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Гуманитарный
Университет**

Дистанционное образование

Рабочий учебник

Фамилия, имя, отчество _____

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Номер контракта _____

**ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО
ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА**

АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ

ЮНИТА 2

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Рекомендовано Министерством общего и профессионального образования Российской Федерации в качестве учебного пособия для студентов высших учебных заведений

ПРАКТИЧЕСКИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОГО ИНОСТРАННОГО ЯЗЫКА АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК ДОМАШНЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ

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

ЮНИТА 2

Учебное пособие представляет собой курс уроков английского языка по домашнему чтению, включающих в себя диалоги, ролевые игры, неадаптированные тексты художественных произведений. Сопровождается аудиокурсом.

Для студентов факультета лингвистики СГУ

Соответствует профессиональной образовательной программе СГУ № 4

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

ТЕМАТИЧЕСКИЙ ПЛАН

Данная юнита включает в себя неадаптированные тексты рассказов известного английского писателя Джерома К.Джерома. Каждый урок сопровождается комплексом ролевых игр и упражнений, направленных на закрепление новых слов и выражений.

- Урок 1: Вдогонку за поездом.
- Урок 2: Рассеянный.
- Урок 3: Человек привычки.
- Урок 4: Разговорник.
- Урок 5: Человек, который не верил в удачу.

ЛИТЕРАТУРА

Базовый учебник

1. Jerome K. Jerome. Three Men on a Boat. Any edition.

Дополнительная литература:

2. Jerome K. Jerome. Three Men on a Bummel. Any edition.

Jerome K. Jerome

RUNNING FOR THE TRAIN

From my Uncle's Podger's house to the railway station it was eight minutes' walk. Every day he went to town by the nine-thirteen train. What my Uncle Podger always said was:

"Allow yourself a quarter of an hour, and don't hurry."

What he always did was to start five minutes before the time and run. I do not know why, but this was the habit of the suburb. Many stout gentlemen lived in the suburb in those days — and I believe some live there still — and went by early trains to town. They all started late, they all carried a black bag and a newspaper in one hand, and an umbrella in the other; and for the last quarter of a mile to the station, wet or fine, they ran.

It was not a very pleasant spectacle. They didn't run well, they didn't even run fast, but they were earnest, and they did their best.

It was not that my uncle didn't rise early enough, it was that different troubles came to him at the last moment. The first thing he usually did after breakfast was to lose his newspaper. We always knew when Uncle Podger had lost something. On such occasions, he looked at everybody in the house with an expression of astonished indignation.

My Uncle Podger never said to himself:

"I am a careless old man. I lose everything, I never know where I have put anything. I cannot find it again for myself, I must work and reform myself."

On the contrary, he was sure that when he lost a thing it was not his fault, but ours.

Here is one of the usual morning scenes.

"I had it in my hand here a minute ago" he exclaims.

"Perhaps you have left it in the garden?" asks my aunt.

"How could I leave it in the garden? I don't want a paper in the garden, I want the paper in the train with me."

"You haven't put it in your pocket?"

"Do you think I am standing here at five minutes to nine looking for it when I have it in my pocket? Do you think I am a fool?"

Here somebody exclaims, "What's this?" and gives him from somewhere a paper.

He seizes it, and opens his bag to put it in, and then looking at it, he pauses with indignation.

“What’s the matter?” my aunt asks.

“The day before yesterday’s paper!” he answers, too hurt even to shout, throwing the paper down upon the table.

It is always the day before yesterday’s, except on Tuesday — then it is Saturday’s.

We find it for him at last, sometimes he is sitting on it.

And then he smiles ironically, and says:

“All the time, right in front of your noses!” ... He does not finish the sentence, he is proud of his self-control.

Then he goes to the hall, where it was the habit of my Aunt Maria to bring all the children to say good-bye to him.

My uncle never leaves the house without saying good-bye to every child.

One of them, of course, is missing, and when it is noticed all the other six run to find that child. Then the missing child comes by itself from somewhere quite near, always with a ready explanation for its absence, and at once runs after the others to explain to them that he is found. So, five minutes at least pass, and during this time my uncle finds his umbrella and loses his hat. Then, at last, when the group is reassembled in the hall, the clock begins to strike nine. My uncle in his confusion kisses some of the children twice, passes by others, forgets whom he has kissed and whom he has not, and must begin all over again.

Then the eldest boy says that he was late for school the previous day because all the clocks in the house were five minutes slow. My uncle in panic runs to the gate, where he discovers that he has with him neither his bag nor his umbrella. All the children and my aunt cannot stop running after him, two of them with the umbrella, the others with the bag. And when they return we discover on the hall table the most important thing he has forgotten, and think of what he will say about it when he comes home.

Tasks and Exercises

Exercise 1. Read the story paying attention to the words and expressions.

it was eight minutes’ walk	– было восемь минут ходьбы
a suburb	– окраина
they did their best	– они старались как могли
careless	– неаккуратный
to exclaim	– восклицать
the missing child comes	– пропавший ребенок появляется
by itself	– сам по себе

Exercise 2. Complete the sentences according to the story.

1. Uncle Podger always said: "Allow yourself ... and don't hurry."
 - A. half an hour
 - B. ten minutes
 - C. a quarter of an hour
2. Uncle Podger always started
 - A. six minutes before the train.
 - B. five minutes before the train.
 - C. four minutes before the train.
3. Uncle Podger was always running for the train because
 - A. he didn't rise early enough.
 - B. of the different troubles.
 - C. he wanted to be athletic.
4. Gentlemen who lived in the suburb were mostly
 - A. thin.
 - B. stout.
 - C. fat.
5. The paper that was found first always was
 - A. yesterday's.
 - B. the day before yesterday's.
 - C. last week's.
6. In the morning Aunt Maria always gathered the children
 - A. in the garden.
 - B. in the living room.
 - C. in the hall.
7. Uncle Podger always left on the table
 - A. the most important thing.
 - B. his umbrella.
 - C. his bag.

Exercise 3. Give extended answers to the following questions.

1. What train did Uncle Podger go to town by?
2. Do you think that all the men who hurried early in the morning for the train were alike? Why?
3. What was the first thing Uncle Podger did after breakfast?
4. Why do you think Uncle Podger never said that he was careless?
5. Why was the paper first found on Tuesday always Saturday's?
6. What couldn't Uncle Podger leave the house without?
7. Why did Uncle Podger have to kiss the children for the second time?
8. Why did the children usually run after Uncle Podger?

-
-
-
2. К счастью, эта была не моя вина, а его.

 3. Вот, что всегда говорил мой отец: “Делай все от тебя зависящее.”

 4. В панике все бросились к дверям — зрелище было не из приятных.

 5. Он казался настолько оскорбленным, что даже не мог говорить.

 6. Когда неприятности подстерегали его, ему помогало его самообладание.

 7. Даже не попрощавшись, он вышел из квартиры с выражением негодования на лице.

 8. Очень часто вещь, которую все долго ищут, находится сама, откуда-то появляясь.

Exercise 7. Situations for discussion.

Speak about people who always blame others. Do you think it is a bad habit or there can be other reasons?

Discuss the situations when carelessness and poor time-management caused failure.

Find the English equivalent to the Russian proverb “Тише едешь – дальше будешь”, and illustrate it.

Use the vocabulary of the story.

Jerome K. Jerome

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN

I have an absent-minded friend, whose name is McQuae.

One day I asked him to come to dine with me.

"Come on Thursday," I said to him. "Now, don't forget," I added, "and don't come on Wednesday."

He laughed and took his notebook.

"Of course, I shall not come to you on Wednesday," he said, "on Wednesday I shall be very busy at the club, and on Friday I start for Scotland. I must be there on Saturday. I shall come to you on Thursday."

He wrote it down in his notebook.

"I hope, he will come," I said to myself when Thursday evening came. At eight o'clock the other guests began to come. I looked at my watch. A quarter past eight. He was not there! Twenty minutes past eight. He was not there! We waited for him till half past eight. Then we began dinner without him.

On Friday, at a quarter past eight, he suddenly rang at my door. Hearing his voice in the hall I, of course, went to meet him.

"Sorry, I am late," McQuae said, "that tram took me to Alfred Place instead of...".

"Well, what do you want now?" I asked him. He was an old friend, so I could be a little rude with him.

He laughed and said:

"Why, my dinner, of course."

"Oh!" I answered. "Well, you can go and get it at some restaurant. You cannot have it here."

"But you asked me to dinner," he said.

"I asked you to dinner on Thursday — not on Friday," I said.

He looked at me for a moment.

"Why did I think it was on Friday?" he asked.

"I don't know, I only remember that you must go to Edinburgh tonight. So you told me last time."

"Oh!" he cried. "So, I must. I must go to the station immediately!"

And without another word he ran off the room.

It is not better when he is the host. I was staying with him one day. It was a little after twelve. We were sitting in a boat on the river. The place

was a lonely one. Suddenly he saw two boats in front of us. There were six people in each of them. They saw us too and began crying something.

“Do they know you?” I asked.

“No, but they all do that here on the river,” he answered.

The boats came nearer. Then a gentleman in the first boat took off his hat and said “How do you do!” to us.

When McQuae heard his voice, he started and said:

“Oh! I have quite forgotten about it!”

“About what?” I asked.

“Why, these are my friends. I asked them all to lunch, and we have only some potatoes and tomatoes and no money.”

Another day I was taking dinner with him in a restaurant.

Our friend, Hallyard, came to our table a little later.

“What will you do after dinner?” McQuae asked.

“I shall write letters,” I answered.

“And you, Hallyard?” he asked again.

“I don’t know,” said Hallyard. “I have no plans.”

“I shall go to Richmond with Leena. (Leena was his fiancée.) Come with us. There is a seat at the back of the cart.*”

“All right,” said Hallyard. And they went together. An hour and a half later Hallyard came to my room.

“Why did you not go to Richmond with McQuae?” I asked.

“I did,” he replied.

“And why are you here then?” I asked again.

“We were just coming to Putney,” he said, “when he turned a corner so suddenly, that I fell out. When I got up, they were already some distance away. I ran after them for a quarter of a mile, I shouted, but they didn’t hear me. So I took the bus back.”

The same evening I met McQuae at the theatre. He saw me, and came over to me.

“I want to ask you one thing,” he said, “please tell me, did I take Hallyard with me to Richmond this afternoon?”

“You did,” I said.

“So Leena says,” he answered. “But he was not there when we came to the hotel.”

“You dropped him at Putney,” I said.

“Dropped him at Putney!” he repeated. “I don’t remember it.”

“But he remembers,” I said. “You ask him about it.”

Next spring McQuae got married. In summer I went to Scotland, and on my way I stopped for some days at Scarborough.

* at the back of the cart — в задней части шарабана. В Англии в экипажах типа шарабан часто имеются два места рядом спереди и одно отдельно, сзади.

After dinner I put on my mackintosh, and went out for a walk. It was raining, but I wanted some air. The wind was very strong, and it was rather difficult to walk. Suddenly I felt that somebody pushed me.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I did not see you."

"Oh! Is that you, old man?" he cried.

"McQuae!" I said.

"I was never so glad to see you in my life," said he.

"But what are you doing here? You must feel very cold," I said. He was dressed in flannel trousers and a tennis shirt.

"Why don't you go home?" I asked.

"I cannot," he answered, "I don't know where I live. I have forgotten the address." He made a little pause. "Take me with you," he said, "and give me something to eat."

"Have you not any money?" I asked him.

"Not a penny," he answered. "We came here from York, my wife and I, at about eleven. We left our things at the station and went to look for a room. When we found one, I changed my clothes and came out for a walk. It was not raining then. I promised to come back at once. But I forgot to take the address, and I don't remember the way I went. And now I don't know how I can find the hotel, where my wife is waiting for me," he finished.

"Do you remember anything of the street or the house?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Have you asked at the hotels?" I asked again.

"Yes," he said, "of course. I have asked about Mrs. McQuae, at many hotels. I told the policeman but he only laughed at me. I went into a restaurant and asked them to give a dinner on credit. But they only told me to go away."

I took him to my hotel and gave him a good dinner. Here we discussed the situation and decided to ask for Mrs. McQuae at all the hotels in Scarborough! We did it so well that next afternoon McQuae found his room and wife.

Tasks and Exercises

Exercise 1. Read the story paying attention to the words and expressions.

absent-minded

– рассеянный

a notebook

– записная книжка

He was not there!

– Его не было!

instead of

– вместо (того, что)

without another word

– не произнося больше не слова

a host	– хозяин
I have quite forgotten!	– Я совершенно забыл!
Why didn't you go to Richmond?	– Почему ты не поехал в Ричмонд?
to drop	– оставлять, бросать, кидать, ронять
I stopped for some days	– я остановился на несколько дней
You must feel very cold.	– Ты, должно быть, сильно замерз.
to take the address	– записать, запомнить адрес
to laugh at smb.	– смеяться над кем-либо

Exercise 2. Complete the sentences according to the story.

- The author asked his friend to come on
 - Wednesday.
 - Thursday.
 - Friday.
- McQuae came on
 - Wednesday.
 - Thursday.
 - Friday.
- The guests waited McQuae till
 - half past eight.
 - half past nine.
 - half past ten.
- McQuae had to go to
 - Dublin.
 - Edinburgh.
 - Cardiff.
- McQuae started when he saw men in the next boat, because he
 - didn't want to dine with them.
 - had to return some money to them.
 - had no money to buy food for the dinner.
- McQuae and his fiancée didn't pick up their friend, because
 - they didn't want to take him with them.
 - they didn't see and hear him.
 - they forgot that he sat on the back seat.
- In Scarborough the author went for a walk, because
 - the weather was fine.
 - he wanted some air.
 - he wanted to buy something.
- In Scarborough McQuae stayed
 - at his friend's.

B. at the author's.

C. at a hotel.

Exercise 3. Give extended answers to the questions.

1. Why was McQuae sure that he would come on Thursday?
2. Why did McQuae think the dinner was on Friday?
3. Why did the people in the boats begin crying when they saw McQuae?
4. Why did Hallyard agree to go with McQuae?
5. How did Hallyard get back?
6. How was McQuae dressed when the author met him at Scarborough?
7. Why was McQuae hungry when the author met him at Scarborough?

Exercise 4. Translate the sentences from the story. Get ready to use them in the context of the story.

You cannot have it here! _____

It's no better _____

to start _____

to start for _____

to fall out _____

You ask him about it! _____

Haven't you any money?! _____

on credit _____

пообедать _____

позвонить в дверь _____

грубый _____

невеста _____

Они уже отъехали на некоторое расстояние _____

Обратно я доехал на автобусе _____

переодеться _____

Listen to the passages and get ready to read them in class.

Exercise 6. Translate the sentences into English using the vocabulary of the story.

1. Вчера я хотел отправиться к своей сестре в Ричмонд, но погода была слишком плохой, и я решил остаться дома.

2. Невеста моего друга была со мной слишком груба, видимо, потому, что я помешал их разговору.

3. К тому времени, как мы добежали до станции, поезд уже отъехал на некоторое расстояние, и обратно нам пришлось добираться на автобусе.

4. Хозяин пригласил нас пообедать, но, к сожалению, у нас не было времени.

5. Я забыл записать его адрес! — Какой ты рассеянный!

6. Не произнося больше ни слова, он подошел к его квартире и позвонил в дверь.

7. Вместо того, чтобы промолчать, он посмеялся над ошибкой друга.

-
-
8. Неужели у тебя нет денег? — Ни пенни.
-
-
9. Она даже вздрогнула, когда увидела, как ребенок вывалился из коляски.
-
-
10. Переодевшись, он выглядел не намного лучше.
-
-

Exercise 7. Situations for discussion.

Recall the situation when someone's absent-mindedness caused a real trouble.

Do you think some people are born absent-minded or they become absent-minded?

Try to interview the Absent-Minded hero of a famous poem.

LESSON 3

УРОК 3

Jerome K. Jerome

A MAN OF HABIT

He was from the town of Jefferson, this man I'm going to tell you of. He was born in the town, and for forty-seven years he never slept a night outside it. He rose at seven, breakfasted at eight, got to his business at nine, after that he rode for an hour, reached home at five, had a bath and a cup of tea, played with the children till half past six, dined at seven, went round to the club and played whist till a quarter after ten, came home again at ten-thirty and went to bed at eleven. For five-and-twenty years, he lived that life with never a variation.

One day a distant connection of his in London, an East Indian merchant, died, leaving him sole legatee. The business was a complicated one. He determined to establish himself with his family in England, and look after the East Indian business.

He set out from Jefferson city on October the fourth, and arrived in London on the seventeenth. He had been ill during the whole of the voyage. A couple of days in bed, however, helped him to recover and on

Wednesday evening he announced his intention of going into the City the next day to see to his affairs.

On Thursday morning he awoke at one o'clock. His wife told him she had not disturbed him, thinking the sleep would do him good. He admitted that, perhaps, it had. Anyhow, he felt very well, and he got up and dressed himself. He breakfasted and set off, reaching the City at about three. Everybody knew how punctual he was, and surprise was expressed on every face at his late arrival. He explained the circumstances, however, and made his appointments for the following day to begin from nine-thirty.

He remained at the office until late, and then went home.

For dinner he could manage to eat only a biscuit and some fruit. At eleven he went to bed, but could not sleep. He turned and turned, but grew only more and more energetic. A little after midnight a desire seized him to go and wish the children good-night.

He woke them, kissed them, and, finding himself awfully hungry, went downstairs, where in the back kitchen he ate with great appetite some cold meat and vegetables.

He returned to bed, feeling more peaceful, yet still could not sleep, so lay thinking about his business affairs till five, when he fell asleep.

At one o'clock to the minute he awoke. His wife told him she had tried to rouse him, but in vain. The man was greatly irritated. The same programme was repeated as on Thursday, and again he reached the City at three.

This state of things went on for a month. The man fought against himself, but was unable to alter himself. Every morning — or rather every afternoon at one he awoke. Every night at one he crept down into the kitchen and looked for food. Every morning at five he fell asleep.

He could not understand it, nobody could understand it. His business suffered, and his health grew worse. His days seemed to have neither beginning nor end. When he began to feel cheerful everybody else was asleep.

One day, by chance, the explanation came. His eldest daughter was preparing her home studies after dinner.

"What time is it now in New York?" she asked, looking up from her geography book.

"New York," said her father, glancing at his watch, "let me see. Oh, about half-past five in the afternoon."

"Then in Jefferson," said the mother, "it would be still earlier, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," replied the girl, examining the map, "Jefferson is nearly two degrees further west."

"Two degrees," said the father, and there is forty minutes to a degree. That would make it now, at the present moment in Jefferson -..."

He leaped to his feet with a cry: "I've got it! Now I see it!"

"See what?" asked his wife, alarmed.

"Why, it is four o'clock in Jefferson, and just time for my ride. That's what I'm wanting."

There could be no doubt about it. For five-and-twenty years he had lived by clockwork. But it was by Jefferson clockwork, not London clockwork. The habits of a quarter of a century could not be changed by the sun.

He examined the problem and decided that the only solution was for him to return to the order of his old life.

He fixed his office hours from three till ten. At ten he mounted his horse, and on very dark nights he carried a lantern.

He dined at one o'clock in the morning, and afterwards strolled down to his club. He joined a small Soho club, where they taught him poker.

At half past four he returned home. At five he went to bed and fell asleep at once.

He got up at one o'clock in the afternoon, breakfasted at two. At seven p.m. he ate his simple midday meal. At eleven p.m. he had tea. And at three a.m. he had a bread-and-cheese supper.

He was essentially a man of habit.

Tasks and Exercises

Exercise 1. Read the story paying attention to the words and expressions.

outside	– вне, снаружи
with never a variation	– без каких бы то ни было перемен
sole legatee	– единственный наследник
he had been ill	– он был болен
to disturb	– беспокоить
punctual	– пунктуальный
he turned and turned	– он вертелся и вертелся
to awake	– просыпаться
to fight against oneself	– бороться с самим собой
to have neither beginning nor end	– не иметь ни начала ни конца
to prepare the home studies	– готовить уроки
I've got it!	– Понял!
to live by clockwork	– жить по часам
to return to the order of the old life	– вернуться к старому образу жизни

Exercise 2. Complete the sentences according to the story.

1. The hero of the story spent at Jefferson
 - A. fifteen years.
 - B. twenty years.
 - C. twenty-five years.
2. The hero liked to play
 - A. whist.
 - B. bridge.
 - C. preference.
3. A distant connection of the hero was
 - A. an Egyptian explorer.
 - B. an Indian merchant.
 - C. a German businessman.
4. From Jefferson the hero of the story and his family moved to
 - A. London.
 - B. New York.
 - C. Chicago.
5. At the new place the hero of the story began to wake up at
 - A. eleven o'clock in the morning.
 - B. twelve o'clock in the afternoon.
 - C. one o'clock in the afternoon.
6. Who helped him to understand everything?
 - A. his wife.
 - B. his mother.
 - C. his daughter.

Exercise 3. Give extended answers to the questions.

1. Why did the hero of the story decide to leave the town of Jefferson?
2. Why was everyone surprised, when the hero first appeared at work?
3. Why did he decide to wake the children up at night?
4. Why did his days seem to have neither beginning nor end?
5. What lessons was his daughter preparing when by chance she helped her father to understand everything?
6. Why did the hero return to the old order of his life?
7. Why did he join a small Soho club?

Exercise 6. Translate the following sentences using the vocabulary of the story.

1. Признаюсь, я не могу объяснить вам всех обстоятельств этого дела.

2. Все его усилия были тщетны — он не мог бороться сам с собой.

3. Сомнений быть не могло — это был тот самый человек, которого он встретил вчера по дороге в Сити.

4. Разговор с ней помог ему — он почувствовал себя спокойнее.

5. Рано утром его разбудил телефонный звонок — один из дальних родственников решил побеспокоить его.

6. Он надеялся на смерть своего богатого дядюшки, который уже долго болел, и единственным наследником которого он являлся.

7. Он проснулся на улице — как он оказался там, он не помнил.

8. Его жизнь продолжалась без каких бы то ни было перемен — дни, казалось, не имели ни начала, ни конца.

9. Я не могу сказать, что я — пунктуальный человек, я не могу жить по часам.

Exercise 7. Situations for discussion. Speak about habits, whether it is easy to acquire them and get rid of them.

Find the English equivalent to the proverb, “Привычка — вторая натура”. Do you think it’s true?

What would you do if you were the hero of the story?

Jerome K. Jerome

A CONVERSATION BOOK

The other day my friend George came to see me and brought a small book with him. It was a guide to English conversation for the use of foreign travellers. It began "On a Steamboat", and ended: "At the Doctor's"; its longest chapter was devoted to conversation in a railway carriage. But the conversation produced rather a strange impression, as there were such sentences in it as: "Couldn't you get further away from me, sir?" — "It is impossible, madam, my neighbour here is very stout." — "Shall we not try to arrange our legs?" — "Please, keep your elbows down." — "I really must ask you to move a little, madam, I cannot breathe."

How to say these sentences, sarcastically or not, was not indicated.

"It is not a brilliant publication," I said, handing the book back to George, "it is not a book that personally I can recommend to a foreign traveller in England: if he uses it, people will not like him. But I have books published in London for the use of English travellers abroad just as foolish."

"However," said George, "I know, that these books are bought by the thousand. In every town in Europe there are travellers, who probably go about and talk this sort of thing."

"Perhaps," I answered, "but fortunately nobody understands them. I have noticed myself men standing on railway platforms, at street corners reading aloud from such books. Nobody knows what language they are speaking, nobody knows what they are saying. It is perhaps better that nobody understands them."

George said: "Perhaps, you are right. My idea is to go to London early on Wednesday morning, and spend an hour or two going about and shopping with the help of this book. I want one or two little things — a hat and a pair of bedroom slippers. I want to try this sort of talk. I want to see how a foreigner feels when you talk to him in this way."

I found it an interesting idea. In my enthusiasm I offered to accompany him.

We went to our friend Harris, showed him the book, and offered him to go with us. He examined the book, especially the chapters about buying shoes and hats. He said: "But if George says to any bootmaker or any hatter the things that are put down here, he will not need our moral help, he will need to be sent to the hospital."

Then George got angry.

“But I am not a foolish boy. I shall select from the more polite and less irritating speeches.”

At last, Harris agreed to go with us, and our start was fixed for early Wednesday morning.

We arrived at Waterloo Station a little after nine, and went to a small boot shop which was not far from the railway station. We wanted to begin George’s experiment at once.

It was one of those shops that display their goods everywhere. Boxes of boots filled the shelves. Black and brown boots hung in festoons about its doors and windows. The shop was a storage of boots. The man, when we entered, was opening with a hammer a new case full of boots.

George raised his hat, and said “Good morning.”

The man did not even turn round. I did not like him from the very first. He said something which was perhaps “Good morning,” and went on with his work.

George said: “I have been recommended to your shop by my friend, Mr. X.”

The answer to this in the book was: “Mr. X is a worthy gentleman, it will give me the greatest pleasure to serve a friend of his.”

What the gentleman said was: “Don’t know him, never heard of him.”

That was not the answer we expected. The book gave three or four methods of buying boots, George selected the most polite of them centered around “Mr. X”. You talked with the shopkeeper about this “Mr. X”, and then, when friendship and understanding had been established, you began to speak about your desire to buy boots, “cheap and good.”

But with this unpleasant man it was necessary to come to business with brutal directness. George left “Mr. X”, and turning back to a previous page, took another sentence. It was not a good selection, it was useless to make such a speech to any bootmaker, and especially in a boot shop full of boots.

George said: “One has told me that you have here boots for sale.”

For the first time the man put down his hammer, and looked at us. He spoke slowly, in a thick voice. He said:

“What do you think I keep boots for — to smell them?”

He was one of those men who begin quietly and get more angry as they go on.

“What do you think I am,” he continued, “a boot collector? What do you think I’m keeping this shop for — my health? Do you think I love the boots, and cannot part with a pair? Do you think I hang them around here to look at them? Where do you think we are — in an international exhibition of boots? What do you think these boots are — a historical collection? Did you ever hear of a man keeping a boot shop and selling

no boots? Do you think I decorate the shop with them? What do you think I am — a prize idiot?”

I have always said that these conversation books are practically useless. We could not find the right answer in the book from beginning to end. I must say that George chose the best sentence that was there, and used it. He said: “I shall come again, when, perhaps, you will have more boots to show me. Till then, good-bye.”

With that we went out. George wanted to stop at another boot shop and try the experiment once more, he said he really wanted a pair of bedroom slippers. But we advised him to buy them another time, and went with him to a small shop in the next street to buy a hat.

The shopkeeper was a cheerful little man with bright eyes, and he was ready to help us.

When George asked him in the words of the book, “Have you any hats?” he did not get angry, he just stopped in thought and fully looked at us.

“Hats,” said he. “Let me think. Yes,” — here a smile of real pleasure appeared on his face — “yes, I think I have a hat. But, tell me, why do you ask me?”

George explained to him that he wished to buy a cap, “a good cap”.

The man’s face changed. “Ah,” said he, “I can find you a bad cap, which is not worth the price we ask for it. But a good cap — no, we don’t keep them. But wait a minute,” he continued, “don’t hurry. I have a cap here,” he went to a drawer and opened it, “it is not a good cap, but it is not so bad as most of the caps I sell.”

He brought it to George.

“What do you think of it?” he asked. “Do you like it?”

George put it on before the glass, chose another sentence from the book, and said:

“This hat fits me well, but, tell me, do you think that it becomes me?”

The man stepped back and looked at him.

“Truly,” he answered, “I cannot say it does.”

George wanted to finish the conversation with the man, and said: “That is all right. We don’t want to lose the train. How much?”

The man answered: “The price of that cap, sir, which, I think, is twice as it is worth, is four-and-six.”

George paid the man four-and-six and went out. Harris and I followed.

In the train we agreed that we had lost the game by two points to one, and George threw the book out of the window.

Tasks and Exercises

Exercise 1. Read the story paying attention to the words and expressions.

a guide to English conversation	– разговорник, пособие по “живой” речи
foolish	– глупый
are bought by the thousand	– расходятся (покупаются) тысячами
to read aloud	– читать вслух
enthusiasm	– энтузиазм
an experiment	– эксперимент
with brutal directness	– прямо, без обиняков
a prize idiot	– патентованный идиот
Do you think that it becomes me?	– Как вы думаете, она идет мне?

Exercise 2. Complete the sentences according to the story.

- The longest chapter in the conversation book was devoted to conversation in the
A. hospital.
B. railway carriage.
C. shop.
- George said he wouldn't recommend the book to a foreign traveller, because then
A. people wouldn't like him.
B. nobody would understand him.
C. he wouldn't understand what is written in the book.
- The friends wanted to buy two small things —
A. a hat and boots.
B. a cap and shoes.
C. a hat and slippers.
- Harris said that if George said what was written in the book he would
A. be taken to hospital.
B. go mad.
C. be beaten by the shopkeeper.
- When the friends entered the shop, the shopkeeper was
A. cleaning the shop.
B. opening a new box of boots.
C. talking to another customer.

6. George said to the shopkeeper that he had been recommended to his shop by
 - A Mr. X.
 - B. Mr. Y.
 - C. Mr. Z.
7. George said that he would come to the shop again when
 - A there would be more boots there.
 - B. the shopkeeper would be more polite.
 - C. he would have time.
8. The price of the cap, which George bought was
 - A twice as it was worth.
 - B. three times as it was worth.
 - C. four times as it was worth.

Exercise 3. Give extended answers to the questions.

1. Why did the conversation recommended by the book produce a strange impression?
2. Why do you think “nobody understands” those who use such books?
3. Why did the friends decide to try such sort of talk?
4. Why did George say that he was not a foolish boy?
5. Why did George at first choose the variant with “Mr. X” and then change his mind?
6. Why did the author call the shopkeeper “one of those men who begin quietly”?
7. Why did George take the hat when the shopkeeper said that it didn't become him?

Exercise 4. Translate the expressions from the text. Get ready to use them in the context of the story.

to produce an impression _____

sarcastically _____

this sort of talk _____

from the very first _____

to establish friendship and understanding _____

one has told me... _____

to part _____

4. После того, как дружба и взаимопонимание были установлены, настало время начать наш эксперимент.

5. По правде говоря, я там никогда не был, но мне сказали, что это очень хороший магазин.

6. Боясь опоздать на поезд, я взял такси. Боюсь, что это был не очень хороший выбор, так как по дороге к вокзалу машина сломалась.

7. Он производил впечатление человека, который любит читать вслух глупые стишки.

8. Мне так нравится эта шляпка, что я просто не могу с ней расстаться. — Она действительно вам идет.

9. Подобного рода разговоры обычно повергали его в задумчивость.

Exercise 7. Situations for discussion.

Compose and act out a dialogue, using phrases from such a Conversation book, for example, in another shop, at a hairdresser's, at a doctor's.

Do you think Conversation books help in real life?

Jerome K. Jerome

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN LUCK

He got in at Ipswich. He arranged his luggage upon the rack above him.

Passing over the points at Manningtree the train gave a lurch, and a horse-shoe he had carefully placed in the rack with the other things fell with a musical ring upon his head.

He appeared neither surprised nor angry. He put his handkerchief on the wound, picked the horse-shoe up, looked at it and dropped it out of the window.

“Did it hurt you?” I said.

It was a foolish question. The thing weighed three pounds at least, it was an exceptionally large and heavy horse-shoe. The bump on his head was swelling before my eyes. I expected an irritable reply. But it didn't come.

“It did, a little,” he replied.

“Why have you taken it?” I asked.

“It was lying in the roadway just outside the station,” he explained, “I picked it for luck.”

“Yes,” he added, “I've had a deal of luck in my time, but it's never turned out well.”

“I was born on a Wednesday,” he continued, “which is, as you know, the luckiest day, and so my relatives did not want to do anything else for me. They said it would be like taking coals to Newcastle, to help a boy born on a Wednesday, and my uncle, when he died, left every penny of his money to my brother Sam.

“Then, there are black cats,” he went on, “people say, they're also lucky.* Why, there never was a blacker cat than the one that followed me into my rooms in Bolsover Street the very first night I took them.”

“Did it bring you luck?” I asked.

“Well, of course it all depends,” he answered dreamily.

“Well, what happened?” I asked.

“Oh,” he said, “nothing extraordinary. You see, my fiancée left London for a time, and gave me her pet canary while she was away. And you can understand easily what the cat did to the canary.”

“But it wasn't your fault,” I said.

“No, perhaps not,” he agreed, “but it created a coldness between us and nothing came out of our engagement.”

“I offered her the cat in compensation,” he added.

We sat and smoked in silence.

“Piebald horses are lucky, too,” he observed, “I had one of them once.”

“What did it do to you?” I asked.

“It made me drink,” he said.

“But why did you take to it?” I persisted. “The horse didn’t force you to drink, did he?”

“Well, it was this way,” he explained, “the animal had belonged to a gentleman who had been accustomed to visit for business almost every public-house on the way. The result was you couldn’t get that little horse past a public-house. He saw them a quarter of a mile off, and made straight for the door. I struggled with him at first, but I needed five to ten minutes’ work getting him away, and people used to gather round us. So once I dropped into a public-house just for a little glass to refresh myself. That was the beginning. It took me years to break myself of the habit.”

“But there,” he continued, “it has always been the same. One day my employer gave me a goose weighing eighteen pounds as a present.”

“Well, that was lucky enough,” I said.

“So the other clerks said at the time,” he replied, “the old gentleman had never given anything away before in his life.

“He’s taken a fancy to you,” they said, “you are lucky!”

He sighed heavily. I felt there was a story attached.

“What did you do with it?” I asked.

“That was the trouble,” he returned, “I didn’t know what to do with it. I tied the thing up in brown paper, and took it under my arm. It was a fine bird, but heavy.

I thought I would take a glass of beer. I went into a quiet little house at the corner of the Lane and laid the goose on the counter.

“That’s a big one,” said the landlord. “Rather heavy.”

“His words set me thinking, and for the first time I thought that I didn’t want the bird — that it was of no use to me at all. I was going to spend the holidays with my young lady’s people in Kent.”

“Was this the canary young lady?” I interrupted.

“No,” he replied, “this was before that one. It was this goose of which I’m telling you that upset this one. Well, her people were big farmers, and I couldn’t take a goose down to them, and I knew no one in London to give it to, so when the landlord came round again I untied the goose and asked him if he wanted to buy it. I told him he could have it cheap.”

* В Англии считается, что черная кошка приносит счастье.
Современный Гуманитарный Университет

“I don’t want it,” he answered. “I’ve got three in the house already.”

“I did not tie up the goose and took it for some distance, then I began to reflect how ridiculous I must look. One or two small boys evidently noticed the same thing. I stopped under a lamp-post and tried to tie it up again. I had a bag and an umbrella with me at the same time, so I dropped the goose into the gutter. I picked up the goose and a lot of mud with that goose, and got the greater part of it over my hands and clothes and also a lot over the brown paper; and then it began to rain.

“It was getting late, and I had a long walk home to my lodgings. I was beginning to wish I had never seen the bird. It was so heavy! The idea occurred to me to sell it to a poulterer. I looked for a shop, I found one in Myddleton Street. I took the goose out of the parcel and laid it on the shelf before the shop man.”

“What’s this?” he asked.

“It’s a goose,” I said, “you can have it cheap.”

“He just seized the goose by the neck and threw it at me. I dodged, and it caught the side of my head. You can have no idea, how it hurt. I picked it up and hit him back with it, and then a policeman came up and said: “Now then, what’s all this about?”

“I explained the facts. But the poulterer made a whole speech.”

“Look at that shop,” he said, “it’s twenty minutes to twelve, and there’s seven dozen geese hanging there that I want to give away, and this fool asks me if I want to buy another.”

“I went away quietly, taking the bird with me.”

“Then,” I said to myself, “I will give it away.” I offered it to a man in Judd Street. He turned out to be a drunken ruffian. He followed me down the road abusing me at the top of his voice. I heard him shouting after me: “Who stole that goose? You? And now you want me to answer for it!”

“Then I decided simply to drop the goose. I dropped it in a dark part of Seymour Street. A man picked it up and brought it to me.

I went to fling it into Oakey Square, but a policeman had his eye on me. In Colding Road I again sought to throw it down, but another policeman was looking at me.

At the Canal Bridge I looked behind me, and could see no one. I dropped the goose over the parapet, and it fell into the water.

I turned and went into Randolph Street, but there a constable collared me. He told me I had better explain the matter to the Inspector.

The Inspector asked me what I had thrown into the canal. I told him: “A goose.” He asked me why I had thrown a goose into the canal. I told him because I was tired of the animal.

At this stage a sergeant came in to say, that they had found the parcel. They opened it on the Inspector’s table. It contained a dead baby.

I pointed out to them that it wasn't my parcel, and that it wasn't my baby, but they did not believe me.

In the end, the evidence against me was too weak to put me in prison, and I got off on the minor charge of drunk and disorderly. But I lost my situation, and I lost my young lady."

We were nearing Liverpool Street. The man collected his luggage, and taking up his hat tried to put it on his head. But in result of the swelling caused by the horse-shoe he could not do it, and he put it sadly back upon the seat.

"No," he said quietly, "I can't say that I believe very much in luck now."

Tasks and Exercises

Exercise 1. Read the story paying attention to the words and expressions.

a horse-shoe	– подкова
for luck	– на счастье
it all depends	– зд. смотря как на это посмотреть
to force	– заставлять что-либо делать (обычно силой)
an employer	– работодатель, начальник, босс
a counter	– прилавок
to untie	– развязывать
a poulterer	– продавец птицы
a drunken ruffian	– пьяный негодяй, хулиган
a constable	– констебль, полицейский
the evidence	– доказательства, улики

Exercise 2. Complete the sentences according to the story.

1. What fell upon the head of the hero of the story?
A a horse-shoe.
B. a hammer.
C. a suitcase.
2. The man was born on
A Tuesday.
B. Wednesday.
C. Thursday.
3. The hero's parents left all their money to
A his brother.

- B. his niece.
 - C. his nephew.
4. His fiancée asked him to take care of
 - A her parrot.
 - B. her canary.
 - C. her gold fish.
 5. The man started drinking because of
 - A the goose.
 - B. the cat.
 - C. the horse.
 6. The goose that the employer presented to him weighed
 - A six pounds.
 - B. seven pounds.
 - C. eight pounds.
 7. The landlord didn't buy the goose because
 - A it was too expensive.
 - B. his wife was against it.
 - C. he had already three in the house.
 8. In the parcel that the sergeant found there was
 - A a good deal of money.
 - B. a dead baby.
 - C. a gun.

Exercise 3. Give extended answers to the questions.

1. Why was the question the author asked about the horse-shoe foolish?
2. Why didn't the parents of the hero help him?
3. How and where from did he take the black cat?
4. Who was the previous master of the piebald horse?
5. Why did the employer present the hero with a goose?
6. When and why did the hero look ridiculous?
7. Why was he taken to the police?
8. What, according to the views of the hero of the story, must bring luck?

Exercise 4. Translate the expressions from the text. Get ready to use them in the context of the story.

with a musical ring _____

an irritable reply _____

but it never turned out well _____

to take coals to Newcastle _____
a public-house _____
to take a fancy to smb. _____
to set smb. thinking _____
the idea occurred to me _____
to have an eye on smb. _____
the minor charge _____
поезд качнуло _____
в свое время _____
ничего сверх необычного _____
ничего не вышло из ... _____
заметить _____
в результате ... _____
дело было так ... _____
отделаться от привычки _____
в том-то и беда _____
не иметь представления _____
изо всей мочи, во всю глотку _____

Exercise 5. Translate the passage from the words, “What did it do to you? ...” up to “... to break myself of the habit.”;

Exercise 6. Translate the sentences into English using the vocabulary of the story.

1. Я даже не имел представления о том, как нелепо, я, должно быть, выглядел.

2. Я чувствовал, что с этим связана какая-то история, но в то-то и беда, что узнать ее я никак не мог.

3. Его слова заставили меня призадуматься.

4. Человек за соседним столиком не спускал с меня глаз в течение всего вечера.

5. В свое время я тоже курил, и мне потребовались годы, чтобы избавиться от этой привычки.

6. По правде говоря, не произошло ничего сверхнеобычного, но он орал во всю глотку, и поэтому скоро вокруг нас собралась толпа.

7. Я старался не замечать его резких, раздражительных ответов.

8. Внезапно мне пришло в голову, что из этой затеи не может выйти ничего хорошего.

Exercise 7. Situations for discussion.

Do you think one is born lucky or it depends on oneself? What is your opinion about fate and fortune-telling?

Do you believe everybody's fate is determined in advance, or it is the result of one's activities? Can you change your fate?

Try to give advice to the hero of the story. What would you do if you were him?

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