of the most vigorous and successful economies in the world, due largely to the power of advertising. This drives competition, which, in turn, keeps prices low, and boosts quality and innovation.

At the same time, in order to sell products, *needs* often have to be *created* in people's minds.

For example, are a few streaks in glasses that come out of the dishwasher really going to lower your status with your in-laws or your family? In fact, are many of these «problems» really significant problems at all, or are they largely invented to sell products?

Advertising is designed to generate a need to buy certain brand-name products, which may be more expensive than lesser-known brands, while not being significantly better.

Let's look at some examples of how advertising has been successful - -- to the extreme.

Not too long ago a young boy in the United States was killed for his famous-name tennis shoes; tennis shoes that his mother had scrubbed floors to pay for. Manufacturers of less prestigious tennis shoes cost a fraction of the \$100.00+ that she paid for her son's tennis shoes, and would have probably been about as good. But, in her son's mind he had to have this particular (widely advertised) brand of tennis shoes because of status attached to them - -- status that in the minds of other boys was important enough to kill for.

In one third-world country families are known to skimp on food and other life necessities in order to buy the brand name jeans they see advertised on television. These imported brand-name products, of course, are far more expensive than brands made right in their own country.

In the United States, thousands of people are struggling each month to simply pay the interest on their accounts. How much of this is due to purchasing things that are «nice, but not necessary.» How much is due to being forced into buying expensive brand names when carefully selected products with lesser-known names would probably serve just as well?

These are extreme examples. Even so, haven't we all to some degree fallen victim to judging people by the kinds of things they own? Don't we just assume that people who drive expensive cars and wear brand-name clothes are somehow more important or somehow «better» than people who drive economy cars and buy their clothes at discount stores?

Using advertising to try to convince us that owing the «right things» and maintaining the right image (including being slim, trim and beautiful), is, in the minds of the critics, *economic exploitation*.

“The two strongest messages we're sending through television are that popularity is everything, and that if it doesn't make money it's not worth anything.”

Linda Ellerbee, Author, TV Commentator

5. Exhibits a liberal bias One rogue has defined a biased person as «anyone who doesn't agree with me.» There's a lot of truth in that. Conservatives feel the media have a liberal bias; liberals feel the media have a conservative bias.

If we look at those who control the media we would have to concede that almost to a man (and most *are* men) they are all basically conservatives – some even ultraconservative.

So how did the media get the liberal image?

Generally speaking – *and there many exceptions* – people in business tend to be conservative and people who have a background in the social sciences – through education or working with people – tend to be more liberal.

The latter group includes many news people and actors, and some writers and artists – people whose ideas often surface in the media. Their views also tend to push the envelope of social change.

From the standpoint of many conservatives TV news tends to be liberal, in part because it features stories on homosexuality, civil rights abuses, antiwar demonstrations, women's rights, etc. – things associated with liberals. Plus, they feel it emphasizes the liberal point of view.

From the standpoint of liberals, television is conservative because it's seen as being pro-business, and because it does not give adequate time to alternative, non-mainstream views – or, in other words, their views.

So, if we can keep speaking in generalities, we seem to have a split between the basically conservative philosophies held by business-minded managers and media owners, and the more liberal people who shape the messages.

6. *Sets up false images of reality* Those who cite this criticism feel that TV perpetuates stereotypes, especially when it comes to minority groups.

According to some stereotypes, the «bad guys» tend to be from one or two minority groups.

Here are some others: Italians are associated with the Mafia, the CEO's of major corporations would sell their own mother for a profit, and military types think in terms of «if in doubt, kill it.»

Some people would paint the youth of America as being mostly juvenile delinquents, gang members, or punk rock types.

All of these stereotypes do a major disservice to the whole truth, of course.

In the old days of Westerns it seemed that the «bad guys» wore black hats and the «good guys» wore white hats. Thus, it was easy to tell them apart.

Today, many people find it easier to pigeonhole people in terms of «black and white» (typically, in terms of nationality, skin color, sex, sexual preference, etc.) rather than cope with the «shades of gray» that more realistically represent the human condition.

Those who cite the «sets up false images of reality» criticism, say that in order to get messages across quickly to an LCD (lowest common denominator) audience, issues are simplified, and even to a degree, «symbolized.»

There is also another fact to be considered: many people have a vested interest in holding onto their beliefs (prejudices) -- they *want* to believe them -- and they resist or reject attempts to set the record straight. «Reject» is a word that program producers don't like to hear.

When the film, *Guess Whose Coming to Dinner*, starring a well-known black actor, was released several decades ago, it was shunned, especially in Southern U.S. states. The actor played the part of a good-looking, well-educated, and very likeable young man, who was brought to dinner by a white woman. This conflicted on several levels with the stereotypes that many whites held at the time. Fortunately, this type of stereotype has largely disappeared from the United States. Television and movies played a major role in changing attitudes, despite criticism from some sectors.

7. *Distorts reality through omission* In #6 above we are talking about what TV *says*; in this criticism we are talking about what television *doesn't say*, or omits.

Previously, we mentioned that some liberals feel that TV tends to omit alternative, non-mainstream views. They feel that because mega corporations (conglomerates) own most of the media outlets there is unspoken pressure on writers and others not to report things that would hurt the business interests of a sponsor or parent corporation.

For example, WTVT, Fox 13, in Tampa, Florida reportedly fired two news reporters for not obeying an order to allegedly «deliberately distort» news reports «revealing the widespread and virtually secret use of a synthetic hormone being injected into dairy cows throughout Florida and much of the U.S.» Although the piece was reportedly factual and accurate, the station refused to air it.

This is significant because the artificial growth hormone has been banned in Canada, throughout Europe, and elsewhere, due in large measure to concern about consumer health risks. Although the growth hormones cause cows to produce more milk, the milk is changed in a way that some say can promote breast, colon, and prostate cancer.

In the case of the two reporters, some people took notice. In mid-2001 they won the Goldman Environmental Prize for putting their jobs on the line to make the story public. Each reporter was awarded \$125,000. The two reporters also won a court case against the station. Even so, the success of these reporters is the exception, rather than the rule.

Sometimes maintaining personal and professional integrity comes at a great price. But, then again, there's satisfaction in being able to look at yourself in the mirror each morning and know that you haven't «sold out» your personal or professional values by agreeing to «omit» news that the public has a right to know.

– SOME OF THE POSITIVE ASPECTS OF THE MEDIUM

1. *Television is a «window on the world» for news and information.* We previously noted that many social problems are only acted up after they are reported on television.

Newspapers and the print media provide a degree of separation from reality, but TV graphically brings happenings right into living rooms, complete with color, sound, time sequences, and even to some degree, the associated «feelings.»

Reading about thousands of children starving in Africa or some other country is one thing; actually seeing the misery is quite another.

Reading about people being tortured because of their political beliefs is one thing; hearing the people involved talk about what happened to them, and seeing their scars, and maybe even their tears, is quite another.

Compared to newspapers, television may be superficial when it comes to reporting facts. However, good pictures can still be worth 1,000 words. (The original phrase had it as «10,000 words, but you get the point.) Pictures can convey many things beyond facts and statistics.

In democracies television can be used to inform the electorate about things they need to know to make informed choices.

When TV is responsibly programmed and viewed with a critical, educated eye, it's capable of looking through the gloss and façades of people and events, giving us glimpses of the reality lying beneath.

Television is capable of making us an «eyewitness» to events as they happen. These events can range from the hostile invasion of a country to «Monday Night Football.» In this regard, TV breaks down the barriers of distance and becomes an extension of our senses.

2. *Television provides needed escape and relaxation.*

Suffice it to say, television allows us to momentarily escape our problems and experience the experiences of other people.

We can become awestruck with the beauty of and grace of the arts, or caught up in the frenzy and excitement of an athletic event. We can even allow ourselves to be momentarily lost in a beautiful fantasy world.

Thus, our spirits can be lifted; and sometimes even hope and faith restored.

3. *Television introduces new ideas and information.* Before the mass media, an important threat to health, a new medicine, or improved ways of doing things could take months or even years to become commonly known.

Today, that time is typically cut down to a day -- or even a few hours.

Included in this category are new products and services that will make our life easier or safer, new recipes, important safety procedures, and even instructions on home improvement and repair.

With television we are put in the center of the marketplace of ideas. We can compare these ideas, evaluate them, and then decide for ourselves whether to accept or reject them.

These new ideas can also threaten traditional beliefs and the established order of doing things.

But, if history has taught us anything it's that a society that does not allow itself to change and adjust to the times may find that internal or external pressures built to a point of an explosion in the form of political revolution or internal violence.

This has happened in many countries throughout history. In the minds of some analysts the reluctance to make needed changes was what brought on the recent disintegration of Soviet Russia (the USSR), one of the largest and most powerful nations in the world.

Even on a personal level, not to change can mean that we get left behind professionally, and replaced by people with newer ideas -- or even be replaced by a machine.

In today's competitive, information-centered world, to *stand still* is to *fall behind*.

(From <http://www.cybercollege.com/frtv/frtv034.htm>)

EXERCISES

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. Comment on the poem at the beginning of the unit. What is the author's attitude to TV? Why? 2. Comment and summarize the three passages of the unit: the topic, your impressions etc. 3. What painful reality about violence is glossed over or ignored in film and drama due to the first article? 4. Why can video games be the most dangerous due to the first extract? 5. In the second article it is said that it's positive to show children imperfectness of the real world through violence on TV. To what extent should we do it? Don't we have power to create our reality, make it safe, and change negative sides? Don't such violent images encourage this "violence of real life"? 6. Some psychologists believe that forming of negative visual pictures in mind promotes and stimulates realization of the same scenario in life. So, should we be really insisting while provoking children visualize violence? 7. Do you agree that we should instil a sense of fear in the child for his/her sake? Doesn't the author mix up terms "fear" and "caution" to your mind? 8. What is frequent cause of violence acts by children and teens due

to the second article? 9. What particular televised event showed that TV and radio are very different? 10. What is V-chip? Is it efficient? Why? 11. What is escapism? How is it related with our topic? 12. What is advertising designed for? 13. Why did a pair of famous-name tennis shoes turned out to a sufficient reason for murder? 14. What are the two strongest messages that are being sent through television due to Linda Ellerbee? 15. What stereotypes does TV perpetuate? 16. What shocking example of TV omission do we find in the second article? 16. How can you account for the critical article being much longer in comparison with the description of the positive TV aspects that are just few? 17. In the third article one of the positive aspects mentioned is that TV provides needed escape and relaxation offering us “experiences of other people”. Does not broadcasted picture just substitute a desire to live really whole life being satisfied with “the other people experiences”? 18. What brought on disintegration of the USSR due to the third article? 19. Is it the way out – just to skip from watching TV to any other entertaining activity to avoid its negative influence? 20. Name all negative and positive aspects of TV basing your answer on the two last texts.

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. ...commercials make us materialistic and suggest that happiness and well-being revolve around material possessions. 2. ... when any one person or group decides what is «good» and «bad» for everyone else, we enter a dangerous area. 3. when profit-centered issues are involved, it can be a long time before public pressure prevails. 4. At the same time, in order to sell products, *needs* often have to be *created* in people's minds. 5. In today's competitive, information-centered world, to *stand still* is to *fall behind*.

III. Find in the texts equivalents for the following words and phrases and make up your own sentences with them:

- 1). Гонитва за наживою.
- 2). Користувачі стають нечутливими до кровопролиття та насильства, грамотність щодо медіа, покалічені та поранені американські солдати, розпочинати численні дослідження, цензурувати, не збігатись із переважаючою громадською думкою.

Written assignment: How would you run your own channel if you had such opportunity?

Unit 7: «Customs and Holidays»

– ENGLISH CUSTOMS AND HOLIDAYS

English customs and traditions, first of all, concerns United Kingdom political system. After the English Revolution Great Britain is a constitutional monarchy headed by King (now Queen, Elizabeth the second). Traditionally the Queen acts only on the advice of her Ministers. She reigns but she does not rule.

Englishmen have traditions not only in political, but in social life. English people like to spend their free time in numerous pubs where they can have a glass of beer and talk about different things with their friends.

The English are traditional about their meals. They eat eggs and bacon with toasts for breakfast, pudding or apple pie for dessert. Almost every English family has five o'clock tea. A typical feature of an English house is a fireplace, even when there is central heating in the house.

English people like domestic animals. Almost every family has a pet: a dog, a cat or a bird.

Englishmen have many traditional holidays, such as Christmas, St.Valentine's Day, Mother's day, Easter and others.

Some English customs and traditions are famous all over the world. Bowler hats, tea and talking about the weather, for example. From Scotland to Cornwall, the United Kingdom is full of customs and traditions. Here are some of them.

St. Valentine's

St. Valentine's Day roots in several different legends that have found their way to us through the ages. One of the earliest popular symbols of the day is Cupid, the Roman god of Love. Three hundred years after the death of Jesus Christ, the Roman emperors still demanded that everyone believe in the Roman gods. Valentine, a Christian priest, had been thrown in prison for his teachings. On February 14, Valentine was beheaded, not only because he was a Christian, but also because he had performed a miracle. He supposedly cured the jailer's daughter of her blindness. The night before he was executed, he wrote the jailer's daughter a farewell letter, signing it, «from Your Valentine». Another legend tells us that this same Valentine, well-loved by all, wrote notes from his jail cell to children and friends who missed him.

Valentine cards are usually decorated with symbols of love and friendship. These symbols were devised many centuries ago. Lace symbolises a net for catching one's heart. If you get a Valentine with a piece of a lace you may understand that the person who sent it must be crazy about you. A symbol should have several meanings, so some experts maintain that lace stands for a bridal veil. A ribbon means that the person is tied up, while hearts, which are the most common romantic symbol, denote eternal love.

November, 5 is Guy Fawkes's Day

On the 5th of November in almost every town and village in England one can see fire burning, fireworks, cracking and lighting up the sky, small groups of children pulling round in a home made cart, a figure that looks something like a man but consists of an old suit of clothes, stuffed with straw. The children sing:» Remember, remember the 5th of November; Gun powder, treason and plot«. And they ask passers-by for «a penny for the Guy» But the children with «the Guy» are not likely to know who or what day they are celebrating. They have done this more or less every 5th of November since 1605. At that time James the First was on the throne. He was hated with many people especially the Roman Catholics against whom many sever laws had been passed. A number of Catholics chief of whom was Robert Catesby determined to kill the King and his ministers by blowing up the house of Parliament with gunpowder. To help them in this they got Guy Fawker, a soldier of fortune, who would do the actual work. The day fixed for attempt was the 5th of November, the day on which the Parliament was to open. But one of the conspirators had several friends in the parliament and he didn't want them to die. So he wrote a letter to Lord Monteagle begging him to make some excuse to be absent from parliament if he valued his life. Lord Monteagle took the letter hurriedly to the King. Guards were sent at once to examine the cellars of the house of Parliament. And there they found Guy Fawker about to fire a trail of gunpowder. He was tortured and hanged; Catesby was killed, resisting arrest in his own house. In memory of that day bonfires are still lighted, fireworks shoot across the November sky and figures of Guy Fawker are burnt in the streets.

Christmas

The Christmas story comes from bible. An angel appeared to shepherds and told them that a Saver had been born to Mary and Joseph in a stable in Bethlehem. Three Wise Men from the East followed a wondrous star which led them to the baby Jesus to whom they paid homage and presented gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. To people all over the world, Christmas is a season of giving and receiving presents. In Scandinavian and other European countries, Father Christmas, or Saint Nickolas, comes into house at night and leaves gifts for the children. Saint Nickolas visited house and left gifts, bringing people happiness in the coldest months of the year. Another character, the Norse God Odin, rode on a magical flying horse across the ages to make the present day Santa Claus.

On Christmas most families decorate their houses with brightly-coloured paper or holly, and they usually have a Christmas tree in the corner or the front room, glittering with coloured lights and decorations. The Christmas tree was popularized by Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, who introduced one to the Royal Household in 1840. Since 1947, the country of Norway has presented

Britain annually with a large Christmas tree which stands in Trafalgar Square in commemoration of Anglo-Norwegian cooperation during the Second World War.

Christmas dinner consists traditionally of a roast turkey, goose or chicken with stuffing and roast potatoes. Mince pies and Christmas pudding flaming with brandy, which might contain coins or lucky charms for children, follow this. (The pudding is usually prepared weeks beforehand and is customarily stirred by each member of the family as a wish is made.) Later in the day, a Christmas cake may be served - a rich baked fruitcake with marzipan, icing and sugar frosting.

The pulling of Christmas crackers often accompanies food on Christmas Day. Invented by a London baker in 1846, a cracker is a brightly colored paper tube, twisted at both ends, which contains a party hat, riddle and toy or other trinket. When it is pulled by two people it gives out a crack as its contents are dispersed.

26th December is also a public holiday, Boxing Day, which takes its name from a former custom of giving a Christmas Box - a gift of money or food inside a box - to the deliverymen and trades people who called regularly during the year. This tradition survives in the custom of tipping the milkman, postman, dustmen and other callers of good service at Christmas time. This is the time to visit friends and relatives or watch football.

New Year's Eve is a more important festival in Scotland than it is in England, and it even has a special name. It is not clear where the word 'Hogmanay' comes from, but it is connected with the provision of food and drink for all visitors to your home on 31st December. It was believed that the first person to visit one's house on New Year's Day could bring good or bad luck. Therefore, people tried to arrange for the person or their own choice to be standing outside their houses ready to be let in the moment midnight had come. Usually a dark-complexioned man was chosen, and never a woman, for she would bring bad luck. The first footer was required to carry three articles: a piece of coal to wish warmth, a piece of bread to wish food, and a silver coin to wish wealth.

Easter

The name for Easter comes from a pagan fertility celebration. The word «Easter» is named after Easter, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring. Christian Easter may have purposely been celebrated in the place of a pagan festival. It is therefore not surprising that relics of doing and beliefs not belonging to the Christian religion should cling even to this greatest day in the Church's year. An old-fashioned custom still alive is to get up early and climb a hill to see the sun rising. There are numerous accounts of the wonderful spectacle of the sun whirling round and round for joy at our Saviour's Resurrection. So many people go outdoors on Easter morning hoping to see the sun dance. There is also a

custom of putting on something new to go to church on Easter morning. People celebrate the holiday according to their beliefs and their religious denominations. Christians commemorate Good Friday as the day that Christ died and Easter Sunday as the day that He was resurrected. Protestant settlers brought the custom of a sunrise service, a religious gathering at dawn, to the United States.

Today on Easter Sunday, children wake up to find that the Easter Bunny has left them baskets of candy. He has also hidden the eggs that they decorated earlier that week. Children hunt for the eggs all around the house. Neighbourhoods and organizations hold Easter egg hunts, and the child who finds the most eggs wins a prize.

Americans celebrate the Easter bunny coming. They set out Easter baskets for their children to anticipate the Easter bunnies arrival who leaves candy and other stuff. The Easter Bunny is a rabbit-spirit. Long ago, he was called the «Easter Hare». Hares and rabbits have frequent multiple births, so they became a symbol of fertility.

Christians fast during the forty days before Easter. They choose to eat and drink only enough to keep themselves alive.

The day preceding Lent is known as Shrove Tuesday, or Pancake Day. Shrove Tuesday recalls the day when people went to Church to confess and be shriven before Lent. But now the day is more generally connected with relics of the traditional feasting before the fast. Shrove Tuesday is famous for pancake celebration. There is some competition at Westminster School: the pancakes are tossed over a bar by the cook and struggled for by a small group of selected boys. The boy who manages to get the largest piece is given a present. This tradition dates from 1445. In the morning the first church bell on Orley is rung for the competitors to make pancakes. The second ring is a signal for cooking them. The third bell set rung for the competitors to gather at the market square. Then the Pancake bell is sounded and the ladies set off from the church porch, tossing their pancakes three times as they run. Each woman must wear an apron and a hat or scarf over her head. The winner is given a Prayer Book by the Vicar.

Mothering Sunday is the fourth Sunday in Lent. It is customary to visit one's mother on that day. Mother ought to be given a present - tea, flowers or a cake. It is possible to buy the cake; they are sold in every confectionery. But it is preferable to make it at home. The way Mothering Sunday is celebrated has much in common with the International Women's Day celebration in Ukraine.

Good Friday is the first Friday before Easter. It is the day when all sorts of taboos on various works are in force.

Eggs, chickens, rabbits and flowers are all symbols of new life. Chocolate and fruit cake covered with marzipan show that fasting is over. Wherever Easter

is celebrated, there Easter eggs are usually to be found. In England, just as in Ukraine, Easter is a time for giving and receiving of presents that traditionally take the form of an Easter egg. Easter egg is a real hard-boiled egg dyed in bright colors or decorated with some elaborate pattern. Coloring and decorating eggs for Easter is a very ancient custom. Many people, however, avoid using artificial dyes and prefer to boil eggs with the outer skin of an onion, which makes the eggs shells yellow or brown. In fact, the color depends on the amount of onion skin added. In ancient times they used many different natural dyes for the purpose. The dyes were obtained mainly from leaves, flowers and bark.

At present Easter eggs are also made of chocolate, sugar, metals, wood, ceramics and other materials at hand. They may differ in size, ranging from enormous to tiny, no bigger than a robin's egg. Easter Sunday is solemnly celebrated in London. Each year the capital city of Britain greets the spring with a spectacular Easter Parade. The great procession, or parade, begins at 3 p.m. The parade consists of many decorated floats, entered by various organizations in and outside London. Some of the finest bands in the country take part in the parade. At the rear of the parade is usually the very beautiful float richly decorated with flowers. It is called the Jersey one because the spring flowers bloom early on the Island of Jersey.

In England, children rolled eggs down hills on Easter morning; a game has been connected to the rolling away of the rock from Jesus Christ's tomb when He was resurrected. British settlers brought this custom to the New World. It consists of rolling coloured, hardboiled egg down a slope until they are cracked and broken after which they are eaten by their owners. In some districts this is a competitive game, the winner being the player whose egg remains longest undamaged, but more usually, the fun consists simply of the rolling and eating.

Harvest Corn Dollies

Many countries seem to have had a similar custom to the British one of making a design from the last sheaf of corn to be harvested. In Britain a corn dolly is created by plaiting the wheat stalks to create a straw figure. The corn dolly is kept until the spring. This is because people believed that the corn spirit lived in the wheat and as the wheat was harvested, the spirit fled to the wheat which remained. By creating the corn dolly the spirit is kept alive for the next year and the new crop. Sometimes the corn dolly is hung up in the barn, sometimes in the farmhouse, and sometimes in the church. In spring the corn dolly would be ploughed back into the soil. There are many types of corn dolly.

The story of John Barleycorn

A story to the corn dolly is to be found in the folksong John Barleycorn. Three men swear that John Barleycorn must die. They take a plough and bury him

alive. But the spring comes and John rises through the soil. After a while he grows big and strong, even growing a beard, so the three men cut him down at the knee, tie him on to a cart, beat him, strip the flesh off his bones and grind him between two stones. But at the end it is John Barleycorn who defeats his opponents, proving the stronger man, by turning into beer.

Harvest Festivals

In churches all over Britain there are services to thank God for the Harvest. As part of these services local people bring baskets of fruit and vegetables to decorate the church. The produce is then distributed to the poor.

Halloween

The word itself, «Halloween,» actually has its origins in the Catholic Church. It comes from a contracted corruption of All Hallows Eve. November 1, «All Hollows Day» (or «All Saints Day»), is a Catholic day of observance in honor of saints. But, in the 5th century BC, in Celtic Ireland, summer officially ended on October 31. The holiday was called Samhain (sow-end), the Celtic New year.

One story says that, on that day, the disembodied spirits of all those who had died throughout the preceding year would come back in search of living bodies to possess for the next year. It was believed to be their only hope for the afterlife. The Celts believed all laws of space and time were suspended during this time, allowing the spirit world to intermingle with the living.

Naturally, the still-living did not want to be possessed. So on the night of October 31, villagers would extinguish the fires in their homes, to make them cold and undesirable. They would then dress up in all manner of ghoulish costumes and noisily paraded around the neighbourhood, being as destructive as possible in order to frighten away spirits looking for bodies to possess.

Probably a better explanation of why the Celts extinguished their fires was not to discourage spirit possession, but so that all the Celtic tribes could relight their fires from a common source, the Druidic fire that was kept burning in the Middle of Ireland, at Usinach.

Some accounts tell of how the Celts would burn someone at the stake who was thought to have already been possessed, as sort of a lesson to the spirits. Other accounts of Celtic history debunk these stories as myth. The Romans adopted the Celtic practices as their own. But in the first century AD, Samhain was assimilated into celebrations of some of the other Roman traditions that took place in October, such as their day to honor Pomona, the Roman goddess of fruit and trees. The symbol of Pomona is the apple, which might explain the origin of our modern tradition of bobbing for apples on Halloween. The practices also changed over time to become more ritualized. As belief in spirit possession

waned, the practice of dressing up like hobgoblins, ghosts, and witches took on a more ceremonial role.

The custom of Halloween was brought to America in the 1840's by Irish immigrants fleeing their country's potato famine. At that time, the favorite pranks in New England included tipping over outhouses and unhinging fence gates.

The custom of trick-or-treating is thought to have originated not with the Irish Celts, but with a ninth-century European custom called souling. On November 2, All Souls Day, early Christians would walk from village to village begging for «soul cakes,» made out of square pieces of bread with currants. The more soul cakes the beggars would receive, the more prayers they would promise to say on behalf of the dead relatives of the donors. At the time, it was believed that the dead remained in limbo for a time after death, and that prayer, even by strangers, could expedite a soul's passage to heaven.

The Jack-o-lantern custom probably comes from Irish folklore. As the tale is told, a man named Jack, who was notorious as a drunkard and trickster, tricked Satan into climbing a tree. Jack then carved an image of a cross in the tree's trunk, trapping the devil up the tree. Jack made a deal with the devil that, if he would never tempt him again, he would promise to let him down the tree.

According to the folk tale, after Jack died, he was denied entrance to Heaven because of his evil ways, but he was also denied access to Hell because he had tricked the devil. Instead, the devil gave him a single ember to light his way through the frigid darkness. The ember was placed inside a hollowed-out turnip to keep it glowing longer.

The Irish used turnips as their «Jack's lanterns» originally. But when the immigrants came to America, they found that pumpkins were far more plentiful than turnips. So the Jack-O-Lantern in America was a hollowed-out pumpkin, lit with an ember.

So, although some pagan groups, cults, and Satanists may have adopted Halloween as their favorite «holiday,» the day itself did not grow out of evil practices. It grew out of the rituals of Celts celebrating a new year, and out of medieval prayer rituals of Europeans. And today, even many churches have Halloween parties or pumpkin carving events for the kids. After all, the day itself is only as evil as one cares to make it.

Fire has always played an important part in Halloween. Fire was very important to the Celts as it was to all early people. In the old days people lit bonfires to ward away evil spirits and in some places they used to jump over the fire to bring good luck. Now we light candles in pumpkin lanterns.

Halloween is also a good time to find out the future. Want to find out who you will marry? Here are two ways you might try to find out:

- Apple-bobbing - Float a number of apples in a bowl of water, and try to catch one using only your teeth. When you have caught one, peel it in one unbroken strip, and throw the strip of peel over your left shoulder. The letter the peel forms is the initial of your future husband or wife.

- Nut-cracking - Place two nuts (such as conkers) on a fire. Give the nuts the names of two possible lovers and the one that cracks first will be the one.

There are several unusual traditions:

«Wrong side of the bed»

When people are bad tempered we say that they must have got out of bed on the wrong side. Originally, it was meant quiet literally. People believe that the way they rose in the morning affected their behavior throughout the day. The wrong side of the bed was the left side the left always having been linked with evil.

«Blowing out the candles»

The custom of having candles on birthday cakes goes back to the ancient Greeks. Worshippers of Artemis, goddess of the moon and hunting, used to place honey cakes on the altars of her temples on her birthday. The cakes were round like the full moon and lit with tapers. This custom was next recorded in the middle ages when German peasants lit tapers on birthday cakes, the number lit indicating the person's age, plus an extra one to represent the light of life. From earliest days burning tapers had been endowed with mystical significance and it was believed that when blown out they had the power to grant a secret wish and ensure a happy year ahead.

– THE MOST UNUSUAL BRITISH CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS

Cheese Rolling

This event takes place in different parts of the country, usually on the Spring Bank Holiday Monday. A round cheese is rolled down a hill chased by competitors. The winner is the first person to grab the cheese. It is a spectacular to watch but hazardous to take part in, with many competitors ending up with broken arms and legs.

Coopers Hill is the most famous Cheese Rolling Site. The custom originally ensured the villagers' rights to graze sheep on the hill. Men and women hurtle 200 yards down a near vertical slope in pursuit of a seven-pound Double Gloucester cheese.

Well Dressing

The custom of well-dressing is popular all over Derbyshire. The wells are dressed with large framed panels decorated with elaborate mosaic-like pictures made of flower petals, seeds, grasses, leaves, tree bark, berries and moss. Well-

dressings are beautiful and delicate and take a lot of work to make, and yet they only last for a few days.

Straw Bear Festival

At Whittlesey, on the weekend following Plough Monday the first Monday after Twelfth Night) a straw bear is paraded around the town attended by a host of dancers and musician from all over the country. The bear is a man covered from head to foot in a straw costume.



Haxey Hood - 6 January

THE HAXEY HOOD is a bizarre ritual carried out each Twelfth Night (Old Style Christmas Day) in the village of Haxey in Lincolnshire, near the Nottinghamshire border. According to legend it was on Twelfth Night that the wife of sir John de Mowbray was riding on horseback across the fields near Haxey on the Isle of Axholme, when a sudden gust of wind blew her large black silk hood. Thirteen Labourers in a nearby field gave a chase to rescue it, vying with one another to return its graceful owner. She was so grateful that she donated a piece of land on Westwood hill, just outside the village, for an annual enactment of the gallant recovery of her hood.

Maypole Dancing

Maypole Dancing is the great tradition of May 1st.

On May Day, teams of dancers perform intricate patterns whilst circling the pole. The ribbons interweave as they make their way down the pole with a very decorative result.

Sweeps Festival

Sweeps Festival, Rochester, Kent.

This occurs in the first weekend in May.

The festival owes its roots to age old traditions. Sweeping chimneys was a dirty but necessary trade nearly 300 years ago.

Sweeps Festival is said to be the largest gathering of Morris Dancers in the world. Notably, the only true English day where you can join in and listen to the music.

Up-Helly-Aa

Thought to be Britain's biggest fire festival and torchlight procession. A thousand years after the Vikings invaded Scotland, the people of Shetlands remember the Vikings with a festival.

Every winter they make a model Viking Longship. On Up-Helly-Aa night, at the end of January, the Shetlanders dress up in Viking clothes and drag the ship through the town to the sea. They sing Up-Helly-Aa songs before tossing their

burning torches onto the ship and creating a massive bonfire. They do this because the Vikings put their dead men in ships and burned them.

Hurling the Silver Ball

A Handball Game

Hurling is one of the oldest forms of a ball game and still takes place at St Ives in Cornwall, England, on the first Monday after February 3rd.

The game is played in the town's streets and on the beach. The game starts at 10.30 am and the person holding the silver ball at noon wins.

Bread and Cheese Throwing

Whit Sunday Evening

After the evening service at the church in St Briavels, Gloucestershire, baskets full of bread and cheese are thrown from a wall near the old castle. Everyone scrambles to grab as many pieces of food as they can.

Blessing the Throats Ceremony

St Etheldreda's Church, London

February 3rd St Blaise's day

Two candles are tied together, lit, and touched on to the necks of people suffering from sore throats.

St Blaise saved a child from choking to death on a fishbone and so is patron saint of throat sufferers.

Bottle Kicking and Hare Pie Scramble

Easter Monday - Hallaton in Leicestershire. The story goes that a woman was saved by a hare running across the path of a bull on Easter Monday hundreds of years ago. As a token of her appreciation, she bequested a piece of land to the rector. The sole condition to this bequest was that the rector have a hare pie made to be distributed to parishioners together with a large quantity of ale every year.

The Hare pie (replaced now by a beef pie) is still produced at the church gate at 13.30 and pieces are hurled to the good natured mob who then make a procession led by a bronze sculpture of a hare on a pole up the hill to a spot where bottles are blessed, before the start of a rugby-like mass football game between Hallaton and nearby Medbourne. The aim is to get bottles (three small iron-hooped wooden barrels) across the goals - streams a mile apart - there is no limit to the numbers on each side.

Clowns in Church

On the first Sunday in February there is a church service held every year at a Holy Trinity Church in Dalston, East London, where the congregation is comprised almost completely of CLOWNS. Clowns appear in full motley and slap for the Grimaldi Memorial Service, to which the public are warmly invited. The Clowns transferred to Holy Trinity in 1959. It is here that the occasion has

grown to its present proportions; the Church packed to bursting point and the proceedings covered by all the media. The event really came into its own when in February 1967 Clown Smokey succeeded in gaining permission for Clowns to attend in full motley. Clowns from all over the World, irrespective of religious convictions, attended in full «slap» (make-up and costume). They give thanks for the gift of laughter and honour the «father» of present day Clowns, Joseph Grimaldi. After the Service it is traditional for the Clowns to entertain the public in the adjacent school.

A summer celebration was also inaugurated by the residents of Islington. This occurs during the children's half term (either the last week of May or the first week of June). The date also coincides with Joey's death and burial, but is far from a gloomy affair; the sun usually shines on a festive outdoor occasion, full of fun and laughter.

Turning the Devils Stone

On Guy Fawkes night, the villagers of Shebbear in Devon turn over a large stone under an ancient oak tree. The Stone is a large rock weighing about 1 tonne, and is not made from local stone. No-one is sure how it comes to be there.

The legends include tales that the Stone has been moved away from Shebbear a number of times, but it mysteriously keeps returning. Another legend says that this is because the Devil is under the stone and would escape if the stone is not turned.

– BRITISH LIFE AND CULTURE

The English are said to be reserved in manners, dress and speech. We are famous for our politeness, self-discipline and especially for our sense of humour. Basic politeness (please, thank you, excuse me) is expected.

How to greet someone?

English people are quite reserved when greeting one another. A greeting can be a bright 'Hello' 'Hi' or 'Good morning', when you arrive at work or at school.

Terms of Endearment - Names we may call you

You may be called by many different 'affectionate' names, according to which part of the England you are visiting. Do not be offended, this is quite normal. For example, you may be called dear, dearie, flower, love, chick, my duck, my duckie, mate, son, ma'am, madam, miss, sir, or treacle, according to your sex, age and location.

Interesting Fact

The 'affectionate' name 'duck' is thought to come from the [Anglo-Saxon](#) word '**ducis**' which was meant as a term of respect; similar to the Middle English

'duc', 'duk' which denotes a leader, commander, general; from which comes the title 'Duke' and the Old French word 'duché' - the territory ruled by a Duke.

Visiting people in their houses

When being entertained at someone's home it is nice to take a gift for the host and hostess. A bottle of wine, bunch of flowers or chocolates are all acceptable.

Sending a thank you note is also considered appropriate.

Eating

We eat continental style, with fork in the left hand and the knife in the right.

DOs and DON'TS (Taboos) in England

In England...

Do stand in line

In England we like to form orderly queues (standing in line) and wait patiently for our turn e.g. boarding a bus. It is usual to queue when required, and expected that you will take your correct turn and not push in front. 'Queue jumping' is frowned upon.

Do take your hat off when you go indoors (men only)

It is impolite for men to wear hats indoors especially in churches.

Nowadays, it is becoming more common to see men wearing hats indoors. However, this is still seen as being impolite, especially to the older generations.

Do say «Excuse Me»

If someone is blocking your way and you would like them to move, say excuse me and they will move out of your way.

Do Pay as you Go

Pay for drinks as you order them in pubs and other types of bars.

Do say «Please» and «Thank you»

It is very good manners to say «please» and «thank you». It is considered rude if you don't. You will notice in England that we say 'thank you' a lot.

Do cover your Mouth

When yawning or coughing always cover your mouth with your hand.

Do Shake Hands

When you are first introduced to someone, shake their right hand with your own right hand.

Do say sorry:

If you accidentally bump into someone, say 'sorry'. They probably will too, even if it was your fault! This is a habit and can be seen as very amusing by an 'outsider'.

Do Smile

A smiling face is a welcoming face.

Do Drive on the left side of the road

Do open doors for other people

Men and women both hold open the door for each other. It depends on who goes through the door first.

In England...

Do not greet people with a kiss

We only kiss people who are close friends and relatives.

Avoid talking loudly in public

It is impolite to stare at anyone in public

Privacy is highly regarded.

Do not ask a lady her age

It is considered impolite to ask a lady her age

Do not pick your nose in public

We are disgusted by this. If your nostrils need de-bugging, use a handkerchief.

Avoid doing gestures such as backslapping and hugging

This is only done among close friends.

Do not burp in public

You may feel better by burping loudly after eating or drinking, but other people will not! If you can not stop a burp from bursting out, then cover your mouth with your hand and say 'excuse me' afterwards.

It is impolite to speak with your mouth full of food

Do not ask personal or intimate questions

We like our privacy. Please do not ask questions such as «How much money do you earn?» «How much do you weigh?» or «Why aren't you married?».

Never eat off a knife when having a meal.

In all countries in Britain ...

Women in Britain are entitled to equal respect and status as men (and indeed vice versa) in all areas of life and tend to have more independence and responsibility than in some other cultures. Women are usually independent and accustomed to entering public places unaccompanied. It is usual for women to go out and about on their own as well as with friends. Men and women mix freely.

- It is ok for women to eat alone in a restaurant.
- It is ok for women to wander around on their own.
- It is ok for women to drink beer.

(From [http://www.woodlands-](http://www.woodlands-junior.kent.sch.uk/CUSTOMS/curious/index.htm)

[junior.kent.sch.uk/CUSTOMS/curious/index.htm](http://www.woodlands-junior.kent.sch.uk/CUSTOMS/curious/index.htm))

EXERCISES

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. Comment on the three extracts. Did you learn anything new? 2. What are the legends about St. Valentine holiday origin? 3. What do you know about Guy Fawkes's Day? 4. What is the story of the Christmas tree in Great Britain? 5. What do you know about Boxing Day? 6. Where does the name for Easter come from? 7. What happens to the Sun on Easter morning? 8. What are the symbols of Easter? 9. Do we have anything resembling corn dollies in Ukrainian culture? 10. What is historical background of Halloween? 11. What do you know about Jack's lantern legend? 12. What is the story of Haxey Hood ritual? 13. What rituals and celebrations do you find the most unusual? 14. What Ukrainian rituals and traditions can strike a stranger? 15. What does the fact that in Great Britain a woman is undesirable first visitor of New Year's Day brining bad luck for the whole following year tell us? 16. What is said to be the most dreadful Celtic ritual on Halloween? 17. What is the role of maintaining ancient rituals in the present day life? Is it just a fashion? 18. Do we just copy blindly the form having forgotten about the true inner meaning of the holidays, traditions and rituals? 19. Do you always know what is hidden «behind the cover» of Ukrainian holidays, traditions and rituals? Can you recall any fact about them that might surprise Ukrainians themselves? 20. How is it that Christian holidays, traditions and rituals all over the world still possess traits of the pagan past? Where can it be seen in Ukraine? 21. Comment on the way we celebrate so called «green holidays», «Shrove-Tide», and the youth's tradition to try to tell fortune on different Christian holidays. 22. Why is it forbidden by church to try to find out about future “using magic”? What might be the bad consequences? 23. Comment on the following: In western society many people feel that traditions are no longer needed. They say that they may have been necessary when we lived in small tribal communities and needed traditions to help form a cohesive group. The irony is that individuals in our society are likely to feel more isolated than ever before. Surrounded in a city with six million people may live the loneliest man in the world. With all of our technology to connect us, we see less human contact than ever before. Traditions that bring us together are needed more than ever. 24. What social traditions do we have? 25. Which of the social customs from the third extract are similar or different in our country? 26. Make a similar list for visitors to our country.

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. She reigns but she does not rule. 2. After all, the day itself is only as evil as one cares to make it. 3. 'Queue jumping' is frowned upon. 4. Privacy is highly regarded.

III. Find in the passages equivalents for the following words and phrases and make up your own sentences with them:

1) Як називається англійською традиційний чоловічий капелюх? 2) дари золота, ладану та миру, 3) пироги із цукатів, 4) хлопавки, 5) релігійні віросповідання, пасхальний кролик, 6) постити, 7) сповідальний вівторок, 8) великий піст, 9) спалити когось заживо, 10) клоуни з'являються у костюмі та гримі.

Written assignment: Describe the weirdest celebration you have heard of or have taken part in.

Unit 8: «Family Life»

– GIFT OF THE MAGI by 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.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad. In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name «Mr. James Dillingham Young.» The «Dillingham» had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of «Dillingham» looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called «Jim» and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey 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 and sterling-- something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour 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 in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs 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.» One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting.

«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 practised hand.

«Give it to me quick,» said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. 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 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 her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends – a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant 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 for 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.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

«Jim, darling,» she cried, «don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold 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, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

«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 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. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year – what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

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 and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs – the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims – just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. 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 and ardent 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 uneventful 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.

– HOW TO HAVE A GOOD FAMILY LIFE

Despite the perfect picture families that always seem to loom over us on television, posters and bill boards, there are many more complexities and dynamics to families than all smiles and laughter. All families are different, and all families have their own issues, but with the right amount of work and determination, you can make your family life the best it can be, by developing your relationships and learning more about yourself and your relatives. No one's family life is perfect; but you can make your's good, so why not?

Steps:

1. **Respect your parents.** Do this not just by giving them respect, but by listening to what they say and trying your best to make them happy. Realize that you may be able to choose your friends, but you're born to your family. If there's nothing you can do to please your parents, you'll be happier if you just accept it for now and focus on pleasing yourself. Making others happy is secondary to being happy yourself. And things do change over time.

2. **Realize that life is not always going to go smoothly.** Try to face the «ups and downs» in your family life with positive thinking and a cool mind.

But your family doesn't have the right to make you miserable just because they're family. Try to get along, but if it doesn't work, let it go.

3. Try to compromise whenever and wherever it's possible. When you see that the people who you love most are happy, you will have a feeling of great happiness. You will have to compromise a lot in life; family is the first environment to begin learning this important skill, amongst people who know you best and can guide you with their reactions, thoughts and suggestions. Even the things they don't tell you become a learning experience.

4. Give occasional gifts to your family members. Surprise gifts can be great because most people love them. The best gifts tend to be the ones you make yourself, or put a lot of thought into. Also appreciated are gifts of your time; doing tasks around the house that haven't been done for a while such as restoring missing door handles etc. and clearing away clutter.

5. Be honest with your parents, but bear in mind that they don't always need to know everything. If you get along well, you can open up, but if you don't, avoiding tender subjects can keep the peace. Sometimes saying nothing can be better for a family relationship than saying everything. Family is forever. Why fight about the little things?

6. Feel free to communicate with each and every person in your family. Listen to them when they want to say something; try to be with them when they need you. Bear in mind that the needs of your family don't outweigh your own. Give them your time and love, not your life.

7. Dedicate a slot, it may be once a week or once a month **in which you have a 'Family Time'.** This could be anything, watching a movie together, playing a game, going out on a trip, but make sure it is something everyone will enjoy.

8. Eat together. Modern-day life makes this virtually impossible to do, however, it really does change your family life dramatically -- for the better.

9. Make time for siblings. They know you best, and they will tell you the whole truth, even when you don't want to hear it. As we grow up, our relationships with siblings may not be as strong as we think, but when you're older you may find yourself grateful for the work you put in now. Be supportive, encouraging and honest.

10. Accept that your relationship with your family depends on both you and them. If they can't meet you halfway, you will be happier if you don't spend all of your energy making all the effort.

Tips:

- Be patient.
- Compromise is the most valuable tool you have.

- Sometimes families are just dysfunctional. It happens. You come first.
- Don't put everything down to hormones. If your teenager feels reluctant to talk to you, he or she may be upset about something or being bullied. Ask if everything is okay.

Warnings:

- Family members are never entitled to be abusive. If they are, don't waste your time. They can't always be won over with patience and kindness. Stay out of toxic situations when you can.

- A LOVE STORY FROM THE RICE FIELDS OF CHINA

By Sui Sin Far

CHOW MING, the husband of Ah Sue was an Americanized Chinese, so when Christmas day came, he gave a big dinner, to which he invited both his American and Chinese friends, and also one friend who was both Chinese and American.

The large room in which he gave the dinner presented quite a striking appearance on the festive evening, being decorated with Chinese flags and banners, algebraic scrolls, incense burners and tropical plants; and the company sat down to a real feast. Chow Ming's cook had a reputation.

Ah Ming and Ah Oi, Chow Ming's little son and daughter, flitted around like young humming birds in their bright garments. Their arms and necks were hung with charms and amulets given to them by their father's friends and they kept up an incessant twittering between themselves. They were not allowed, however, to sit down with their elders and ate in an ante room rice and broiled preserved chicken -- a sweet dish, the morsels of chicken being prepared so as to resemble raisins.

Chinese do not indulge in conversation during meal time; but when dinner was over and a couple of Chinese violinists had made their debut, the host brought forward several of his compatriots whom he introduced as men whose imaginations and experiences enabled them to relate the achievements of heroes, the despair of lovers, the blessings which fall to the lot of the filial and the terrible fate of the undutiful. Themes were varied; but those which were most appreciated were stories which treated of magic and enchantment.

«Come away,» said Ah Sue to me. -- We two were the only women present. -- «I want to tell you a story, a real true love story -- Chinese.»

«Really,» I exclaimed delightedly.

«Really,» echoed Ah Sue, «the love story of me.»

When we were in her own little room, Ah Sue began:

«My father,» said she, «was a big rice farmer. He owned many, many rice fields, but he had no son -- just me.»

«Chow Han worked for my father. The first time I saw Chow Han was at the Harvest Moon festival. I wore a veil of strings of pearls over my forehead. But his eyes saw beneath the pearls and I was very much ashamed.»

«Why were you ashamed? You must have looked very charming.»

Ah Sue smiled. She was a pretty little woman.

«I was not ashamed of my veil,» said she, «I was ashamed because I perceived that Chow Han knew that I glanced his way.»

«The next day I and my mother sat on the hill under big parasols and watched the men, sickle in hand, going through the rice fields, cutting down the grain. It is a pretty sight, the reaping of the rice.»

«Chow Han drove the laden buffaloes. He was bigger and stronger than any of the other lads. My mother did not stay by me all the time. There were the maid's tasks to be set. Chow Han drove past when my mother was not beside me and threw at my feet a pretty shell. 'A pearl for a pearl,' he cried, and laughed saucily. I did not look at him, but when he had passed out of sight I slipped the shell up my sleeve.»

«It was a long time before I again saw the lad. My mother fell sick and I accompanied her to the City of Canton to see an American doctor in an American hospital. We remained in Canton, in the house of my brother-in-law for many months. I saw much that was new to my eyes and the sister of the American doctor taught me to speak English -- and some other things.»

«By the spring of the year my mother was much improved in health, and we returned home to celebrate the Spring Festival. The Chinese people are very merry at the time of the springing of the rice. The fields are covered with green, and the rice flower peeps out at the side of the little green blade, so small, so white and so sweet. One afternoon I was following alone a stream in the woods behind my father's house, when I saw Chow Han coming toward me.»

Ah Sue paused. For all her years in America she was a Chinese woman.

«And he welcomed you home,» I suggested.

Ah Sue nodded her head.

«And like a Chinese girl you ran away from the wicked man.»

Ah Sue's eyes glistened mischievously.

«You forget, Sui Sin Far,» said she, «that I had been living in Canton and had much talk with an American woman. No, when Chow Han told me that he had much respectful love in his heart for me, I laughed a little laugh, I was so glad -- too glad for words. Had not his face been ever before me since the day he tossed me the shell?»

«But my father was rich and Chow Han was poor.»

«When the little white flowers had once more withdrawn into the green blades and were transforming themselves into little white grains of rice, there came to the rice country a cousin of Chow Han's who had been living for some years in America. He talked much with Chow Han, and one day Chow Han came to me and said:

«I am bound for the land beyond the sea; but in a few years I will return with a fortune big enough to please your father. Wait for me!»

«I did not answer him; I could not».

«Promise that you will ever remember me,» said Chow Han.

«You need no primrose,» I returned. Chow Han set down the pot of fragrant leafed geranium which he had brought with him as a parting gift.

«As for me,» said he, «even if I should die, my spirit will fly to this plant and keep ever beside you.»

«So Chow Han went away to the land beyond the sea.»

Ah Sue's eyes wandered to the distant water, which like a sheet of silver, reflected every light and color of the sky.

Moons rose and waned. I know not how, but through some misfortune, my father lost his money and his rice farms passed into other hands. I loved my poor old father and would have done much to ease his mind; but there was one thing I would not do, and that was marry the man to whom he had betrothed me. Had not the American woman told me that even if one cannot marry the man one loves, it is happier to be true to him than to wed another, and had not the American woman, because she followed her conscience, eyes full of sunshine?

My father died and my mother and I went to live with my brother-in-law in the city of Canton. Two days before we left our old home, we learned that Chow Han had passed away in a railway accident in the United States of America.

My mother's sister and brother-in-law urged my mother to marry me to some good man, but believing that Chow Han's spirit was ever now beside me, I determined to remain single as the American woman. Was she not brighter and happier than many of my married relations?

Meanwhile the geranium flower thrived in loveliness and fragrance, and in my saddest moments I turned to it for peace and comfort.

One evening, my poor old mother fell asleep and never woke again. I was so sad. My mother's sister did not love me, and my brother-in-law told me he could no longer support me and that I must marry. There were three good men to be had and I must make up my mind which it should be.

What would I do? What should I do? I bent over my geranium flower and whispered: «Tell me, O dear spirit, shall I seek the river?» And I seemed to hear this message: «No, no, be brave as the American woman!»

Ah, the American woman! She showed me a way to live. With her assistance I started a small florist shop. My mother had always loved flowers, and behind our house had kept a plot of ground, cram full of color, which I had tended for her ever since I was a child. So the care of flowers was no new task for me, and I made a good living, and if I were sad at times, yet, for the most part, my heart was serene.

Many who came to me wished to buy the geranium plant, which was now very large and beautiful; but to none would I sell. What! barter the spirit of Chow Han!

On New Year's day a stranger came into my shop. His hat partly concealed his face; but I could see that he was of our country, though he wore the dress of the foreigner.

«What is the price of the large geranium at your door?» he enquired, and he told me that its fragrance had stolen to him as he passed by.

«There is no price on that flower,» I replied, «it is there to be seen, but not to be sold.»

«Not to be sold! But if I give you a high price?»

«Not for any price,» I answered.

He sought to persuade me to tell him why, but all I would say was that he could not have the flower.

At last he came close up to me and said:

«There is another flower that I desire, and you will not say me nay when I put forth my hand to take it.»

I started back in alarm.

«You will not sell the geranium flower,» he told me, «because you believe that the spirit of Chow Han resides within it. But 'tis not so. The spirit of Chow Han resides within Chow Han. Behold him!»

He lifted his hat. It was Chow Han.

Ah Sue looked up as her husband entered the room bearing on his shoulder their little Han.

«And you named your boy after your old sweetheart,» I observed.

«Yes,» replied Ah Sue, «my old sweetheart. But know this, Sin Far, the Chinese men change their name on the day they marry, and the Chow Han, who gave me the scented leafed geranium, and after many moons, found me through its fragrance, is also my husband, Chow Ming.»

EXERCISES

I. Answer the following questions and do the given tasks:

1. Give the gist of O. Henry's story. 2. How would you characterize the main characters relations? 3. Who were the ancient magi and the magi of the XX century mentioned in the first story? 4. What is the most touching moment? 5. Do you consider the main characters' sacrifices to be in vain? Why? 6. How can we become magi for our dearest ones? 7. Can material reduced conditions influence negatively family relationships? 8. Why didn't it happen to the couple of our story? Is it just ahead? 9. The young couple of the story maintained close sincere feelings despite poverty; they appreciate all small pleasures they have. Don't you think that being able to buy more things our desires instantly grove as well and we are never satisfied, overvalue material aspects and lose this young couple's ability appreciate so called small pleasures? 10. Let's hope you never have such need but what would you be able to sacrifice for the sake of your dearest person? 11. What unnoticeable sacrifices do our close people make for our sake every day (for ex.: our parents)? 12. Comment on the list of advice how to have a good family. Do you agree with all points? 13. Can you add a point of your own? 14. It is said in the second passage that eating together changes your family dramatically for the better. How can it be? 15. What does "A love story from the rice fields of China" teach us? 16. What arouses our respect towards the Chinese girl from the story? 17. Why is it so difficult to oppose social pressure and prejudice and keep your line? 18. What helped the main character? 19. Comment on the poem relating it to our topic:

A Wonderful Sting by David P Leverett

This feeling is like a wonderful sting.

I want this feeling to hold me captive.

I wouldn't give this up, not even for all four seasons to be spring.

It doesn't need to be masked as attractive,

This unstable beautiful pain is mine, its what I want, what I need!

My happiness continually gains,

This is great. Something this good cannot be greed!

I'm glad to leave them, I found a better lain.

This I intend to keep.

No one else can have it, its mine!

Its mine when I'm awake, its mine when I'm asleep!

What's going on. This feeling is no longer a straight line.

I'm trapped in this bind, I no longer feel fine,

and now, I'm alone without a sign.

II. Comment and explain what is meant by:

1. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher... 2. ...of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. 3. Sometimes saying nothing can be better for a family relationship than saying everything. 4. Give them your time and love, not your life. 5. Stay out of toxic situations when you can.

III. Find in the texts equivalents for the following words and phrases and make up your own sentences with them:

Мовчазне обвинувачення в скупості; щось гарне, рідкісне та бездоганне; цариця Савська; показне оздоблення; пристрасний дух; ти на першому місці; нестихаюча балаканина; маленька кімната, сполучена з більшою; пустотливо.

Written assignment: Share with us the most (the strangest, the most tragic) beautiful love story you know.

Для нотаток:

Навчальне видання

ТЕКСТИ ТА ЗАВДАННЯ ДЛЯ ДОМАШНЬОГО ЧИТАННЯ
(для студентів IV курсу факультету іноземної філології)

Навчально-методичний посібник

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