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**ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО  
ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА**

АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ

ЮНИТА 10

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# **ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА**

## **АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ**

**Юниты 1–20:** Тексты из произведений художественной литературы  
на английском языке.

### **ЮНИТА 10**

Содержит рассказы австралийских и американских писателей,  
сопровождается комментариями, а также заданиями и  
упражнениями для работы с текстами. Сопровождается аудиокурсом  
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Для студентов факультета лингвистики  
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## ОГЛАВЛЕНИЕ

ПРОГРАММА КУРСА .....	4
УРОК 1 (LESSON 1) .....	5
Alan Marshall. The Singing of the Sun. From «How's Andy Going »..5	
УРОК 2 (LESSON 2) .....	14
Alan Marshall. How my friends keep me going. ....	14
УРОК 3 (LESSON 3) .....	23
Xavier Herbert. Kajok the Songman. ....	23
УРОК 4 (LESSON 4) .....	36
Sherwood Anderson. Respectability. ....	37
УРОК 5 (LESSON 5) .....	49
The Untold Lie. (by S. Anderson). ....	49
ГЛОССАРИЙ *	

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\* Глоссарий расположен в середине учебного пособия и предназначен для самостоятельного заучивания новых понятий.

## **ΠΡΟΓΡΑΜΜΑ ΚΥΡΙΑ**

Alan Marshall. The Singing of the Sun. From «How's Andy Going »

Alan Marshall. How my friends keep me going.

Xavier Herbert. Kajak the Songman.

Sherwood Anderson. Respectability.

The Untold Lie. (by S. Anderson).

# LESSON 1

# УРОК 1

Алан Маршалл (1902-1984) - известный австралийский писатель. Широкую популярность ему принесли рассказы о простых людях страны - тружениках и детях. Это прежде всего сборники рассказов и скетчей, такие как "Расскажи про индюка, Джо" ("Tell Us about the Turkey, Jo") или "Как ты там, Энди?" ("How's Andy going?"). Его перу принадлежит автобиографическая трилогия о детстве и юности "Я умею прыгать через лужи" ("I Can Jump Puddles"), "Это трава, что повсюду растет" ("This is the Grass"), "В сердце моем" ("In My Own Heart").

Алан Маршалл много путешествовал по стране, собирал фольклор коренного населения. Его книга "Люди незапамятных времен" ("People of the Dream Time") является обработкой легенд австралийских аборигенов.

**Exercise 1. Read the text using the glossary given after it.**

**Alan Marshall**  
**The Singing of the Sun**  
(“Навстречу солнцу”, букв. “Пение солнца”)  
**From “How’s Andy Going?”**

«That’s a duck, isn’t it?». «Where?»

«It just landed on the water. Wait a minute. Now you can see it. Look, near that clump of rushes.»

The man lying on the ground raised himself on his elbow. His dressing-gown was open. Beads of water glittered on his naked chest.

His hair was wet. An A.I.F.\* uniform lay folded beside him. The youth was standing erect a few yards away from the man. He was wearing a pair of bathing trunks. His body was brown from the sun.

The swamp water threaded the thin grass almost to their feet. Broken stems of rushes were dark against the glitter. Farther out, between the clumps of lignum, the water became deeper. Behind these, stooped red gums, caught by the flood, trailed their leaves in the water.

«Is there one or two?» asked the man searching the swamp.

«Two, I think. There are always two, aren’t there?»

«Usually, I can’t see them. Where did you say?»

«Straight acrossst here.» The youth pointed.

«Now can you see?»

«Yes, so it is.»

«Is it a duck?»

«It's a duck all right.»

«Doesn't it look small?»

«They always do when they're swimming. Part of its body is submerged, you see. I can't see the other one.»

«There must be only one. I thought there were two. Will we go back and get the gun?»

The youth was excited. There was an appeal in the question.

«Well—er—yes. We could do that,» said the man slowly. «He watched the duck with increasing eagerness.

«Doesn't it seem interested in things? See how it turns its head. It looks at everything. It does seem a little duck,» he added with wonder.

«Will we get, the gun?» The youth was becoming impatient. «When we get back to town I want to tell them that I shot a duck.»

«Let's watch it a minute,» pleaded the man. «I can't get over how happy it seems. It's like a man arriving home on leave. Did you see it land?»

«Yes. It flew there. I saw it skid along the water. Will we go now?» «Strange, it being alone,» murmured the man. «I can't understand it being so happy when it is alone like that. Look, it's coming towards us! Gosh, that's funny! Isn't it tame?»

«Hurry up. Let's go back and get the gun.»

«All right,» said the man resignedly. «You go and get it. I'll watch the duck.»

The youth slipped on a pair of sandshoes.

«Don't frighten it, will you?» he said anxiously.

He moved quietly away, treading gently between the dry twigs that littered the ground beneath the river gums. The station homestead was on the crest of a hill overlooking the swamp. He began to run.

The duck flicked its tail and sailed among the swamp grass. It moved into the clear water between the lignum searching with quick movements of the head. It suddenly ruffled its feathers and trod water while it flapped its wings. It sank back contentedly and continued its eager voyaging.

The man had risen to his feet. His expression was rapt, yet some distant sadness had come to him and his lips were trembling. He watched the little duck with an intensity born of some vital need.

He wanted to hold it closely in his hands, to feel the warm beat of its heart; to sense the flow of life, the power that lifted it higher than a cloud....

He had an urgency to cling to that which it held like a treasure—the something that was being torn from him.

It had the unknowing life, the untainted life, the life of smooth, windless pools encircled by lignums where there was no sound save that from peaceful things; where the pure sky had never screamed with terror, nor the sun glinted from steel.

It could see and hear and it was not afraid of what it saw and heard.  
It could lift itself into the singing of the sun.... Above steaming jungles....

He clenched his hands.

*Jim was beside him that night when the Japs came to New Britain \*...  
the chattering over the dark water... the green flare... the landing.*

*«Let 'em have it.»*

*The screams... the shouting...*

*«Sock it into 'em.» \**

*Raluana beach and their machine guns sweeping the wire like rain...  
and Jim muttering, hell, hell, hell.... The dawn... the blood... the killing....  
The red browed waves tired with the weight of dead \*.... The rising and falling  
bodies — lifted gently, tossed contemptuously.... Barge after barge on rollers  
of flesh....*

*The Japs were tangled in the wire. They raked them: they mowed  
them like wheat. And still they came—the living clambering over the dead;  
the dead piling into barricades behind which the vomiting barges ploughed  
into the sand.*

*The salt was in his mouth... the dry pounding of his heart.... Then the  
grunt and the doubling up....*

*And Jim: «Where'd it get you? Hang on. Jesus!»*

*«It's not bad. I'm all right.»*

*The staggering, crumpling Japs bridging the wire with their dead.*

*They climbed on them; they trod them down. They came on like  
locusts in a plague.*

*Then the final burst... and the jungle... and the long struggle home....*

*Oh! the killing! the killing! the killing!*

He turned and saw the youth running towards him with the gun. He  
looked again at the duck.

It glided through the open water shattering the silver into sparkles of  
light.

He lifted a stick from the ground and hurled it so that it fell with a  
splash beside the bird.

The duck rose, trailing two furrows with its feet as it skimmed the  
water. It flew high and circled, banking against the wind so that for a  
moment he saw the full stretch of its wings each side of its brown body. Far  
out over the water it landed again.

*«Well, that's done it,» panted the youth disgustedly.*

*«We'll never get it now.»*

The man reached for his uniform.

*«No, we'll never get it now,» he said.*

## Glossary

- to land on the water - сесть на воду;  
clump of the rushes - заросли (островов ) камыша ;  
beads of water - капельки воды;  
to glitter - блестеть;  
ATF (Australian Imperial Forces) - Австралийские вооруженные силы;  
brown from the sun - бронзовый от загара;  
to thread the thin grass - подступать сквозь осоку;  
to be dark against the glitter - темнеть (быть темным) на сверкающем фоне воды;  
lignum - железное дерево;  
a red gum - красный эвкалипт;  
to point - указывать рукой, пальцем;  
to look small (big) - выглядеть маленьким (большим);  
there was an appeal in the question - в его вопросе звучала мольба;  
with increasing eagerness - с возрастающим интересом;  
to be interested in things - быть любознательным, проявлять любопытство;  
to turn one's head - вертеть головой;  
"I can't get over" - "Прямо глаз не оторвешь", букв. - "не могу придти в себя (от удивления)";  
"Isn't it tame?" - "Совсем как ручная!"  
to search - озираться по сторонам;  
His expression was rapt - его лицо выражало восхищение;  
with an intensity born of some vital need - с таким напряженным вниманием, словно решал какой-то жизненный важный вопрос;  
He had an urgency to cling to - его одолевало страстное желание прикоснуться;  
It had the unknowing life, the untainted life - она жила своей бессознательной, непорочной жизнью;  
the sound from peaceful things - мирные звуки природы;  
to glint from steel - сверкать на стали (оружия);  
to lift oneself into the singing of the sun - взлететь навстречу (поющему) солнцу;  
when the Japs came to New Britain - когда японцы высадились в Новой Британии (остров около Новой Гвинеи, который в 1942г. после ожесточенных боев был захвачен японцами);  
the chattering - зд. стук моторов;  
"Let 'em have it". - "Пусть получают сполна";



“Sock it into 'em”. - “Поддай им жару!”;

The red browed waves tired with the weight of dead - Бурые от крови (букв. - краснобровые) волны, нахмуренные, словно усталые от тяжести трупов ;

lifted gently, tossed conemptuously = lifted gently and tossed coneptuously be the waves;

They raked them = the Austalians raked the Japanese;

the vomiting barges ploughed into the sand - изрыгающие свинец катера врезались в песок;

to double up - скрючиться, сложиться пополам (от боли);

“Hang on!” - “Держись!”

“It’s not bad” - “Ничего страшного”.

bridging the wire with their dead - перебираясь через проволоку по трупам своих убитых;

the long struggle home - долгий путь с боями домой;

shattering the silver into sparkles of light - рассекая серебристую гладь воды, превращая ее в сверкающие на солнце брызги;

“Well, that’s done it”. - “Ну вот, теперь все пропало”.

## **Exercise 2. Give extensive answers to the following questions.**

1. Where is the scene laid?
2. Did the man and the boy come there for hunting? Prove your point.
3. Have you any guess why there came but one duck?
4. Why did the duck look small?
5. What did the boy suggest and why?
6. What was unusual about the duck’s behaviour?
7. Why did the man let the boy go back to the homestead but did not go with him?
8. What do you think made the man recall an episode of war?
9. What was the most impressive in that episode?
10. Do you think Jim was a real friend of the man in question when they were at the front? What makes you think so?
11. Why did the man prefer frightening the duck off instead of telling the boy not to kill it?
12. What would you do if you found yourself in the same situation?

## **Exercise 3. Choose the correct variant.**

Choose the correct variant to complete the sentences:

1. ... lay folded beside him
  - a) A. I. E uniform
  - b) shabby trousers
  - c) green jumper

2. The boy watched the ... with increasing eagerness.
  - a) duck
  - b) mocking-bird
  - c) lizard
3. Jim was beside him that night when ... came to New Britain.
  - a) Japs
  - b) Italians
  - c) Russians
4. He turned and saw the youth running towards him with the ....
  - a) gun
  - b) stick
  - c) stone
5. The youth (the boy) wanted ... the duck.
  - a) to shoot
  - b) to catch
  - c) to take photo of the duck
6. The Narrator lifted ... from the ground and hurled it so that it fell with a splash beside the bird.
  - a) a stick
  - b) a gun
  - c) a stone
7. ... was on the crest of a hill over looking the swamp.
  - a) The Station homestead
  - b) The barn
  - c) The shed
8. The youth slipped on a pair of ...
  - a) sandals
  - b) rubber boots
  - c) clogs
9. ... was standing erect a few yards away from the man.
  - a) The youth
  - b) The girl
  - c) An old man
10. ... and their machine guns sweeping the fire like rain.
  - a) Raluana beach
  - b) Middle Harbour
  - c) Port Hedland

**Exercise 4. Translate the expressions below into Russian.**

- to land on the water \_\_\_\_\_
- clump of the rushes \_\_\_\_\_
- naked chest \_\_\_\_\_
- swamp \_\_\_\_\_

- flood \_\_\_\_\_
- to be submerged \_\_\_\_\_
- to be excited \_\_\_\_\_
- an appeal \_\_\_\_\_
- increasing eagerness \_\_\_\_\_
- to become impatient \_\_\_\_\_
- to get back to town \_\_\_\_\_
- to shoot a duck \_\_\_\_\_
- a pair of sandshoes \_\_\_\_\_
- to be alone \_\_\_\_\_
- dry twigs \_\_\_\_\_
- river gums \_\_\_\_\_
- the stations homestead \_\_\_\_\_
- distant sadness \_\_\_\_\_
- to feel the warm beat of its heart \_\_\_\_\_
- untainted life \_\_\_\_\_
- pure sky \_\_\_\_\_
- to scream with terror \_\_\_\_\_
- to clench one's hands \_\_\_\_\_
- machine guns \_\_\_\_\_
- the blood \_\_\_\_\_
- the rising and falling bodies \_\_\_\_\_
- long struggle home \_\_\_\_\_

### Exercise 5. Translate the expressions below into English.

- сесть на воду \_\_\_\_\_
- голая грудь \_\_\_\_\_
- влажные волосы \_\_\_\_\_
- болото \_\_\_\_\_
- стебли сломанного камыша \_\_\_\_\_
- любознательная утка \_\_\_\_\_
- вернуться в город \_\_\_\_\_
- подстрелить утку \_\_\_\_\_
- быть одиноким \_\_\_\_\_
- казаться счастливым \_\_\_\_\_
- проборматать что-то \_\_\_\_\_
- сандалии \_\_\_\_\_
- овцеводческая ферма \_\_\_\_\_
- взмахнуть хвостом \_\_\_\_\_
- трепетное биение сердца \_\_\_\_\_
- страстное желание \_\_\_\_\_
- стиснуть кулаки \_\_\_\_\_
- японцы \_\_\_\_\_

- пляж Ралуана\_\_\_\_\_
- пулеметы\_\_\_\_\_
- проволочные заграждения\_\_\_\_\_
- непрерывное бормотание\_\_\_\_\_
- джунгли\_\_\_\_\_
- долгий с боями путь домой\_\_\_\_\_
- бурые от крови волны\_\_\_\_\_
- чистое небо\_\_\_\_\_
- вопли ужаса\_\_\_\_\_
- зеленые вспышки\_\_\_\_\_

### **Exercise 6. Make literary translation.**

1) from the words: “The man lying on the ground ...”  
to the words: “... trailed their leaves in the water.”

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2) from the words: “ Will we get the gun?...”  
to the words: “ ... gosh, that’s funny! Isn’t it tame?”

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3) from the words: “He wanted to hold it closely in his hands ...”  
to the words: “ ... the sun glinted from steel.”

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4) from the words: “ Raluana beach and their machine guns...”  
to the words: “ ... barges ploughed the sand.”

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5) from the words: ” He lifted a stick from the ground and hurled it...”  
to the words: “ No, we’ll never get it now, he said.”

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**Exercise 7. Translate the following sentences from Russian into English.**

1) Лежащий на земле мужчина приподнялся на локте. Халат его был распахнут, и на голой груди блестели капли воды.

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2) Несколько поодаль от него стоял мальчик. Тело его было бронзовым от загара.

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3) Мальчик весь горел от волнения. В голосе его звучала мольба.

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4) Любознательная утка. Смотри, как она вертит головой во все стороны. Ей все любопытно.

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5) Не понимаю, почему она кажется такой счастливой, если она одинока.

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6) Овцеводческая ферма находилась на гребне холма, возвышающемся над болотом. Мальчик припустился бегом.

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7) Лицо его выражало восхищение и одновременно грусть, губы дрожали. Он следил за уткой с таким напряженным вниманием, словно решал какой-то важный жизненный вопрос.

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8) В ту ночь, когда японцы высадились в Новой Британии, Джим был рядом с ним. ... Стук моторов над темной водой,... зеленые вспышки ... высадка.

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9) Во рту он ощущал соленый привкус ... сердце тупо билось в груди ... А потом он глухо пробормотал что-то и скрючился от боли.

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10) И вот, наконец, последняя атака... И джунгли. ... Долгий, с боями, путь домой. Смерть! Смерть! Смерть!

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### **Exercise 8. Questions for discussion.**

Do you think the killing of birds and wild animals is admissible? Why are there people who enjoy hunting? Do you consider that hunting arouses passion and increases the man's aggressiveness or on the contrary decreases it? Do you think war makes man show his best or worst features?

## **LESSON 2**

## **УРОК 2**

### **Exercise 1. Read the text using the glossary given after it.**

**Alan Marshall**

#### **How my friends keep me going**

(Как друзья укрепляют мое здоровье)

It is 10 a.m. and I have just finished a cup of black coffee sweetened with glucose. Alf recommended it. I have finished massaging my head with the hair restorer Bill gave me and have taken the cod-liver oil supplied by my grandmother.

In two hours I will take four concentrated liver pills, a dessertspoonful of digestive powder and swig of olive oil, all endorsed by my friends. I will then lunch on nuts and raisins and finish up with a teaspoon of my after-meals digestive powder and a wineglass of tonic.

I will massage my head for the second time and have a eucalyptus inhalation. By this time I will be feeling pretty bad and I will have to lie down to get strength to go through it all again at dinner time.

I blame my friends for my lamentable condition.

A few weeks ago I could eat pork chops and cucumber salad. Now a raisin makes me bilious and the sight of a plum pudding brings on a state resembling seasickness.

It is all due to my desire to «keep going.»

George started it.

He said: «You look white. What you want is plenty of raw liver. It makes blood.»

«I don't like the taste of raw liver,» I said.

«You take it in pills,» he said. «It's concentrated. Each pill represents half a pound of liver, and you take four before each meal.»

I did some calculating.

«That makes six pounds of liver a day,» I said. «A fellow would be likely to get haemophilia at that rate.»

«Must have it wrong,» said George. «Probably each pill only contains

the equivalent to half an ounce of liver,» he added, «you could take six.» «I think I'd better begin with four,» I said. «I think so, too,» said George.

Next day I met Bill. I told him I was taking liver to keep going.

«I've got just the thing for you,» he said. «Remember the tonic I told you my wife has been taking?»

«Yes,» I said.

«Well, I've been taking it, too, and I've never felt better. It's a prescription from a Collins Street doctor.\* I'll get it for you.»

He got it.

«It's got plenty of iron and strychnine and arsenic in it,» he said.

«Good,» I said.

«About your hair,» he said. «Yes,» I said.

«You're going bald as an egg.»

«It's a fact,» I lamented.

«I'll fix that,» he said.

He went away and brought back a tobacco tin full of a yellow ointment.

«I made this myself,» said Bill. «It's a mixture of lard and sulphur. It's been handed down for years.»

«What, that tin?»

«No, the prescription.»

«The ointment smells, as if it had been handed down,» I said.

«Mix scent with it,» said Bill. «You rub it into your head three times a day.»

«Before or after meals?»

«After,» he said.

Alf came to see me one day. I explained how I was «keeping going.»

«You can't beat black coffee and glucose,» he said. «Take it in the morning and afternoon. Do you drink olive oil?» he asked.

«No,» I said.

«Drink it,» he said.

«I will,» I said.

I was finding it harder and harder to keep going. I got indigestion.

George gave me the powder I am taking after meals and Alf the powder to be taken before eating. My grandmother recommended the cod-liver oil and the inhalation.

But the indigestion got worse.

At an impromptu meeting of friends it was decided that I cut down my lunch to a diet of nuts and raisins.

«I'll never keep going on nuts and raisins,» I said.

«It's a natural food,» they said. «Look at the animals.» But there were no animals to look at.

I began to wish I didn't have to keep going.

I had to prepare for bed an hour earlier to get through all the things I had to take. Then I couldn't sleep.

I told George. «I can't sleep,» I said.

He took me to one side and gave me some tablets. They were the smallest tablets I had ever seen. You've never seen such small tablets.

«Take one when you get into bed,» he said. «It'll fix you, but don't tell anyone that I gave them to you. «They are prohibited,» he said. «I got them from a chap that knows a doctor and they're only to be taken when you can't possibly sleep.»

I took two on Sunday night. When I woke up the house was full of my friends. There was a doctor standing by my bed and it was Tuesday afternoon.

Gripes! I must have slept.

All my friends had their hats off and they're the sort of friends who wear their hats anywhere.

I could see that it was the narrowest escape from not keeping going that I've ever had.

Tomorrow I'm off to the bush.

Keeping going in the city is too dangerous, what with George and all that.

## **Glossary**

to massage one's head with the hair restorer - втирать в голову средство для укрепления волос;

concentrated liver pills - пилюли, содержащие экстракт сырой печени;

digestive powder - порошок, способствующий пищеварению;

to endorse - расписываться на обороте документа; одобрять; зд. предписывать;

to lunch on smth. - съесть за ланчем (вторым завтраком) что-л;

to finish up with - завершать чем-л;

to get strength to go through it all again - набраться сил, чтобы снова пройти через все это (повторить всю эту процедуру);

to blame smb. for smth. - возлагать вину за что-л. на кого-л;

to make smb. bilious - портить кому-л. печень; раздражать;

disire to "keep going" - стремление "укреплять свое здоровье";

to look white - выглядеть бледным;

what you want is - вам необходимо;

it (raw liver) makes blood - она (сырая печенка) способствует кроветворению;

a fellow would be likely to get haemophilia at that rate - так можно



легко заработать себе гемофилию;

I must have it wrong - должно быть, я ошибся;

a prescription from a Collins Street doctor - зд. рецепт престижного доктора. Коллинс-Стрит - одна из центральных улиц Мельбурна;

"About your hair" - "Теперь (поговорим) о твоих волосах";

"You are going bald" - "Ты скоро станешь лысым";

"I'll fix that" - я займусь этим;

to be handed down - быть унаследованным от предков;

"You can't beat (black coffee...) - "Нет ничего лучше (черного кофе...)";

to cut down to - свести до, уменьшить;

"I began to wish I didn't have to keep going" - "Мне расхотелось укреплять свое здоровье";

to take smb. to one side - отвести кого-л в сторону;

"It'll fix you" - это тебе поможет;

on Sunday night - в ночь на понедельник;

"Cripes! I must have slept" - "Черт возьми! Ну и спал же я!";

who wear their hats anywhere - которые ни при каких обстоятельствах шляп не снимают

it was the narrowest escape from not keeping going that I 've ever had - еще немного и мне уже никогда не пришлось бы укреплять свое здоровье

to be off ( to the bush) - уезжать (в лес);

... what with George and all that - особенно когда вокруг тебя такие друзья, как Джордж, и ему подобные.

## **Exercise 2. Answer the questions.**

1. Who recommended the story-teller to keep him going and why?
2. Why did the story-teller follow the recommendations?
3. What did he do to improve his health?
4. How did the man's health change after a few weeks of keeping going?
5. How did he appreciate the mixture of lard and sulphur?
6. What did the story-teller's friends decide at their impromptu meeting and how did they argue their recommendation?
7. Why do you think the tablets George gave the story-teller were the smallest they had ever seen and were prohibited?
8. How many tablets did George tell his friend to take before going to bed?
9. How many tablets did the story-teller take? What for?
10. How long did he sleep?
11. What was the reaction of his friends?

**Exercise 3. Choose the correct variant to complete the sentence.**

1. The story-teller blames... for his lamentable condition.
  - a) his friends
  - b) himself
  - c) the doctor
  - d) bad chance
2. The narrator massaged his head with ... .
  - a) hair restorer
  - b) cod-liver oil
  - c) olive oil
  - d) cucumber juice
3. George started it by saying to his friend: "You look ... ".
  - a) white
  - b) tired
  - c) irritated
  - d) bad-tempered
4. A Collins Street doctor is a doctor who ... .
  - a) has high estimation in the eyes of people
  - b) was born in that street
  - c) graduated a college situated in that street
  - d) treats people living in that street.
5. You are going bald as ... .
  - a) an egg
  - b) a water melon
  - c) a tobacco tin
  - d) a teaspoon
6. Keeping going in the city is too ... .
  - a) dangerous
  - b) expensive
  - c) difficult
  - d) tiresome
7. To fall asleep the story-teller took... tablet(s).
  - a) two
  - b) one
  - c) three
  - d) four
8. An impromptu meeting of the narrator's friends decided that he must
  - a) cut down his lunch to a diet of nuts and raisins
  - b) exclude nuts and raisins from his diet
  - c) increase the amount of nuts and raisins
  - d) decrease the amount of nuts and raisins

9. The story-teller had to prepare for bed... earlier to get through all the things.

- a) an hour
- b) half an hour
- c) a little
- d) much

10. When the story-teller woke up on Tuesday afternoon he saw... standing by his bed.

- a) a doctor
- b) his grandmother
- c) his wife
- d) a dog

**Exercise 4. Translate the expressions below into Russian.**

- a cup of black coffee sweetened with glucose\_\_\_\_\_
- cod-liver oil\_\_\_\_\_
- digestive powder\_\_\_\_\_
- eucalyptus inhalation\_\_\_\_\_
- to blame smb\_\_\_\_\_
- lamentable condition\_\_\_\_\_
- pork chops\_\_\_\_\_
- raisin\_\_\_\_\_
- one's desire to "keep going"\_\_\_\_\_
- raw liver\_\_\_\_\_
- to do some calculating\_\_\_\_\_
- prescription\_\_\_\_\_
- iron\_\_\_\_\_
- strychnine\_\_\_\_\_
- arsenic\_\_\_\_\_
- to be going bald as an egg\_\_\_\_\_
- yellow ointment\_\_\_\_\_
- a mixture of lard and snepthur\_\_\_\_\_
- to smell\_\_\_\_\_
- to rub smth into one's head times a day\_\_\_\_\_
- to get indigestion\_\_\_\_\_
- to recommend smth\_\_\_\_\_
- natural food\_\_\_\_\_
- the smallest tablets\_\_\_\_\_
- to be prohibited\_\_\_\_\_
- a chap\_\_\_\_\_

### Exercise 5. Translate the expressions below into English.

- чашка черного кофе, подслащенного глюкозой \_\_\_\_\_
  - рыбий жир \_\_\_\_\_
  - экстракт сырой печени \_\_\_\_\_
  - десертная ложка порошка \_\_\_\_\_
  - глоток оливкового масла \_\_\_\_\_
  - сделать ингаляцию с эвкалиптовым маслом \_\_\_\_\_
  - плохо себя чувствовать \_\_\_\_\_
  - свиные отбивные \_\_\_\_\_
  - салат из огурцов \_\_\_\_\_
  - портить печень \_\_\_\_\_
  - стремление « укрепить здоровье» \_\_\_\_\_
  - сырая печенка \_\_\_\_\_
  - произвести подсчет \_\_\_\_\_
  - рецепт доктора с Коллинз-Стрит \_\_\_\_\_
  - стрихнин \_\_\_\_\_
  - железо \_\_\_\_\_
  - мышьяк \_\_\_\_\_
  - быть лысым как яйцо \_\_\_\_\_
  - смесь из свиного жира и серы \_\_\_\_\_
  - втирать мазь в голову три раза в день \_\_\_\_\_
  - несварение желудка \_\_\_\_\_
  - соблюдать диету \_\_\_\_\_
  - изюм и орехи \_\_\_\_\_
  - натуральные продукты \_\_\_\_\_
  - укреплять здоровье в городе – слишком опасное занятие.
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### Exercise 6. Make literary translation into Russian of the paragraphs

- 1) from the words: " It is 10 a.m. and I have just ..."  
to the words: "... digestive powder and a wineglass of tonic."

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- 2) from the words: " I blame my friends for my lamentable condition..."

to the words: " ... It is all due to my desire to " keep going". "

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3) from the words: " Next day I met Bill... "   
to the words: "... It's got plenty of iron and strychnine and arsenic in it."

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4) from the words: " I was finding it harder and harder ... "   
to the words: " ... I began to wish I didn't have to keep going. "

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5) from the words: " I took two on Sunday night... "   
to the words: " ...what with George and all that."

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**Exercise 7. Translate the following sentences from Russian into English.**

1) Я закончил втирать в голову средство для укрепления волос, которое дал Билл, и выпил рыбьего жира, которым меня снабжает моя бабушка.

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2) Затем я съем второй завтрак – немного орехов и изюма – и завершу его чайной ложкой порошка и рюмкой тонизирующего средства.

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3) В плачевном состоянии моего здоровья виноваты мои друзья.

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4) На следующий день я встретил Билла. Я ему сказал, что для укрепления своего здоровья принимал печеночный экстракт.

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5) Я тоже принимал это лекарство и никогда в жизни не чувствовал себя лучше. Это рецепт одного доктора с Коллинз-Стрит.

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6) Он ушел и вернулся с банкой из-под табака, наполненной какой-то желтой мазью. Это смесь из свиного жира и серы.

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7) Мне становится все труднее и труднее укреплять свое здоровье. Я нажил себе несварение желудка.

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8) Мои друзья решили, что я должен соблюдать диету и за вторым завтраком есть только изюм и орехи.

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9) Мне расхотелось укреплять свое здоровье. Ко сну я должен был готовиться за час раньше обычного, чтобы успеть справиться со всеми лекарствами. И спать я уже не мог.

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10) И тут я понял, что еще немного и мне уже не пришлось бы укреплять свое здоровье.

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11) Укреплять свое здоровье в городе – слишком опасное занятие, особенно если вокруг тебя такие друзья как Джордж и ему подобные.

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**Exercise 8. Retell the text playing the role of :**

- a) one of the story-teller's friends
- b) of the story-teller's grandmother
- c) of the doctor

**Exercise 9. Discuss the problems set in the story.**

What is the main idea of the story?

Why do some people prefer taking advice of their relatives and friends instead of going to a doctor?

What way to keep one going do you consider to be the best?  
What would you advise your friend who wants to get rid of extra weight?

## LESSON 3

## УРОК 3

Зевье Херберт (Ксавье Герберт), полное имя Alfred Francis Xavier Herbert - популярный австралийский писатель XX века (род. в 1901 г.). По образованию - медик. Много ездил по малонаселенным областям Австралии. Работал скотоводом, железнодорожным рабочим, золотоискателем, ловцом жемчуга, уполномоченным по делам аборигенов. В эпическом романе "Каприкорния" (1938), который был отмечен национальной премией и считается классическим произведением австралийской литературы, Хербет выступил против расовой дискриминации, против общественного порядка, способствующего нравственному упадку человека.

Проблема жизненных ценностей ставится им в многочисленных рассказах, публиковавшихся в разное время в периодике или отдельными сборниками. В яркой, почти гротескной форме эта проблема поставлена в рассказе "Кайек-певец".

**Exercise 1. Read the story using the glossary attached to the text.**

### **Xavier Herbert Kaijek the Songman**

*From "Coast to Coast. Australian Stories". 1943*

Kaijek the Songman and his lubra\* Ninyul came up the river, picking their way through wind-stricken cane-grass and palm-leaves and splintered limbs and boughs that littered the path they were following. It was a still and misty morning, after a night of one of those violent south-east blows which clean up the wet monsoon. Mist hid the tops of the tall river timber and completely hid the swirling yellow stream. The day had dawned clear and cool; but now it was warming up again.

Sweat was trickling down Kaijek's broad gaunt face and through his curly raven beard, and down his long thin naked body from his armpits. He wore nothing but a loin-clout, a strip of dirty calico torn from a flour-bag and rigged on a waist-belt of woven hair. On his right shoulder he carried three spears and wommera; \* and from his left hung a long bag of banyan \*-cord containing his big painted dijeridoo\* and music-sticks.\* Fat little Nmyul, puffing at his heels, bore the bulk of their belongings\*—swag balanced on her curly head, big grass dillybag \* hanging from a brow-

strap down her back, tommy-axe \* and yamsticks\* in a sugar-bag slung on her left shoulder, and fire-stick\* and billy in her right hand. She wore a sarong made from an ancient blue silk dress.

Ninyul sniffed at the strong effluvium of her man. Not that she objected to it. Indeed, she was as proud of it as of his talent, of which she considered it an expression. As her wide fleshy nostrils dilated, she thought of how lesser songmen always came to him during corroborees\* to have him rub them with his sweat. And she glowed in recollection of the great success he had made at the last gathering they had attended—amongst the Marrawudda people on the coast—with his latest song, «The Pine Creek Races.» Apart from the classics, corroboree-crowds liked nothing better than a good skit in song on the ways of the white man. But this pleasant recollection lasted only for a moment. Ninyul became aware again of her man's drooped shoulders and his frenzied gait; and her anxiety for him in his struggle with his muse returned. At full moon they were due to attend a great initiation gathering\* amongst the Marratheil of the Paper-barks.\* The moon was nearly full already; and they were getting further from the Paperbarks every day; and still Kaijek had not composed the song that would be expected of him.

Kaijek was the most famous songman in the land. His songs were known from the red mountains of the Kimberley\* to the salt arms of the Gulf.\* Wherever they went, Kaijek and Ninyul, who was always with him, were warmly welcomed; for, though Kaijek's songs always travelled ahead of him, he never failed to come to a gathering with a new one. Not that Kaijek found composing easy. Far from it! Often his muse would elude him for moons. And so wretched would he become in his impotence, and so ashamed, that—pursued by Ninyul—he would fly from the faces of his fellows, to range the wilderness like one of those solitary ramping devil-doctors called the Moombas.

He was in the throes of that impotence now, while he went crashing up the river through the tangle of wreched grass and trees. So he and Ninyul went on and on, travelling at great speed, but heading nowhere. Wallabies\* heard them coming and fled crashing and thudding from them. White cockatoos in the river timber dropped down to pry at them, and wheeled back shrieking into the mist. And on and on - till suddenly they were stopped in their tracks by a burst of uproarious dog-barking in the mist ahead.

Kaijek, staring ahead, heard the click of Ninyul's tongue, and turned to her. She gave the sign «white man,» then pointed with her lips to the left. Kaijek looked and saw the stumps of a couple of saplings of a size such as no blackfellow ever would fell to make a camp. Ninyul was already aware of the likelihood of a white man's presence in the neighbourhood, because some little distance back she had observed fresh prints of shod



horses, and just before the dog barked had fancied she heard a horse-bell. Kaijek had seen and heard nothing consciously for miles. He turned and looked ahead again.

Then the dog appeared, a little red kelpi.\* When he saw them he yelped, turned tail and disappeared, yapping shrilly. They heard a white man yell at him. Still he yapped. They judged the distance. For a moment they stood. Ninyul glanced into the mist to the left, thinking of wheeling round that way to avoid what lay ahead. Then Kaieck turned to her again and hissed, «Inta jah—tobacca!»

She nodded. They had been without tobacco for a long while. Kaijek had often moaned in his despair that if he had only a finger of tobacco he might find his song.

They went ahead cautiously. A score of paces brought them into dim view of a camp. There was a tent, a bark-roofed skillion,\* a bark-covered fireplace, a springcart,\* and pieces of mining gear. Kaijek and Ninyul knew what the gear was for, because they had often worked for prospectors. There was only one white man, and no sign of blacks. The white man was sitting on a box in the skillion, kneading a damper in a prospecting-dish between his feet, and looking into the mist in their direction. His dog was crouched before him, silent now, but tense.

Kaijek gave his spears and bag to Ninyul, but retained the wommera. Ninyul slipped behind a tree. Kaijek went on slowly. The white man soon saw him, stared hard at him with bulging blue eyes that bade him anything but welcome. Kaijek stopped at the fireplace. He knew the man slightly. He had seen him working a tin show\* in the Kingarri country, and had heard blacks describe him as a moody and often violent fellow. He was Andy Gant, a man of fifty or so, stout and stocky, with a big red bristly face and sandy greying hair and a long gingery unkempt moustache.

Andy Gant was in a particularly bad mood just then. The heavy humidity had upset his liver and brought out his prickly heat; which was why he was doing camp chores at that time of day, instead of digging gravel from the bench behind the camp and lumping it down to the sluice-box. To slave at digging that hard-packed gravel and washing out the lousy bit of gold it yielded was heart-breaking at any time, and too much to bear with a lumpy liver and fiery itch. He had slaved at that mean bench-placer throughout the wet, and had not won enough gold from it to pay for tucker, although the indications were that there was rich gold thereabouts. And most of the time he had been alone, deserted by the couple of blacks he had brought with him. He was just about ready now to shoot any nigger \* on sight.

Kaijek spat in the fire to show his friendliness, then grinned and said, «Goottay,\* boss!» And he stroked his beard and lifted his right foot and placed it against his left thigh just above the knee, and propped himself up

with the wommera.

For answer Andy raised a broken lip and showed big yellow teeth. Then he gave attention to his damper.

Kaijek coughed, spat again, then said, «Eh, boss—me wuk longa you,\* eh?»

Andy's face darkened. He kneaded vigorously.

A pause, during which Kaijek coveted the pipe and plug of tobacco on the sapling-legged table at Andy's back. Then Kaijek said, «Me prop'ly goot wukker, boss. Get up be-fore deelight, wuk like pluttly-ell—»\*

Andy could contain himself no longer. With eyes ablaze he leapt to his feet and roared, «Git to jiggery out of it,\* you stinkin' rottin' black sumpen,\* before I put a bullet through you.»

And his dog joined in with him, yapping furiously and dancing about.

«Wha' nim?» cried Kaijek, dropping his leg. Andy grabbed a pick-handle with a doughy hand, and shouted, «I'll show you what name, you beggin, son of a sheeter — I'll show you what name—the ghost I will!» And he rushed.

«Eh, look out!» yelled Kaijek, and turned and fled back to Ninyul with the dog snapping at his heels. Ninyul bowled the dog over with a stick. Then together they snatched up their belongings and bolted back along the track.

They stopped at the sapling stumps. «Marjidi naijil!» grunted Kaijek, and spat over his shoulder to show his contempt. Then he pointed with lips to the left, and set off in that direction. But though they were not seen as they skirted the camp, and though they went warily, their going was followed every step of the way in imagination by Andy's dog yapping at his master's side.

They had gone no more than fifty paces past the camp, and were still at the foot of the flood-bench, when they came upon a river-gum that had been uprooted in the night. Kaijek paused to look among the broken roots fur bardies,\* and saw gold gleaming in a lump of quartz gravel. He knew gold well, but had no more idea of its value than any average bush blackfellow. He gave his spears to Ninyul, and fished out the lump of gravel and freed the gold. It was a nugget of about two ounces on a piece of quartz. Kaijek picked it clean, spat on it, rubbed it on his thigh, weighed it, then looked at Ninyul and said with a grin, «Kudjing-gah—tobacca!»

They turned back, heading straight for the camp. The dog knew they were coming, and barked blue murder. Andy, now at the fireplace setting his damper in the camp-oven, rose up and peered into the mist again; and when Kaijek appeared he let out a stream of invective and grabbed up the pick-handle and rushed.

«No more—no more!» yelled Kaijek, and held out the nugget in his palm.

Andy had the handle raised to hurl it at him. He saw the gold. But his dog was flying at Kaijek.

«Goold-goold!» yelled Kaijek, and flung it at Andy's feet, and made a swing at the dog with his wommera.

Andy snatched up the nugget, goggled at it, then looked up at Kaijek fighting with the dog, and rushed in with the handle to put the dog to flight. «Where—where'd you find it?» he gasped. Kaijek pointed with his lips and replied, «Close-up behind.» «Then show me,» gasped Andy. «Show me!» And his voice rose shrill. «Quick—where is it? Show me!»

Kaijek knew the symptoms of the fever. He turned and led the way with a rush.

Andy fairly flung himself at the roots. In a moment he had another nugget of an ounce or more, and then found one as big as a goose-egg. He turned his jerking face to Kaijek and cried, «Go longa camp. Gettim pick an' shovel. An' the axe. Quick, quick!»

Kaijek moved to obey, then turned and said, «Me hungry longa tobacco, boss.»

«Tobacca there longa camp.»

«No more gottim pipe, boss.»

«Pipe there, too,» yelled Andy. «Take it. Take anything you like. But be quick!»

Kaijek flew. Ninyul, in the background, set down the belongings and followed him. It was she who took the things to Andy. Kaijek stopped in the camp to chop up tobacco and fill Andy's pipe; and when he went to the fireplace to light the pipe he swigged \* a quart of cold stewed tea he found there. Then he strolled back to the tree, puffing luxuriously.

Andy now had a good dozen ounces of gold on a rock beside him, and was chopping off roots with the energy of a raving madman. And it was the eyes of a madman he turned on Kaijek when at length he paused for breath. He lowered the axe, and stepped up to Kaijek, and laid a great wet hairy hand on his slim black shoulder, and gurgled lovingly in his face, «Thank you, brother, thank you! It's what I've been lookin' for all me flamin' life. An' I owe it all to you. Yes, to you who I nearly druv away.» He shook Kaijek till he rocked. «I won't forget it,» he went on; and now he was near to tears. «My oath I won't! I'll look after you, brother, don't you worry. I'll pay you the biggest wages a nigger ever got. I'll pay you bigger'n white man's wages. Oh, ghost, I love you! I'll buy you everything you ever want. Gawd bless you!» And with that he flung himself back at the roots.

For a while Kaijek watched him. Then he said, «Eh, boss, me two-fella lubra hungry longa tucker.»\*

Andy stopped chopping and gasped at him, «Plenty tucker longa camp. Take the lot. Take the rintin' jiggerin' lot! And when you're comin' back bring another pick an' shovel, an' a dish. There's damper in the oven.

Eat it! Eat anything you flamin' well want to, brother. Everything I got is yours!»

Kaijek turned away, and signed to Ninyul, who picked up the belongings and followed him to the camp.

They sat by the fireplace, gorging bully-beef and hot damper and treacle, and swilling\* syrupy tea, while the racket of Andy's joyous labouring went on in the distance. Then they sat taking turn about with the pipe. Twice Andy yelled to them to come see fresh treasures he had unearthed. The first call Kaijek answered. Ninyul answered the second, because Kaijek, the artist, staring fixedly at the fire and humming to himself, did not hear it. Then suddenly Kaijek leapt up and smacked his rump and danced a few steps and began to sing:

O munnijurra karjin jai, ee minni kinni goold.

Wah narra akinyinya koori, mungawaddi yu...

He swung on Ninyul, whose eyes were shining and lips aquiver. For a moment he stared at her. Then he began to clap his hands and stamp a foot.

Kaijek stopped, turned panting to Ninyul. She leapt and cried joyously, «Yakkarai!»

Then Andy's voice rang out through the thinning mist, «Eh, brother—come here! Come quick! Come quick an' see what the angels 've planted for you an' me, O Gawd!» He ended with a sob.

Kaijek looked towards him for a while. Then he turned back to Ninyul and made a sign. She went to their belongings. He followed her, and gathered up his stuff and shouldered it, then led the way down the river again, heading full speed for the gathering in the Paperbarks.

### **Glossary**

Songman - певец (хорошие исполнители и особенно создатели новых песен пользовались у австралийских аборигенов большой популярностью, выходявшей далеко за рамки одного племени. Их приглашали на празднества другие племена; известны даже случаи “продажи” песен другим племенам.)

his lubra - его жена (на языке аборигенов к югу от реки Муррей слово “lubra” означает “женщина”);

wind-stricken cane grass - побитый ветром тростник;

river timber - прибрежные деревья (эвкалипты);

curly raven beard - курчавая иссиня-черная борода;

a loin-clout, a strip of dirty calico torn from a flour-bag - набедренная повязка — грязная тряпка, оторванная от мешка из-под муки;

wommera - (абориг) вумера, копьеметалка, катапульта;

banyan-cord - веревка, плетеная из волокнистой коры

кустарника;

dijeridoo (didgeridoo) - (абориг) музыкальный духовой инструмент в виде трубки;

music-sticks - ударные палочки;

Ninyul... bore the bulk of their belongings - (при переходах женщины несут поклажу, мужчины — оружие);

swag - скатанные одеяла;

dillybag - сумка из тростника или шерсти;

tommy-axe (from tomahawk) - топорик;

yamsticks - заостренные палочки для выкапывания корней дикого ямса;

fire-sticks - палки для добывания огня (огниво);

strong effluvium - сильный запах;

corroboree - празднество;

to have him rub them - чтобы он натер их;

skit - шутка, сатира, пародия

frenzied gait - неровная поступь;

initiation gathering - посвятительные обряды над юношами и девушками при переходе их в группы взрослых (инициации);

paperbark - разновидность австралийских деревьев, среди которых жило племя Marratheil.

to get further from - подходить ближе к;

the Kimberly - район на северо-западе Австралии;

the Gulf - Австралийский Большой залив ( на юге континента);

solitary ramping devil-doctors called the Moombas - одинокие колдуны, которых зовут мумбы;

Wallabies - горные кенгуру;

and on and on - они все шли и шли;

kelpie (dog) - австралийская овчарка;

“Inta ja — tobacco” - “Пойдем, там табак!”;

a bark-roofed skillion - крытый корой сарайчик;

springcart - тележка на рессорах;

to knead a damper in a prospecting-dish - месить тесто (для лепешки) в старательском лотке;

eyes that bade him anything but welcome - глаза, которые отнюдь не выражали радушия;

to work a tin show - работать на оловянных рудниках;

to lump the gravel down to the sluice-box - промывать песок в желобе;

to pay for tucker - платить за провизию;

nigger - черномазый;

goottay = good day;

he gave attention to his damper - он наклонился над лотком;

me wuk longa you = do you want me to work for you;  
get up be-fore deelight, wuk like pluttly-ell = I get up before daylight  
and work pretty well

git to jiggery out of it - (простор.) убирайся отсюда ко всем чертям;

sumpen = something, возможна ассоциация со словом sump  
“выгребная яма”;

“wha’ nim?” - “как ты сказал?”;

“son of a sheeter” - “сукин сын”;

in imagination - (им мерещилось);

bardies - съедобные личинки;

nugget - самородок;

to bark blue murder - неистово лаять;

to swig - пить большими глотками;

“for all me flamin’ life” - “ всю мою проклятую жизнь”;

“me two-fella lubra hungry longa tucker” = “we two — fellow and  
lubra — are hungry and want to eat”;

to swill - жадно пить;

to clap one’s hands and stamp a foot - хлопать в ладоши и  
пританцовывать;

## **Exercise 2. Answer the questions.**

1. What did Kaijek do? What was he famous for among black people?
2. How did his wife regard him? What was her role in his life?
3. Why do you think Kaijek could not make up a new song?
4. How did they guess that there was a white man’s presence in the  
neighbourhood?
5. Why did Kaijek decide to aproach the white man?
6. Why did Andy Grant drive Kaijek and Ninyul away when he saw  
them for the first time?
7. What was his attitude to them when he saw the gold found by  
them?
8. Why did Kaijek not remain with Andy?

## **Exercise 3. Choose the correct variant.**

1. Ninyul was ... woman.
  - a) a fat, little
  - b) a tall, thin
  - c) an old, round-shouldered
2. Kaijek wore ....
  - a) a strip of dirty calico
  - b) a dirty, shabby trousers
  - c) nothing, he was naked.

3. Ninyul wore ....
  - a) a sarong, made from an ancient blue silk dress
  - b) a beautiful silk dress
  - c) a dirty, shabby skirt
4. Ninyul thought of how songman always came to Kaijek to ...
  - a) to rub them with his sweat
  - b) to sing together
  - c) to thank him for his singing
5. Kaijek was ....
  - a) the most famous songman in the land
  - b) the most famous carpenter
  - c) the leader of the tribe
6. Suddenly Kaijek and Ninyul were stopped by ... in the mist ahead
  - a) a burst of uproarious dog-barking
  - b) moaning in the bushes
  - c) crying of a baby
7. There was ....
  - a) only one white man and no sign of blacks
  - b) one white man and his wife
  - c) two white men and no sign of blacks
8. Kaijek had often moaned in his despair that if he had ... he might find his song.
  - a) only some tobacco
  - b) some wine
  - c) a gulp of water
9. The blacks describe Andy Gunt as
  - a) a moody and often violent fellow
  - b) a kind and guy fellow
  - c) a stupid and dull fellow
10. Kaijek paused to look among the broken roots for something to eat and saw ... .
  - a) gold
  - b) snake
  - c) a dead man

#### **Exercise 4. Translate the expressions below into Russian.**

- songman \_\_\_\_\_
- curly raven beard \_\_\_\_\_
- naked body \_\_\_\_\_
- a sarong \_\_\_\_\_
- to be proud of one's talent \_\_\_\_\_
- pleasant recollection \_\_\_\_\_
- anxiety for smb \_\_\_\_\_

- at full moon \_\_\_\_\_
- to compose the song \_\_\_\_\_
- to the famous songman \_\_\_\_\_
- to be warmly welcomed \_\_\_\_\_
- impotence \_\_\_\_\_
- be ashamed \_\_\_\_\_
- devil – doctors \_\_\_\_\_
- solitary \_\_\_\_\_
- to travel at great speed \_\_\_\_\_
- god-barking \_\_\_\_\_
- to give the sing \_\_\_\_\_
- fresh prints of shod horses \_\_\_\_\_
- to hear a horse-bell \_\_\_\_\_
- judge the distance \_\_\_\_\_
- to yell at smb \_\_\_\_\_
- to moan in one's despair \_\_\_\_\_
- a moody and violet fellow \_\_\_\_\_
- heavy humidity \_\_\_\_\_
- to shoot any nigger \_\_\_\_\_
- to show one's contempt \_\_\_\_\_
- to have no idea of one's value \_\_\_\_\_
- to fill one's pipe \_\_\_\_\_
- to sit by the fire place \_\_\_\_\_

### **Exercise 5. Translate the expressions below into English.**

- пот \_\_\_\_\_
- влажный западный муссон \_\_\_\_\_
- грязная тряпка, оторванная от мешка из-под муки \_\_\_\_\_
- плетенная из лыка длинная сумка \_\_\_\_\_
- ударные палочки \_\_\_\_\_
- большая корзина из тростника \_\_\_\_\_
- голубой саронг \_\_\_\_\_
- старое шелковое платье \_\_\_\_\_
- умение сочинять песни \_\_\_\_\_
- великий певец \_\_\_\_\_
- лай собаки \_\_\_\_\_
- щелкнуть языком \_\_\_\_\_
- свежие отпечатки подков \_\_\_\_\_
- позвякивание уздечки \_\_\_\_\_
- маленькая рыжая собачонка \_\_\_\_\_
- пристально смотреть \_\_\_\_\_
- голубые выпуклые глаза \_\_\_\_\_



- мрачный, злой человек \_\_\_\_\_
- захудалый прииск \_\_\_\_\_
- высказать презрение \_\_\_\_\_
- самородок в унцию весом \_\_\_\_\_
- трубка и табак \_\_\_\_\_
- новые сокровища \_\_\_\_\_
- больная печень \_\_\_\_\_
- тропический лишай \_\_\_\_\_
- скверное настроение \_\_\_\_\_
- показать свое дружеское расположение \_\_\_\_\_

**Exercise 6. Make literary translation into Russian of the paragraphs.**

1) from the words: "Ninyul sniffed at the strong effluvium ..."

to the words: "... this pleasant recollection lasted only for a moment."

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2) from the words: " Kaijek was the most famous songman in the land..."

to the words: "... solitary rampings devil-doctors called the Moombas."

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3) from the words: "Andy Gant was in particular bad mood ..."

to the words: "... to shoot any nigger on sight."

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4) from the words: " Kaijek stopped at the fireplace..."

to the words: "... and a long gingery unkempt moustache."

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5) from the words: “ Kaijek paused to look among the broken roots...”

to the words: “... Kudjing-gah-tobacca! ”

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6) from the words: “ Andy now had a good dozen ounces of gold on a rock beside him ...”

to the words: “... I’ll buy you everything you ever want. Gawd bless you!”

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**Exercise 7. Translate the following from Russian into English.**

1) Но Каиеке была только набедренная повязка – грязная тряпка, оторванная от мешка из-под муки, которую он прикрутил к плетеному волосяному поясу.

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2) На Ниниул был голубой саронг, который она смастерила из старого шелкового платья.

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3) На правом плече он нес три копья и вумеру, на левом висела плетенная из лыка длинная сумка, в которой лежал его разрисованный джерииду и ударные палочки.

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4) Ниниул втянула ноздрями запах, исходящий от Каиека. Нет, запах нисколько не раздражал ее. Она даже гордилась тем, что от Каиека так пахнет.

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5) Каиек был самым знаменитым певцом в этих краях. Песни его славились от Красных гор Кимберли до соленых заливов побережья.

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6) Бывало, что вдохновение покидало его на долгие месяцы. В такое время Каиек мучительно страдал от того, что он не может ничего сочинить.

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7) В припадках отчаяния Каиек не раз говорил, что будь у него хоть щепотка табаку, он бы сочинил новую песню.

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8) Соплеменники Каиека говорили ему, что это мрачный и злой человек. Звали его Энди Гэнт.

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9) Он был плотный, коренастый мужчина лет под 50, с большим красным лицом, заросшим щетиной, с рыжей седеющей шевелюрой и неопрятными рыжими усами.

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10) Каиек знал, как выглядит золото, но, подобно всем туземцам, он и представления не имел о том, что это очень дорогой металл.

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11) Он, словно помешанный, рубил и рубил корни. Когда, наконец, он остановился передохнуть и повернулся к Каиеку, глаза у него были совсем безумные.

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12) Я позабочусь о тебе, брат. Я буду платить тебе столько, сколько черные никогда не получали. Я буду платить тебе больше, чем платят белым. Ох, как я тебя люблю.

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### **Exercise 8. Retell the text playing the role of**

- a) Kaijek
- b) Ninyul
- c) Andy Gant

### **Exercise 9. Discuss the problems set in the story.**

Do you think that Kaijek and Andy symbolize two different systems of human values?

What is your attitude to gold? Can it make man happy? Why?

What would you do if you found by chance a big nugget of gold?

## **LESSON 4**

## **УРОК 4**

Шервуд Андерсон (1876-1941) — выдающийся американский новеллист XX века. Родился в Огайо, в бедной семье. Упорным трудом “выбился в люди”, стал управляющим фабрикой в маленьком городке. Но, испытывая глубокую внутреннюю неудовлетворенность, оставил семью, дом и службу и уехал в Чикаго, где сблизился с литературными кругами. Начав писать поздно — в возрасте более тридцати пяти лет, когда иные уже завершают свою писательскую карьеру, — он всего лишь за несколько лет своей литературной деятельности стал одним из самых известных и читаемых писателей в стране.

Перу Андерсона принадлежит ряд романов, в которых он показывает, что погоня за деловым успехом и прибылью не приводит человека к счастью (“Сын Уинди Макферсона”), рассматривает пагубные последствия бездушной индустриализации, которая безжалостно разрушает органическую целостность аграрно-архаических отношений, обезличивает человека в процессе фабричного производства, усиливает его одиночество в обществе (“Марширующие люди”, “Белый бедняк”, “По ту сторону желания”), анализирует взаимоотношения полов (“Много браков”, “Темный смех”).

Однако сам Андерсон не без основания считал себя больше новеллистом, чем романистом. Литературную славу ему принесли прежде всего сборники рассказов “Уайнсбург, Огайо” (1919), “Торжество яйца”(1921), “Кони и люди” (1923), в которых реалистически изображена жизнь американской глубинки, преимущественно Среднего Запада, ее духовное убожество. Именно эти сборники поставили Шервуда Андерсона в ряд крупнейших американских писателей.

Ставя перед собой задачу правдиво показать судьбу

маленького человека, страдающего от одиночества, разочарованного в жизни или просто обманутого в своих лучших чувствах, не понятого обществом, Андерсон отказывается от стандартных образов, от искусственного сюжета с непременно счастливым концом, столь типичных для американской новеллы того времени. Центр тяжести перенесен на описание внутренних переживаний героя.

Показательны в этом отношении рассказы “Порядочность” (“Respectability”) и “Невысказанная ложь” (“The Untold Lie”) из сборника “Уайнсбург, Огайо” (“Winesburg, Ohio”), приводимые соответственно в уроках 4 и 5.

**Exercise 1. Read the text paying attention to the words and expressions given after it.**

**Sherwood Anderson**  
**Respectability**  
(From “Winesburg, Ohio”)

If you have lived in cities and have walked in in the park on a summer afternoon, you have perhaps seen, blinking in a corner of his iron cage, a huge, grotesque kind of monkey, a creature with ugly, sagging, hairless skin below his eyes and a bright purple underbody. This monkey is a true monster. In the completeness of his ugliness he achieved a kind of perverted beauty. Children stopping before the cage are fascinated, men turn away with an air of disgust, and women linger for a moment, trying perhaps to remember which one of their male acquaintances the thing in some faint way resembles.

Had you been in the earlier years of your life a citizen of the village of Winesburg, Ohio, there would have been for you no mystery in regard to the beast in his cage. «It is like Wash Williams,» you would have said. «As he sits in the corner there, the beast is exactly like old Wash sitting on the grass in the station yard on a summer evening after he has closed his office for the night.»

Wash Williams, the telegraph operator of Winesburg, was the ugliest thing in town. His girth was immense, his neck thin, his legs feeble. He was dirty. Everything about him was unclean. Even the whites of his eyes looked soiled.

I go too fast. Not everything about Wash was unclean. He took care of his hands. His fingers were fat, but there was something sensitive and shapely in the hand that lay on the table by the instrument in the telegraph office. In his youth Wash Williams had been called the best telegraph

operator in the state, and in spite of his degradation to the obscure office at Winesburg, he was still proud of his ability.

Wash Williams did not associate with the men of the town in which he lived. «I'll have nothing to do with them,» he said, looking with bleary eyes at the men who walked along the station platform past the telegraph office. Up along Main after drinking unbelievable quantities of beer, staggered off to his room in the New Willard House and to his bed for the night.

Wash Williams was a man of courage. A thing had happened to him that made him hate life, and he hated it whole-heartedly, with the abandon of a poet. First of all, he hated women. «Bitches,» he called them. His feeling toward men was somewhat different. He pitied them. «Does not every man let his life be managed for him by some bitch or another?» he asked.

In Winesburg no attention was paid to Wash Williams and his hatred of his fellows. Once Mrs. White, the banker's wife, complained to the telegraph company, saying that the office in Winesburg was dirty and smelled abominably, but nothing came of her complaint. Here and there a man respected the resentment of something he had not the courage to resent.

When Wash walked through the streets such a one had an instinct to pay him homage, to raise his hat or to bow before him. The superintendent who had supervision over the telegraph operators on the railroad that went through Winesburg felt that way. He had put Wash into the obscure office at Winesburg to avoid discharging him, and he meant to keep him there. When he received the letter of complaint from the banker's wife, he tore it up and laughed unpleasantly. For some reason he thought of his own wife as he tore up the letter.

Wash Williams once had a wife. When he was still a young man he married a woman at Dayton, Ohio. The woman was tall and slender and had blue eyes and yellow hair. Wash was himself a comely youth. He loved the woman with a love as absorbing as the hatred he later felt for all women.

In all of Winesburg there was but one person who knew the story of the thing that had made ugly the person and the character of Wash Williams. He once told the story to George Willard and the telling of the tale came about in this way: George Willard went one evening to walk with Belle Carpenter, a trimmer of women's hats who worked in a millinery shop kept by Mrs. Kate McHugh. The young man was not in love with the woman, who, in fact, had a suitor who worked as bartender in Ed Griffith's saloon, but as they walked about under the trees they occasionally embraced. The night and their own thoughts had aroused something in them. As they were returning to Main Street they passed the little lawn

beside the railroad station and saw Wash Williams apparently asleep on the grass beneath a tree. On the next evening the operator and George Willard walked out together. Down the railroad they went and sat on a pile of decaying railroad ties beside the tracks. It was then that the operator told the young reporter his story of hate. Perhaps a dozen times George Willard and the strange, shapeless man who lived at his father's hotel had been on the point of talking. The young man looked at the hideous, leering face staring about the hotel dining room and was consumed with curiosity. Something he saw lurking in the staring eyes told him that the man who had nothing to say to others had nevertheless something to say to him. On the pile of railroad ties on the summer evening, he waited expectantly. When the operator remained silent and seemed to have changed his mind about talking, he tried to make conversation. «Were you ever married, Mr. Williams?» he began. «I suppose you were and your wife is dead, is that it?» Wash Williams spat forth a succession of vile oaths. Yes, she is dead,» he agreed. «She is dead as all women are dead. She is a living-dead thing, walking in the sight of men and making the earth foul by her presence.» Staring into the boy's eyes, the man became purple with rage. «Don't have fool notions in your head,» he commanded. «My wife, she is dead; yes, surely. I tell you, all women are dead, my mother, your mother, that tall dark woman who works in the millinery store and with whom I saw you walking about yesterday—all of them, they are all dead. I tell you there is something rotten about them. I was married, sure. My wife was dead before she married me, she was a foul thing come out of a woman more foul. She was a thing sent to make life unbearable to me. I was a fool, do you see, as you are now, and so I married this woman. I would like to see men a little begin to understand women. They are sent to prevent men making the world worth while. It is a trick in Nature. Ugh! They are creeping, crawling, squirming things, they with their soft hands and their blue eyes. The sight of a woman sickens me. Why I don't kill every woman I see I don't know.»

Half frightened and yet fascinated by the light burning in the eyes of the hideous old man, George Willard listened, afire with curiosity. Darkness came on and he leaned forward trying to see the face of the man who talked. When, in the gathering darkness, he could no longer see the purple, bloated face and the burning eyes, a curious fancy came to him. Wash Williams talked in low even tones that made his words seem the more terrible. In the darkness the young reporter found himself imagining that he sat on the railroad ties beside a comely young man with black hair and black shining eyes. There was something almost beautiful in the voice of Wash Williams, the hideous, telling his story of hate.

The telegraph operator of Winesburg, sitting in the darkness on the railroad ties, had become a poet. Hatred had raised him to that elevation.

«It is because I saw you kissing the lips of that Belle Carpenter that I tell you my story,» he said. «What happened to me may next happen to you. I want to put you on your guard. Already you may be having dreams in your head. I want to destroy them.»

Wash Williams began telling the story of his married life with the tall blonde girl with blue eyes whom he had met when he was a young operator at Dayton, Ohio. Here and there his story was touched with moments of beauty intermingled with strings of vile curses. The operator had married the daughter of a dentist who was the youngest of three sisters. On his marriage day, because of his ability, he was promoted to a position as dispatcher at an increased salary and sent to an office at Columbus, Ohio. There he settled down with his young wife and began buying a house on the installment plan.

The young telegraph operator was madly in love. With a kind, of religious fervor he had managed to go through the pitfalls of his youth and to remain virginal until after his marriage. He made for George Willard a picture of his life in the house at Columbus, Ohio, with the young wife. «In the garden back of our house we planted vegetables,» he said, «you know, peas and corn and such things. We went to Columbus in early March and as soon as the days became warm I went to work in the garden. With a spade I turned up the black ground while she ran about laughing and pretending to be afraid of the worms I uncovered. Late in April came the planting. In the little paths among the seed beds she stood holding a paper bag in her hand. The bag was filled with seeds. A few at a time she handed me the seeds that I might thrust them\* into the warm, soft ground.»

For a moment there was a catch in the voice of the man talking in the darkness. «I loved her,» he said. «I don't claim not to be a fool. I love her yet. There in the dusk in the spring evening I crawled along the black ground to her feet and groveled before her. I kissed her shoes and the ankles above her shoes. When the hem of her garment touched my face I trembled. When after two years of that life I found she had managed to acquire three other lovers who came regularly to our house when I was away at work, I didn't want to touch them or her. I just sent her home to her mother and said nothing. There was nothing to say. I had four hundred dollars in the bank and I gave her that. I didn't ask her reasons. I didn't say anything. When she had gone I cried like a silly boy. Pretty soon I had a chance to sell the house and I sent that money to her.»

Wash Williams and George Willard arose from the pile of railroad ties and walked along the tracks toward town. The operator finished his tale quickly, breathlessly.

«Her mother sent for me,» he said. «She wrote me a letter and asked me to come to their house at Dayton. When I got there it was evening



about this time.»

Wash Williams' voice rose to a half scream. «I sat in the parlor of that house two hours. Her mother took me in there and left me. Their house was stylish. They were what is called respectable people. There were plush chairs and a couch in the room. I was trembling all over. I hated the men I thought had wronged her. I was sick of living alone and wanted her back. The longer I waited the more raw and tender I became. I thought that if she came in and just touched me with her hand I would perhaps faint away. I ached to forgive and forget.»

Wash Williams stopped and stood staring at George Willard. The boy's body shook as from a chill. Again the man's voice became soft and low. «She came into the room naked,» he went on. «Her mother did that. While I sat there she was taking the girl's clothes off, perhaps coaxing her to do it. First I heard voices at the door that led into a little hallway and then it opened softly. The girl was ashamed and stood perfectly still staring at the floor. The mother didn't come into the room. When she had pushed the girl in through the door she stood in the hallway waiting, hoping we would—well, you see—waiting.»

George Willard and the telegraph operator came into the main street of Winesburg. The lights from the store windows lay bright and shining on the sidewalks. People moved about laughing and talking. The young reporter felt ill and weak. In imagination, he also became old and shapeless. «I didn't get the mother killed,» said Wash Williams, staring up and down the street. «I struck her once with a chair and then the neighbors came in and took it away. She screamed so loud you see. I won't ever have a chance to kill her now. She died of a fever a month after that happened.»

## Glossary

in the park - зд. в зоологическом саду ;

purple underbody - багровый зад;

a kind of perverted beauty - какая-то извращенная красота;

with an air of disgust - с отвращением;

the thing - зд. тварь, создание ;

in some faint way - слегка, в некотором роде;

in (with) regard to - относительно;

telegraph operator - телеграфист;

girth - обхват (тали);

to look soiled - выглядеть запачканным;

I go too fast - но я увлекся;

there was something sensitive and and shapely in the hand - какая-

то чуткость и изящество таились в его руке ;

Современный Гуманитарный Университет

degradement to the obscure office - унижительная служба в захолустной конторе;

to associate with - общаться;

I'll have nothing to do with them - мне до них дела нет;

with the abandon of a poet - со страстью (увлечением) поэта;

to let his life be managed for him by smb. - предоставить кому-либо распоряжаться своей жизнью;

the man felt in him a glowing resentment of smth. he had not the courage to resist - эти люди угадывали в нем жгучее негодование против того, чем они сами не имели мужества возмущаться;

to pay smb. homage - оказывать кому-либо уважение;

to avoid discharging him - чтобы избежать необходимости уволить его;

to laugh unpleasantly - злобно рассмеяться;

yellow hair - волосы соломенного цвета;

to make ugly the person and the character - изуродовать внешность и характер;

a trimmer of women's hats - модистка;

millinary shop - шляпная мастерская;

to be on the point of doing smth. - быть близким к тому, чтобы сделать что-либо;

to wait expectantly - быть полным ожидания;

to change one's mind - передумать;

to spit forth a succession of vile oath - разразиться отвратительной бранью;

a living-dead thing - живой мертвец;

in the sight of - на глазах у ;

"Don't have fool notions in your head!" - "Выбросите из головы все ваши дурацкие принципы (понятия)!"

she was a foul thing come out of a woman more foul - она грязное существо, рожденное еще более грязной женщиной;

I would like to see men a little begin to understand women - мне бы хотелось, чтобы мужчины начали хоть немного понимать, что такое женщины;

to prevent men making the world worth while - помешать мужчинам сделать мир достойный человеческого существования;

afire of curiosity - сгорая (изнывая) от любопытства;

to put smb. on his guard - предостеречь к-л;

to be promoted to a position as - быть назначенным (повышенным) на должность...;

on the installment plan - в рассрочку;

to go through the pitfalls of one's youth - пройти через все соблазны юности;

a few at a time - маленькими горстками;  
she handed me the seeds [so] that I might thrust them - она подавала мне семена, а я вдавливал (так, чтобы я мог вдавливать) их в землю;

she had managed to acquire three other lovers - она ухитрилась завести себе трех любовников (еще трех влюбленных помимо мужа);

to faint away - терять сознание;

to ache to do smth. - жаждать сделать ч-л;

to coax smb. to do smth. - уговаривать к-л сделать ч-л.;

### **Exercise 2. Answer the questions.**

1. Why does the author compare Wash Williams and a huge grotesque kind of monkey?

2. How did children, women, and men react when passing the cage with the monkey in it?

3. Did Wash go straight home from his office in the evening?

4. What was his feeling towards women and towards men?

5. Why did some men respect the telegraph operator despite his ugly appearance?

6. Whom did the superintendent think of when he tore the letter of complaint from the banker's wife and what made him act in that way?

7. What impelled Wash to tell young George Williard the story of his violent dislike of women?

8. Did Wash's wife love her husband? Prove your point.

9. How did Wash act when he found his wife was unfaithful to him?

10. Why did he send all his money to his unfaithful wife?

11. Why was it the mother of Wash's wife and not the wife herself who asked him to come to Dayton?

12. What does Wash mean by saying that his mother-in-law and wife were what is called respectable people?

13. How can you explain the fact that Wash had to sit in the parlor two hours?

14. How did Wash's mother-in-law decide to settle the matter and why?

15. Why did she fail?

### **Exercise 3. Choose the right variant to complete the sentence.**

1. Wash Williams was the... thing in the town.

a) ugliest

b) cleverest

c) smartest

d) tallest

2. Once Mrs. White, the banker's wife complained to the telegraph

company, saying that ... .

- a) the office was dirty
- b) the office was closed
- c) the operator was drunk
- d) the operator had shouted at her

3. Wash found that his wife had managed to acquire... lover(s) who came regularly to their house when he was away.

- a) three
- b) two
- c) four
- d) a

4. Wash Williams had... hundred dollars in the bank and he gave her that.

- a) four
- b) ten
- c) five
- d) two

5. I struck her once with a ... .

- a) chair
- b) stick
- c) saucepan
- d) book

6. Wash Williams' wife came into the room ... .

- a) naked
- b) following her mother
- c) leaving Williams' mother in the hallway
- d) and undressed

7. Wash's wife was a ... .

- a) tall blonde girl with blue eyes
- b) fat dark girl with green eyes
- c) a middle-aged woman with grey eyes
- d) very quiet girl with brown eyes.

8. In the garden back of the house Wash and his wife planted ... .

- a) vegetables
- b) flowers
- c) bushes
- d) apple trees

9. Wash Williams called all women ... .

- a) bitches
- b) divine things
- c) pussy cats
- d) wonderful creatures

10. Most of all Wash Williams hated ... .

- a) women
- b) cats
- c) dogs
- d) children

**Exercise 4. Translate the expressions below and make up your own sentences with them.**

- a true monster \_\_\_\_\_
- in the earlier years of smb's life \_\_\_\_\_
- a man of courage \_\_\_\_\_
- to complain to a ( telegraph ) company \_\_\_\_\_
- to have a suitor \_\_\_\_\_
- a bartender \_\_\_\_\_
- a young reporter \_\_\_\_\_
- a story of hate \_\_\_\_\_
- a story of love \_\_\_\_\_
- to change one's mind \_\_\_\_\_
- to walk out together \_\_\_\_\_
- to be on the point of talking \_\_\_\_\_
- to change one's mind \_\_\_\_\_
- to make conversation \_\_\_\_\_
- to become purple with rage \_\_\_\_\_
- a hideous old man \_\_\_\_\_
- the story of one's married life \_\_\_\_\_
- to be promoted to a position as (dispatcher) \_\_\_\_\_
- to increase salary \_\_\_\_\_
- to be madly in love with smb. \_\_\_\_\_
- to make life unbearable to smb. \_\_\_\_\_
- to go through the pitfalls \_\_\_\_\_
- strings of vile curses \_\_\_\_\_
- respectable people \_\_\_\_\_
- to sit in the parlor \_\_\_\_\_
- a chance to kill smb. \_\_\_\_\_
- to die of (a fever) \_\_\_\_\_
- to be sick of (living alone) \_\_\_\_\_

**Exercise 5. Translate the expressions below into English**

- зверь в клетке \_\_\_\_\_
- самое уродливое создание в городе \_\_\_\_\_
- захолустная контора \_\_\_\_\_
- станционная платформа \_\_\_\_\_
- мужественный человек \_\_\_\_\_

- подать жалобу\_\_\_\_\_
- гордиться профессиональным умением\_\_\_\_\_
- уроженка Дейтона\_\_\_\_\_
- безобразное, злобное лицо человека\_\_\_\_\_
- разразиться отвратительной руганью\_\_\_\_\_
- живой мертвец\_\_\_\_\_
- побагроветь от злости\_\_\_\_\_
- шляпная мастерская\_\_\_\_\_
- ухищрения природы\_\_\_\_\_
- купить дом в рассрочку\_\_\_\_\_
- высокая голубоглазая блондинка\_\_\_\_\_
- остаться девственником до самой свадьбы\_\_\_\_\_
- быть влюбленным до безумия\_\_\_\_\_
- порядочные люди\_\_\_\_\_
- упасть в обморок\_\_\_\_\_
- жаждать простить и забыть\_\_\_\_\_
- главная улица\_\_\_\_\_
- почувствовать себя больным и расслабленным\_\_\_\_\_
- умереть от лихорадки\_\_\_\_\_
- иметь поклонника\_\_\_\_\_
- плюшевые стулья\_\_\_\_\_

### **Exercise 6. Make literary translation into Russian of the Paragraphs**

1. from the words: "If you have lived in cities and have walked in the park..."

to the words: "... Male acquaintances the thing in some faint way resembles."

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2. from the words: "Wash Williams, the telegraph operator of Winesburg..."

to the words: "... by the instrument in the telegraph office."

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3. from the words: "Wash Willams began telling the story of his married life..."

to the words: "... buying a house on the installment plan."

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4. from the words: "I loved her, he said. I don't claim not to be a fool..."

to the words: "... and I sent that money to her."

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5. from the words: "I sat in the parlor of that house..."

to the words: "... I ached to forgive and forget."

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6. from the words: "She came into the room naked..."

to the words: "... hoping we would — well, you see — waiting."

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### **Exercise 7. Translate sentences from Russian into English.**

1. Еще молодым человеком Уолш Уильямс женился на уроженке Деймона, штата Огайо. Она была высокого роста, стройная, с голубыми глазами и соломенного цвета волосами.

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2. Сам Уолш был благообразным юношей. Он полюбил свою жену любовью такой же всепоглощающей, как и ненависть, которую позже он питал ко всем женщинам.

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3. Мне бы хотелось, чтобы мужчины начали хоть немного понимать, что такое женщины. Ведь они посланы, чтобы помешать мужчинам сделать мир достойным человеческого существования.

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4. Это ухищрение природы. Ползучие, извивающиеся, пресмыкающиеся существа - вот кто они, все эти женщины с нежными ручками, с голубыми глазками. Меня тошнит при виде женщин.

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5. То, что случилось со мной, может вскоре случиться и с вами. Я хочу предостеречь вас. Уже сейчас у вас в голове могли завестись всякие бредни. Я хочу их уничтожить.

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6. Телеграфист станции Уайнсберг, сидящий в темноте на железнодорожных шпалах, превратился в поэта. Ненависть вознесла его на высоту.

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7. Молодой телеграфист был влюблен до безумия. С каким-то религиозным пылом он сумел пройти сквозь соблазны юных лет и остаться девственником до самой свадьбы.

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8. Уолш Уильямс был мужественным человеком. После одного случая он возненавидел жизнь, а возненавидел он ее от всей души, с увлечением поэта.

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9. Больше всего он ненавидел женщин. К мужчинам у него было несколько иное отношение. Их он жалел.

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10. В молодости Уоша называли лучшим телеграфистом штата Огайо, и, несмотря на унижительную для него службу в захолустной конторе, он все еще гордился своим профессиональным умением.

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### **Exercise 8. Retell the story playing the role of**

1. Wash Williams
2. George Willard
3. Wash Williams' wife

### **Exercise 9. Make up dialogues pertaining to the following situations:**

1. George Willard and Wash Williams are talking about women and marriage.
2. Wash Williams' wife and her mother are discussing the situation while Wash is sitting in the parlor.



3. The neighbour who heard Williams' mother in law screaming and who came in and took her away is talking with a friend of his about the event.

**Exercise 10. Discuss the problems set in the story.**

1. Is there any connection between appearance and character? Can one judge by appearances? Substantiate your viewpoint.

2. Do you think adultery (conjugal infidelity) is becoming typical of modern wedded life? Can you give reasons to prove your viewpoint?

3. Do you agree to the assertion that traitors are hated more than enemies? Why? Are there any circumstances under which you could forgive or justify a person who broke his (her) marriage vows?

4. Why do you think the author entitled his story "Respectability"? How do you understand it yourself?

## **LESSON 5**

## **УРОК 5**

**Exercise 1. Read the story using the glossary given after the text.**

**The Untold Lie**  
(Невысказанная ложь)  
**by S. Anderson**

Ray Pearson and Hal Winters were farm hands employed on a farm three miles north of Winesburg. On Saturday afternoons they came into town and wandered about through the streets with other fellows from the country.

Ray was a quiet, rather nervous man of perhaps fifty with a brown beard and shoulders rounded by too much and too hard labor. In his nature he was as unlike Hal Winters as two men can be unlike. Ray was an altogether serious man and had a little sharp featured wife who had also a sharp voice. The two, with half a dozen thin-legged children, lived in a tumble-down frame house beside a creek at the back end of the Wills farm where Ray was employed.

Hal Winters, his fellow employee, was a young fellow. He was not of the Ned Winters family, who were very respectable people in Winesburg, but was one of the three sons of the old man called Windpeter Winters who had a sawmill near Unionville, six miles away, and who was looked upon by everyone in Winesburg as a confirmed old reprobate.

People from the part of Northern Ohio in which Winesburg lies will remember old Windpeter by his unusual and tragic death. He got drunk

one evening in town and started to drive home to Unionville along the railroad tracks. Henry Brattenburg, the butcher, who lived out that way, stopped him at the edge of the town and told him he was sure to meet the down train but Windpeter slashed at him with his whip and drove on. When the train struck and killed him and his two horses a farmer and his wife who were driving home along a nearby road saw the accident. They said that old Windpeter stood up on the seat of his wagon, raving and swearing at the onrushing locomotive, and that he fairly screamed with delight when the team, maddened by his incessant slashing at them, rushed straight ahead to certain death. Boys like young George Willard and Seth Richmond will remember the incident quite vividly because, although everyone in our town said that the old man would go straight to hell and that the community was better off without him, they had a secret conviction that he knew what he was doing and admired his foolish courage.

Most boys have seasons of wishing they could die gloriously instead of just being grocery clerks and going on with their humdrum lives.

But this is not the story of Windpeter Winters nor yet of his son Hal who worked on the Wills farm with Ray Pearson. It is Ray's story. It will, however, be necessary to talk a little of young Hal so that you will get into the spirit of it. Hal was a bad one. Everyone said that. There were three of the Winters boys in that family, John, Hal, and Edward, all broad-shouldered big fellows like old Windpeter himself and all fighters and woman-chasers and generally all-around bad ones.

Hal was the worst of the lot and always up to some devilment. He once stole a load of boards from his father's mill and sold them in Winesburg. With the money he bought himself a suit of cheap, flashy clothes. Then he got drunk and when his father came raving into town to find him, they met and fought with their fists on Main Street and were arrested and put into jail together.

Hal went to work on the Wills farm because there was a country school teacher out that way who had taken his fancy. He was only twenty-two then but had already been in two or three of what were spoken of in Winesburg as «women scrapes.» Everyone who heard of his infatuation for the school teacher was sure it would turn out badly. «He'll only get her into trouble, you'll see,» was the word that went around.

And so these two men, Ray and Hal, were at work in a field on a day in the late October. They were husking corn and occasionally something was said and they laughed. Then came silence. Ray, who was the more sensitive and always minded things more, had chapped hands and they hurt. He put them into his coat pockets and looked away across the fields. He was in a sad, distracted mood and was affected by the beauty of the country. If you knew the Winesburg country in the fall and how the low hills are all splashed with yellows and reds you would understand his feeling.

He began to think of the time, long ago when he was a young fellow living with his father, then a baker in Winesburg, and how on such days he had wandered away to the woods to gather nuts, hunt rabbits, or just to loaf about and smoke his pipe. His marriage had come about through one of his days of wandering. He had induced a girl who waited on trade in his father's shop to go with him and something had happened. He was thinking of that afternoon and how it had affected his whole life when a spirit of protest awoke in him. He had forgotten about Hal and muttered words. «Tricked by Gad, that's what I was, tricked by life and made a fool of,» he said in a low voice.

As though understanding his thoughts, Hal Winters spoke up. «Well, has it been worth while? What about it, eh? What about marriage and all that?» he asked and then laughed. Hal tried to keep on laughing but he too was in an earnest mood. He began to talk earnestly. «Has a fellow got to do it?» he asked. «Has he got to be harnessed up and driven through life like a horse?»

Hal didn't wait for an answer but sprang to his feet and began to walk back and forth between the corn shocks. He was getting more and more excited. Bending down suddenly he picked up an ear of the yellow corn and threw it at the fence. «I've got Nell Gunther in trouble,» he said. «I'm telling you, but you keep your mouth shut.»

Ray Pearson arose and stood staring. He was almost a foot shorter than Hal, and when the younger man came and put his two hands on the older man's shoulders they made a picture. There they stood in the big empty field with the quiet corn shocks standing in rows behind them and the red and yellow hills in the distance, and from being just two indifferent workmen they had become all alive to each other, Hal sensed it and because that was his way he laughed. «Well, old daddy,» he said awkwardly, «come on, advise me. I've got Nell in trouble. Perhaps you've been in the same fix yourself. I know what everyone would say is the right thing to do but what do you say? Shall I marry and settle down? Shall I put myself into the harness to be worn out like an old horse? You know me, Ray. There can't anyone break me but I can break myself. Shall I do it or shall I tell Nell to go to the devil? Come on, you tell me. Whatever you say, Ray, I'll do.»

Ray couldn't answer. He shook Hal's hands loose and turning walked straight away toward the barn. He was a sensitive man and there were tears in his eyes. He knew there was only one thing to say to Hal Winters, son of old Windpeter Winters, only one thing that all his own training and all the beliefs of the people he knew would approve, but for his life he couldn't say what he knew he should say.

At half-past four that afternoon Ray was puttering about the barnyard when his wife came up the lane along the creek and called him.

After the talk with Hal he hadn't returned to the cornfield but worked about the barn. He had already done the evening chores and had seen Hal, dressed and ready for a roistering night in town, come out of the farmhouse and go into the road. Along the path to his own house he trudged behind his wife, looking at the ground and thinking. He couldn't make out what was wrong. Every time he raised his eyes and saw the beauty of the country in the failing light he wanted to do something he had never done before, shout or scream or hit his wife with his fists or something equally unexpected and terrifying. Along the path he went scratching his head and trying to make it out. He looked hard at his wife's back but she seemed all right.

She only wanted him to go into town for groceries and as soon as she had told him what she wanted began to scold. «You're always puttering,» she said. «Now I want you to hustle. There isn't anything in the house for supper and you've got to get to town and back in a hurry.»

Ray went into his own house and took an overcoat from a hook back of the door. It was torn about the pockets and the collar was shiny. His wife went into the bedroom and presently came out with a soiled cloth in one hand and three silver dollars in the other. Somewhere in the house a child wept bitterly and a dog that had been sleeping by the stove arose and yawned. Again the wife scolded. «The children will cry and cry. Why are you always puttering?» she asked.

Ray went out of the house and climbed the fence into a field. It was just growing dark and the scene that lay before him was lovely. All the low hills were washed with color and even the little clusters of bushes in the corners by the fences were alive with beauty. The whole world seemed to Ray Pearson to have become alive with something just as he and Hal had suddenly become alive when they stood in the corn field staring into each other's eyes.

The beauty of the country about Winesburg was too much for Ray on that fall evening. That is all there was to it. He could not stand it. Of a sudden he forgot all about being a quiet old farm hand and throwing off the torn overcoat began to run across the field. As he ran he shouted a protest against his life, against all life, against everything that makes life ugly. «There was no promise made,» he cried into the empty spaces that lay about him. «I didn't promise my Minnie anything and Hal hasn't made any promise to Nell. I know he hasn't. She went into the woods with him because she wanted to go. What he wanted she wanted. Why should I pay? Why should Hal pay? Why should anyone pay? I don't want Hal to become old and worn out. I'll tell him. I won't let it go on. I'll catch Hal before he gets to town and I'll tell him.»

Ray ran clumsily and once he tumbled and fell down. «I must catch Hal and tell him,» he kept thinking, and although his breath came in gasps

he kept running harder and harder. As he ran he thought of things that hadn't come into his mind for years—how at the time he married he had planned to go West to his uncle in Portland, Oregon—how he hadn't wanted to be a farm hand, but had thought when he got out West he would go to sea and be a sailor or get a job on a ranch and ride a horse into Western towns, shouting and laughing and waking the people in the houses with his wild cries. Then as he ran he remembered his children and in fancy felt their hands clutching at him. All of his thoughts of himself were involved with the thoughts of Hal and he thought the children were clutching at the younger man also. «They are the accidents of life, Hal,» he cried. «They are not mine or yours. I had nothing to do with them.»

Darkness began to spread over the fields as Ray Pearson ran on and on. His breath came in little sobs. When he came to the fence at the edge of the road and confronted Hal Winters, all dressed up\* and smoking a pipe as he walked jauntily along, he could not have told what he thought or what he wanted.

Ray Pearson lost his nerve and this is really the end of the story of what happened to him. It was almost dark when he got to the fence and he put his hands on the top bar and stood staring. Hal Winters jumped a ditch and coming up close to Ray put his hands into his pockets and laughed. He seemed to have lost his own sense of what had happened in the corn field and when he put up a strong hand and took hold of the lapel of Ray's coat he shook the old man as he might have shaken a dog that had misbehaved.

«You came to tell me, eh?» he said. «Well, never mind telling me anything. I'm not a coward and I've already made up my mind.» He laughed again and jumped back across the ditch. «Nell ain't no fool,» he said. «She didn't ask me to marry her. I want to marry her. I want to settle down and have kids.» Ray Pearson also laughed. He felt like laughing at himself and all the world.

As the form of Hal Winters disappeared in the dusk that lay over the road that led to Winesburg, he turned and walked slowly back across the fields to where he had left his torn overcoat. As he went some memory of pleasant evenings spent with the thin-legged children in the tumble-down house by the creek must have come into his mind, for he muttered words. «It's just as well. Whatever I told him would have been a lie,» he said softly, and then his form also disappeared into the darkness of the fields.

## Glossary

- farm hands - батраки на ферме  
shoulders rounded by - плечи сутулые от  
In his nature he was as unlike Hal Winters as two men can be unlike -  
по натуре он был прямой противоположностью Холу Уинтерсу  
the two - зд. семейная чета  
a tumble-down frame house - покосившийся каркасный домишко  
a fellow employee - напарник  
Unionville - в штате Огайо такого города нет. Суффикс -ville  
часто используется в художественной литературе для образования  
вымышленных названий городов  
a confirmed old reprobate - отпетый старый нечестивец (негодяй)  
to slash at smb. with one's whip - хлестнуть кого-л. кнутом  
a wag(g)on - телега, повозка  
the team, maddened by his incessant slashes at them - упряжка  
лошадей, обезумевшая от его непрекращающихся ударов  
to go straight to hell - отправиться прямехонько в ад  
seasons of wishing - пора, когда (сильнее) манит  
to get into the spirit of smth. - разобраться в сути дела  
woman-chaser - охотник поволочиться за женщинами, бабник  
all-around - кругом, во всех отношениях  
to be always up to any devilment - быть в любую минуту готовым  
на подлость  
out that way - неподалеку  
to take smb.'s fancy - понравиться кому-л.  
he had already been in two or three... "women scrapes" - он уже  
побывал... в двух или трех "переделках" из-за женщин  
Ray... had chapped hands - у Рея потрескалась кожа на руках  
to be splashed with yellows and reds - облекаться в желтые и  
красные тона  
to come about through - произойти, случиться из-за  
to induce smb. to go - увлечь кого-л. с собой  
by Gad - вместо by God (честное слово)  
to get smb. in trouble - плохо поступит с кем-л, навлечь на кого-л.  
неприятности  
they made a picture - получилась выразительная картина  
they had become all alive to each other - они стали близкими,  
понимающими друг друга людьми  
and because that was his way he laughed - и, по старой привычке,  
рассмеялся  
old daddy - зд. разг. старина  
to put oneself into the harness - надеть на себя хомут

there can't anyone break me but I can break myself = there isn't anyone who can break me except myself

but for his life he couldn't say - но у него не поворачивался язык (он никак не мог) сказать

to be ready for a roistering night in town - подготовиться к вечернему кутежу в городе

to go into the road - выйти на дорогу

to try to make it out - пытаться понять, в чем дело

"Now I want you to hustle." - "Ну-ка поворачивайся живее!"

to be shiny - лосниться

the beauty... was too much for Ray - красота переполнила душу

Рей

that is all there was to it - в этом было все дело

to make life ugly - уродовать жизнь

I won't let it go on - я этого не допущу

he remembered his children and in fancy felt their hands clutching at him - он вспомнил о своих детях, и ему чудилось, что они цепляются ручонками за него

the accidents of life - житейская случайность

and confronted Hal Winters, all dessed up... - и увидел перед собой

Хола Уинтерса, разряженного...

to loose one's nerve - растеряться

to jump a ditch - перепрыгнуть через канаву

"Well, never mind telling me anything" - "Не трудись, не надо!"

("Мне все равно, что ты скажешь.")

"It's just as well!" - "Так оно и лучше!"

## **Exercise 2. Give full answers to the questions.**

1. What were Ray Pearson and Hal Winters? Were they alike?
2. What was unusual and tragic about the death of Hal's father?
3. What did people of the town say and think of that death? What do you think about it yourself?
4. Was Hal like his father? Can you prove your point?
5. Why did Hal go to work on the Wills farm? What did people say about it?
6. How did Ray's marriage come about?
7. What did Ray and Hal talk about on a day in the late October?
8. Why didn't Ray answer Hal's question about marrying Nell?
9. What made Ray run after Hal who was on his way to the town?
10. How did Hal react to the appearance of Ray and why?
11. Did Ray really feel unhappy?
12. Why is the story called "The untold lie"?

### Exercise 3. Choose the correct variant

1. The two, with ... children lived in a tumble-down frame house at the back of the Wills farm.

- a) half a dozen thin-legged
- b) 3 thin-legged
- c) a dozen thin-legged.

2. People from the part of Northern Ohio will remember ... by his unusual and tragic death.

- a) old Windpeter Winters
- b) John Winteres
- c) Ray Pearson

3. There were ... of the Winters boys in that family, all broad-shouldered big fellows.

- a) three
- b) four
- c) six

4. Hal was the worst of his family. He once stole ... .

- a) a load of boards from his father's mill
- b) a horse from his father's farm
- c) a country school teacher.

5. Hal went to work on the Wills farm because ...

- a) there was a country school teacher.
- b) there was nobody who helped him
- c) there was Ray Pearson.

6. Ray was a serious man and had ...

- a) a little sharp featured wife who had a sharp voice;
- b) a little beautiful featured wife with blue eyes.
- c) no wife and no children

7. Ray had induced a girl who worked in ... to go with him and something had happened.

- a) in his father's shop
- b) in the factory
- c) at school

8. Ray's wife only wanted him go into town for groceries as she told him what she wanted began to ... .

- a) to scold
- b) to smile
- c) to kiss Ray's lips

9. Ray went into his own house and took ... from the hook back of the door.

- a) an overcoat
- b) a cap
- c) a gun



10. Hal Winters made up his mind and he wanted ....

- a) to settle down and have kids
- b) to escape and did not want to have children.
- c) to join the Army.

**Exercise 4. Translate from Russian into English the following expressions.**

- батраки \_\_\_\_\_
- шататься по улицам \_\_\_\_\_
- тихий человек \_\_\_\_\_
- тонконогие ребяташки \_\_\_\_\_
- покосившийся деревянный домик \_\_\_\_\_
- необычная и трагическая кончина \_\_\_\_\_
- полотно железной дороги \_\_\_\_\_
- основательно напиться \_\_\_\_\_
- отправиться в ад \_\_\_\_\_
- дикое мужество \_\_\_\_\_
- лесопилка \_\_\_\_\_
- партия досок \_\_\_\_\_
- сельская учительница \_\_\_\_\_
- оглушительные выкрики \_\_\_\_\_
- дух протеста \_\_\_\_\_
- жениться \_\_\_\_\_
- булочник \_\_\_\_\_
- чувствительное сердце \_\_\_\_\_
- красота окрестностей \_\_\_\_\_
- переполнять душу \_\_\_\_\_
- убожество \_\_\_\_\_
- жизни \_\_\_\_\_
- все, что уродует жизнь \_\_\_\_\_
- перепрыгнуть через канаву \_\_\_\_\_
- исчезнуть во мраке \_\_\_\_\_
- жить своим домом и иметь детей \_\_\_\_\_
- бормотать \_\_\_\_\_
- рано состариться и выдохнуться \_\_\_\_\_

**Exercise 5. Translate from English into Russian.**

- to wander \_\_\_\_\_
- a sharp voice \_\_\_\_\_
- farm hands employed \_\_\_\_\_
- thin-legged children \_\_\_\_\_
- employer \_\_\_\_\_
- respectable people \_\_\_\_\_

. old  
 reprobate \_\_\_\_\_  
 . unusual and tragic  
 death \_\_\_\_\_  
 . railroad  
 tracks \_\_\_\_\_  
 . the  
 butcher \_\_\_\_\_  
 . to slash smb with a  
 whip \_\_\_\_\_  
 . to see the  
 accident \_\_\_\_\_  
 . woman-  
 chaser \_\_\_\_\_  
 . father's  
 mill \_\_\_\_\_

- to be arrested and put into jail \_\_\_\_\_
- country school teacher \_\_\_\_\_
- infatuation \_\_\_\_\_
- chapped hands \_\_\_\_\_
- to be in a sad, distracted mood \_\_\_\_\_
- to induce a girl \_\_\_\_\_
- a spirit of protest \_\_\_\_\_
- to talk veearnestly \_\_\_\_\_
- to scold \_\_\_\_\_
- the beauty of the country \_\_\_\_\_
- to get a job on a ranch \_\_\_\_\_
- to settle down and have kids \_\_\_\_\_

### Exercise 6. Make literary translation into Russian.

1) from the words: "Ray was a quiet, rather nervous man ..."  
 to the words: "... of the Wills farm where Ray was employed."

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2) from the words: "People from the part of Northern Ohio ..."  
 to the words: "... driving home along a nearly road saw the  
 accident."

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3) from the words: "Boys like young George Willard and Seth Richmond ..."

to the words: "...admired his foolish courage."

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4) from the words: "Hal was a bad one ..."

to the words: "... were arrested and put into jail together."

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5) from the words: " He began to think of the time long ago ..."

to the words: "... he said in a low voice."

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6) from the words: " Well old daddy, - he said awkwardly ..."

to the words: "...Whatever you say, Ray, I'll do."

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7) from the words: "As he ran, he shouted a protest against his life..."

to the words: "...he gets to town and I'll tell him."

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8) from the words: "You came to tell me, eh? -he said..."

to the words: "... like laughing at himself and all the world."

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**Exercise 7. Translate the following sentences from Russian into English.**

1) Рей Пирсон и Хол Уинтерс были батраками на ферме в трех милях к северу от Уайнсбурга.

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2) Рей был человек тихий, впечатлительный, лет пятидесяти, с каштановой бородкой и сутулыми плечами.

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3) Жена Рея была маленького роста с резкими чертами лица и резким голосом.

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4) Она, Рей и несколько тонконогих ребятишек жили в покосившемся деревянном домике на берегу ручья.

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5) Жители северной части штата Огайо, где расположен Уайнсберг.

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**Exercise 8. Retell the text playing the role of**

- 1) Ray Pearson
- 2) Hal Winters

**Exercise 9. Discuss the problems set in the story.**

Do you think that marriage means putting oneself into the harness to be worn out like an old horse?

Should one get married because of moral obligation or only for love? Can you give your opinion on the following proverbs: "all is fair in love and war" (в любви и на войне все средства хороши), "love and a cough cannot be hid" (любви да кашля не утаишь), "love cannot be compelled" (насильно мил не будешь), "love in a cottage" (с милым рай в шалаше), "love is blind" (любовь зла), "love is never without jealousy" (нет любви без ревности).

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