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Гуманитарный
Университет**

Дистанционное образование

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Фамилия, имя, отчество _____

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**ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО
ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА**

АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ

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ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА

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ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ

Юниты 1-20: Тексты из художественной литературы на английском языке.

ЮНИТА 7

В основу учебного пособия положен рассказ современного американского писателя С. Кинга “Quitters, Inc.” Сопровождается творческими заданиями и упражнениями.

Для студентов факультета лингвистики СГУ

Юнита соответствует профессиональной образовательной программе №4

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

ТЕМАТИЧЕСКИЙ ПЛАН

Рассказ С. Кинга «Quitters». Пять частей.
Задания и упражнения по тексту.

ЛИТЕРАТУРА

Базовый учебник

1. Stephen King, *Night Shift*, New English Library, 1978.

Дополнительная литература

2. Стивен Кинг, Рассказы. Любое издание.

Примечание. Знаком (*) отмечены работы, на основе которых составлен научный обзор.

ПЕРЕЧЕНЬ УМЕНИЙ

№	Наименование	Содержание
1.	Определение русских эквивалентов английских выражений из текста	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Прочитайте текст, уточняя все неясные моменты при помощи словаря и других доступных материалов. 2. Прочитайте выражение на английском языке. 3. Прочитайте текст еще раз, обращая внимание на те отрывки, в которых встречается данное выражение. 4. Используя словарь и другие доступные материалы, а также в соответствии со смыслом текста определите русский эквивалент данного английского выражения.
2.	Ответы на вопросы по тексту	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Прочитайте текст, уточняя все неясные моменты при помощи словаря и других доступных материалов. 2. Прочитайте вопрос. 3. Переведите его на русский язык, при необходимости пользуйтесь словарем и другими доступными материалами. 4. Исходя из смысла вопроса, найдите в тексте ту часть, в которой содержится ответ на вопрос. 5. Прочитайте эту часть текста еще раз. 6. Составьте ответ на вопрос.
3.	Составление описаний на английском языке для английских выражений	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Прочитайте текст, уточняя все неясные моменты при помощи словаря и других доступных материалов. 2. Прочитайте английское выражение. 3. Прочитайте текст еще раз, обращая внимание на те отрывки, в которых встречается данное выражение. Постарайтесь выяснить, в каком значении данное выражение употребляется в тексте. 4. Составьте другое выражение или предложение, поясняющее смысл данного выражения, на английском языке.

№	Наименование	Содержание
4.	те к ста на русский язык	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.Прочитайте текст в первый раз, выявляя его стиль, структуру, цели автора и обращая внимание на основные идеи и логические связи. 2.Прочитайте второй раз тот отрывок из текста, который подлежит переводу, уточняя все неясные моменты. 3.Приступите к переводу отрывка, осуществляя перевод одного предложения за другим. Пользуйтесь словарем и другими доступными материалами. 4.Прочитайте полученный перевод еще раз, исправляя все допущенные грамматические, стилистические и другие ошибки.

QUITTERS, INC.

by Stephen King

PART ONE

Morrison was waiting for someone who was hung up in the air traffic jam over Kennedy International when he saw a familiar face at the end of the bar and walked down. “Jimmy? Jimmy McCann?”

It was. A little heavier than when Morrison had seen him at the Atlanta Exhibition the year before, but otherwise he looked awesomely fit. In college he had been a thin, pallid chain smoker buried behind huge horn-rimmed glasses. He had apparently switched to contact lenses.

“Dick Morrison?”

“Yeah. You look great.” He extended his hand and they shook.

“So do you,” McCann said, but Morrison knew it was a lie. He had been overworking, overeating, and smoking too much. “What are you drinking?”

“Bourbon and bitters,” Morrison said. He hooked his feet around a bar stool and lighted a cigarette. “Meeting someone, Jimmy?”

“No. Going to Miami for a conference. A heavy client. Bills six million. I’m supposed to hold his hand because we lost out on a big special next spring.”

“Are you still with Crager and Barton?”

“Executive veep now.”

“Fantastic! Congratulations! When did all this happen?” He tried to tell himself that the little worm of jealousy in his stomach was just acid indigestion. He pulled out a roll of antacid pills and crunched one in his mouth.

“Last August. Something happened that changed my life.” He looked speculatively at Morrison and sipped his drink. “You might be interested.”

My God, Morrison thought with an inner wince. Jimmy McCann’s got religion.

“Sure,” he said, and gulped at his drink when it came. “I wasn’t in very good shape,” McCann said. “Personal problems with Sharon, my dad died — heart attack — and I’d developed this hacking cough. Bobby Crager dropped by my office one day and gave me a fatherly little pep talk. Do you remember what those are like?”

“Yeah.” He had worked at Crager and Barton for eighteen months before joining the Morton Agency. “Get your butt in gear or get your butt out.”

McCann laughed. “You know it. Well, to put the capper on it, the doc told me I had an incipient ulcer. He told me to quit smoking.” McCann grimaced. “Might as well tell me to quit breathing.”

Morrison nodded in perfect understanding. Nonsmokers could afford to be smug. He looked at his own cigarette with distaste and stubbed it out, knowing he would be lighting another in five minutes.

“Did you quit?” he asked.

“Yes, I did. At first I didn’t think I’d be able to — I was cheating like hell. Then I met a guy who told me about an outfit over on Forty-sixth Street. Specialists. I said what do I have to lose and went over. I haven’t smoked since.”

Morrison’s eyes widened. “What did they do? Fill you full of some drug?”

“No.” He had taken out his wallet and was rummaging through it. “Here it is. I knew I had one kicking around.” He laid a plain white business card on the bar between them.

QUITTERS, INC.
Stop Going Up in Smoke!
237 East 46th Street
Treatments by Appointment

“Keep it, if you want,” McCann said. “They’ll cure you. Guaranteed.”

“How?”

“I can’t tell you,” McCann said.

“Huh? Why not?”

“It’s part of the contract they make you sign. Anyway, they tell you how it works when they interview you.”

“You signed a contract?”

McCann nodded.

“And on the basis of that — ”

“Yep.” He smiled at Morrison, who thought: Well, it’s happened. Jim McCann has joined the smug bastards.

“Why the great secrecy if this outfit is so fantastic? How come I’ve never seen any spots on TV, billboards, magazine ads — ” “They get all the clients they can handle by word of mouth.”

“You’re an advertising man, Jimmy. You can’t believe that.”

“I do,” McCann said. “They have a ninety-eight percent cure rate.”

“Wait a second,” Morrison said. He motioned for another drink and lit a cigarette. “Do these guys strap you down and make you smoke until you throw up?”

“No.”

“Give you something so that you get sick every time you light — ”

“No, it’s nothing like that. Go and see for yourself.” He gestured at Morrison’s cigarette. “You don’t really like that, do you?”

“Nooo, but — ”

“Stopping really changed things for me,” McCann said. “I don’t suppose it’s the same for everyone, but with me it was just like dominoes falling over. I felt better and my relationship with Sharon improved. I had more energy, and my job performance picked up.”

“Look, you’ve got my curiosity aroused. Can’t you just — ” “I’m sorry, Dick. I really can’t talk about it.” His voice was firm.

“Did you put on any weight?”

For a moment he thought Jimmy McCann looked almost grim. “Yes. A little too much, in fact. But I took it off again. I’m about right now. I was skinny before.”

“Flight 206 now boarding at Gate 9,” the loudspeaker announced.

“That’s me,” McCann said, getting up. He tossed a five on the bar. “Have another, if you like. And think about what I said, Dick. Really.” And then he was gone, making his way through the crowd to the escalators. Morrison picked up the card, looked at it thoughtfully, then tucked it away in his wallet and forgot it.

(to be continued)

Tasks and Exercises

Exercise 1. Describe in other words the following expressions:

1. to be hung up in something (traffic)

2. _____
chain smoker

3. _____
executive veep

4. _____
inner wince

5. _____
to get religion

6. _____
hacking cough

7. _____
to smoke until one throws up

8. _____
to rummage through something

9. _____
to arouse someone’s curiosity

10. spots on TV

11. to toss a (five) on the bar

12. to look (awesomely) fit

13. to be buried behind something

14. pallid

15. little worm of jealousy

Exercise 2. Give the Russian equivalents to the following phrases:

1. a heavy client

2. the little worm of jealousy in his stomach

3. get your butt in gear or get your butt out

4. to put the capper on it

5. I knew I had one kicking around

6. by word of mouth

7. like dominoes falling over

8. a fatherly little pep talk

9. to hold someone's hand

10. to see a familiar face

Exercise 3. Answer the following questions:

1. Where did Morrison meet McCann?

2. What is Mr. Morrison's first name?

3. Describe what Jimmy McCann looks like.

4. What does Morrison drink at the bar in the airport?

5. What is the name of McCann's wife?

6. How long did Morrison work for Crager & Barton?

7. What did Morrison eat at the airport?

8. What habit does Morrison have that McCann no longer has?

9. What advice does McCann give to Morrison?

10. For whom does Morrison work?

11. What does McCann give Morrison?

12. Where is McCann going and why?

13. What does McCann tell Morrison about the "program?"

14. What does Morrison do with the business card?

15. What type of advertising does Quitters, Inc. use?

16. What is the "cure rate" of smokers at Quitters, Inc.?

17. What happened to McCann's father?

18. Who is McCann meeting at the airport?

19. How many cigarettes did Morrison smoke when he was with McCann?

20. What did the doctor tell McCann?

21. Where is Quitters, Inc. located?

22. What kind of business is Crager & Barton?

23. Does Morrison enjoy smoking?

24. Which flight number was being boarded through Gate 9?

25. How did Jimmy feel after quitting smoking?

26. Where did Morrison place his feet at the bar?

27. When and where did Morrison see McCann the last time?

28. What did McCann find in his wallet?

29. What did McCann place on the bar before leaving?

30. When did McCann become 'Executive Veep'?

LESSON 2

YPOK 2

QUITTERS, INC. PART TWO

The card fell out of his wallet and onto another bar a month later. He had left the office early and had come here to drink the afternoon away. Things had not been going so well at the Morton Agency. In fact, things were bloody horrible.

He gave Henry a ten to pay for his drink, then picked up the small business card and reread it — 237 East Forty-sixth Street was only two blocks over; it was a cool, sunny October day outside, and maybe, just for chuckles —

When Henry brought his change, he finished his drink and then went for a walk.

Quitters, Inc., was in a new building where the monthly rent on the office space was probably close to Morrison's yearly salary. From the directory in the lobby, it looked to him like their offices took up one whole floor, and that spelled money. Lots of it.

He took the elevator up and stepped off into a lushly carpeted foyer and from there into a gracefully appointed reception room with a wide window that looked out on the scurrying bugs below. Three men and one woman sat in the chairs along the walls, reading magazines. Business types, all of them. Morrison went to the desk.

“A friend gave me this,” he said, passing the card to the receptionist. “I guess you’d say he’s an alumnus.”

She smiled and rolled a form into her typewriter.

“What is your name, sir?”

“Richard Morrison.”

Clack-clackety-clack. But very muted clacks; the typewriter was an IBM.

“Your address?”

“Twenty-nine Maple Lane, Clinton, New York.”

“Married?”

“Yes.”

“Children?”

“One.” He thought of Alvin and frowned slightly. “One” was the wrong word. “A half” might be better. His son was mentally retarded and lived at a special school in New Jersey.

“Who recommended us to you, Mr. Morrison?”

“An old school friend. James McCann.”

“Very good. Will you have a seat? It’s been a very busy day.”

“All right.”

He sat between the woman, who was wearing a severe blue suit, and a young executive type wearing a herringbone jacket and modish sideburns. He took out his pack of cigarettes, looked around, and saw there were no ashtrays. He put the pack away again. That was all right. He would see this little game through and then light up while he was leaving. He might even tap some ashes on their maroon shag rug if they made him wait long enough. He picked up a copy of ‘Time’ and began to leaf through it.

He was called a quarter of an hour later, after the woman in the blue suit. His nicotine center was speaking quite loudly now. A man who had come in after him took out a cigarette case, snapped it open, saw there were no ashtrays, and put it away — looking a little guilty, Morrison thought. It made him feel better.

At last the receptionist gave him a sunny smile and said, “Go right in, Mr. Morrison.”

Morrison walked through the door beyond her desk and found himself in an indirectly lit hallway. A heavysset man with white hair that looked phony shook his hand, smiled affably, and said, “Follow me, Mr. Morrison.”

He led Morrison past a number of closed, unmarked doors and then opened one of them about halfway down the hall with a key. Beyond the door was an austere little room walled with drilled white cork panels. The only furnishings were a desk with a chair on either side. There was what appeared to be a small oblong window in the wall behind the desk, but it was covered with a short green curtain. There was a picture on the wall to Morrison’s left—a tall man with iron-gray hair. He was holding a sheet of paper in one hand. He looked vaguely familiar.

“I’m Vic Donatti,” the heavysset man said. “If you decide to go ahead with our program, I’ll be in charge of your case.”

“Pleased to know you,” Morrison said. He wanted a cigarette very badly.

“Have a seat.”

Donatti put the receptionist’s form on the desk, and then drew another form from the desk drawer. He looked directly into Morrison’s eyes. “Do you want to quit smoking?”

Morrison cleared his throat, crossed his legs, and tried to think of a way to equivocate. He couldn’t. “Yes,” he said.

“Will you sign this?” He gave Morrison the form. He scanned it quickly. The undersigned agrees not to divulge the methods or techniques or et cetera, et cetera.

“Sure,” he said, and Donatti put a pen in his hand. He scratched his name, and Donatti signed below it. A moment later the paper disappeared back into the desk drawer. Well, he thought ironically, I’ve taken the pledge. He had taken it before. Once it had lasted for two whole days.

“Good,” Donatti said. “We don’t bother with propaganda here, Mr. Morrison. Questions of health or expense or social grace. We have no interest in why you want to stop smoking. We are pragmatists”.

“Good,” Morrison said blankly.

“We employ no drugs. We employ no Dale Carnegie people to sermonize you. We recommend no special diet. And we accept no payment until you have stopped smoking for one year.”

“My God,” Morrison said.

“Mr. McCann didn’t tell you that?”

“No.”

“How is Mr. McCann, by the way? Is he well?”

“He’s fine.”

“Wonderful. Excellent. Now ... just a few questions, Mr. Morrison. These are somewhat personal, but I assure you that your answers will be held in strictest confidence.”

“Yes?” Morrison asked noncommittally.

“What is your wife’s name?”

“Lucinda Morrison. Her maiden name was Ramsey.”

“Do you love her?”

Morrison looked up sharply, but Donatti was looking at him blandly. “Yes, of course,” he said.

“Have you ever had marital problems? A separation, perhaps?”

“What has that got to do with kicking the habit?” Morrison asked. He sounded a little angrier than he had intended, but he wanted — hell, he ‘needed’ — a cigarette.

“A great deal,” Donatti said. “Just bear with me.”

“No. Nothing like that.” Although things had been a little tense just lately.

“You just have the one child?”

“Yes, Alvin. He’s in a private school.”

“And which school is it?”

“That,” Morrison said grimly, “I’m not going to tell you.”

“All right,” Donatti said agreeably. He smiled disarmingly at Morrison.

“All your questions will be answered tomorrow at your first treatment.”

“How nice,” Morrison said, and stood.

“One final question,” Donatti said. “You haven’t had a cigarette for over an hour. How do you feel?”

“Fine,” Morrison lied. “Just fine.”

“Good for you!” Donatti exclaimed. He stepped around the desk and opened the door. “Enjoy them tonight. After tomorrow, you’ll never smoke again.”

“Is that right?”

“Mr. Morrison,” Donatti said solemnly, “we guarantee it.”

(to be continued)

Tasks and Exercises

Exercise 1. Describe in other words the following expressions:

1. to be an alumnus

2. a severe blue suit

3. to smile affably

4. modish sideburns

5. maiden name

6. mentally retarded

7. to leaf through something

8. nicotine center

9. indirectly lit hallway

10. herringbone jacket

11. to sermonize someone

12. to divulge something

13. to look at someone blandly

14. to say something blankly

15. to ask something noncommittally

Exercise 2. Give the Russian equivalents to the following phrases:

1. just for chuckles

2. to drink the afternoon away

3. to give someone a sunny smile

4. to have a seat

5. to kick the habit

6. to bear with someone or something

7. bloody horrible

8. to tap one's ashes

9. to look guilty

10. to see the game through

11. to spell money

Exercise 3. Answer the following questions:

1. Where does Morrison live?

2. How many children does Morrison have?

3. Who is Henry?

4. What did Morrison give Henry?

5. What did Henry give Morrison?

6. How far away from the bar is Quitters, Inc.?

7. What is Morrison's son's name?

8. How many ashtrays are in the waiting room of Quitters, Inc.?

9. When must Morrison pay for the treatment at Quitters, Inc.?

10. Describe Alvin.

11. When will Morrison find out about the treatment program?

12. Who is Donatti?

13. Describe Donatti.

14. What does Donatti guarantee Morrison?

15. When did Morrison find the business card again?

16. Describe the room in which Donatti and Morrison were sitting.

17. What did Donatti give Morrison?

18. What did Morrison see through the window in the waiting room?

19. Where did Morrison sit in the waiting room?

20. How long did Morrison wait in the waiting room?

21. Describe the waiting room.

22. What did Morrison read in the waiting room?

23. Describe the picture on the wall where Donatti and Morrison were sitting.

24. What is Morrison's wife's name?

25. How long was it since Morrison last smoked?

26. Where did Donatti put the signed contract?

27. What was the longest time period that Morrison had quit smoking?

28. What was the weather like when Morrison was sitting at the bar?

29. What type of typewriter does the receptionist use?

LESSON 3

УРОК 3

QUITTERS, INC. PART THREE

He was sitting in the outer office of Quitters, Inc. the next day promptly at three. He had spent most of the day swinging between skipping the appointment the receptionist had made for him on the way out and going in a spirit of mulish cooperation — ‘Throw your best pitch at me, buster.’

In the end, something Jimmy McCann had said convinced him to keep the appointment — ‘It changed my whole life.’ God knew his own life could do with some changing. And then there was his own curiosity. Before going up in the elevator, he smoked a cigarette down to the filter. Too damn bad if it’s the last one, he thought. It tasted horrible.

The wait in the outer office was shorter this time. When the receptionist told him to go in, Donatti was waiting. He offered his hand and smiled, and to Morrison the smile looked almost predatory. He began to feel a little tense, and that made him want a cigarette.

“Come with me,” Donatti said. “A great many prospective clients never show up again after the initial interview. They discover they don’t want to quit as badly as they thought. It’s going to be a pleasure to work with you on this.”

“When does the treatment start?” Hypnosis, he was thinking. It must be hypnosis.

“Oh, it already has. It started when we shook hands in the hall. Do you have cigarettes with you, Mr. Morrison?”

“Yes.”

“May I have them, please?”

Shrugging, Morrison handed Donatti his pack. There were only two or three left in it, anyway.

Donatti put the pack on the desk. Then, smiling into Morrison's eyes, he curled his right hand into a fist and began to hammer it down on the pack of cigarettes, which twisted and flattened. A broken cigarette end flew out. Tobacco crumbs spilled. The sound of Donatti's fist was very loud in the closed room. The smile remained on his face in spite of the force of the blows, and Morrison was chilled by it. Probably just the effect they want to inspire, he thought.

At last Donatti ceased pounding. He picked up the pack, a twisted and battered ruin. "You wouldn't believe the pleasure that gives me," he said, and dropped the pack into the wastebasket. "Even after three years in the business, it still pleases me."

"As a treatment, it leaves something to be desired," Morrison said mildly. "There's a newsstand in the lobby of this very building. And they sell all brands."

"As you say," Donatti said. He folded his hands. "Your son, Alvin Dawes Morrison, is in the Paterson School for Handicapped Children. Born with cranial brain damage. Tested IQ of 46. Not quite in the educable retarded category. Your wife — "

"How did you find that out?" Morrison barked. He was startled and angry. "You've got no goddamn right to go poking around in my — "

"We know a lot about you," Donatti said smoothly. "But, as I said, it will all be held in strictest confidence."

"I'm getting out of here," Morrison said thinly. He stood up.

"Stay a bit longer."

Morrison looked at him closely. Donatti wasn't upset. In fact, he looked a little amused. The face of a man who has seen this reaction scores of times — maybe hundreds. "All right. But it better be good."

"Oh, it is." Donatti leaned back. "I told you we were pragmatists here. As pragmatists, we have to start by realizing how difficult it is to cure an addiction to tobacco. The relapse rate is almost eighty-five percent. The relapse rate for heroin addicts is lower than that. It is an extraordinary problem. Extraordinary."

Morrison glanced into the wastebasket. One of the cigarettes, although twisted, still looked smokeable. Donatti laughed goodnaturedly, reached into the wastebasket, and broke it between his fingers.

"State legislatures sometimes hear a request that the prison systems do away with the weekly cigarette ration. Such proposals are invariably defeated. In a few cases where they have passed, there have been fierce prison riots. Riots, Mr. Morrison. Imagine it."

"I," Morrison said, "am not surprised."

“But consider the implications. When you put a man in prison you take away any normal sex life, you take away his liquor, his politics, his freedom of movement. No riots — or few in comparison to the number of prisons. But when you take away cigarettes — wham! bam!” He slammed his fist on the desk for emphasis.

“During World War I, when no one on the German home front could get cigarettes, the sight of German aristocrats picking butts out of the gutter was a common one. During World War II, many American women turned to pipes when they were unable to obtain cigarettes. A fascinating problem for the true pragmatist, Mr. Morrison.”

“Could we get to the treatment?”

“Momentarily. Step over here, please.” Donatti had risen and was standing by the green curtains Morrison had noticed yesterday. Donatti drew the curtains, discovering a rectangular window that looked into a bare room. No, not quite bare. There was a rabbit on the floor, eating pellets out of a dish. “Pretty bunny,” Morrison commented.

“Indeed. Watch him.” Donatti pressed a button by the windowsill. The rabbit stopped eating and began to hop about crazily. It seemed to leap higher each time its feet struck the floor. Its fur stood out spikily in all directions. Its eyes were wild.

“Stop that! You’re electrocuting him!”

Donatti released the button. “Far from it. There’s a very low-yield charge in the floor. Watch the rabbit, Mr. Morrison!” The rabbit was crouched about ten feet away from the dish of pellets. His nose wriggled. All at once he hopped away into a corner.

“If the rabbit gets a jolt often enough while he’s eating,” Donatti said, “he makes the association very quickly. Eating causes pain. Therefore, he won’t eat. A few more shocks, and the rabbit will starve to death in front of his food. It’s called aversion training.”

Light dawned in Morrison’s head.

“No, thanks.” He started for the door.

“Wait, please, Mr. Morrison.”

Morrison didn’t pause. He grasped the doorknob...and felt it slip solidly through his hand. “Unlock this.”

“Mr. Morrison, if you’ll just sit down — ”

“Unlock this door or I’ll have the cops on you before you can say Marlboro Man.”

“Sit down.” The voice was very cold as shaved ice. Morrison looked at Donatti. His brown eyes were muddy and frightening. My God, he thought, I’m locked in here with a psycho. He licked his lips. He wanted a cigarette more than he ever had in his life.

“Let me explain the treatment in more detail,” Donatti said.

“You don’t understand,” Morrison said with counterfeit patience. “I don’t want the treatment. I’ve decided against it.”

“No, Mr. Morrison. You’re the one who doesn’t understand. You don’t have any choice. When I told you the treatment had already begun, I was speaking the literal truth. I would have thought you’d tipped to that by now.”

“You’re crazy,” Morrison said wonderingly.

“No. Only a pragmatist. Let me tell you all about the treatment.”

“Sure,” Morrison said. “As long as you understand that as soon as I get out of here I’m going to buy five packs of cigarettes and smoke them all on the way to the police station.” He suddenly realized he was biting his thumbnail, sucking on it, and made himself stop.

“As you wish. But I think you’ll change your mind when you see the whole picture.”

Morrison said nothing. He sat down again and folded his hands.

“For the first month of the treatment, our operatives will have you under constant supervision,” Donatti said. “You’ll be able to spot some of them. Not all. But they’ll always be with you. Always. If they see you smoke a cigarette, I get a call.”

“And I suppose you bring me here and do the old rabbit trick,” Morrison said. He tried to sound cold and sarcastic, but he suddenly felt horribly frightened. This was a nightmare.

“Oh, no,” Donatti said. “Your wife gets the rabbit trick, not you.”

Morrison looked at him dumbly.

Donatti smiled. “You,” he said, “get to watch.”

(to be continued)

Tasks and Exercises

Exercise 1. Describe in other words the following expressions:

1. to hammer something down

2. _____
to poke around in something

3. _____
scores of times

4. _____
gutter

5. _____
to draw the curtains

6. _____
low-yield charge

7. counterfeit

8. to tip to something

9. to look dumbly

10. thumbnail

11. tested IQ

12. initial interview

13. prospective client

14. relapse

15. to cease

Exercise 2. Give the Russian equivalents to the following phrases:

1. to throw one's best pitch at someone

2. to swing between something

3. to dawn on someone

4. to fold one's hands

5. to give pleasure to someone

6. to leave something to be desired

7. to bark at someone

8. an addiction to something

9. to skip something

10. to slam something on or against something or someone

Exercise 3. Answer the following questions:

1. What did Morrison give Donatti?

2. When did Morrison's treatment start?

3. How long has Donatti worked for Quitters, Inc.?

4. Where does Alvin go to school?

5. What did American women smoke during World War II?

6. What was behind the green curtains?

7. What is the relapse rate for the addiction to tobacco?

8. How many cigarettes were left in Morrison's pack?

9. What did Donatti do with Morrison's cigarettes?

10. What was in the room behind the green curtains?

11. Why didn't Morrison leave the room?

12. What did Donatti do to the rabbit?

13. Describe the first month of treatment.

14. What did Morrison want to buy after the meeting with Donatti?

15. At what time was Morrison's appointment at Quitters, Inc.?

16. What did Morrison notice in the wastebasket?

17. What did German aristocrats pick out of the gutter during World War I?

18. What happens if Morrison smokes a cigarette?

19. Who is Marlboro Man?

20. What will happen to the rabbit if the treatment continues? Why?

21. Where was the button for electricity located in the room?

22. What will Morrison get to watch if he smokes a cigarette?

23. What did Donatti break between his fingers?

24. What kind of treatment did Morrison think he was going to receive at Quitters, Inc.?

25. What was Morrison doing before the appointment?

26. Where did Morrison smoke his last cigarette?

27. How did Morrison’s last cigarette taste?

28. Where are cigarettes sold in the building?

29. Who will watch Morrison for the first month of treatment?

LESSON 4

УРОК 4

QUITTERS, INC. PART FOUR

After Donatti let him out, Morrison walked for over two hours in a complete daze. It was another fine day, but he didn’t notice. The monstrosity of Donatti’s smiling face blotted out all else.

“You see,” he had said, “a pragmatic problem demands pragmatic solutions. You must realize we have your best interests at heart.”

Quitters, Inc., according to Donatti, was a sort of foundation — a nonprofit organization begun by the man in the wall portrait. The gentleman had been extremely successful in several family businesses—including slot machines, massage parlors, numbers and a brisk (although clandestine) trade between New York and Turkey. Mort “Three-Fingers” Minelli had been a heavy smoker — up in the three-pack-a-day range. The paper he was holding in the picture was a doctor’s diagnosis: lung cancer. Mort had died in 1970, after endowing Quitters, Inc., with family funds.

“We try to keep as close to breaking even as possible,” Donatti had said. “But we’re more interested in helping our fellow man. And of course, it’s

a great tax angle.” The treatment was chillingly simple. A first offense and Cindy would be brought to what Donatti called “the rabbit room.” A second offense, and Morrison would get the dose. On a third offense, both of them would be brought in together. A fourth offense would show grave cooperation problems and would require sterner measures. An operative would be sent to Alvin’s school to work the boy over.

“Imagine,” Donatti said, smiling, “how horrible it will be for the boy. He wouldn’t understand it even if someone explained. He’ll only know someone is hurting him because Daddy was bad. He’ll be very frightened.”

“You bastard,” Morrison said helplessly. He felt close to tears. “You dirty, filthy bastard.”

“Don’t misunderstand,” Donatti said. He was smiling sympathetically. “I’m sure it won’t happen. Forty percent of our clients never have to be disciplined at all — and only ten percent have more than three falls from grace. Those are reassuring figures, aren’t they?”

Morrison didn’t find them reassuring. He found them terrifying.

“Of course, if you transgress a fifth time — ”

“What do you mean?”

Donatti beamed. “The room for you and your wife, a second beating for your son, and a beating for your wife.” Morrison, driven beyond the point of rational consideration, lunged over the desk at Donatti. Donatti moved with amazing speed for a man who had apparently been completely relaxed. He shoved the chair backward and drove both of his feet over the desk and into Morrison’s belly. Gagging and coughing, Morrison staggered backward.

“Sit down, Mr. Morrison,” Donatti said benignly. “Let’s talk this over like rational men.”

When he could get his breath, Morrison did as he was told. Nightmares had to end sometime, didn’t they?

The Friday Night Movie was ‘Bullit,’ one of Cindy’s favorites, but after an hour of Morrison’s mutterings and fidgetings, her concentration was broken. “What’s the matter with you?” she asked during station identification.

“Nothing ... everything,” he growled. “I’m giving up smoking.”

She laughed. “Since when? Five minutes ago?”

“Since three o’clock this afternoon.”

“You really haven’t had a cigarette since then?”

“No,” he said, and began to gnaw his thumbnail. It was ragged, down to the quick.

“That’s wonderful! What ever made you decide to quit?”

“You,” he said. “And ... and Alvin.”

Her eyes widened, and when the movie came back on, she didn’t notice. Dick rarely mentioned their retarded son. She came over, looked at the empty ashtray by his right hand, and then into his eyes. “Are you really trying to quit, Dick?”

“Really.” And if I go to the cops, he added mentally, the local goon squad will be around to rearrange your face, Cindy.

“I’m glad. Even if you don’t make it, we both thank you for the thought, Dick.”

“Oh, I think I’ll make it,” he said, thinking of the muddy, homicidal look that had come into Donatti’s eyes when he kicked him in the stomach.

He slept badly that night, dozing in and out of sleep. Around three o’clock he woke up completely. His craving for a cigarette was like a low-grade fever. He went downstairs and to his study. The room was in the middle of the house. No windows. He slid open the top drawer of his desk and looked in, fascinated by the cigarette box. He looked around and licked his lips. Constant supervision during the first month, Donatti had said. Eighteen hours a day during the next two—but he would never know which eighteen. During the fourth month, the month when most clients backslid, the “service” would return to twenty-four hours a day. Then twelve hours of broken surveillance each day for the rest of the year. After that? Random surveillance for the rest of the client’s life.

For the rest of his life.

“We may audit you every other month,” Donatti said. “Or every other day. Or constantly for one week two years from now. The point is, you won’t know. If you smoke, you’ll be gambling with loaded dice. Are they watching? Are they picking up my wife or sending a man after my son right now? Beautiful, isn’t it? And if you sneak a smoke, it’ll taste awful. It will taste like your son’s blood.”

But they couldn’t be watching now, in the dead of night, in his own study. The house was grave-quiet. He looked at the cigarettes in the box for almost two minutes, unable to tear his gaze away. Then he went to the study door, peered out into the empty hall, and went back to look at the cigarettes some more. A horrible picture came: his life stretching before him and not a cigarette to be found. How in the name of God was he ever going to be able to make another tough presentation to a wary client, without that cigarette burning nonchalantly between his fingers as he approached the charts and layouts? How would he be able to endure Cindy’s endless garden shows without a cigarette? How could he even get up in the morning and face the day without a cigarette to smoke as he drank his coffee and read the paper?

He cursed himself for getting into this. He cursed Donatti. And most of all, he cursed Jimmy McCann. How could he have done it? The son of a bitch had known. His hands trembled in their desire to get hold of Jimmy Judas McCann. Stealthily, he glanced around the study again. He reached into the drawer and brought out a cigarette. He caressed it, fondled it. What was that old slogan? So round, so firm, so fully packed. Truer words had never been spoken. He put the cigarette in his mouth and then paused, cocking his head. Had there been the slightest noise from the closet? A faint shifting? Surely

not. But — Another mental image — that rabbit hopping crazily in the grip of electricity. The thought of Cindy in that room — He listened desperately and heard nothing. He told himself that all he had to do was to go to the closet door and yank it open. But he was too afraid of what he might find. He went back to bed but didn't sleep for a long time.

In spite of how lousy he felt in the morning, breakfast tasted good. After a moment's hesitation, he followed his customary bowl of cornflakes with scrambled eggs. He was grumpily washing out the pan when Cindy came downstairs in her robe. "Richard Morrison! You haven't eaten an egg for breakfast since Hector was a pup."

Morrison grunted. He considered 'since Hector was a pup' to be one of Cindy's stupider sayings, on a par with 'I should smile and kiss a pig.'

"Have you smoked yet?" she asked, pouring orange juice.

"No."

"You'll be back on them by noon," she proclaimed airily.

"Lot of goddamn help you are!" he rasped, rounding on her. "You and anyone else who doesn't smoke, you all think ... ah, never mind."

He expected her to be angry, but she was looking at him with something like wonder. "You're really serious," she said. "You really are."

"You bet I am." You'll never know how serious. I hope.

"Poor baby," she said, going to him. "You look like death warmed over. But I'm very proud."

Morrison held her tightly.

(to be continued)

Tasks and Exercises

Exercise 1. Describe in other words the following expressions:

1. in a daze#

2. at heart

3. to work someone or something over

4. to stagger

5. to break even

6. goon squad

7. to cock one's head

8. to sneak something

9. to doze in and out of sleep

10. to yank something open

11. cornflakes

12. mental image

13. to grunt

14. to blot out

15. tax angle

Exercise 2. Give the Russian equivalents to the following phrases:

1. since Hector was a pup

2. to smile and kiss a pig

3. to look like death warmed over

4. to gamble with loaded dice

5. to rearrange someone's face

6. to fall from grace

7. mutterings and fidgetings

8. to feel close to tears

9. to face the day

10. truer words have never been spoken

Exercise 3. Answer the following questions:

1. What percentage of clients never need to be disciplined?

2. Describe Mort Minelli.

3. What happens after the first offense?

4. What happens after the third offense?

5. What happens after the fourth offense?

6. What was Cindy watching on the television?

7. At what time did Morrison quit smoking on Friday?

8. How long does the treatment last in Quitters, Inc.?

9. Who did Morrison rarely mention?

10. Describe Morrison's study.

11. Where did Morrison find cigarettes in the house?

12. What type of businesses did Mr. Minelli have?

13. Why did Donatti kick Morrison?

14. Why doesn't Cindy believe that Morrison will quit smoking?

15. What is in the closet in the study?

16. If Morrison smokes a cigarette, what will it taste like?

17. What type of hobby does Cindy have?

18. Why does Morrison refer to Jimmy McCann as "Jimmy Judas McCann?"

19. What did Morrison usually do in the mornings?

20. What did Morrison hear in the closet?

21. Why didn't Morrison open the closet door?

22. What did Cindy pour in the morning?

23. How long has it been since Morrison had an egg for breakfast?

24. How did Morrison feel the next morning?

25. How long did Morrison walk after his meeting with Donatti?

26. What happens after the fifth offense of smoking a cigarette?

27. Why would Alvin be frightened?

28. Has Morrison smoked?

29. What was Cindy wearing the next morning?

LESSON 5

УРОК 5

QUITTERS, INC. PART FIVE

Scenes from the life of Richard Morrison, October-November:

Morrison and a crony from Larkin Studios at Jack Dempsey's bar. Crony offers a cigarette. Morrison grips his glass a little more tightly and says: I'm quitting. Crony laughs and says: I give you a week.

Morrison waiting for the morning train, looking over the top of the 'Times' at a young man in a blue suit. He sees the young man almost every morning now, and sometimes at other places. At Onde's, where he is meeting a client. Looking at 45's in Sam Goody's, where Morrison is looking for a Sam Cooke album. Once in a foursome behind Morrison's group at the local golf course.

Morrison getting drunk at a party, wanting a cigarette — but not quite drunk enough to take one. Morrison visiting his son, bringing him a large ball that squeaked when you squeezed it. His son's slobbering, delighted kiss. Somehow not as repulsive as before. Hugging his son tightly, realizing what Donatti and his colleagues had so cynically realized before him: love is the

most pernicious drug of all. Let the romantics debate its existence. Pragmatists accept it and use it.

Morrison losing the physical compulsion to smoke little by little, but never losing the psychological craving, or the need to have something in his mouth — cough drops, Life Savers, a toothpick. Poor substitutes, all of them.

And finally, Morrison hung up in a colossal traffic jam in the Midtown Tunnel. Darkness. Horns blaring. Air stinking. Traffic hopelessly snarled. And suddenly, thumbing open the glove compartment and seeing the half-open pack of cigarettes in there. He looked at them for a moment, then snatched one and lit it with the dashboard lighter. If anything happens, it's Cindy's fault, he told himself defiantly. I told her to get rid of all the damn cigarettes.

The first drag made him cough smoke out furiously. The second made his eyes water. The third made him feel lightheaded and swoony. It tastes awful, he thought. And on the heels of that: My God, what am I doing?

Horns blasted impatiently behind him. Ahead, the traffic had begun to move again. He stubbed the cigarette out in the ashtray, opened both front windows, opened the vents, and then fanned the air helplessly like a kid who has just flushed this first butt down the john.

He joined the traffic flow jerkily and drove home.

"Cindy?" he called. "I'm home."

No answer.

"Cindy? Where are you, hon?"

The phone rang, and he pounced on it. "Hello? Cindy?"

"Hello, Mr. Morrison," Donatti said. He sounded pleasantly brisk and businesslike. "It seems we have a small business matter to attend to. Would five o'clock be convenient?"

"Have you got my wife?"

"Yes, indeed." Donatti chuckled indulgently.

"Look, let her go," Morrison babbled. "It won't happen again. It was a slip, just a slip, that's all. I only had three drags and for God's sake it didn't even taste good!"

"That's a shame. I'll count on you for five then, shall I?"

"Please," Morrison said, close to tears. "Please —"

He was speaking to a dead line.

At 5 p.m. the reception room was empty except for the secretary, who gave him a twinkly smile that ignored Morrison's pallor and disheveled appearance. "Mr. Donatti?" she said into the intercom. "Mr. Morrison to see you." She nodded to Morrison. "Go right in."

Donatti was waiting outside the unmarked room with a man who was wearing a 'smile' sweatshirt and carrying a .38. He was built like an ape.

“Listen,” Morrison said to Donatti. “We can work something out, can’t we? I’ll pay you. I’ll — ”

“Shaddup,” the man in the ‘smile’ sweatshirt said.

“It’s good to see you,” Donatti said. “Sorry it has to be under such adverse circumstances. Will you come with me? We’ll make this as brief as possible. I can assure you your wife won’t be hurt ... this time.”

Morrison tensed himself to leap at Donatti.

“Come, come,” Donatti said, looking annoyed. “If you do that, Junk here is going to pistol-whip you and your wife is still going to get it. Now where’s the percentage in that?”

“I hope you rot in hell,” he told Donatti.

Donatti sighed. “If I had a nickel for every time someone expressed a similar sentiment, I could retire. Let it be a lesson to you, Mr. Morrison. When a romantic tries to do a good thing and fails, they give him a medal. When a pragmatist succeeds, they wish him in hell. Shall we go?”

Junk motioned with the pistol.

Morrison preceded them into the room. He felt numb. The small green curtain had been pulled. Junk prodded him with the gun. This is what being a witness at the gas chamber must have been like, he thought.

He looked in. Cindy was there, looking around bewilderedly.

“Cindy!” Morrison called miserably. “Cindy, they — ”

“She can’t hear or see you,” Donatti said. “One-way glass. Well, let’s get it over with. It really was a very small slip. I believe thirty seconds should be enough. Junk?”

Junk pressed the button with one hand and kept the pistol jammed firmly into Morrison’s back with the other.

It was the longest thirty seconds of his life.

When it was over, Donatti put a hand on Morrison’s shoulder and said, “Are you going to throw up?”

“No,” Morrison said weakly. His forehead was against the glass. His legs were jelly. “I don’t think so.” He turned around and saw that Junk was gone.

“Come with me,” Donatti said.

“Where?” Morrison asked apathetically.

“I think you have a few things to explain, don’t you?”

“How can I face her? How can I tell her that I ... I ...”

“I think you’re going to be surprised,” Donatti said.

The room was empty except for a sofa. Cindy was on it, sobbing helplessly.

“Cindy?” he said gently.

She looked up, her eyes magnified by tears. “Dick?” she whispered. “Dick? Oh...Oh God...” He held her tightly. “Two men,” she said against his chest. “In the house and at first I thought they were burglars and then I

thought they were going to rape me and then they took me someplace with a blindfold over my eyes and...and...oh it was h-horrible —”

“Shhh,” he said. “Shhh.”

“But why?” she asked, looking up at him. “Why would they — ”

“Because of me,” he said. “I have to tell you a story, Cindy — ”

When he had finished he was silent a moment and then said, “I suppose you hate me. I wouldn’t blame you.”

He was looking at the floor, and she took his face in both hands and turned it to hers. “No,” she said. “I don’t hate you.”

He looked at her in mute surprise.

“It was worth it,” she said. “God bless these people. They’ve let you out of prison.”

“Do you mean that?”

“Yes,” she said, and kissed him. “Can we go home now? I feel much better. Ever so much.”

The phone rang one evening a week later, and when Morrison recognized Donatti’s voice, he said, “Your boys have got it wrong. I haven’t even been near a cigarette.”

“We know that. We have a final matter to talk over. Can you stop by tomorrow afternoon?”

“Is it — ”

“No, nothing serious. Bookkeeping really. By the way, congratulations on your promotion.”

“How did you know about that?”

“We’re keeping tabs,” Donatti said noncommittally, and hung up.

When they entered the small room, Donatti said, “Don’t look so nervous. No one’s going to bite you. Step over here, please.”

Morrison saw an ordinary bathroom scale. “Listen, I’ve gained a little weight, but — ”

“Yes, seventy-three percent of our clients do. Step up, please.”

Morrison did, and tipped the scales at one-seventy-four.

“Okay, fine, you can step off. How tall are you, Mr. Morrison?”

“Five-eleven.”

“Okay, let’s see.” He pulled a small card laminated in plastic from his breast pocket. “Well, that’s not too bad. I’m going to write you a prescrip for some highly illegal diet pills. Use them sparingly and according to directions. And I’m going to set your maximum weight at...let’s see...” He consulted the card again. “One eighty-two, how does that sound? And since this is December first, I’ll expect you the first of every month for a weigh-in. No problem if you can’t make it, as long as you call in advance.”

“And what happens if I go over one-eighty-two?”

Donatti smiled. “We’ll send someone out to your house to cut off your

wife's little finger," he said. "You can leave through this door, Mr. Morrison. Have a nice day."

Eight months later:

Morrison runs into the crony from the Larkin Studio at Dempsey's bar. Morrison is down to what Cindy proudly calls his fighting weight: one-sixty-seven. He works out three times a week and looks as fit as whipcord. The crony from Larkin, by comparison, looks like something the cat dragged in. Crony: Lord, how'd you ever stop? I'm locked into this damn habit tighter than Tillie. The crony stubs his cigarette out with real revulsion and drains his scotch. Morrison looks at him speculatively and then takes a small white business card out of his wallet. He puts it on the bar between them. You know, he says, these guys changed my life.

Twelve months later:

Morrison receives a bill in the mail. The bill says:

QUITTERS, INC.
237 East 46th Street
New York, N. Y. 10017

1 Treatment	\$2500.00
Counselor (Victor Donatti)	\$2500.00
Electricity	\$ 0.50
Total (Please pay this amount)	\$5000.50

Those sons of bitches! he explodes. They charged me for the electricity they used to ... to ...

Just pay it, she says, and kisses him.

Twenty months later:

Quite by accident, Morrison and his wife meet the Jimmy McCanns at the Helen Hayes Theatre. Introductions are made all around. Jimmy looks as good, if not better, than he did on that day in the airport terminal so long ago. Morrison has never met his wife. She is pretty in the radiant way plain girls sometimes have when they are very, very happy.

She offers her hand and Morrison shakes it. There is something odd about her grip, and halfway through the second act, he realizes what it was. The little finger on her right hand is missing.

Tasks and Exercises

Exercise 1. Describe in other words the following expressions:

1. looking at 45's

2. glove compartment

3. to pounce on something

4. to pistol-whip someone

5. Shaddup

6. gas chamber

7. disheveled appearance

8. mute surprise

9. to write a prescript

10. to be down to (weight)

11. to thumb something open

12. crony

13. in a foursome

14. to flush down the john

15. drag

16. swoony

Exercise 2. Give the Russian equivalents to the following expressions:

1. on the heels of something or someone

2. to speak to a dead line

3. to be built like an ape

4. to get a nickel every time someone said something

5. to have legs like jelly

6. to be let out of prison

7. to tip the scales

8. fighting weight

9. tighter than Tillie

10. to look like something the cat dragged in

11. fit as a whipcord

12. no one's going to bite you

Exercise 3. Answer the following questions:

1. When did Morrison get drunk at a party?

2. What did Morrison give his son?

3. What did Morrison usually do instead of smoking?

4. What happened to Morrison's wife? Why?

5. Where did Morrison find cigarettes?

6. Describe Junk.

7. Describe the room in which Morrison sat with Cindy.

8. Why wasn't Cindy upset by being electrocuted in Quitters, Inc.?

9. Where did they find Cindy before they brought her to Quitters, Inc.?

10. How much did Morrison originally weigh?

11. Who did Morrison meet at the bar?

12. What was the old man at the bar drinking?

13. Where did Morrison meet Jimmy McCann a year later?

14. Describe Mrs. McCann.

15. Where did Morrison smoke a cigarette?

16. Why did Donatti call Morrison the first time?

17. What did Cindy think when the two men came for her?

18. Why did Donatti call Morrison the second time?

19. What did Morrison give the old man at the bar?

20. What did Morrison receive in the mail?

21. Why did Mrs. McCann have a finger missing?

22. What happens if Morrison puts on weight?

23. What did Donatti prescribe for Morrison?

24. Why was Morrison upset with the bill that he received?

25. Why wasn't Cindy upset with the bill?

26. What should Morrison's maximum weight be according to Donatti?

27. What's the name of the bar that Morrison goes to?

28. What kind of album is Morrison looking for at Sam Goody's?

29. Which game does Morrison enjoy playing?

30. How tall is Morrison?

31. At what time did Morrison arrive at Quitters, Inc. to find his wife?

32. Why couldn't Cindy neither hear nor see Morrison at Quitters, Inc.?

33. For how long was Cindy electrocuted?

34. What did Junk have in his hands?

35. What percentage of clients at Quitters, Inc. gain weight?

**ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА
АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК. ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ
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