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Министерство науки и высшего образования Российской Федерации

ФГБОУ ВО «Уфимский университет науки и технологий»

Бирский филиал

ФАКУЛЬТЕТ ФИЛОЛОГИИ И МЕЖКУЛЬТУРНЫХ КОММУНИКАЦИЙ

УТВЕРЖДАЮ:
Декан
подписано ЭЦП Лысова О.В.
(подпись, инициалы, фамилия)

«26» 02 2026 г.

РАБОЧАЯ ПРОГРАММА ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

Практический курс английского языка: Практика устной и письменной речи
(наименование дисциплины)

ОПОП ВО программа бакалавриата
44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки)
шифр и наименование направления подготовки (специальности)

направленность (профиль, специализация)

Иностранный язык (английский), Иностранный язык (французский)
наименование направленности (профиля, специализации)

форма обучения
очная
(очная, очно-заочная, заочная)

Бирск 2026 г.

Рабочая программа составлена на основании учебного плана основной профессиональной образовательной программы 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки) профиль Иностранный язык (английский), Иностранный язык (французский), одобренного ученым советом Бирского филиала Уфимского университета науки и технологий (протокол №7 от 27.02.2026 г.) и утвержденного директором Бирского филиала 27.02.2026.

Зав.кафедрой кафедры романо-германской филологии и лингводидактики *(наименование кафедры разработчика программы)*	*подписано ЭЦП*	Хамидуллина Л.К.
Разработчик программы	*подписано ЭЦП*	Кудисова Е.А.
Руководитель образовательной программы	*подписано ЭЦП*	Хамидуллина Л.К.

1. Цель дисциплины. Перечень планируемых результатов обучения по дисциплине, соотнесенных с планируемыми результатами освоения основной профессиональной образовательной программы

1.1. Цель дисциплины

Цель изучения дисциплины: формирование знаний, умений и владений в области устной и письменной речи на английском языке для осуществления педагогической деятельности на основе специальных научных знаний с применением системного подхода для решения поставленных задач.

1.2. Перечень планируемых результатов обучения по дисциплине, соотнесенных с планируемыми результатами освоения основной профессиональной образовательной программы

Таблица 1. – Результаты обучения по дисциплине

Планируемые результаты освоения основной профессиональной образовательной программы (компетенции, закрепленные за дисциплиной)		Код и наименование индикатора достижения компетенции, закрепленного за дисциплиной
код компетенции	наименование компетенции	
ОПК-8	Способен осуществлять педагогическую деятельность на основе специальных научных знаний	ОПК-8.1. Демонстрирует знания научных основ педагогической деятельности, предметной области базовых дисциплин и (или) дисциплин, актуальных для освоения основных дисциплин профиля
		ОПК-8.2. Использует специальные научные знания для осуществления педагогической деятельности
		ОПК-8.3. Осуществляет педагогическую деятельность на основе специальных научных знаний
УК-4	Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном(ых) языке(ах)	УК-4.1. Выбирает на государственном и иностранном (-ых) языках коммуникативно приемлемый стиль делового общения, вербальные и невербальные средства взаимодействия с партнерами
		УК-4.2. Использует информационно-коммуникационные технологии при поиске необходимой информации в процессе решения стандартных коммуникативных задач на государственном языке
		УК-4.3. Ведет деловую переписку, учитывая особенности стилистики деловых писем, социокультурные различия в формате корреспонденции на государственном и иностранном (-ых) языках

2. Структура и трудоемкость дисциплины

Общая трудоемкость (объем) дисциплины составляет 26 зачетные единицы (з.е.), 936 академических часов.

Таблица 2 – Объем дисциплины

Виды учебной работы	Всего, часов	Количество часов в семестре
Общая трудоемкость дисциплины	936	1 семестр - 180 2 семестр - 144 3 семестр - 180 4 семестр - 144 5 семестр - 144 6 семестр - 144
Контактная работа обучающихся с преподавателем по видам учебных занятий (всего)	410	1 семестр - 72 2 семестр - 54 3 семестр - 54 4 семестр - 70 5 семестр - 70 6 семестр - 90
в том числе:		
лекции	0	
лабораторные занятия	410	1 семестр - 72 2 семестр - 54 3 семестр - 54 4 семестр - 70 5 семестр - 70 6 семестр - 90
практические занятия	0	
Другие виды работ в соответствии с УП:		
контрольная работа	2.5	1 семестр - 1 2 семестр - 1 4 семестр - 1 5 семестр - 1 6 семестр - 1
консультации	5	1 семестр - 1 2 семестр - 1 3 семестр - 1 4 семестр - 1 6 семестр - 1
Самостоятельная работа обучающихся (всего)	526	1 семестр - 108 2 семестр - 90 3 семестр - 126 4 семестр - 74 5 семестр - 74 6 семестр - 54
Из них:		
контроль	174	
ФКР:		
зачет	0	
зачет с оценкой	0.2	5 семестр - 1
курсовая работа (проект)	0	

Виды учебной работы	Всего, часов	Количество часов в семестре
экзамен	6	1 семестр - 1 2 семестр - 1 3 семестр - 1 4 семестр - 1 6 семестр - 1

3 Содержание дисциплины

Таблица 3 – Содержание дисциплины

№ п/п	Раздел (тема) дисциплины	Виды деятельности					Форма текущего контроля успеваемости
		Лаб, час.	ДЗ, час.	Эк, час.	КоР, час.	СРС, час.	
1 курс / 1 семестр							
1	Характер и внешность человека Личностные качества человека. Изучение лексики, отработка изученной лексики с помощью упражнений. Описание характера и внешности человека. Отработка изученной лексики с помощью упражнений, диалоги по теме, описание человека. Кто является успешным человеком? Описание картинок с изображением знаменитостей	22				24	Устный опрос, Кейс-задания
2	Семья Семейная жизнь. Отношения в семье. Миф об идеальной семье. Работа с текстом “Family life”. Семейная история, традиции и обычаи. Почему они так важны? Работа с новой лексикой, просмотр фильма о семье. Обсуждение просмотренного фильма, дискуссия по теме. Семейные конфликты. Представление проектов о своей семье. Брак. Подготовка к свадьбе. Дискуссия на тему «Брак по любви и брак по расчету». Ролевая игра по теме «Семья».	26				22	Кейс-задания, Дискуссия
3	Дом. Дом мечты Различные типы домов. Изучение новой лексики, текст “House”. Наш дом - это наша крепость. Описание своего дома Интерьер дома. Описание интерьера дома по картинке. Идеальный проект дома. Представление проектов дома своей мечты.	24				25.5	Дискуссия, Кейс-задания
4	Контрольная работа				1	0.5	

5	Экзамен			1		36	
Итого по 1 курсу 1 семестру		72		1	1	108	
1 курс / 2 семестр							
1	Распорядок дня. Учеба. Работа по дому. Свободное время Стиль жизни человека. Работа с текстом “My working day”. Мой распорядок дня. Текст ”Daily routine”. Домашние обязанности. Работа над текстом “Domestic chores”, упражнения по лексике, ролевая игра. Хобби. Работа над лексикой, составление диалогов по теме Что люди делают в свободное время? Упражнения с лексикой. Как люди из других стран проводят свободное время?	16				18	Кейс-задания, Дискуссия
2	Покупки. Магазины Покупка одежды. Диалоги по теме, отработка лексики через упражнения. Покупка потребительских товаров. Текст “shopping for consumer goods”. Покупка товаров для детей. Роль рекламы в жизни людей. Являетесь ли вы шопоголиком? Составление монологов, диалогов.	16				18	Дискуссия, Кейс-задания
3	Еда. Продукты питания Что едят в Великобритании? Текст на перевод “English meals, тематические диалоги,Русская кухня. Текст “The Russian cuisine”, дискуссия по теме. Традиционная праздничная еда. Текст “meals”, представление проектов по теме. Традиционные семейные блюда. Подготовка к приему гостей. Представление проектов по теме.	22				17.5	Дискуссия, Эссе
4	Контрольная работа				1	0.5	
5	Экзамен			1		36	
Итого по 1 курсу 2 семестру		54		1	1	90	
2 курс / 3 семестр							
1	Отдых. Виды отдыха в Великобритании и России.						

1.1	Способы проведения отдыха в Великобритании 1. Различные формы проведения досуга и отдыха. Активный и спокойный отдых, любимые виды проведения досуга, хобби.2. Традиционные виды отдыха в России и Великобритании. Пеший туризм – традиционный вид активного отдыха в Великобритании.3. Различные условия проживания, предоставляемые туристам в Великобритании (гостиницы, общежития для студентов, пансион, дом на колёсах).4. Рассказ о летних каникулах. Отдых моей мечты. Популярные виды отдыха в республике Башкортостан.	16				20	Тестирование, Устный опрос, Презентация, Дискуссия, Кейс-задания
2	Путешествие.						
2.1	Различные способы путешествия. Их преимущества и недостатки. Различные виды путешествий. Бронирование путевок. Путешествия по стране и за рубежом. Путешествие автостопом.Удачный отпуск, испорченный отпуск (проблемы, с которыми могут столкнуться отдыхающие во время путешествия).Различные виды транспорта. Их преимущества и недостатки. Заказ билетов. Путешествие поездом (виды поездов, плацкартный вагон, купейный вагон, вагон-ресторан, на перроне, на вокзале, сдача багажа и т.д.).Путешествие самолетом (в аэропорту, регистрация, сдача багажа, в салоне самолета, влет, посадка).Путешествие теплоходом (на борту теплохода, каюты, палуба, организованный досуг, качка, морская болезнь, порт, пассажиры).Путешествие на автобусе, автомобиле, автостопом	16				20	Тестирование, Дискуссия, Кейс-задания
3	Города и достопримечательности						
3.1	Жизнь в мегаполисе и в сельской местности: преимущества и недостатки. Работа с текстом Only a Madman Would	8				16	Дискуссия

	Choose Living In a Big Modern City.Дискуссии по теме Преимущества и недостатки жизни в большом и маленьком городе.Презентации на тему My Hometown						
3.2	Знакомство с Лондоном. Достопримечательности Лондона. Лондон – столица Великобритании. История Лондона. Роль римского и норманнского завоеваний в развитии Лондона. Лондон в средние века. Чума 1665 года. Пожар 1666 г. Современный Лондон и его население. Основные районы. Достопримечательности (памятники, музеи, театры, парки, метро). Церемонии и традиции Лондона.	8				20	Кейс-задания, Тестирование, Презентация
3.3	Москва Исторические и культурные места и памятники города.Красная площадь. Кремль. Музеи и картинные галереи.	6				14	Дискуссия, Сообщение
4	Экзамен			1		36	
Итого по 2 курсу 3 семестру		54		1		126	
2 курс / 4 семестр							
1	Здоровый образ жизни.						
1.1	Болезни и их лечение. Здоровый образ жизни. Здоровое питание.Проблемы со здоровьем, заболевания и симптомы. Лечение.Медицина. Медицинское обслуживание в Великобритании.Медицинское обслуживание в родной стране. Стационарное и амбулаторное лечение.Визит к врачу (терапевту, дантисту и т.д.). Осмотр врача. Советы врача.Стресс в жизни людей и способы борьбы со стрессом.Альтернативная медицина.	24				12	Кейс-задания, Презентация, Дискуссия, Тестирование
2	Спорт и спортивный образ жизни						
2.1	Роль спорта в жизни людей	24				12	Тестирование, Презентация,

	Чтение, перевод, обсуждение текста Return to Cansas City Ирвина Шоу. (Т.А. Бараблина Stories for discussion).Работа с вокабуляром к тексту.Популярные виды спорта и игры Великобритании. Тематические тексты, диалоги, презентации.Популярные виды спорта и игры России. Тематические тексты, диалоги, презентацииЭкстремальные виды спорта.Преимущества и недостатки.История Олимпийских игр. Современные Олимпийские игры						Кейс-задания, Дискуссия
3	Экология						
3.1	Защита окружающей среды Глобальные экологические проблемы.Защита окружающей среды как государственная и общемировая задача.Организации, действующие в интересах защиты окружающей среды.Мое отношение к зеленому движению. Мой вклад в дело защиты и сохранения экологического баланса.Современное экологическое образование.	22				13.5	Тестирование, Дискуссия, Кейс-задания, Презентация
4	Контрольная работа				1	0.5	
5	Экзамен			1		36	
Итого по 2 курсу 4 семестру		70		1	1	74	
3 курс / 5 семестр							
1	Дружба						
1.1	Друзья. Роль друзей в нашей жизни. Чтение и обсуждение тематических текстов, работа с вокабуляром.	12				12	Устный опрос, Практическое задание, Дискуссия, Эссе
2	Воспитание детей						
2.1	«The Fun They Had» А. Азимов Чтение, перевод текста «The Fun They Had» А.Азимова.Обсуждение	8				4	Дискуссия, Практическое задание

	текста.Тематический словарь.						
2.2	Проблемы воспитания, роль родителей в воспитании. Проблемы воспитания, роль родителей в воспитании: вокабуляр по теме, чтение и обсуждение текстов по теме	10				12	Кейс-задания, Дискуссия, Тестирование, Практическое задание
2.3	Трудности подросткового возраста, позиция родителей при взаимодействии с подростками. Трудности подросткового возраста, позиция родителей при взаимодействии с подростками: работа с вокабуляром, чтение и обсуждение текстов по теме	14				14	Дискуссия, Кейс-задания, Тестирование, Практическое задание
2.4	Воспитание самостоятельности и ответственности у детей Воспитание самостоятельности и ответственности у детей: составление вокабуляра, чтение и обсуждение текстов по теме. Аудирование.	14				14.3	Дискуссия, Тестирование, Практическое задание, Кейс-задания
3	Анализ текста						
3.1	Стилистический и смысловой анализ текста Чтение, перевод текста.Работа с вокабуляром текста. Анализ текста.Итоговые диалоги на основе анализа текста и с использованием изученного вокабуляра.	12				17	Практическое задание
3.2	Контрольная работа				1	0.5	
3.3	Дифференцированный зачет		1			0.2	
Итого по 3 курсу 5 семестру		70	1		1	74	
3 курс / 6 семестр							
1	Кино как искусство нашего времени						
1.1	Выдающиеся режиссеры. Текст «Interview with Ingmar Bergman»	8				2	Кейс-задания, Практическое задание,

	Выдающиеся режиссеры. Текст «Interview with Ingmar Bergman».Тематический словарь.Обсуждение просмотренных фильмов, их критический анализ.						Сообщение, Дискуссия
1.2	Мультипликация: ее развитие и роль в современном обществе Технология кинопроизводства.Мультипликация. Роль мультфильмов в воспитании детей.Составление обзоров на мультфильмы.	14				2	Практическое задание, Сообщение, Дискуссия, Тестирование
1.3	Известные киноактеры. Известные киноактеры.Кинофестивали.История развития кино в России и зарубежом.Современное кино.	10				2	Практическое задание, Эссе, Кейс-задания, Дискуссия
2	Живопись						
2.1	Искусство. Виды искусства Тематический словарь.Trends of Art. English Painting. Чтение и обсуждение текстов.W.Hogarth. J.Reynolds. Th.Gainsborough. The Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Hermitage.	18				4	Практическое задание, Сообщение, Тестирование
2.2	Описание картин Описание картин с использованием тематической лексики и фактического материала.Роль живописи в воспитании детей.	18				3.5	Практическое задание, Кейс-задания, Сообщение, Тестирование
3	Анализ текста						
3.1	Стилистический и смысловой анализ текста Чтение, перевод текста. Работа с вокабуляром текстаАнализ текста. Итоговые диалоги на основе анализа текста и с использованием изученного вокабуляра	22				4	Практическое задание
4	Контрольная работа				1	0.5	

5	Экзамен			1		36	
Итого по 3 курсу 6 семестру		90		1	1	54	
Итого по дисциплине		410	1	5	5	526	

Таблица 4 – Лабораторные работы

№ п/п	Наименование лабораторных работ	Объем, час.

4. Фонд оценочных средств для проведения промежуточной аттестации обучающихся по дисциплине

Критериями оценивания являются баллы, которые выставляются за виды деятельности (оценочные средства) по итогам изучения модулей (разделов дисциплины), перечисленных в рейтинг-плане дисциплины. Баллы, выставляемые за конкретные виды деятельности представлены ниже.

Контрольные задания для проведения текущего контроля успеваемости

Тестовые задания

Описание тестовых заданий: тестовые задания включают тесты закрытого типа (с одним правильным ответом), тесты на установлении последовательности и на установление соответствия. Оценка за выполнение тестовых заданий выставляется на основании процента заданий, выполненных студентами в процессе прохождения промежуточного и рубежного контроля знаний

Тест 2.1

Тест 2

1. **Give the English equivalent for the following phrases from your active vocabulary:**

1. **проводить отпуск**

1. to rest
2. to have a rest
3. to spend one’s holiday
4. to relax

1. **загорать**

1. to lie on the sun
2. to get tanned
3. to lie in the sun
4. to lay on the sun

1. **сдавать комнату**

1. to sell a room
2. to rent a room
3. to be accommodated
4. to lend a room

1. **измерить кровяное давление**

1. to test one’s blood pressure
2. to look through one’s blood pressure
3. to take one’s blood pressure
4. to examine once blood pressure

1. **вылечить больного**

1. to treat the patient
2. to cure the patient
3. to examine the patient
4. to look at the patient

1. **сделать укол**

1. to carry out an injection
2. to do an injection
3. to give an injection

4. to perform an injection
1. **оживлённое уличное движение**
1. hard traffic
2. numerous traffic
3. endless traffic
4. heavy traffic
1. **осмотреть музей**
1. to see museum
2. to look at the museum
3. to do a museum
4. to make a museum
1. **увидеть что-либо мельком**
1. to catch a glimpse of something
2. to get a glint of something
3. to have a glitter of something
4. to see a glimpse of something
1. **проиграть игру**
1. to leave a game
2. to lose a game
3. to break a game
4. to beat a game

Тест 3.1

Тестовые задания открытого типа

1: благополучная домашняя обстановка
a) safe backgrounds
b) good atmosphere at home
c) happy home backgrounds
d) satisfactory situation at home
2: смотреть на кого-либо с превосходством
a) to look at smb with superior eyes
b) to look at smb superior
c) to look at smb with superb eyes
d) to look at smb with magnificence
3: to offend
a) somebody’s dreams
b) somebody’s self-respect
c) somebody’s best friend
d) somebody’s affection

Тест 3.1

Тестовые задания на последовательность

Arrangement of the suggested forms of punishment as increasing towards the most desirable.

1: beating the daylights out of a child
2: spanking a child
3: screamimg at a child
4: labeling a child
5: giving a child a direct reprimand
6: listening to a child with understanding and sympathy
7: letting a child know that you are behind him, not after him

Тестирование 3.2

Тестовые задания открытого типа
1: A film made again is called a ###.
2: A short cinema film of news is known as a ###
3: The actors in a film or play are called a ###.
4: An actor who plays funny parts in plays or films is known as a ###.
5: The people listening to or watching a performance or speech are called ###.

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания выполнения тестовых заданий

Описание методики оценивания выполнения тестовых заданий: оценка за выполнение тестовых заданий ставится на основании подсчета процента правильно выполненных тестовых заданий.
Критерии оценки (в баллах*)*:
- 9-10 баллов выставляется студенту, если процент правильно выполненных тестовых заданий составляет 81 – 100 %;
- 7-8 баллов выставляется студенту, если процент правильно выполненных тестовых заданий составляет 61 – 80 %;
- 4-6 баллов выставляется студенту, если процент правильно выполненных тестовых заданий составляет 41 – 60 %;
- до 4 баллов выставляется студенту, если процент правильно выполненных тестовых заданий составляет 40 %;

Устный опрос

Устный опрос применяется как метод проверки знаний обучающихся по конкретной тематике

Устный опрос 3.1

Answer the following questions using the topical vocabulary:
1. What are the basic principles of bringing up children?
2. What are the basic qualities of a child’s happiness?
3. What should parents do to handle their children?
4. How can parents praise their children?
5. What forms of punishment do you know?
6. What atmosphere should a child be brought up in?

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания выполнения устного опроса

При оценке **устного опроса** максимальное внимание должно уделяться тому, насколько полно раскрыто содержание материала, четко и правильно даны определения, раскрыто содержание понятий, верно использованы научные термины.
2 балла выставляется студенту, если полно раскрыто содержание материала; четко и правильно даны определения, раскрыто содержание понятий; для доказательства использованы аргументы; ответ самостоятельный, использованы ранее приобретенные знания; четко прослеживается межпредметная связь; ответ диалектический, раскрыты причинно-следственные связи.
1 балл выставляется студенту, если раскрыто основное содержание материала; в основном правильно даны определения понятий; ответ самостоятельный; для доказательства используются аргументы, допущены незначительные нарушения в последовательности изложения.
0 баллов выставляется студенту, если не усвоено основное содержание учебного материала, изложено фрагментарно, не последовательно; допущены значительные ошибки и неточности в оформлении высказываний; демонстрир

Контрольная работа

Контрольная работа 2.2

Vocabulary Test 2
(Term 4)

1. **Give English idioms for the following phrases.**

1. To feel fine
2. To be nervous
3. To get a disease by being infected
4. To make someone live
5. To look healthy

1. **Give synonyms to the following words and phrases.**

1. Illness
2. High temperature
3. Ache
4. Sleep deprivation
5. To treat smb.

1. **Give antonyms to the following words and phrases.**

1. Low-calorie food
2. To gain weight
3. To fall ill with a disease
4. Painful operation
5. To be alive and kicking

1. **Fill in prepositions.**

1. To bring … the fever
2. To write … a prescription
3. To be short … breath
4. To be laid … … smth.
5. To treat smb. … smth.

1. **Guess what is meant**

1. To let the air suddenly through the nose and the mouth when having a cold
2. Difficulty in digesting food
3. A special choice of food ordered by a doctor
4. A doctor's notice with instructions
5. The regular beating of the arteries

1. **Fill in the missing word from the given list.**

Therapy, examine, remedy, sore, cure.

1. My arm is really … and I can't move it.
2. Many rock stars seem to end up in drug … .
3. Do you think a … for cancer will ever be found?
4. I lifted my shirt so the doctor could … my chest.
5. My granny uses an old-fashioned … for her arthritis.

1. **Match to make sentences.**

1. It is said that people who eat poorly are likely… a) on with lasers these days?
2. Did you know that you can have your eyes operated… b) going to the gym more often?
3. I'm getting really tired of … c) losing a bit of weight?
4. Why don't you try … d) telling my dad to give up smoking
5. It really is worth… e) to have health problems

1. **Choose the correct answer**

1. Hello? I'd like to … an appointment with Dr. Fletcher, please.

1. form b) do c) break d) make

1. Eat your vegetables. They'll … you good.
1. make b) get c) do d) have
1. Being … an injection wasn't as painful as I thought.
1. given b) done c) made d) taken
1. I like to … fit by going to the gym at least twice a week.
1. continue b) make c) keep d) set
1. I was told to … the medicine three times a day before each meal.
1. eat b) take c) get d) have
1. **Complete the sentence by changing the form of the word given in capitals**
1. Most people seem to be …. of the harmful effects of their diet. (**AWARE**)
2. I'm …. to oranges, so I have to be very careful what I eat. (**ALLERGY**)
3. Luckily, Ted's … were not serious and he was sent home. (**INJURE**)
4. Our unique service consists of a series of … the will give you the results you've always wanted. (**INJECT**)
5. The … period after this operation is very short. (**RECOVER**)
1. **Translate the following sentences into English**
1. Я не могу говорить громко, у меня болит горло.
2. Если бы ты принимал лекарство регулярно, у тебя бы не было осложнений.
3. Я должно быть простудилась, так у меня жар.
4. Мне нравится этот врач, потому что он не прописывает много лекарств.
5. Придерживайся диеты из овощей и фруктов и воздерживайся от алкоголя.
6. У меня что-то с сердцем, сделайте мне укол.
7. Мой сын болен ветрянкой, он должен несколько дней полежать в постели.
8. Я только что выздоровела от воспаления легких.
9. Врач осмотрел меня, измерил давление и выписал рецепт.
10. Если вы не будете заботиться о себе, у вас может быть нервное расстройство.

Контрольная работа 3.1

Bringing up children

Fill in the prepositions

1. to progress _ one's development
2. to gain independence _ parents
3. to grow _
4. to be sensitive _ one's feelings
5. to have full faith _
6. to keep anger _ control
7. to win smb. _
8. to let steam _
9. to exaggerate praise _ _ all propotion
10. to concentrate _ a child' strength

Translate

1. замедленное развитие
2. поощрять ребенка
3. быть зрелым
4. ответственные взрослые
5. говорить решительно
6. быть логичным, последовательным
7. добавлять масла в огонь
8. не создавать напряжения
9. сказать сгоряча, в порыве
10. перехваливать ребенка

Art

1. **Agree or disagree:**
1. The National Gallery is the largest picture gallery in the Commonwealth.
2. William Hogarth was the first President of the Royal Academy.
3. Th. Gainsborough was particularly good at depicting animals, especially horses.
4. Portrait art was the main kind of painting in England in the XVIIIth c.
5. The English School of painting in the XIXth c. was best represented by J. Constable, J.M.W. Turner, Th. Lawrence and the Preraphaelites.

2. Translate the following sentences into English:

1. На стенах мастерской висели наброски и картины без рам, главным образом, копии с картин старых мастеров. 2. На мольберте возле стола стоял портрет молодой женщины. Это был портрет во весь рост. 3. К стене был прислонен холст, а на полу лежали кисти, тюбики с краской и палитра. 4. Он был мастером портрета и завоевал большую известность. 5. Он натянул холст, укрепил молберт и приготовил краски и палитру. 6. Художник считал целью своей жизни изображение человека и его характера. 7. Мальчик не знал, как трудно рисовать живую модель. 8. Если бы он хотел стать художником, он бы учился рисовать. 9. Сочетание света и тени в картине замечательно. 10. Микельанджело был изумительный мастер рисунка. 11. В XVII веке портрет был рапространен во всей Европе. 12. Этот автопортрет написан художником в последние годы жизни. 13. Художник написал целую серию поясных портретов и портретов во весь рост. 14 . Жанровая живопись была особенно популярна в Голландии в XVII веке. Голландские живописцы писали жанровые сценки, архитектурные интрьеры, натюрморты из цветов, а также фруктов и утвари.

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания контрольной работы

Описание методики оценивания: при оценке выполнения студентом контрольной работы максимальное внимание следует уделять следующим аспектам: насколько полно в теоретическом вопросе раскрыто содержание материала, четко и правильно даны определения, раскрыто содержание понятий; верно использованы научные термины; демонстрируются высокий уровень умения оперировать научными категориями, анализировать информацию, владение навыками практической деятельности; кейс-задание решено на высоком уровне, содержит аргументацию и пояснения.

Критерии оценки (в баллах):

- **9-10** баллов выставляется студенту, если в теоретическом вопросе полно раскрыто содержание материала; четко и правильно даны определения, раскрыто содержание понятий; верно использованы научные термины; демонстрируются высокий уровень умения оперировать научными категориями, анализировать информацию, владение навыками практической деятельности; кейс-задание решено на высоком уровне, содержит пояснения; тестовые задания решены свыше, чем на 80%; уровень знаний, умений, владений – высокий;
- **7-8** баллов выставляется студенту, если В теоретическом вопросе раскрыто основное содержание материала; в основном правильно даны определения понятий и использованы научные термины; ответ самостоятельный; определения понятий неполные, допущены незначительные нарушения в последовательности изложения; небольшие недостатки при использовании научных терминов; кейс-задание решено верно, но решение не доведено до завершающего этапа; тесты решены на 60-80%. Уровень знаний, умений, владений – средний;
- **5-6** баллов выставляется студенту, если в теоретическом вопросе усвоено основное, но непоследовательно; определения понятий недостаточно четкие; не использованы в качестве доказательства выводы и обобщения из наблюдений, практических занятий; уровень умения оперировать научными категориями, анализировать информацию, владения навыками практической деятельности невысокий, наблюдаются пробелы и неточности; в решение кейс-задания верно выполнены некоторые этапы; тесты решены на 40-60%; уровень знаний, умений, владений – удовлетворительный;
- **менее 5** баллов выставляется студенту, если в теоретическом вопросе не изложено основное содержание учебного материала, изложение фрагментарное, не последовательное; определения понятий не четкие; не использованы в качестве доказательства выводы и обобщения из

наблюдений, уровень умения оперировать научными категориями, анализировать информацию, владения навыками практической деятельности очень низкий; тесты решены менее, чем на 40 %; уровень знаний, умений, владений – недостаточный.

Сообщение

Сообщение- публичное выступление или документ, которые содержат информацию и отражают суть вопроса или исследования применительно к данной ситуации

Сообщение 2.1

Темы сообщений
1. Tell about the popular types of holidays in Great Britain. What are the most popular holiday destinations for British people?2. What types of holiday accommodation do you know?3. What's your favourite means of transport? What do you think is the most comfortable one?4. Tell about your last holiday experience? Where did you go? Did you stay at a hotel or did you choose other type of accommodation? What places did you see?5. What is your most memorable holiday? Was it in Russia or did you go abroad? Did you go sightseeing?6. Do you like active holidays? Are you fond of walking and hiking?7. Where do you plan to go for your next holidays?

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания сообщения

При оценке **сообщения** максимальное внимание должно уделяться тому, насколько полно раскрыто содержание материала, четко и правильно даны определения, раскрыто содержание понятий, верно использованы научные термины.
2 балла выставляется студенту, если полно раскрыто содержание материала; четко и правильно даны определения, раскрыто содержание понятий; для доказательства использованы аргументы; ответ самостоятельный, использованы ранее приобретенные знания; четко прослеживается межпредметная связь; ответ диалектический, раскрыты причинно-следственные связи.
1 балл выставляется студенту, если раскрыто основное содержание материала; в основном правильно даны определения понятий; ответ самостоятельный; для доказательства используются аргументы, допущены незначительные нарушения в последовательности изложения.
0 баллов выставляется студенту, если не усвоено основное содержание учебного материала, изложено фрагментарно, не последовательно; допущены значительные ошибки и неточности в оформлении высказываний; демонстрируются очень низкий уровень умения воспроизводить связные высказывания по теме

Кейс-задания

Описание кейс-заданий: кейс-задание представляет собой ситуационную задачу, требующую осмысления, анализа, а затем решения. Решение кейс-задания должно быть аргументированным, содержать пояснения.

Кейс-задание 1.1

1 Draw your "family tree" telling who your ancestors were, where they came from, etc. Writethe names of your relatives. Next to each name, write down their relationship to you; e.g.mother, sister-in-law, cousin, nephew, etc. Catherine = Davidmother fatherJack Billson sonMary Jim Sue Peter Dianadaughter son daughter son daughter**2 Give your partner your family tree and let him / her test you on the names of your relatives. Give interesting facts about members of your family.**

Кейс-задание 1.1

Find out about your groupmates (their countries of residence, birthplace, nationality, age,family, etc.). Use the following dialogues as models.M od e l A : — What's your full name?— My full name is Ivanov Alexander Petrovich. Ivanov is mysurname (family name). Alexander (Alex for short) is

myChristian (first, personal) name. Petrovich is my patronimic. Callme Alex by my first name.Susan — Suzy Robert — BobElizabeth — Betsy, Liz Richard — DickDorothy — Dot Patrick — PatM od e l B : — Where do you live?— I live at number 15, Pushkin street.— What's your address?— My address is: 15, Pushkin street, Minsk, Belarus, 220089.— Have you got a telephone? What's your telephone number? — It's 253-88-01 (two, five, three, double, eight, o, one).M od e l C : — How old are you? When and where were you born?— I was born on October 9, 1982, so I'm nearly 18. I come fromBrest, Actually I'm Belarusian, though my grandmother was aPole.M od e l D : — Have you got a family?— I'm not married yet and I live in my parents' house.— What relation is Mrs. Black to you?— She is my aunt.
— Is Kate any relation to you?— No, she is a distant relation of mine.

Кейс-задание 2.1

Task 1. Make up a conversation in which three friends argue about how they should travel to a distant city for a long weekend. One thinks it would be best to go by car, the second is for going by train, the third would prefer to go by coach.

Task 2. Role-play: To really enjoy a round-the world trip you need to spend quite a long time in each place. This probably means being away from home for much longer than one month.
What problems do you think you would have being away from home for up to one year, for instance? Talk to your partner about the following things:
Clothes money health luggage family accommodation

Кейс-задание 3.1

The situation “I am an early childhood educator”:

- Вы представляете педагогический университет на ярмарке профессионального образования. Подготовьте презентацию о профессии преподавателя и расскажите о том, что необходимо для того, чтобы стать профессионалом в этой области и какими чертами обладают специалисты–педагоги.
- Вы – студент педагогического университета и принимаете участие в международной конференции, посвященной вопросам дошкольного и школьного образования и воспитания. Расспросите зарубежного коллегу о том, что требуется для того, чтобы стать специалистом в области раннего обучения детей.

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания выполнения кейс-заданий

Описание методики оценивания: при оценке решения кейс-задания наибольшее внимание должно быть уделено тому, насколько полно раскрыто содержание материала, четко и правильно даны ли определения, раскрыто содержание понятий, верно ли использованы научные термины, использованы ли аргументированные доказательства, опыт деятельности, использованы ли ранее приобретенные знания, раскрыты ли причинно-следственные связи, насколько высок уровень умения оперирования научными категориями, анализа информации, владения навыками практической деятельности.
Критерии оценки (в баллах) (должны строго соответствовать рейтинг плану по макс. и мин. колич. баллов и только для тех, кто учится с использованием модульно-рейтинговой системы обучения и оценки успеваемости студентов):
- **2** балла выставляется студенту, если задание грамотно проанализировано, установлены причинно-следственные связи, демонстрируются умения работать с источниками информации, владение навыками практической деятельности, найдено оптимальное решение кейс-задание;
- **1** балл выставляется студенту, если задание проанализировано поверхностно, не установлены причинно-следственные связи, демонстрируются слабые умения работать с источниками информации, неуверенное владение навыками практической деятельности, найдено решение кейс-задания, но имеет значительные недочеты;

- 0 баллов выставляется студенту, если задание не проанализировано, не установлены причинно-следственные связи, демонстрируется отсутствие умения работать с источниками информации, не сформированы навыки практической деятельности, решение кейс-задания не найдено.

Эссе

Выполнение эссе предназначено для развития навыков самостоятельного творческого мышления и письменного изложения собственных мыслей.

Эссе 2.2

Write an essay on the following points.
1. My keep-fit programme helps me to avoid diseases.
2. Good health is above wealth.
3. Diseases are the interests of pleasure.
4. Health is not valued till sickness comes.
5. Heredity is the main factor of our condition.
6. My last visit to the doctor.
7. Our condition does not depend on us.
8. Medical care in Russia.
9. A sound mind in a sound body.
10. Live not to eat, but eat to live.

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания выполнения эссе

Баллы	Решение коммуникативной задачи (содержание)	Организация текста	Лексика	Грамматика	Орфография и пунктуация
2	Задание выполнено полностью: содержание отражает все аспекты, указанные в задании; стилевое оформление речи выбрано правильно с учетом цели высказывания и адресата; соблюдены принятые в языке нормы вежливости.	Высказывание логично: средства логической связи выбраны правильно; текст разделен на абзацы; формат высказывания выбран правильно	Используемый словарный запас соответствует поставленной задаче; практически нет нарушений в использовании лексики. (1-2 ошибки)	Используются грамматические структуры в соответствии с поставленной задачей. Практически отсутствуют ошибки. (1-2 ошибки)	
1	Задание выполнено: некоторые аспекты, указанные в	Высказывание в основном логично; имеются отдельные	Используемый словарный запас соответствует поставленной	Имеется ряд грамматических ошибок, не затрудняющих понимание	Орфографические ошибки практически отсутствуют. Текст разделен

	задании раскрыты не полностью; имеются отдельные нарушения стилевого оформления речи; в основном соблюдены принятые в языке нормы вежливости	недостатки при использовании средств логической связи; имеются отдельные недостатки при делении текста на абзацы; имеются отдельные нарушения формата высказывания	задаче, однако встречаются отдельные неточности в употреблении слов либо словарный запас ограничен. Но лексика использована правильно (3-7 ошибок)	текста (3-7 ошибок)	на предложения с правильным пунктуационным оформлением (1-2 ошибки)
0	Задание выполнено не полностью: содержание не отражает все аспекты, указанные в задании; часто встречаются нарушения стилевого оформления; в основном не соблюдаются принятые в языке нормы вежливости	Высказывание не всегда логично: имеются недостатки или ошибки в использовании средств логической связи, их выбор ограничен; деление текста на абзацы нелогично или отсутствует; имеются многочисленные ошибки в формате высказывания	Использован неоправданно ограниченный словарный запас; часто встречаются нарушения в использовании лексики, некоторые из которых могут затруднять понимание текста	Либо часто встречаются ошибки элементарного уровня, либо ошибки немногочисленны, но затрудняют понимание текста (8-12 ошибок)	Имеется ряд орфографических или пунктуационных ошибок, которые значительно затрудняют понимание текста (3-10 ошибок)

Дискуссия

Дискуссия является способом организации совместной деятельности с целью интенсификации процесса принятия решения в группе а также применяется как метод активного обучения, основанный на публичном обсуждении проблемы, цель которого выяснение и сопоставление различных точек зрения, нахождение правильного решения спорного вопроса- метод обучения, повышающий интенсивность и эффективность процесса восприятия за счет активного включения обучаемых в коллективный поиск истины.

Дискуссия 1.1

Read the text and then choose the best hobby for each of these people from the box. Work in groups of 3-4 people. Susan is a pharmacist and spends most of her day working alone. She has several hobbies — she makes her own clothes and enjoys gardening — but she would like to get out of the house and meet people.

John has a very stressful job in an advertising agency. His friends think he is a workaholic and he does not have much time for hobbies. However, he would like to find a hobby which is both stimulating and relaxing.
Mary used to be a teacher, but she has been unemployed for almost a year. She spends most of her day reading but is now getting very bored. She is also very worried about her future.
Brian is a machine operator. His job is tiring but very monotonous. He spends most of his spare time watching his local football team and listening to jazz, but he would like an active, creative hobby which would give him more personal satisfaction.

Дискуссия 2.1

Holiday-Making
Talking Points:
1. Where would you spend your ideal holiday? What kind of accommodation would you stay in? How would you spend your time?
2. Holidaymaking in Britain and in Russia. What makes them alike and different?
3. Speak about the weekend plans of the following people:
a) a married couple with children;
b) a young businesswoman ;
c) a student living away from home;
d) a football fan;
e) a breakfast-in-bed and Sunday paper enthusiast.
Air Travel
Conversation Questions:
How old were you when you went on your first flight?
Where did you go?
Do you like to travel by airplane?
What was the longest flight you have ever taken?
What seat do you prefer: window, center or aisle?
What are three things you're supposed to do before the flight takes off?
What do you like to do during the flight?
Does the plane provide anything to do to pass the time?
What are some movies you remember seeing on the plane?
What do you do when you experience turbulence?
Have you ever met anyone or established any relationships during a flight?
What should be done with obese people who practically take up two seats?
Can you sleep during the flight?
Have you ever seen a female pilot?
Why do you think that most pilots are men?
Would you like to be a flight attendant?
What are the benefits and /or downfalls?
Are most flight attendants female?
Is being a flight attendant considered a good job in your country?
What do you think are the qualifications?
Are planes really safer than cars?
What are the advantages of traveling by airplane?
What are the disadvantages?
Do you know someone who is afraid of flying in an airplane?

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания выполнения дискуссии

При оценке **участия студента в дискуссии** максимальное внимание должно уделяться тому, насколько активно студент учавствует в дискуссии, насколько полно раскрыто содержание

материала, четко и правильно даны определения, раскрыто содержание понятий, верно использованы научные термины.
2 балла выставляется студенту, если полно раскрыто содержание материала; четко и правильно даны определения, раскрыто содержание понятий; для доказательства использованы аргументы и контраргументы; ответ самостоятельный, использованы ранее приобретенные знания; четко прослеживается межпредметная связь; ответ диалектический, раскрыты причинно-следственные связи; высказывание логичное; соблюдена корректность по отношению к оппоненту (толерантность, уважение других взглядов, отсутствие личностных нападок).
1 балл выставляется студенту, если раскрыто основное содержание материала; в основном правильно даны определения понятий; ответ самостоятельный; для доказательства используются аргументы, допущены незначительные нарушения в последовательности изложения; высказывание не достаточно логичное; не достаточно соблюдена корректность по отношению к оппоненту (толерантность, уважение других взглядов, отсутствие личностных нападок).
0 баллов выставляется студенту, если не усвоено основное содержание учебного материала, изложено фрагментарно, не последовательно; допущены значительные ошибки и неточности в оформлении высказываний; демонстрируются очень низкий уровень умения воспроизводить связные высказывания по теме; студент неактивно участвует в дискуссии и не демострирует умение ориентироваться в меняющейся ситуации.

Презентация

Презентация 2.1

Presentation.
Create a presentation on country versus city. Try your best to compare the relative advantages of living in the city or living in the country. Express your personal opinion of where you would like to live if ypu were given a choice.

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания выполнения презентации

«Презентация» в переводе с английского языка – представление. Мультимедийные презентации - способ представления информации с помощью компьютерных программ PowerPoint, Windows Movie Maker, являющихся удобным и эффективным способом, который сочетает в себе динамику, звук и изображение, т.е. факторы, объединяющие в себе всё, что способствует удерживанию непроизвольного внимания и лучшему усвоению изучаемого материала.
Требования к созданию презентаций
На первом слайде размещается:
- название презентации;
- автор: ФИО, группа, название учебного учреждения (соавторы указываются в алфавитном порядке);
- год.
На втором слайде указывается содержание работы, которое лучше оформить в виде гиперссылок (для интерактивности презентации).
На последнем слайде указывается список используемой литературы в соответствии с требованиями, Интернет-ресурсы указываются в последнюю очередь.
Критерии оценивания:
Оценка «5» (отлично) выставляется, если студент создал презентацию самостоятельно; презентация содержит не менее 15-20 слайдов информации; эстетически оформлена; имеет иллюстрации; содержание соответствует теме; правильная структурированность информации; в презентации прослеживается наличие логической связи изложенной информации; полностью раскрыл предложенную тему (соответствие выводов и результатов исследования поставленной цели); грамотно составил презентацию, последовательно изложив информацию; использовал дополнительные источники информации (Internet, дополнительную литературу, публикации в прессе и т.д.); разработал дизайн презентации, соответствующий теме проекта; использовал в

презентации различные анимационные эффекты; использовал гиперссылки и управляющие кнопки; имеется содержание и список источников информации

Оценка «4» (хорошо) выставляется, если студент создал презентацию самостоятельно; презентация содержит не менее 15 слайдов информации; эстетически оформлена; раскрыл предложенную тему, допуская незначительные неточности; составил презентацию, допуская некоторую непоследовательность изложения материала; разработал дизайн презентации, соответствующий теме проекта; использовал различные анимационные эффекты; имеется содержание и список источников информации. содержание соответствует теме; правильная структурированность информации; в презентации не всегда прослеживается наличие логической связи изложенной информации; студент представляет свою презентацию в срок.

Оценка «3» (удовлетворительно) выставляется, если студент раскрыл тему, допустив 2 – 4 серьезные погрешности; составил презентацию, бессистемно изложив материал; разработал дизайн презентации; использовал анимационные эффекты; презентация содержит менее 15 слайдов; оформлена не эстетически, не имеет иллюстрации; содержание не в полной мере соответствует теме; в презентации не прослеживается наличие логической связи изложенной информации; студент не представляет свою презентацию в срок.

Оценка «2» (неудовлетворительно) выставляется, если студент не сам создал презентацию; презентация содержит менее 10 слайдов; оформлена с нарушением требований, не имеет иллюстрации; содержание не соответствует теме; выстроена не логично; студент не представил свою презентацию в срок

Практическое задание

Анализ текста 3.1

Практические задания по разделу "Анализ текста"
Chapters 1-10 (Fresh from the Country by Miss Read)

1. Speak about Elm Hill and the school, Mrs. Flinn’s sharp business methods and her terms for letting rooms, Ann’s parents.
2. Speak about Miss Enderby as a perfect headmistress. What is your idea of a good headmistress?
3. Make up a dialogue in which Ann talks with her mother about the members of the school staff.
4. Organize a Parents' Association meeting. Act as a teacher. Ask questions to cover the content of the problem raised in Chapter 4.
5. Make a detailed analysis of Miss Hobbs’ methods of conducting a lesson.
6. Present character sketches of the teachers described in Chapter 5-6.
7. Make up a list of problems Ann faced at school and suggest possible solutions.
8. Summarize Tom’s life-story. What are his views of teaching? Characterize Alan Foster. What impression on the reader is intended by his conversation with Anna?
9. Compare Miss Anderson’s classes with those at Elm Hill school. What school would you prefer to work?
10. Write a summary of one chapter.
11. Prepare a passage for good reading and translation.

Практическое задание 1.1

Read the text and share your opinions on the problem discussed.What Is in a Name? A young couple I know has been trying to choose a name for their child, which will arrive soon. It hasn't been easy. They don't want to name their baby after a relative, a famous person or themselves. They want something distinctive, but not unusual. They ask if I had any suggestions, since I went through the same thing a couple of times. When my first son was born, and I saw how big he was, I wanted to name him Bronko. With the name of Bronko he would probably get in high position on an American football team, get through college free and make a lot of money. But instead of Bronko, he was called David. David is a fine name. It doesn't have any mud or coal dust on it. It's a clean, refined, sensitive name.So what happened to my firstborn. There he stands today, about 6,5 feet high, huge arms, strong back, and not once in his life

has he ever knocked anybody unconscious. Instead he's a shrink, a musician and a scholar. As I explained to that couple, his name helped his career.Then they showed me one of those books of names to help parents make a choice. "It even has a list of the most popular names today", the husband said, "and a list of the names that were popular years ago, when you were a kid". I looked at the list and wasn't surprised. EverybodyI know has a kid with a trendy name.Girls are being named Heather, Jennifer, Jessica, Kimberly, Allison and Melissa. Boys are being named Jason, Joshua, Christopher, Scott, Mark, Jeffrey. When I was a kid, I didn't know anybody named Heather or Joshua. In my neighbourhood, boys had solid, workmanlikenames: Stanley, Walter, Albert, Henry or Joe. Girls had in-the-kitchen names like Mildred, Dorothy, Helen, Eleanor, Bertha and Gertrude. So I suggested that they go for an old-fashionedname, maybe Gertrude, so they could call her Gert. "I'm not .going to name my daughter Gert", the woman said. "That's awful". I suggested Phoebe. But they didn't like that any better. "If it's a girl", the husband said, "I'm leaning toward Lisa". I warned them that by the year 2000, one out of every five young females in America would be named Lisa. And they would all marry guysnamed Mark. Better to call her Pearl, so she'll stand out. And if it's a boy, Elmer. "Elmer," she cried, "That's horrible". As I was leaving, they were pondering Samantha. The wife said: "We could call her Sam. That's cute". I told them that if they wanted to give her a man's name, why not just call her Horace and be done with it.A name choice is a serious matter, and many people have been embarrassed by the label they're stuck with. I'm sure people remember the famous case of Joe Crapp, who went to court to get his name changed. The judge said: "I don't blame you for wanting a new name, Joe. What have you chosen?" And Joe Grapp responded: "I want my name changed to John Grapp. I'm tired of people always saying: "Whaddaya know, Joe?"

1. Is it difficult to choose a name for a child ?2. What will you call your children? Why?3. Is it normal to name a child after a famous person (a dead relative) ?4. How do you understand the word "trendy name"? Can you give an exampleof Russian "trendy name"?5. How important do you think a good name is for pop and film stars?6. How important is a good name for commercial products like shampoo,soap, cars or cigars? Can you think of any examples of names which haveruined a product's success?

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания выполнения практического задания

При оценке **выполнения студентом практического задания** максимальное внимание следует уделять знанию темы, цели и задач работы, применяемых методик исследования, знанию фактического материала по теме, умению работать с материалом, применять знания на практике, анализировать результаты работы, прослеживать причинно-следственные связи, владению навыками практической деятельности.

2 балла выставляется студенту, если демонстрируются знание темы, цели и задач практического задания, хода работы, применяемых методик исследования; демонстрируется полное знание фактического материала по теме работы (в процессе обсуждения, при ответе на контрольные вопросы); демонстрируются умения воспроизводить связные высказывания, применять знания на практике, анализировать результаты практического задания и формулировать выводы, прослеживать причинно-следственные связи, демонстрируется свободное владение навыками воспроизводить высказывание.

1 балл выставляется студенту, если демонстрируются неполное знание темы, цели и задач практического задания, хода работы, применяемых методик исследования; демонстрируется неполное знание фактического материала по теме работы (в процессе обсуждения, при ответе на контрольные вопросы); демонстрируются значительные неточности в связных высказываниях, в умении применять знания на практике; демонстрируются заметные недостатки в умении анализировать результаты практического задания и формулировать выводы, прослеживать причинно-следственные связи, демонстрируется базовое владение владении навыками воспроизводить высказывание.

0 баллов выставляется студенту, если демонстрируются полное отсутствие знания темы, цели и задач практического задания, хода работы, применяемых методик исследования; демонстрируется полное отсутствие знания фактического материала по теме работы (в процессе обсуждения, при

ответе на контрольные вопросы); демонстрируются явные неточности в связных высказываниях, в умении применять знания на практике; демонстрируются значительные недостатки в умении анализировать результаты практического задания и формулировать выводы, прослеживать причинно-следственные связи, не демонстрируется базовое владение владении навыками воспроизводить высказывание.

Дифференцированный зачет

Примерные вопросы к дифзачету, 3 курс / 5 семестр

1. Anna Lacey is a beginner at school.
2. A rum lot of the teaching staff at Elm Hill School.
3. The school system in England.
4. Miss Florence Enderby is a perfect headmistress.
5. The advantages and disadvantages of “a mechanical teacher” if compared to “a man teacher”.
6. Basic principles of bringing up children (handling children, punishment, discipline, communication).
7. The problem of punishment and discipline in a family.
8. Excessive permissiveness. Teaching responsibility.
9. School problems. Generation gap.
10. The importance of having friends in your life.
11. Read, translate and retell Text 1. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
12. Read, translate and retell Text 2. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
13. Read, translate and retell Text 3. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
14. Read, translate and retell Text 4. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
15. Read, translate and retell Text 5. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
16. Read, translate and retell Text 6. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
17. Read, translate and retell Text 7. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
18. Read, translate and retell Text 8. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
19. Read, translate and retell Text 9. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
20. Read, translate and retell Text 10. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания ответа на дифференцированном зачете

Критериями оценивания являются баллы, которые выставляются за виды деятельности (оценочные средства) по итогам изучения модулей (разделов дисциплины), перечисленных в рейтинг-плане дисциплины: текущий контроль – максимум 40 баллов; рубежный контроль – максимум 30 баллов, поощрительные баллы – максимум 10.
При оценке ответа на дифференцированном зачете максимальное внимание должно уделяться тому, насколько полно раскрыто содержание материала, четко и правильно даны определения, раскрыто содержание понятий, верно ли использованы научные термины, насколько ответ самостоятельный, использованы ли ранее приобретенные знания, раскрыты ли раскрыты причинно-следственные связи, насколько высокий уровень умения оперирования научными категориями, анализа информации, владения навыками практической деятельности.
Критерии оценки (в баллах):
- **25-30 баллов** выставляется студенту, если студент дал полные, развернутые ответы на все теоретические вопросы билета, продемонстрировал знание функциональных возможностей, терминологии, основных элементов, умение применять теоретические знания при выполнении практических заданий. Студент без затруднений ответил на все дополнительные вопросы. Практическая часть работы выполнена полностью без неточностей и ошибок;

- 17-24 баллов выставляется студенту, если студент раскрыл в основном теоретические вопросы, однако допущены неточности в определении основных понятий. При ответе на дополнительные вопросы допущены небольшие неточности. При выполнении практической части работы допущены несущественные ошибки;
- 10-16 баллов выставляется студенту, если при ответе на теоретические вопросы студентом допущено несколько существенных ошибок в толковании основных понятий. Логика и полнота ответа страдают заметными изъянами. Заметны пробелы в знании основных методов. Теоретические вопросы в целом изложены достаточно, но с пропусками материала. Имеются принципиальные ошибки в логике построения ответа на вопрос. Студент не решил задачу или при решении допущены грубые ошибки;
- 1-10 баллов выставляется студенту, если ответ на теоретические вопросы свидетельствует о непонимании и крайне неполном знании основных понятий и методов. Обнаруживается отсутствие навыков применения теоретических знаний при выполнении практических заданий. Студент не смог ответить ни на один дополнительный вопрос.

Перевод оценки из 100-балльной в четырехбалльную производится следующим образом:
- отлично – от 80 до 110 баллов (включая 10 поощрительных баллов);
- хорошо – от 60 до 79 баллов;
- удовлетворительно – от 45 до 59 баллов;
- неудовлетворительно – менее 45 баллов.

Экзаменационные билеты

Экзамен (зачет) является оценочным средством для всех этапов освоения компетенций. Структура экзаменационного билета: в билете указывается кафедра в рамках нагрузки которой реализуется данная дисциплина, форма обучения, направление и профиль подготовки, дата утверждения; билет может включать в себя теоретический(ие) вопрос(ы) и практическое задание (кейс-задание).

Примерные вопросы к экзамену, 1 курс / 1 семестр

1. **Speak on the following topic .**
   MY FAMILY. Speak about yourself. Describe the members of your family. What are your parents' occupations? Do you have many relatives? How do you spend your free time with your family? Do you have family traditions?

2. **Speak on the following topic .**
   MY FRIEND`S FAMILY. Speak about your best friend. Describe the members of her/his family. What are his/her parents? How does your friend spend free time with his/her family?

3. **Speak on the following topic .**
   AN IDEAL WIFE. What makes an ideal wife? What does your ideal wife look like? What traits of character are important for a good wife?

4. **Speak on the following topic .**
   AN IDEAL HUSBAND. What makes an ideal husband? What does your ideal husband look like? What traits of character are important for a good husband?

5. **Speak on the following topic .**
   A FAMOUS PERSON I ADMIRE. What famous person is the model to followfor you? Why do you want to resemble her/him? Describe her/his appearance. What is she/he like? Does she/he have any negative traits of character?

6. **Speak on the following topic .**

MY GROUPMATES. What do I like my groupmates for? Can you say that they have become your family? What is characteristic of every person in your group? What are positive/negative traits of their character? What was your first impression about your group?

7. **Speak on the following topic .**
   MY HOUSE. Describe your house. Do you like it? What rooms do you have? How is your house furnished? What would you change in your house and why?

8. **Speak on the following topic .**
   MY FRIEND`S HOUSE. Describe your friend's house. What do you like about it? Compare it with your house.

9. **Speak on the following topic .**
   THE HOUSE OF MY DREAM. Describe the house of your dream. Have you ever been to an ideal house? What kind of house is it? How many rooms are there in it? How is it furnished?

10. **Speak on the following topic .**
    DOMESTIC CHORES. What domestic chores do you like? Which of them are a part of your daily routine? Should huspand and wife have equal share of work about the house? At what age should children start helping about the house?
11. **Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.**
    RAW MATERIALI HAVE LONG HAD in mind a novel in which a card-sharper was the principal character; and, going up and down the world, I have kept my eyes open for members of this profession. Because the idea is prevalent that it is a slightly dishonourable one the persons who follow it do not openly acknowledge the fact. Their reticence is such that it is often not till you have become quite closely acquainted with them, or even have played cards with them two or three times, that you discover in what fashion they earn their living. But even then they have a disinclination to enlarge upon the mysteries of their craft. They have a weakness for passing themselves off for cavalrymen, commercial agents, or landed proprietors. This snobbish attitude makes them the most difficult class in the world for the novelist to study. It has been my good fortune to meet a number of these gentlemen, and though I have found them affable, obliging, and debonair, I have no sooner hinted, however discreetly, at my curiosity (after all purely professional) in the technique of their calling than they have grown shy and uncommunicative. An airy reference on my part to stacking the cards has made them assume immediately the appearance of a clam. I am not easily discouraged, and learning by experience that I could hope for no good results from a direct method, I have adopted the oblique. I have been childlike with them and bland. I have found that they gave me their attention and even their sympathy. Though they confessed honestly that they had never read a word I had written they were interested by the fact that I was a writer. I suppose they felt obscurely that I too followed a calling that the Philistine regarded without indulgence. But I have been forced to gather my facts by a bold surmise. It has needed patience and industry.It may be imagined with what enthusiasm I made the acquaintance a little while ago of two gentlemen who seemed likely to add appreciably to my small store of information. I was travelling from Haiphong on a French liner going East, and they joined the ship at Hong-Kong. They had gone there for the races and were now on their way back to Shanghai. I was going there too, and thence to Peking. I soon learned that they had come from New York for a trip, were bound for Peking also, and by a happy coincidence meant to return to America in the ship in which I had myself booked a passage. I was naturally attracted to them, for they were pleasant fellows, but it was not till a fellow-passenger warned me that they were professional gamblers that I settled down to complete enjoyment of their acquaintance. I had no hope that they would ever discuss with frankness their interesting occupation, but I expected from a hint here, from a casual remark there, to learn some very useful things.One-Campbell was his name-was a

man in the late thirties, small, but so well built as not to look short, slender, with large, melancholy eyes and beautiful hands. But for a premature baldness he would have been more than commonly good-looking. He was neatly dressed. He spoke slowly, in a low voice, and his movements were deliberate. The other was made on another pattern. He was a big, burly man with a red face and crisp black hair, of powerful appearance, strong in the arm and pugnacious. His name was Peterson.The merits of the combination were obvious. The elegant, exquisite Campbell had the subtle brain, the knowledge of character, and the deft hands; but the hazards of the card-sharper's life are many, and when it came to a scrap Peterson's ready fist must often have proved invaluable. I do not know how it spread through the ship so quickly that a blow of Peterson's would stretch any man out. But during the short voyage from Hong-Kong to Shanghai they never even suggested a game of cards. Perhaps they had done well during the race-week and felt entitled to a holiday. They were certainly enjoying the advantages of not living for the time in a dry country and I do not think I do them an injustice if I say that for the most part they were far from sober. Each one talked little of himself but willingly of the other. Campbell informed me that Peterson was one of the most distinguished mining engineers in New York and Peterson assured me that Campbell was an eminent banker. He said that his wealth was fabulous. And who was I not to accept ingenuously all that was told me? But I thought it negligent of Campbell not to wear jewellery of a more expensive character. It seemed to me that to use a silver cigarette case was rather careless.I stayed but a day in Shanghai, and though I met the pair again in Peking I was then so much engaged that I saw little of them. I thought it a little odd that Campbell should spend his entire time in the hotel. I do not think he even went to see the Temple of Heaven. But I could quite understand that from his point of view Peking was unsatisfactory and I was not surprised when the pair returned to Shanghai, where, I knew, the wealthy merchants played for big money. I met them again in the ship that was to take us across the Pacific and I could not but sympathize with my friends when I saw that the passengers were little inclined to gamble. There were no rich people among them. It was a dull crowd. Campbell indeed suggested a game of poker, but no one would play more than twenty-dollar table stakes, and Peterson, evidently not thinking it worth while, would not join. Although we played afternoon and evening through the journey he sat down with us only on the last day. I suppose he thought he might just as well make his bar chits, and this he did very satisfactorily in a single sitting. But Campbell evidently loved the game for itself. Of course it is only if you have a passion for the business by which you earn your living that you can make a success of it. The stakes were nothing to him and he played all day and every day. It fascinated me to see the way in which he dealt the cards, very slowly, with his delicate hands. His eyes seemed to bore through the back of each one. He drank heavily, but remained quiet and self-controlled. His face was expressionless. I judged him to be a perfect card-player and I wished that I could see him at work. It increased my esteem for him to see that he could take what was only a relaxation so seriously.I parted with the pair at Victoria and concluded that I should never see them again. I set about sorting my impressions and made notes of the various points that I thought would prove useful.When I arrived in New York I found an invitation to luncheon at the Ritz with an old friend of mine. When I went she said to me:"It's quite a small party. A man is coming whom I think you'll like. He's a prominent banker; he's bringing a friend with him."The words were hardly out of her mouth when I saw coming up to us Campbell and Peterson. The truth flashed across me: Campbell really was an opulent banker; Peterson really was a distinguished engineer; they were not card-sharpers at all. I flatter myself I kept my face, but as I blandly shook hands with them I muttered under my breath furiously:"Impostors!"

12. **Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.**

MAYHEWTHE LIVES OF MOST MEN are determined by their environment. They accept the circumstances amid which fate has thrown them not only with resignation but even with good will. They are like streetcars running contentedly on their rails and they despise the sprightly flivver that dashes in and out of the traffic and speeds so jauntily across the open country. I respect

them; they are good citizens, good husbands, and good fathers, and of course somebody has to pay the taxes; but I do not find them exciting. I am fascinated by the men, few enough in all conscience, who take life in their own hands and seem to mould it to their own liking. It may be that we have no such thing as free will, but at all events we have the illusion of it. At a crossroad it does seem to us that we might go either to the right or to the left, and the choice once made, Tt is difficult to see that the whole course of the world's history obliged us to take the turning we did.I never met a more interesting man than Mayhew. He was a lawyer in Detroit. He was an able and a successful one. By the time he was thirty-five he had a large and a lucrative practice, he had amassed a competence, and he stood on the threshold of a distinguished career. He had an acute brain, an attractive personality, and uprightness. There was no reason why he should not become, financially or politically, a power in the land. One evening he was sitting in his club with a group of friends and they were perhaps a little the worse (or the better) for liquor. One of them had recently come from Italy and he told them of a house he had seen at Capri, a house on the hill, overlooking the Bay of Naples, with a large and shady garden. He described to them the beauty of the most beautiful island in the Mediterranean."It sounds fine," said Mayhew. "Is that house for sale?""Everything is for sale in Italy.""Let's send 'em a cable and make an offer for it.""What in heaven's name would you do with a house in Capri?""Live in it," said Mayhew.He sent for a cable form, wrote it out, and dispatched it. In a few hours the reply came back. The offer was accepted. Mayhew was no hypocrite and he made no secret of the fact that he would never have done so wild a thing if he had been sober, but when he was he did not regret it. He was neither an impulsive nor an emotional man, but a very honest and sincere one. He would never have continued from bravado in a course that he had come to the conclusion was unwise. He made up his mind to do cxactly as he had said. He did not care for wealth and he had enough money on which to live in Italy. He thought he could do more with life than spend it on composing the trivial quarrels of unimportant people. He had no definite plan. He merely wanted to get away from a life that had given him all it had to offer. I suppose his friends thought him crazy; some must have done all they could to dissuade him. He arranged his affairs, packed up his furniture and started.Capri is a gaunt rock of austere outline, bathed in a deep blue sea; but its vineyards, green and smiling, give it a soft and easy grace. It is friendly, remote and debonair. I find it strange that Mayhew should have settled on this lovely island, for I never knew a man more insensible to beauty. I do not know what he sought there: happiness, freedom, or merely leisure; I know what he found. In this place which appeals so extravagantly to the senses he lived a life entirely of the spirit. For the island is rich with historic associations and over it broods always the enigmatic memory of Tiberius the Emperor. From his windows which overlooked the Bay of Naples, with the noble shape of Vesuvius changing in colour with the changing light, Mayhew saw a hundred places that recalled the Romans and the Greeks. The past began to haunt him. All that he saw for the first time, for he had never been abroad before, excited his fancy; and in his soul stirred the creative imagination. He was a man of energy. Presently he made up his mind to write a history. For some time he looked about for a subject, and at last decided on the second century of the Roman Empire. It was little known and it seemed to him to offer problems analogous with those of our own day.He began to collect books and soon he had an immense library. His legal training had taught him to read quickly. He settled down to work. At first he had been accustomed to foregather in the evening with the painters, writers and such like who met in the little tavern near the piazza, but presently he withdrew himself, for his absorption in his studies became more pressing. He had been accustomed to bathe in that bland sea and to take long walks among the pleasant vineyards, but little by little, grudging the time, he ceased to do so. He worked harder than he had ever worked in Detroit. He would start at noon and work all through the night till the whistle of the steamer that goes every morning from Capri to Naples told him that it was five o'clock and time to go to bed. His subject opened out before him, vaster and more significant, and he imagined a work that would put him for ever beside the great historians of the past. As the years went by he was to be found seldom in the haunts of men. He could be tempted to come out of his house only by a game of chess or the chance of an argument. He loved to set his brain

against another's. He was widely read now, not only in history, but in philosophy and science; and he was a skilful controversialist, quick, logical and incisive. But he had good-humour and kindliness; though he took a very human pleasure in victory, he did not exult in it to your mortification.When first he came to the island he was a big, brawny fellow, with thick black hair and a black beard, of a powerful physique; but gradually his skin became pale and waxy; he grew thin and frail. It was an odd contradiction in the most logical of men that, though a convinced and impetuous materialist, he despised the body; he looked upon it as a vile instrument which he could force to do the spirit's bidding. Neither illness nor lassitude prevented him from going on with his work. For fourteen years he toiled unremittingly. He made thousands and thousands of notes. He sorted and classified them. He had his subject at his finger ends, and at last was ready to begin. He sat down to write.He died.The body that he, the materialist, had treated so contumeliously took its revenge on him.That vast accumulation of knowledge is lost for ever. Vain was that ambition, surely not an ignoble one, to set his name beside those of Gibbon and Mommsen. His memory is treasured in the hearts of a few friends, fewer, alas! as the years pass on, and to the world he is unknown in death as he was in life.And yet to me his life was a success. The pattern is good and complete. He did what he wanted, and he died when his goal was in sight and never knew the bitterness of an end achieved.

13. **Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.**

GERMAN HARRYI WAS IN Thursday Island and I wanted very much to go to New Guinea. Now the only way in which I could do this was by getting a pearling lugger to take me across the Arafura Sea. The pearl fishery at that time was in a bad way and a flock of neat little craft lay anchored in the harbour. I found a skipper with nothing much to do (the journey to Merauke and back could hardly take him less than a month) and with him I made the necessary arrangements. He engaged four Torres Straits islanders as crew (the boat was but nineteen tons) and we ransacked the local store for canned goods. A day or two before I sailed a man who owned a number of pearlers came to me and asked whether on my way I would stop at the island of Trebucket and leave a sack of flour, another of rice, and some magazines for the hermit who lived there.I pricked up my ears. It appeared that the hermit had lived by himself on this remote and tiny island for thirty years, and when opportunity occurred provisions were sent to him by kindly souls. He said that he was a Dane, but in the Torres Straits he was known as German Harry. His history went back a long way. Thirty years before, he had been an able seaman on a sailing vessel that was wrecked in those treacherous waters. Two boats managed to get away and eventually hit upon the desert island of Trebucket. This is well out of the line of traffic and it was three years before any ship sighted the castaways. Sixteen men had landed on the island, but when at last a schooner, driven from her course by stress of weather, put in for shelter, no more than five were left. When the storm abated the skipper took four of these on board and eventually landed them at Sydney. German Harry refused to go with them. He said that during those three years he had seen such terrible things that he had a horror of his fellow men and wished never to live with them again. He would say no more. He was absolutely fixed in his determination to stay, entirely by himself, in that lonely place. Though now and then opportunity had been given him to leave he had never taken it.A strange man and a strange story. I learned more about him as we sailed across the desolate sea. The Torres Straits arc peppered with islands and at night we anchored on the lea of one or other of them. Of late new pearling grounds have been discovered near Trebucket and in the fall pearlers, visiting it now and then, have given German Harry various necessities so that he has been able to make himself sufficiently comfortable. They bring him papers, bags of flour and rice, and canned meats. He has a whale boat and used to go fishing in it, but now he is no longer strong enough to manage its unwieldy bulk. There is abundant pearl shell on the reef that surrounds his island and this he used to collect and sell to the pearlers for tobacco, and sometimes he found a good pearl for which he got a considerable sum. It is believed that he has, hidden away somewhere, a collection of magnificent pearls. During the war no pearlers came out and for years he never saw a living soul. For all he knew a terrible epidemic had killed off the entire human race

and he was the only man alive. He was asked later what he thought.“I thought something had happened,” he said.He ran out of matches and was afraid that his fire would go out, so he only slept in snatches, putting wood on his fire from time to time all day and all night. He came to the end of his provisions and lived on chickens, fish and coconuts. Sometimes he got a turtle.During the last four months of the year there may be two or three pearlers about and not infrequently after the day’s work they will row in and spend an evening with him. They try to make him drunk and then they ask him what happened during those three years after the two boatloads came to the island. How was it that sixteen landed and at the end of that time only five were left? He never says a word. Drunk or sober he is equally silent on that subject and if they insist grows angry and leaves them.I forget if it was four or five days before we sighted the hermit’s little kingdom. We had been driven by bad weather to take shelter and had spent a couple of days at an island on the way. Trebucket is a low island, perhaps a mile round, covered with coconuts, just raised above the level of the sea and surrounded by a reef so that it can be approached only on one side. There is no opening in the reef and the lugger had to anchor a mile from the shore. We got into a dinghy with the provisions. It was a stiff pull and even within the reef the sea was choppy. I saw the little hut, sheltered by trees, in which German Harry lived, and as we approached he sauntered down slowly to the water’s edge. We shouted a greeting, but he did not answer. He was a man of over seventy, very bald, hatchet faced, with a grey beard, and he walked with a roll so that you could never have taken him for anything but a seafaring man. His sunburn made his blue eyes look very pale and they were surrounded by wrinkles as though for long years he had spent interminable hours scanning the vacant sea. He wore dungarees and a singlet, patched, but neat and clean. The house to which he presently led us consisted of a single room with a roof of corrugated iron. There was a bed in it, some rough stools which he himself had made, a table, and his various household utensils. Under a tree in front of it were a table and a bench. Behind was an enclosed run for his chickens.I cannot say that he was pleased to see us. He accepted our gifts as a right, without thanks, and grumbled a little because something or other he needed had not been brought. He was silent and morose. He was not interested in the news we had to give him, for the outside world was no concern of his: the only thing he cared about was his island. He looked upon it with a jealous, proprietary right; he called it “my health resort” and he feared that the coconuts that covered it would tempt some enterprising trader. He looked at me with suspicion. He was sombrely curious to know what I was doing in these seas. He used words with difficulty, talking to himself rather than to us, and it was a little uncanny to hear him mumble away as though we were not there. But he was moved when my skipper told him that an old man of his own age whom he had known for a long time was dead.“Old Charlie dead—that’s too bad. Old Charlie dead.”He repeated it over and over again. I asked him if he read.“Not much,” he answered indifferently.He seemed to be occupied with nothing but his food, his dogs and his chickens. If what they tell us in books were true his long communion with nature and the sea should have taught him many subtle secrets. It hadn’t. He was a savage. He was nothing but a narrow, ignorant and cantankerous seafaring man. As I looked at the wrinkled, mean old face I wondered what was the story of those three dreadful years that had made him welcome this long imprisonment. I sought to see behind those pale blue eyes of his what secrets they were that he would carry to his grave. And then I foresaw the end. One day a pearl fisher would land on the island and German Harry would not be waiting for him, silent and suspicious, at the water’s edge. He would go up to the hut and there, lying on the bed, unrecognizable, he would see all that remained of what had once been a man. Perhaps then he would hunt high and low for the great mass of pearls that has haunted the fancy of so many adventurers. But I do not believe he would find it: German Harry would have seen to it that none should discover the treasure, and the pearls would rot in their hiding place. Then the pearl fisher would get back into his dinghy and the island once more be deserted of man.

14. **Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.**

THE HAPPY MANIT IS A DANGEROUS THING to order the lives of others and I have often wondered at the self-confidence of politicians, reformers and such like who are prepared to force upon their fellows measures that must alter their manners, habits and points of view. I have always hesitated to give advice, for how can one advise another how to act unless one knows that other as well as one knows oneself? Heavens knows, I know little enough of myself: I know nothing of others. We can only guess at the thoughts and emotions of our neighbours. Each one of us is a prisoner in a solitary tower and he communicates with the other prisoners, who form mankind, by conventional signs that have not quite the same meaning for them as for himself. And life, unfortunately, is something that you can lead but once; mistakes are often irreparable, and who am I that I should tell this one and that how he should lead it? Life is a difficult business and I have found it hard enough to make my own a complete and rounded thing; I have not been tempted to teach my neighbour what he should do with his. But there are men who flounder at the journey's start, the way before them is confused and hazardous, and on occasion, however unwillingly, I have been forced to point the finger of fate. Sometimes men have said to me, what shall I do with my life? and I have seen myself for a moment wrapped in the dark cloak of Destiny.Once I know that I advised well.I was a young man and I lived in a modest apartment in London near Victoria Station. Late one afternoon, when I was beginning to think that I had worked enough for that day, I heard a ring at the bell. I opened the door to a total stranger. He asked me my name; I told him. He asked if he might come in."Certainly."I led him into my sitting-room and begged him to sit down. He seemed a trifle embarrassed. I offered him a cigarette and he had some difficulty in lighting it without letting go of his hat. When he had satisfactorily achieved this feat I asked him if I should not put it on a chair for him. He quickly did this and while doing it dropped his umbrella."I hope you don't mind my coming to see you like this," he said. "My name is Stephens and I am a doctor. You're in the medical, I believe?""Yes, but I don't practise.""No, I know. I've just read a book of yours about Spain and I wanted to ask you about it.""It's not a very good book, I'm afraid.""The fact remains that you know something about Spain and there's no one else I know who does. And I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me some information.""I shall be very glad."He was silent for a moment. He reached out for his hat and holding it in one hand absentmindedly stroked it with the other. I surmised that it gave him confidence."I hope you won't think it very odd for a perfect stranger to talk to you like this." He gave an apologetic laugh. "I'm not going to tell you the story of my life."When people say this to me I always know that it is precisely what they are going to do. I do not mind. In fact I rather like it."I was brought up by two old aunts. I've never been anywhere. I've never done anything. I've been married for six years. I have no children. I'm medical officer at the Camberwell Infirmary. I can't stick it any more."There was something very striking in the short, sharp sentences he used. They had a forcible ring. I had not given him more than a cursory glance, but now I looked at him with curiosity. He was a little man, thickset and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes. His black hair was cropped close to a bullet-shaped head. He was dressed in a blue suit a good deal the worse for wear. It was baggy at the knees and the pockets bulged untidily."You know what the duties are of a medical officer in an infirmary. One day is pretty much like another. And that's all I've got to look forward to for the rest of my life. Do you think it's worth it?" "It's a means of livelihood," I answered."Yes, I know. The money's pretty good.""I don't exactly know why you've come to me." "Well, I wanted to know whether you thought there would be any chance for an English doctor in Spain?""Why Spain?""I don't know, I just have a fancy for it.""It's not like Carmen, you know," I smiled. "But there's sunshine there, and there's good wine, and there'
s colour, and there's air you can breathe. Let me say what I have to say straight out. I heard by accident that there was no English doctor in Seville. Do you think I could earn a living there? Is it madness to give up a good safe job for an uncertainty?""What does your wife think about it?""She's willing.""It's a great risk.""I know. But if you say take it, I will: if you say stay where you are, I'll stay."He was looking at me intently with those bright dark eyes of his and I knew that he meant what he said. I reflected for a moment."Your whole future is concerned: you must decide

for yourself. But this I can tell you : if you don’t want money but are content to earn just enough to keep body and soul together, then go. For you will lead a wonderful life.”He left me, I thought about him for a day or two, and then forgot. The episode passed completely from my memory.Many years later, fifteen at least, I happened to be in Seville and having some trifling indisposition asked the hotel porter whether there was an English doctor in the town. He said there was and gave me the address. I took a cab and as I drove up to the house a little fat man came out of it. He hesitated when he caught sight of me.“Have you come to see me?” he said. “I’m the English doctor.”I explained my errand and he asked me to come in. He lived in an ordinary Spanish house, with a patio, and his consulting room which led out of it was littered with papers, books, medical appliances and lumber. The sight of it would have startled a squeamish patient. We did our business and then I asked the doctor what his fee was. He shook his head and smiled.“There’s no fee.”“Why on earth not?”“Don’t you remember me? Why, I’m here because of something you said to me. You changed my whole life for me. I’m Stephens.”

I had not the least notion what he was talking about. He reminded me of our interview, he repeated to me what we had said, and gradually, out of the night, a dim recollection of the incident came back to me.“I was wondering if I’d ever see you again,” he said, “I was wondering if ever I’d have a chance of thanking you for all you’ve done for me.”“It’s been a success then?”I looked at him. He was very fat now and bald, but his eyes twinkled gaily and his fleshy, red face bore an expression of perfect good-humour. The clothes he wore, terribly shabby they were, had been made obviously by a Spanish tailor and his hat was the wide-brimmed sombrero of the Spaniard. He looked to me as though he knew a good bottle of wine when he saw it. He had a dissipated, though entirely sympathetic, appearance. You might have hesitated to let him remove your appendix, but you could not have imagined a more delightful creature to drink a glass of wine with.“Surely you were married?” I said.“Yes. My wife didn’t like Spain, she went back to Camberwell, she was more at home there.”“Oh, I’m sorry for that."His black eyes flashed a bacchanalian smile. He really had somewhat the look of a young Silenus.“Life is full of compensations,” he murmured.The words were hardly out of his mouth when a Spanish woman, no longer in her first youth, but still boldly and voluptuously beautiful, appeared at the door. She spoke to him in Spanish, and I could not fail to perceive that she was the mistress of the house.As he stood at the door to let me out he said to me:“You told me when last I saw you that if I came here I should earn just enough money to keep body and soul together, but that I should lead a wonderful life. Well, I want to tell you that you were right. Poor I have been and poor I shall always be, but by heaven I’ve enjoyed myself. I wouldn’t exchange the life I’ve had with that of any king in the world.”

15. **Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.**

THE DREAMIT CHANCED that in August 1917 the work upon which I was then engaged obliged me to go from New York to Petrograd, and I was instructed for safety’s sake to travel by way of Vladivostok. I landed there in the morning and passed an idle day as best I could. The trans-Siberian train was due to start, so far as I remember, at about nine in the evening. I dined at the station restaurant by myself. It was crowded and I shared a small table with a man whose appearance entertained me. He was a Russian, a tall fellow, but amazingly stout, and he had so vast a paunch that he was obliged to sit well away from the table. His hands, small for his size, were buried in rolls of fat. His hair, long, dark, and thin, was brushed carefully across his crown in order to conceal his baldness, and his huge sallow face, with its enormous double chin, clean-shaven, gave you an impression of indecent nakedness. His nose was small, a funny little button upon that mass of flesh, and his black shining eyes were small too. But he had a large, red, and sensual mouth. He was dressed neatly enough in a black suit. It was not worn but shabby; it looked as if it had been neither pressed nor brushed since he had had it.The service was bad and it was almost impossible to attract the attention of a waiter. We soon got into conversation. The Russian spoke good and fluent English. His accent was marked but not tiresome. He asked me many questions about myself and my plans, which-my occupation at the time making caution

necessary-I answered with a show of frankness but with dissimulation. I told him I was a journalist. He asked me whether I wrote fiction and when I confessed that in my leisure moments I did, he began to talk of the later Russian novelists. He spoke intelligently. It was plain that he was a man of education.By this time we had persuaded the waiter to bring us some cabbage soup, and my acquaintance pulled a small bottle of vodka from his pocket which he invited me to share. I do not know whether it was the vodka or the natural loquaciousness of his race that made him communicative, but presently he told me, unasked, a good deal about himself. He was of noble birth, it appeared, a lawyer by profession, and a radical. Some trouble with the authorities had made it necessary for him to be much abroad, but now he was on his way home. Business had detained him at Vladivostok, but he expected to start for Moscow in a week and if I went there he would be charmed to see me.“Are you married?” he asked me.I did not see what business it was of his, but I told him that I was. He sighed a little.“I am a widower,” he said. “My wife was a Swiss, a native of Geneva. She was a very cultivated woman. She spoke English, German, and Italian perfectly. French, of course, was her native tongue. Her Russian was much above the average for a foreigner. She had scarcely the trace of an accent.”He called a waiter who was passing with a tray full of dishes and asked him, I suppose-for then I knew hardly any Russian-how much longer we were going to wait for the next course. The waiter, with a rapid but presumably reassuring exclamation, hurried on, and my friend sighed.“Since the revolution the waiting in restaurants has become abominable.”He lighted his twentieth cigarette and I, looking at my watch, wondered whether I should get a square meal before it was time for me to start.“My wife was a very remarkable woman,” he continued. “She taught languages at one of the best schools for the daughters of noblemen in Petrograd. For a good many years we lived together on perfectly friendly terms. She was, however, of a jealous temperament and unfortunately she loved me to distraction.”It was difficult for me to keep a straight face. He was one of the ugliest men I had ever seen. There is sometimes a certain charm in the rubicund and jovial fat man, but this saturnine obesity was repulsive.“I do not pretend that I was faithful to her. She was not young when I married her and we had been married for ten years. She was small and thin, and she had a bad complexion. She had a bitter tongue. She was a woman who suffered from a fury of possession, and she could not bear me to be attracted to anyone but her. She was jealous not only of the women I knew, but of my friends, my cat, and my books. On one occasion in my absence she gave away a coat of mine merely because I liked none of my coats so well. But I am of an equable temperament. I will not deny that she bored me, but I accepted her acrimonious disposition as an act of God and no more thought of rebelling against it than I would against bad weather or a cold in the head. I denied her accusations as long as it was possible to deny them, and when it was impossible I shrugged my shoulders and smoked a cigarette.“The constant scenes she made me did not very much affect me. I led my own life. Sometimes, indeed, I wondered whether it was passionate love she felt for me or passionate hate. It seemed to me that love and hate were very near allied.“So we might have continued to the end of the chapter if one night a very curious thing had not happened. I was awakened by a piercing scream from my wife. Startled, I asked her what was the matter. She told me that she had had a fearful nightmare; she had dreamt that I was trying to kill her. We lived at the top of a large house and the well round which the stairs climbed was broad. She had dreamt that just as we had arrived at our own floor I had caught hold of her and attempted to throw her over the balusters. It was six storeys to the stone floor at the bottom and it meant certain death.“She was much shaken. I did my best to soothe her. But next morning, and for two or three days after, she referred to the subject again and, notwithstanding my laughter, I saw that it dwelt in her mind. I could not help thinking of it either, for this dream showed me something that I had never suspected. She thought I hated her, she thought I would gladly be rid of her; she knew of course that she was insufferable, and at some time or other the idea had evidently occurred to her that I was capable of murdering her. The thoughts of men are incalculable and ideas enter our minds that we should be ashamed to confess. Sometimes I had wished that she might run away with a lover, sometimes that a painless and sudden death might give me my freedom; but never, never had the idea come to me that I might deliberately rid myself of an

intolerable burden.“The dream made an extraordinary impression upon both of us. It frightened my wife, and she became for a little less bitter and more tolerant. But when I walked up the stairs to our apartment it was impossible for me not to look over the balusters and reflect how easy it would be to do what she had dreamt. The balusters were dangerously low. A quick gesture and the thing was done. It was hard to put the thought out of my mind. Then some months later my wife awakened me one night. I was very tired and I was exasperated. She was white and trembling. She had had the dream again. She burst into tears and asked me if I hated her. I swore by all the saints of the Russian calendar that I loved her. At last she went to sleep again. It was more than I could do. I lay awake. I seemed to see her falling down the well of the stairs, and I heard her shriek and the thud as she struck the stone floor. I could not help shivering.”The Russian stopped and beads of sweat stood on his forehead. He had told the story well and fluently so that I had listened with attention. There was still some vodka in the bottle; he poured it out and swallowed it at a gulp.“And how did your wife eventually die?” I asked after a pause.He took out a dirty handkerchief and wiped his forehead.“By an extraordinary coincidence she was found late one night at the bottom of the stairs with her neck broken.”“Who found her?”“She was found by one of the lodgers who came in shortly after the catastrophe.”“And where were you?”I cannot describe the look he gave me of malicious cunning. His little black eyes sparkled.“I was spending the evening with a friend of mine. I did not come in till an hour later.”At that moment the waiter brought us the dish of meat that we had ordered, and the Russian fell upon it with good appetite. He shovelled the food into his mouth in enormous mouthfuls.I was taken aback. Had he really been telling me in this hardly veiled manner that he had murdered his wife? That obese and sluggish man did not look like a murderer; I could not believe that he would have had the courage. Or was he making a sardonic joke at my expense?In a few minutes it was time for me to go and catch my train. I left him and I have not seen him since. But I have never been able to make up my mind whether he was serious or jesting.

16. **Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.**

IN A STRANGE LANDI AM OF A ROVING DISPOSITION; but I travel not to see imposing monuments, which indeed somewhat bore me, nor beautiful scenery, of which I soon tire; I travel to see men. I avoid the great. I would not cross the road to meet a president or a king; I am content to know the writer in the pages of his book and the painter in his picture; but I have journeyed a hundred leagues to see a missionary of whom I had heard a strange story and I have spent a fortnight in a vile hotel in order to improve my acquaintance with a billiard marker. I should be inclined to say that I am not surprised to meet any sort of person were it not that there is one sort that I am constantly running against and that never fails to give me a little shock of amused astonishment. This is the elderly Englishwoman, generally of adequate means, who is to be found living alone, up and down the world, in unexpected places. You do not wonder when you hear of her living in a villa on a hill outside a small Italian town, the only Englishwoman in the neighbourhood, and you are almost prepared for it when a lonely hacienda is pointed out to you in Andalusia and you are told that there has dwelt for many years an English lady. But it is more surprising when you hear that the only white person in a Chinese city is an Englishwoman, not a missionary, who lives there none knows why; and there is another who inhabits an island in the South Seas and a third who has a bungalow on the outskirts of a large village in the centre of Java. They live solitary lives, these women, without friends, and they do not welcome the stranger. Though they may not have seen one of their own race for months they will pass you on the road as though they did not see you, and if, presuming on your nationality, you should call, as likely as not they will decline to sec you; but if they do, they will give you a cup of tea from a silver teapot and on a plate of Old Worcester you will find Scotch scones. They will talk to you politely, as though they were entertaining you in a Kentish vicarage, but when you take your leave will show no particular desire to continue the acquaintance. One wonders in vain what strange instinct it is that has driven them to separate themselves from their kith and kin and thus to live apart from all their natural interests in an alien land. Is it romance they have sought or freedom?But of all these

Englishwomen whom I have met or perhaps only heard of (for as I have said they are difficult of access) the one who remains most vividly in my memory is an elderly person who lived in Asia Minor. I had arrived after a tedious journey at a little town from which I proposed to make the ascent of a celebrated mountain and I was taken to a rambling hotel that stood at its foot. I arrived late at night and signed my name in the book. I went up to my room. It was cold and I shivered as I undressed, but in a moment there was a knock at the door and the dragoman came in.“Signora Niccolini’s compliments,” he said.To my astonishment he handed me a hot-water bottle. I took it with grateful hands.“Who is Signora Niccolini?” I asked.“She is the proprietor of this hotel.”I sent her my thanks and he withdrew. The last thing I expected in a scrubby hotel in Asia Minor kept by an old Italian woman was a beautiful hot-water bottle. There is nothing I like more (if we were not all sick to death of the war I would tell you the story of how six men risked their lives to fetch a hot-water bottle from a château in Flanders that was being bombarded) ; and next morning, so that I might thank her in person, I asked if I might see the Signora Niccolini. While I waited for her I racked my brains to think what hot-water bottle could possibly be in Italian. In a moment she came in. She was a little stout woman, not without dignity, and she wore a black apron trimmed with lace and a small black lace cap. She stood with her hands crossed. I was astonished at her appearance for she looked exactly like a housekeeper in a great English house.“Did you wish to speak to me, sir?”She was an Englishwoman and in those few words I surely recognized the trace of a cockney accent.“I wanted to thank you for the hot-water bottle,” I replied in some confusion.“I saw by the visitors’ book that you were English, sir, and I always send up a ’ot-water bottle to English gentlemen.”“Believe me, it was very welcome.”“I was for many years in the service of the late Lord Ormskirk, sir. He always used to travel with a ’ot-water bottle. Is there anything else, sir?” “Not at the moment, thank you.”She gave me a polite little nod and withdrew. I wondered how on earth it came about that a funny old Englishwoman like that should be the landlady of a hotel in Asia Minor. It was not easy to make her acquaintance, for she knew her place, as she would herself have put it, and she kept me at a distance. It was not for nothing that she had been in service in a noble English family. But I was persistent and I induced her at last to ask me to have a cup of tea in her own little parlour. I learnt that she had been lady’s maid to a certain Lady Orms-kirk, and Signor Niccolini (for she never alluded to her deceased husband in any other way) had been his lordship’s chef. Signor Niccolini was a very handsome man and for some years there had been an “understanding” between them. When they had both saved a certain amount of money they were married, retired from service, and looked about for a hotel. They had bought this one on an advertisement because Signor Niccolini thought he would like to see something of the world. That was nearly thirty years ago and Signor Niccolini had been dead for fifteen. His widow had not once been back to England. I asked her if she was never homesick.“I don’t say as I wouldn’t like to go back on a visit, though I expect I’d find many changes. But my family didn’t like the idea of me marrying a foreigner and I ’aven’t spoken to them since. Of course there are many things here that are not the same as what they ’ave at ’ome, but it’s surprising what you get used to. I see a lot of life. I don’t know as I should care to live the ’umdrum life they do in a place like London.”I smiled. For what she said was strangely incongruous with her manner. She was a pattern of decorum. It was extraordinary that she could have lived for thirty years in this wild, and almost barbaric, country without its having touched her. Though I knew no Turkish and she spoke it with ease I was convinced that she spoke it most incorrectly and with a cockney accent. I suppose she had remained the precise, prim English lady’s maid, knowing her place, through all these vicissitudes because she had no faculty of surprise. She took everything that came as a matter of course. She looked upon everyone who wasn’t English as a foreigner and therefore as someone, almost imbecile, for whom allowances must be made. She ruled her staff despotically—for did she not know how an upper servant in a great house should exercise his authority over the under servants?—and everything about the hotel was clean and neat.“I do my best,” she said, when I congratulated her on this, standing, as always when she spoke to me, with her hands respectfully crossed. “Of course one can’t expect foreigners to ’ave the same ideas as we ’ave, but as his lordship used to say to me, what we’ve got to do,

Parker, he said to me, what we've got to do in this life is to make the best of our raw material."But she kept her greatest surprise for the eve of my departure."I'm glad you're not going before you've seen my two sons, sir.""I didn't know you had any.""They've been away on business, but they've just come back. You'll be surprised when you've seen them. I've trained them with me own 'ands so to speak, and when I'm gone they'll carry on the 'otel between them."
In a moment two tall, swarthy, strapping young fellows entered the hall. Her eyes lit up with pleasure. They went up to her and took her in their arms and gave her resounding kisses."They don't speak English, sir, but they understand a little, and of course they speak Turkish like natives, and Greek and Italian."I shook hands with the pair and then Signora Niccolini said something to them and they went away."They're handsome fellows, signora," I said. "You must be very proud of them.""I am, sir, and they're good boys, both of them. They've never give me a moment's trouble from the day they was born and they're the very image of Signor Niccolini.""I must say no one would think they had an English mother.""I'm not exactly their mother, sir. I've just sent them along to say 'ow do you do to 'er."I dare say I looked a little confused."They're the sons that Signor Niccolini 'ad by a Greek girl that used to work in the 'otel, and 'aving no children of me own I adopted them."I sought for some remark to make."I 'ope you don't think there's any blame attaches to Signor Niccolini," she said, drawing herself up a little. "I shouldn't like you to think that, sir." She folded her hands again and with a mixture of pride, primness and satisfaction added the final word: "Signor Niccolini was a very full-blooded man."

17. **Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.**

THE LUNCHEONI CAUGHT SIGHT of her at the play and in answer to her bcckoning I went over during the interval and sat down beside her. It was long since I had last seen her and if someone had not mentioned her name I hardly think I would have recognized her. She addressed me brightly."Well, it's many years since we first met. How time does fly! We're none of us getting any younger. Do you remember the first time I saw you? You asked me to luncheon."Did I remember?It was twenty years ago and I was living in Paris. I had a tiny apartment in the Latin Quarter overlooking a cemetery and I was earning barely enough money to keep body and soul together. She had read a book of mine and had written to me about it. I answered, thanking her, and presently I received from her another letter saying that she was passing through Paris and would like to have a chat with me; but her time was limited and the only free moment she had was on the following Thursday; she was spending the morning at the Luxembourg and would I give her a little luncheon at Foyot's after-42 wards? Foyot's is a restaurant at which the French senators cat and it was so far beyond my means that I had never even thought of going there. But I was flattered and I was too young to have learned to say no to a woman. (Few men, I may add, learn this until they are too old to make it of any consequence to a woman what they say.) I had eighty francs (gold francs) to last me the rest of the month and a modest luncheon should not cost more than fifteen. If I cut out coffee for the next two weeks I could manage well enough.I answered that I would meet my friend—by correspondence—at Foyot's on Thursday at halfpast twelve. She was not so young as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was in fact a woman of forty (a charming age, but not one that excites a sudden and devastating passion at first sight), and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener.I was startled when the bill of fare was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had anticipated. But she reassured me."I never eat anything for luncheon," she said."Oh, don't say that!" I answered generously."I never cat more than one thing. I think people eat far too much nowadays. A little fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon."Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not on the bill of fare, but I asked the waiter if there was any. Yes, a beautiful salmon had just come in, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked."No," she answered, "I never eat more than one thing. Unless you had a little caviare. I never mind caviare."My heart sank a little. I knew I could not afford caviare, but I could

not very well tell her that. I told the waiter by all means to bring caviare. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop.“I think you’re unwise to cat meat,” she said. “I don’t know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I don’t believe in overloading my stomach.”Then came the question of drink.“I never drink anything for luncheon,” she said. “Neither do I,” I answered promptly.“Except white wine,” she proceeded as though I had not spoken. “These French white wines are so light. They’re wonderful for the digestion.”“What would you like?” I asked, hospitable still, but not exactly effusive.She gave me a bright and amicable flash of her white teeth.“My doctor won’t let me drink anything but champagne.”I fancy I turned a trifle pale. I ordered half a bottle. I mentioned casually that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne.“What are you going to drink, then?”“Water.”She ate the caviare and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton chop arrived she took me quite seriously to task.“I see that you’re in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I’m sure it’s a mistake. Why don’t you follow my example and just eat one thing? I’m sure you’d feel ever so much better for it.”“I am only going to eat one thing,” I said, as the waiter came again with the bill of fare.She waved him aside with an airy gesture.“No, no, I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that, and I eat that more as an excuse for conversation than anything else. I couldn’t possibly eat anything more—unless they had some of those giant asparagus. I should be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them.”My heart sank. I had seen them in the shops and I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them.“Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus,” I asked the waiter.I tried with all my might to will him to say no. A happy smile spread over his broad, priest-like face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that it was a marvel.“I’m not in the least hungry,” my guest sighed, “but if you insist I don’t mind having some asparagus.”I ordered them.“Aren’t you going to have any?”“No, I never eat asparagus.”“I know there are people who don’t like them. The fact is, you ruin your palate by all the meat you eat.”We waited for the asparagus to be cooked. Panic seized me. It was not a question now how much money I should have left over for the rest of the month, but whether I had enough to pay the bill. It would be mortifying to find myself ten francs short and be obliged to borrow from my guest. I could not bring myself to do that. I knew exactly how much I had and if the bill came to more I made up my mind that I would put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say it had been picked. Of course it would be awkward if she had not money enough either to pay the bill. Then the only thing would be to leave my watch and say I would come back and pay later.The asparagus appeared. They were enormous, succulent and appetizing. The smell of the melted butter tickled my nostrils as the nostrils of Jehovah were tickled by the burned offerings of the virtuous Semites. I watched the abandoned woman thrust them down her throat in large voluptuous mouthfuls and in my polite way I discoursed on the condition of the drama in the Balkans. At last she finished.“Coffee?” I said.“Yes, just an ice cream and coffee,” she answered.I was past caring now, so I ordered coffee for myself and an ice cream and coffee for her.“You know, there’s one thing I thoroughly believe in,” she said, as she ate the ice cream. “One should always get up from a meal feeling one could eat a little more.”“Are you still hungry?” I asked faintly.“Oh, no, I’m not hungry; you see, I don’t eat luncheon. I have a cup of coffee in the morning and then dinner, but I never eat more than one thing for luncheon. I was speaking for you.”“Oh, I see!”Then a terrible thing happened. While we were waiting for the coffee, the head waiter, with an ingratiating smile on his false face, came up to us bearing a large basket full of huge peaches. They had the blush of an innocent girl; they had the rich tone of an Italian landscape. But surely peaches were not in season then ? Lord knew what they cost. I knew too—a little later, for my guest, going on with her conversation, absent-mindedly took one.“You see, you’ve filled your stomach with a lot of meat”—my one miserable little chop—“and you can’t eat any more. But I’ve just had a snack and I shall enjoy a peach.”The bill came and when I paid it I found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate tip. Her eyes rested for an instant on the three francs I left for the waiter and I knew that she thought me mean. But when I walked out of the

restaurant I had the whole month before me and not a penny in my pocket.“Follow my example,” she said as we shook hands, “and never eat more than one thing for luncheon.”“I’ll do better than that,” I retorted. “I’ll eat nothing for dinner tonight.”“Humorist!” she cried gaily, jumping into a cab. “You’re quite a humorist!”But I have had my revenge at last. I do not believe that I am a vindictive man, but when the immortal gods take a hand in the matter it is pardonable to observe the result with complacency. Today she weighs three hundred pounds.

18. **Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.**

SALVATORE

I WONDER if I can do it.

I knew Salvatore first when he was a boy of fifteen with a pleasant, ugly face, a laughing mouth and carefree eyes. He used to spend the morning lying about the beach with next to nothing on and his brown body was as thin as a rail. He was full of grace. He was in and out of the sea all the time, swimming with the clumsy, effortless stroke common to the fisher boys. Scrambling up the jagged rocks on his hard feet, for except on Sundays he never wore shoes, he would throw himself into the deep water with a cry of delight. His father was a fisherman who owned his own little vineyard and Salvatore acted as nursemaid to his two younger brothers. He shouted to them to come in shore when they ventured out too far and made them dress when it was time to climb the hot vine-clad hill for the frugal midday meal.

But boys in those Southern parts grow apace and in a little while he was madly in love with a pretty girl who lived on the Grande Marina. She had eyes like forest pools and held herself like a daughter of the Caesars. They were affianced, but they could not marry till Salvatore had done his military service, and when he left the island which he had never left in his life before, to become a sailor in the navy of King Victor Emmanuel, he wept like a child. It was hard for one who had never been less free than the birds to be at the beck and call of others; it was harder still to live in a battleship with strangers instead of in a little white cottage among the vines; and when he was ashore, to walk in noisy, friendless cities with streets so crowded that he was frightened to cross them, when he had been used to silent paths and the mountains and the sea. I suppose it had never struck him that Ischia, which he looked at every evening (it was like a fairy island in the sunset) to see what the weather would be like next day, or Vesuvius, pearly in the dawn, had anything to do with him at all; but when he ceased to have them before his eyes he realized in some dim fashion that they were as much part of him as his hands and his feet. He was dreadfully homesick. But it was hardest of all to be parted from the girl he loved with all his passionate young heart. He wrote to her (in his childlike handwriting) long, ill-spelt letters in which he told her how constantly he thought of her and how much he longed to be back. He was sent here and there, to Spezzia, to Venice, to Bari and finally to China. Here he fell ill of some mysterious ailment that kept him in hospital for months. He bore it with the mute and uncomprehending patience of a dog. When he learnt that it was a form of rheumatism that made him unfit for further service his heart exulted, for he could go home; and he did not bother, in fact he scarcely listened, when the doctors told him that he would never again be quite well. What did he care when he was going back to the little island he loved so well and the girl who was waiting for him?

When he got into the rowing-boat that met the steamer from Naples and was rowed ashore he saw his father and mother standing on the jetty and his two brothers, big boys now, and he waved to them. His eyes searched among the crowd that waited there for the girl. He could not see her. There was a great deal of kissing when he jumped up the steps and they all, emotional creatures, cried a little as they exchanged their greetings. He asked where the girl was. His mother told him that she did not know; they had not seen her for two or three weeks; so in the evening when the moon was shining over the placid sea and the lights of Naples twinkled in the distance he walked down to the Grande Marina to her house. She was sitting on the doorstep with her mother. He was a little shy because he had not seen her for so long. He asked her if she had not received the letter that he had written to her to say that he was coming home. Yes, they had received a letter, and they had been told by another of the island boys that he was ill. Yes, that was why he was back; was it

not a piece of luck? Oh, but they had heard that he would never be quite well again. The doctors talked a lot of nonsense, but he knew very well that now he was home again he would recover. They were silent for a little, and then the mother nudged the girl. She did not try to soften the blow. She told him straight out, with the blunt directness of her race, that she could not marry a man who would never be strong enough to work like a man. They had made up their minds, her mother and father and she, and her father would never give his consent.

When Salvatore went home he found that they all knew. The girl's father had been to tell them what they had decided, but they had lacked the courage to tell him themselves. He wept on his mother's bosom. He was terribly unhappy, but he did not blame the girl. A fisherman's life is hard and it needs strength and endurance. He knew very well that a girl could not afford to marry a man who might not be able to support her. His smile was very sad and his eyes had the look of a dog that has been beaten, but he did not complain, and he never said a hard word of the girl he had loved so well. Then, a few months later, when he had settled down to the common round, working in his father's vineyard and fishing, his mother told him that there was a young woman in the village who was willing to marry him. Her name was Assunta.

"She's as ugly as the devil," he said.

She was older than he, twenty-four or twenty-five, and she had been engaged to a man who, while doing his military service, had been killed in Africa. She had a little money of her own and if Salvatore married her she could buy him a boat of his own and they could take a vineyard that by a happy chance happened at that moment to be without a tenant. His mother told him that Assunta had seen him at the festa and had fallen in love with him. Salvatore smiled his sweet smile and said he would think about it. On the following Sunday, dressed in the stiff black clothes in which he looked so much less well than in the ragged shirt and trousers of every day, he went up to High Mass at the parish church and placed himself so that he could have a good look at the young woman. When he came down again he told his mother that he was willing.

Well, they were married and they settled down in a tiny whitewashed house in the middle of a handsome vineyard. Salvatore was now a great big husky fellow, tall and broad, but still with that ingenuous smile and those trusting, kindly eyes that he had had as a boy. He had the most beautiful manners I have ever seen in my life. Assunta was a grim-visaged female, with decided features, and she looked old for her years. But she had a good heart and she was no fool. I used to be amused by the little smile of devotion that she gave her husband when he was being very masculine and masterful; she never ceased to be touched by his gentle sweetness. But she could not bear the girl who had thrown him over, and notwithstanding Salvatore's smiling expostulations she had nothing but harsh words for her. Presently children were born to them.

It was a hard enough life. All through the fishing season towards evening he set out in his boat with one of his brothers for the fishing grounds. It was a long pull of six or seven miles and he spent the night catching the profitable cuttlefish. Then there was the long row back again in order to sell the catch in time for it to go on the early boat to Naples. At other times he was working in his vineyard from dawn till the heat drove him to rest and then again, when it was a trifle cooler, till dusk. Often his rheumatism prevented him from doing anything at all and then he would lie about the beach, smoking cigarettes, with a pleasant word for everyone notwithstanding the pain that racked his limbs. The foreigners who came down to bathe and saw him there said that these Italian fishermen were lazy devils.

Sometimes he used to bring his children down to give them a bath. They were both boys and at this time the elder was three and the younger less than two. They sprawled about at the water's edge stark naked and Salvatore, standing on a rock, would dip them in the water. The elder one bore it with stoicism, but the baby screamed lustily. Salvatore had enormous hands, like legs of mutton, coarse and hard from constant toil, but when he bathed his children, holding them so tenderly, drying them with delicate care, upon my word they were like flowers. He would seat the naked baby on the palm of his hand and hold him up, laughing a little at his smallness, and his laugh was like the laughter of an angel. His eyes then were as candid as his child's.

I started by saying that I wondered if I could do it and now I must tell you what it is that I have tried to do. I wanted to see whether I could hold your attention for a few pages while I drew for you the portrait of a man, just an ordinary Italian fisherman who possessed nothing in the world except a quality which is the rarest, the most precious and the loveliest that anyone can have. Heaven only knows why he should so strangely and unexpectedly have possessed it. All I know is that it shone in him with a radiance that, if it had not been so unconscious and so humble, would have been to the common run of men hardly bearable. And in case you have not guessed what the quality was I will tell you. Goodness, just goodness.

19. **Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.**

HOME

THE FARM LAY in a hollow among the Somersetshire hills, an old-fashioned stone house surrounded by barns and pens and outhouses. Over the doorway the date when it was built had been carved in the elegant figures of the period, 1673, and the house, gray and weather-beaten, looked as much a part of the landscape as the trees that sheltered it. An avenue of splendid elms that would have been the pride of many a squire's mansion led from the road to the trim garden. The people who lived here were as stolid, sturdy and unpretentious as the house; their only boast was that ever since it was built from father to son in one unbroken line they had been born and died in it. For three hundred years they had farmed the surrounding land. George Meadows was now a man of fifty, and his wife was a year or two younger. They were both fine, upstanding people in the prime of life; and their children, two sons and three girls, were handsome and strong. They had no newfangled notions about being gentlemen and ladies; they knew their place and were proud of it. I have never seen a more united household. They were merry, industrious and kindly.

Their life was patriarchal. It had a completeness that gave it a beauty as definite as that of a symphony by Beethoven or a picture by Titian. They were happy and they deserved their happiness. But the master of the house was not George Meadows (not by a long chalk, they said in the village) : it was his mother. She was twice the man her son was, they said. She was a woman of seventy, tall, upright and dignified, with gray hair, and though her face was much wrinkled, her eyes were bright and shrewd. Her word was law in the house and on the farm; but she had humour, and if her rule was despotic it was also kindly. People laughed at her jokes and repeated them. She was a good business woman and you had to get up very early in the morning to best her in a bargain. She was a character. She combined in a rare degree good will with an alert sense of the ridiculous.

One day Mrs George stopped me on my way home. She was all in a flutter. (Her mother-in-law was the only Mrs Meadows we knew: George's wife was known only as Mrs George.)

"Whoever do you think is coming here today?" she asked me. "Uncle George Meadows. You know, him as was in China."

"Why, I thought he was dead."

"We all thought he was dead."

I had heard the story of Uncle George Meadows a dozen times and it had amused me because it had the savour of an old ballad: it was oddly touching to come across it in real life. For Uncle George Meadows and Tom, his younger brother, had both courted Mrs Meadows when she was Emily Green, fifty years and more ago, and when she married Tom, George had gone away to sea. They heard of him on the China coast. For twenty years now and then he sent them presents; then there was no more news of him; when Tom Meadows died his widow wrote and told him, but received no answer; and at last they came to the conclusion that he must be dead. But two or three days ago to their astonishment they had received a letter from the matron of the sailors' home at Portsmouth. It appeared that for the last ten years George Meadows, crippled with rheumatism, had been an inmate and now, feeling that he had not much longer to live, wanted to see once more the house in which he was born. Albert Meadows, his great-nephew, had gone over to Portsmouth in the Ford to fetch him and he was to arrive that afternoon.

“Just fancy,” said Mrs George, “he’s not been here for more than fifty years. He’s never even seen my George who’s fifty-one next birthday.”
“And what does Mrs Meadows think of it?” I asked.
“Well, you know what she is. She sits there and smiles to herself. All she says is, ‘He was a good-looking young fellow when he left, but not so steady as his brother.’ That’s why she chose my George’s father. ‘But he’s probably quietened down by now,’ she says.”
Mrs George asked me to look in and see him. With the simplicity of a countrywoman who had never been further from her home than London, she thought that because we had both been in China we must have something in common. Of course I accepted. I found the whole family assembled when I arrived; they were sitting in the great old kitchen, with its stone floor, Mrs Meadows in her usual chair by the fire, very upright, and I was amused to see that she had put on her best silk dress, while her son and his wife sat at the table with their children. On the other side of the fireplace sat an old man, bunched up in a chair. He was very thin and his skin hung on his bones like an old suit much too large for him; his face was wrinkled and yellow and he had lost nearly all his teeth.
I shook hands with him.
“Well, I’m glad to see you’ve got here safely, Mr Meadows,” I said.
“Captain,” he corrected.
“He walked here,” Albert, his great-nephew, told me. “When he got to the gate he made me stop the car and said he wanted to walk.”
“And mind you, I’ve not been out of me bed for two years. They carried me down and put me in the car. I thought I’d never walk again, but when I see them elm trees, I remember my father set a lot of store by them elm trees, I felt I could walk. I walked down that drive fifty-two years ago when I went away and now I’ve walked back again.” “Silly, I call it,” said Mrs Meadows.
“It’s done me good. I feel better and stronger than I have for ten years. I’ll see you out yet, Emily.”
“Don’t you be too sure,” she answered.
I suppose no one had called Mrs Meadows by her first name for a generation. It gave me a little shock, as though the old man were taking a liberty with her. She looked at him with a shrewd smile in her eyes and he, talking to her, grinned with his toothless gums. It was strange to look at them, these two old people who had not seen one another for half a century, and to think that all that long time ago he had loved her and she had loved another. I wondered if they remembered what they had felt then and what they had said to one another.
I wondered if it seemed to him strange now that for that old woman he had left the home of his fathers, his lawful inheritance, and lived an exile’s life.
“Have you ever been married, Captain Meadows?” I asked.
“Not me,” he said, in his quavering voice, with a grin. “I know too much about women for that.”
“That’s what you say,” retorted Mrs Meadows. “If the truth was known I shouldn’t be surprised to hear as how you’d had half-a-dozen black wives in your day.”
“They’re not black in China, Emily, you ought to know better than that, they’re yellow.”
“Perhaps that’s why you’ve got so yellow yourself. When I saw you, I said to myself, why, he’s got jaundice.”
“I said I’d never marry anyone but you, Emily, and I never have.”
He said this not with pathos or resentment, but as a mere statement of fact, as a man might say, I said I’d walk twenty miles and I’ve done it. There was a trace of satisfaction in the speech.
“Well, you might have regretted it if you had,” she answered.
I talked a little with the old man about China.
“There’s not a port in China that I don’t know better than you know your coat pocket. Where a ship can go I’ve been. I could keep you sitting here all day long for six months and not tell you half the things I’ve seen in my day.”
“Well, one thing you’ve not done, George, as far as I can see,” said Mrs Meadows, the mocking but not unkindly smile still in her eyes, “and that’s to make a fortune.”

“I’m not one to save money. Make it and spend it: that’s my motto. But one thing I can say for myself : if I had the chance of going through my life again I’d take it. And there’s not many as’ll say that.”
“No, indeed,” I said.
I looked at him with admiration and respect. he was a toothless, crippled, penniless old man, but he had made a success of life, for he had enjoyed it. When I left him he asked me to come and see him again next day. If I was interested in China he would tell me all the stories 1 wanted to hear.
Next morning I thought I would go and ask if the old man would like to see me. I strolled down the magnificent avenue of elm trees and when I came to the garden saw Mrs Meadows picking flowers. I bade her good morning and she raised herself. She had a huge armful of white flowers. I glanced at the house and saw that the blinds were drawn: I was surprised, for Mrs Meadows liked the sunshine.
“Time enough to live in the dark when you’re buried,” she always said.
“How’s Captain Meadows?” I asked her.
“He always was a harum-scarum fellow,” she answered. “When Lizzie took him in a cup of tea this morning she found he was dead.”
“Dead?”
“Yes. Died in his sleep. I was just picking these flowers to put in the room. Well, I’m glad he died in that old house. It always means a lot to them Meadows to do that.”
They had had a good deal of difficulty in persuading him to go to bed. He had talked to them of all the things that had happened to him in his long life. He was happy to be back in his old home. He was proud that he had walked up the drive without assistance, and he boasted that he would live for another twenty years. But fate had been kind: death had written the full stop in the right place.
Mrs Meadows smelt the white flowers that she held in her arms.
“Well, I’m glad he came back,” she said. “After I married Tom Meadows and George went away, the fact is I was never quite sure that I’d married the right one.”

20. Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.

THE ESCAPE

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CONVINCED that if a woman once made up her mind to marry a man nothing but instant flight could save him. Not always that; for once a friend of mine, seeing the inevitable loom menacingly before him, took ship from a certain port (with a tooth-brush for all his luggage, so conscious was he of his danger and the necessity for immediate action) and spent a year travelling round the world; but when, thinking himself safe (women are fickle, he said, and in twelve months she will have forgotten all about me), he landed at the selfsame port the first person he saw gaily waving to him from the quay was the little lady from whom he had fled. I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to extricate himself. His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he fell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had sufficient experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had a gift (or should I call it a quality?) that renders most men defenceless, and it was this that dispossessed Roger of his commonsense, his prudence, and his worldly wisdom. He went down like a row of ninepins. This was the gift of pathos. Mrs Barlow, for she was twice a widow, had splendid dark eyes and they were the most moving I ever saw; they seemed to be ever on the point of filling with tears; they suggested that the world was too much for her, and you felt that, poor dear, her sufferings had been more than anyone should be asked to bear. If, like Roger Charing, you were a strong, hefty fellow with plenty of money, it was almost inevitable that you should say to yourself: I must stand between the hazards of life and this helpless little thing, oh, how wonderful it would be to take the sadness out of those big and lovely eyes! I gathered from Roger that everyone had treated Mrs Barlow very badly. She was apparently one of those unfortunate persons with whom nothing by any chance goes right. If she married a husband he beat her; if she employed a broker he cheated her; if she engaged a cook she drank. She never had a little lamb but it was sure to die.
When Roger told me that he had at last persuaded her to marry him, I wished him joy.

“I hope you’ll be good friends,” he said. “She’s a little afraid of you, you know; she thinks you’re callous.”
“Upon my word I don’t know why she should think that.”
“You do like her, don’t you?”
“Very much.”
“She’s had a rotten time, poor dear. I feel so dreadfully sorry for her.”
“Yes,” I said.
I couldn’t say less. I knew she was stupid and I thought she was scheming. My own belief was that she was as hard as nails.
The first time I met her we had played bridge together and when she was my partner she twice trumped my best card. I behaved like an angel, but I confess that I thought if the tears were going to well up into anybody’s eyes they should have been mine rather than hers. And when, having by the end of the evening lost a good deal of money to me, she said she would send me a cheque and never did, I could not but think that I and not she should have worn a pathetic expression when next we met.
Roger introduced her to his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her here, there, and everywhere. Their marriage was announced for the immediate future. Roger was very happy. He was committing a good action and at the same time doing something he had very much a mind to. It is an uncommon situation and it is not surprising if he was a trifle more pleased with himself than was altogether becoming.
Then, on a sudden, he fell out of love. I do not know why. It could hardly have been that he grew tired of her conversation, for she had never had any conversation. Perhaps it was merely that this pathetic look of hers ceased to wring his heart-strings. His eyes were opened and he was once more the shrewd man of the world he had been. He became acutely conscious that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore a solemn oath that nothing would induce him to marry Ruth Barlow. But he was in a quandary. Now that he was in possession of his senses he saw with clearness the sort of woman he had to deal with and he was aware that, if he asked her to release him, she would (in her appealing way) assess her wounded feelings at an immoderately high figure. Besides, it is always awkward for a man to jilt a woman. People are apt to think he has behaved badly.
Roger kept his own counsel. He gave neither by word nor gesture an indication that his feelings towards Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes; he took her to dine at restaurants, they went to the play together, he sent her flowers; he was sympathetic and charming. They had made up their minds that they would be married as soon as they found a house that suited them, for he lived in chambers and she in furnished rooms; and they set about looking at desirable residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view and he took Ruth to see a number of houses. It was very hard to find anything that was quite satisfactory. Roger applied to more agents. They visited house after house. They went over them thoroughly, examining them from the cellars in the basement to the attics under the roof. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small; sometimes they were too far from the centre of things and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy; sometimes they were too dark and sometimes they were too bleak. Roger always found a fault that made the house unsuitable. Of course he was hard to please; he could not bear to ask his dear Ruth to live in any but the perfect house, and the perfect house wanted finding. House-hunting is a tiring and a tiresome business and presently Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger begged her to have patience; somewhere, surely, existed the very house they were looking for, and it only needed a little perseverance and they would find it. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs; they inspected innumerable kitchens. Ruth was exhausted and more than once lost her temper.
“If you don’t find a house soon,” she said, “I shall have to reconsider my position. Why, if you go on like this we shan’t be married for years.”

“Don’t say that,” he answered, “I beseech you to have patience. I’ve just received some entirely new lists from agents I’ve only just heard of. There must be at least sixty houses on them.”
They set out on the chase again. They looked at more houses and more houses. For two years they looked at houses. Ruth grew silent and scornful: her pathetic, beautiful eyes acquired an expression that was almost sullen. There are limits to human endurance. Mrs Barlow had the patience of an angel, but at last she revolted.
“Do you want to marry me or do you not?” she asked him.
There was an unaccustomed hardness in her voice, but it did not affect the gentleness of his reply.
“Of course I do. We’ll be married the very moment we find a house. By the way, I’ve just heard of something that might suit us.”
“I don’t feel well enough to look at any more houses just yet.”
“Poor dear, I was afraid you were looking rather tired.”
Ruth Barlow took to her bed. She would not see Roger and he had to content himself with calling at her lodgings to inquire and sending her flowers. He was as ever assiduous and gallant. Every day he wrote and told her that he had heard of another house for them to look at. A week passed and then he received the following letter:
Roger
I do not think you really love me. I have found someone who is anxious to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today.

Ruth

He sent back his reply by special messenger:
Ruth
Your news shatters me. I shall never get over the blow, but of course your happiness must be my first consideration. I send you herewith seven orders to view; they arrived by this morning’s post and I am quite sure you will find among them a house that will exactly suit you.
Roger

Примерные вопросы к экзамену, 1 курс / 2 семестр

1. **Work with a partner. Speak on the situation.**
   A famous person I would like to resemble.

2. **Work with a partner. Speak on the situation.**

   Family ties.

3. **Work with a partner. Speak on the situation.**
   The Day of a Person Is a Picture of This Person.

4. **Work with a partner. Speak on the situation.**
   Are you a shopaholic?

5. **Work with a partner. Speak on the situation.**
   The Day Everything Went Wrong.

6. **Work with a partner. Speak on the situation.**
   The Main Principles I Observe When I Shop for Food.

7. **Work with a partner. Speak on the situation.**
   Men's and Women's Shopping Styles.

8. **Work with a partner. Speak on the situation.**

Non-Traditional Food — Pros and Cons.

9. **Work with a partner. Speak on the situation.**
   Better Cooks — Men or Women?

10. **Work with a partner. Speak on the situation.**
    Serving a perfect meal.
11. **Read, translate and analyze the passage.**

THE door opened and Michael Gosselyn looked up. Julia came in.
"Hulloa! I won't keep you a minute. I was just signing some letters."
"No hurry. I only came to see what seats had been sent to the Dennorants. What's that young man doing here?"
With the experienced actress's instinct to fit the gesture to the word, by a movement of her neat head she indicated the room through which she had just passed.
"He's the accountant. He comes from Lawrence and Hamphreys. He's been here three days."
"He looks very young."
"He's an articled clerk. He seems to know his job. He can't get over the way our accounts are kept. He told me he never expected a theatre to be run on such businesslike lines. He says the way some of those firms in the city keep their accounts is enough to turn your hair grey."
Julia smiled at the complacency on her husband's handsome face.
"He's a young man of tact."
"He finishes today. I thought we might take him back with us and give him a spot of lunch. He's quite a gentleman."
"Is that a sufficient reason to ask him to lunch?" Michael did not notice the faint irony of her tone.
"I won't ask him if you don't want him. I merely thought it would be a treat for him. He admires you tremendously. He's been to see the play three times. He's crazy to be introduced to you."
Michael touched a button and in a moment his secretary came in.
"Here are the letters, Margery. What appointments have I got for this afternoon?"
Julia with half an ear listened to the list Margery read out and, though she knew the room so well, idly looked about her. It was a very proper room for the manager of a first-class theatre. The walls had been panelled (at cost price) by a good decorator and on them hung engravings of theatrical pictures by Zoffany and de Wilde. The armchairs were large and comfortable. Michael sat in a heavily carved Chippendale* chair, a reproduction but made by a well-known firm, and his Chippendale table, with heavy ball and claw feet, was immensely solid. On it stood in a massive silver frame a photograph of herself and to balance it a photograph of Roger, their son. Between these was a magnificent silver ink-stand that she had herself given him on one of his birthdays and behind it a rack in red morocco, heavily gilt, in which he kept his private paper in case he wanted to write a letter in his own hand. The paper bore the address, Siddons Theatre, and the envelope his crest, a boar's head with the motto underneath: Nemo me impune lacessit.* A bunch of yellow tulips in a silver bowl, which he had got through winning the theatrical golf tournament three times running, showed Margery's care. Julia gave her a reflective glance. Notwithstanding her cropped peroxide hair and her heavily-painted lips she had the neutral look that marks the perfect secretary. She had been with Michael for five years. In that time she must have got to know him inside and out. Julia wondered if she could be such a fool as to be in love with him.
But Michael rose from his chair.
"Now, darling, I'm ready for you."
Margery gave him his black Homburg* hat and opened the door for Julia and Michael to go out. As they entered the office the young man Julia had noticed turned round and stood up.
"I should like to introduce you to Miss Lambert," said Michael. Then with the air of an ambassador presenting an attache to the sovereign of the court to which he is accredited: "This is the gentleman who is good enough to put some order into the mess we make of our accounts."

The young man went scarlet. He smiled stiffly in answer to Julia's warm, ready smile and she felt the palm of his hand wet with sweat when she cordially grasped it. His confusion was touching. That was how people had felt when they were presented to Sarah Siddons. She thought that she had not been very gracious to Michael when he had proposed asking the boy to luncheon. She looked straight into his eyes. Her own were large, of a very dark brown, and starry. It was no eftort to her, it was as instinctive as brushing away a fly that was buzzing round her, to suggest now a faintly amused, friendly tenderness.

"I wonder if we could persuade you to come and eat a chop with us. Michael will drive you back after lunch."

The young man blushed again and his adam's apple moved in his thin neck.

"It's awfully kind of you." He gave his clothes a troubled look. "I'm absolutely filthy."

"You can have a wash and brush up when we get home."

The car was waiting for them at the stage door, a long car in black and chromium, upholstered in silver leather, and with Michael's crest discreetly emblazoned on the doors. Julia got in.

"Come and sit with me. Michael is going to drive."

They lived in Stanhope Place, and when they arrived Julia told the butler to show the young man where he could wash his hands. She went up to the drawing-room. She was painting her lips when Michael joined her.

"I've told him to come up as soon as he's ready."

"By the way, what's his name?"

"I haven't a notion."

"Darling, we must know. I'll ask him to write in our book."

"Damn it, he's not important enough for that." Michael asked only very distinguished people to write in their book. "We shall never see him again."

12. Read, translate and analyze the passage.

WHEN the two men had gone she looked through the photographs again before putting them back.

"Not bad for a woman of forty-six," she smiled. "They are like me, there's no denying that." She looked round the room for a mirror, but there wasn't one. "These damned decorators. Poor Michael, no wonder he never uses this room. Of course I never have photographed well."

She had an impulse to look at some of her old photographs. Michael was a tidy, business-like man, and her photographs were kept in large cardboard cases, dated and chronologically arranged. His were in other cardboard cases in the same cupboard.

"When someone comes along and wants to write the story of our careers he'll find all the material ready to his hand," he said.

With the same laudable* object he had had all their press cuttings from the very beginning pasted in a series of large books.

There were photographs of Julia when she was a child, and photographs of her as a young girl, photographs of her in her first parts, photographs of her as a young married woman, with Michael, and then with Roger, her son, as a baby. There was one photograph of the three of them, Michael very manly and incredibly handsome, herself all tenderness looking down at Roger with maternal feeling, and Roger a little boy with a curly head, which had been an enormous success. All the illustrated papers had given it a full page and they had used it on the programmes. Reduced to picture-postcard size it had sold in the provinces for years. It was such a bore that Roger when he got to Eton refused to be photographed with her any more. It seemed so funny of him not to want to be in the papers.

"People will think you're deformed or something," she told him. "And it's not as if it weren't good form. You should just go to a first night and see the society people how they mob the photographers, cabinet ministers and judges and everyone. They may pretend they don't like it, but just see them posing when they think the camera-man's got his eye on them." But he was obstinate.

Julia came across a photograph of herself as Beatrice. It was the only Shakespearean part she had ever played. She knew that she didn't look well in costume; she could never understand why, because no one could wear modern clothes as well as she could. She had her clothes made in Paris, both for the stage and for private life, and the dressmakers said that no one brought them more orders. She had a lovely figure, everyone admitted that; she was fairly tall for a woman, and she had long legs. It was a pity she had never had a chance of playing Rosalind, she would have looked all right in boy's clothes, of course it was too late now, but perhaps it was just as well she hadn't risked it. Though you would have thought, with her brilliance, her roguishness, her sense of comedy she would have been perfect. The critics hadn't really liked her Beatrice. It was that damned blank verse. Her voice, her rather low rich voice, with that effective hoarseness, which wrung your heart in an emotional passage or gave so much humour to a comedy line, seemed to sound all wrong when she spoke it. And then her articulation; it was so distinct that, without raising her voice, she could make you hear her every word in the last row of the gallery; they said it made verse sound like prose. The fact was, she supposed, that she was much too modern.
Michael had started with Shakespeare. That was before she knew him. He had played Romeo at Cambridge, and when he came down, after a year at a dramatic school, Benson had engaged him. He toured the country and played a great variety of parts. But he realized that Shakespeare would get him nowhere and that if he wanted to become a leading actor he must gain experience in modern plays. A man called James Langton was running a repertory theatre at Middlepool that was attracting a good deal of attention; and after Michael had been with Benson for three years, when the company was going to Middlepool on its annual visit, he wrote to Langton and asked whether he would see him. Jimmie Langton, a fat, bald-headed, rubicund man of forty-five, who looked like one of Rubens' prosperous burghers, had a passion for the theatre. He was an eccentric, arrogant, exuberant, vain and charming fellow. He loved acting, but his physique prevented him from playing any but a few parts, which was fortunate, for he was a bad actor. He could not subdue his natural flamboyance, and every part he played, though he studied it with care and gave it thought, he turned into a grotesque. He broadened every gesture, he exaggerated every intonation. But it was a very different matter when he rehearsed his cast; then he would suffer nothing artificial. His ear was perfect, and though he could not produce the right intonation himself he would never let a false one pass in anyone else.
"Don't *be* natural," he told his company. "The stage isn't the place for that. The stage is make-believe. But *seem* natural."
He worked his company hard. They rehearsed every morning from ten till two, when he sent them home to learn their parts and rest before the evening's performance. He bullied them, he screamed at them, he mocked them. He underpaid them. But if they played a moving scene well he cried like a child, and when they said an amusing line as he wanted it said he bellowed with laughter. He would skip about the stage on one leg if he was pleased, and if he was angry would throw the script down and stamp on it while tears of rage ran down his cheeks. The company laughed at him and abused him and did everything they could to please him. He aroused a protective instinct in them, so that one and all they felt that they couldn't let him down. Though they said he drove them like slaves, and they never had a moment to themselves, flesh and blood couldn't stand it, it gave them a sort of horrible satisfaction to comply with his outrageous demands. When he wrung an old trooper's hand, who was getting seven pounds a week, and said, by God, laddie, you're stupendous, the old trooper felt like Charles Kean.

13. Read, translate and analyze the passage.

When Julia was sixteen and went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street she knew already much that they could teach her there. She had to get rid of a certain number of tricks that were out of date and she had to acquire a more conversational style. But she won every prize that was open to her, and when she was finished with the school her good French got her almost immediately a small part in London as a French maid. It looked for a while as though her knowledge of French would specialize her in parts needing a foreign accent, for after this she was engaged to play an Austrian waitress. It was two years later that Jimmie Langton discovered her.

She was on tour in a melodrama that had been successful in London; in the part of an Italian adventuress, whose machinations were eventually exposed, she was trying somewhat inadequately to represent a woman of forty. Since the heroine, a blonde person of mature years, was playing a young girl, the performance lacked verisimilitude. Jimmie was taking a short holiday which he spent in going every night to the theatre in one town after another. At the end of the piece he went round to see Julia. He was well enough known in the theatrical world for her to be flattered by the compliments he paid her, and when he asked her to lunch with him next day she accepted.
They had no sooner sat down to table than he went straight to the point.
"I never slept a wink all night for thinking of you," he said.
"This is very sudden. Is your proposal honourable or dishonourable?"
He took no notice of the flippant rejoinder.
"I've been at this game for twenty-five years. I've been a call-boy, a stage-hand, a stage-manager, an actor, a publicity man, damn it, I've even been a critic. I've lived in the theatre since I was a kid just out of a board school, and what I don't know about acting isn't worth knowing. I think you're a genius."
"It's sweet of you to say so."
"Shut up. Leave me to do the talking. You've got everything. You're the right height, you've got a good figure, you've got an indiarubber* face."
"Flattering, aren't you?"
"That's just what I am. That's the face an actress wants. The face that can look anything, even beautiful, the face that can show every thought that passes through the mind. That's the face Duse's got. Last night even though you weren't really thinking about what you were doing every now and then the words you were saying wrote themselves on your face."
"It's such a rotten part. How could I give it my attention? Did you hear the things I had to say?"
"Actors are rotten, not parts. You've got a wonderful voice, the voice that can wring an audience's heart, I don't know about your comedy, I'm prepared to risk that."
"What d'you mean by that?"
"Your timing is almost perfect. That couldn't have been taught, you must have that by nature. That's the far, far better way. Now let's come down to brass tacks. I've been making inquiries about you. It appears you speak French like a Frenchwoman and so they give you broken English parts. That's not going to lead you anywhere, you know."
"That's all I can get."
"Are you satisfied to go on playing those sort of parts for ever? You'll get stuck in them and the public won't take you in anything else. Seconds, that's all you'll play. Twenty pounds a week at the outside and a great talent wasted."
"I've always thought that some day or other I should get a chance of a straight part."
"When? You may have to wait ten years. How old are you now?"
"Twenty."
"What are you getting?"
"Fifteen pounds a week."
"That's a lie. You're getting twelve, and it's a damned sight more than you're worth. You've got everything to learn. Your gestures are commonplace. You don't know that every gesture must mean something. You don't know how to get an audience to look at you before you speak. You make up too much. With your sort of face the less make-up the better. Wouldn't you like to be a star?"
"Who wouldn't?"
"Come to me and I'll make you the greatest actress in England. Are you a quick study? You ought to be at your age."
"I think I can be word-perfect in any part in forty-eight hours."
"It's experience you want and me to produce you. Come to me and I'll let you play twenty parts a year. Ibsen, Shaw, Barker, Sudermann, Hankin, Galsworthy. You've got magnetism and you don't seem to have an idea how to use it." He chuckled. "By God, if you had, that old hag would have

had you out of the play you're in now before you could say knife.* You've got to take an audience by the throat and say, now, you dogs, you pay attention to me. You've got to dominate them. If you haven't got the gift no one can give it you, but if you have you can be taught how to use it. I tell you, you've got the makings of a great actress. I've never been so sure of anything in my life."
"I know I want experience. I'd have to think it over of course. I wouldn't mind coming to you for a season."
"Go to hell. Do you think I can make an actress of you in a season? Do you think I'm going to work my guts out to make you give a few decent performances and then have you go away to play some twopenny-halfpenny part in a commercial play in London? What sort of a bloody fool do you take me for? I'll give you a three years' contract, I'll give you eight pounds a week and you'll have to work like a horse."
"Eight pounds a week's absurd. I couldn't possibly take that."
"Oh yes, you could. It's all you're worth and it's all you're going to get."
Julia had been on the stage for three years and had learnt a good deal. Besides, Jane Taitbout, no strict moralist, had given her a lot of useful information.
"And are you under the impression by any chance, that for that I'm going to let you sleep with me as well?"
"My God, do you think I've got time to go to bed with the members of my company? I've got much more important things to do than that, my girl. And you'll find that after you've rehearsed for four hours and played a part at night to my satisfaction, besides a couple of matinees, you won't have much time or much inclination to make love to anybody. When you go to bed all you'll want to do is to sleep."
But Jimmie Langton was wrong there.

14. Read, translate and analyze the passage.

JULIA now was looking at the photograph of herself in her wedding-dress.
"Christ, what a sight I looked."
They decided to keep their engagement to themselves, and Julia told no one about it but Jimmie Langton, two or three girls in the company and her dresser. She vowed them to secrecy and could not understand how within forty-eight hours everyone in the theatre seemed to know all about it.
Julia was divinely happy. She loved Michael more passionately than ever and would gladly have married him there and then, but his good sense prevailed. They were at present no more than a couple of provincial actors, and to start their conquest of London as a married couple would jeopardize their chances. Julia showed him as clearly as she knew how, and this was very clearly indeed, that she was quite willing to become his mistress, but this he refused. He was too honourable to take advantage of her.
"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more," he quoted.
He felt sure that when they were married they would bitterly regret it if they had lived together before as man and wife. Julia was proud of his principles. He was a kind and affectionate lover, but in a very short while seemed to take her a trifle for granted; by his manner, friendly but casual, you might have thought they had been married for years. But he showed great good nature in allowing Julia to make love to him. She adored to sit cuddled up to him with his arm round her waist, her face against his, and it was heaven when she could press her eager mouth against his rather thin lips. Though when they sat side by side like that he preferred to talk of the parts they were studying or make plans for the future, he made her very happy. She never tired of praising his beauty. It was heavenly, when she told him how exquisite his nose was and how lovely his russet, curly hair, to feel his hold on her tighten a little and to see the tenderness in his eyes.
"Darling, you'll make me as vain as a peacock."
"It would be so silly to pretend you weren't divinely handsome."
Julia thought he was, and she said it because she liked saying it, but she said it also because she knew he liked to hear it. He had affection and admiration for her, he felt at ease with her, and he had confidence in her, but she was well aware that he was not in love with her. She consoled herself by thinking that he loved her as much as he was capable of loving, and she thought that

when they were married, when they slept together, her own passion would excite an equal passion in him. Meanwhile she exercised all her tact and all her self-control. She knew she could not afford to bore him. She knew she must never let him feel that she was a burden or a responsibility. He might desert her for a game of golf, or to lunch with a casual acquaintance, she never let him see for a moment that she was hurt. And with an inkling that her success as an actress strengthened his feeling for her she worked like a dog to play well.

When they had been engaged for rather more than a year an American manager, looking for talent and having heard of Jimmie Langton's repertory company, came to Middlepool and was greatly taken by Michael. He sent him round a note asking him to come to his hotel on the following afternoon. Michael, breathless with excitement, showed it to Julia; it could only mean that he was going to offer him a part. Her heart sank, but she pretended that she was as excited as he, and went with him next day to the hotel. She was to wait in the lobby while Michael saw the great man.

"Wish me luck," he whispered, as he turned from her to enter the lift. "It's almost too good to be true."

Julia sat in a great leather armchair willing with all her might the American manager to offer a part that Michael would refuse or a salary that he felt it would be beneath his dignity to accept. Or alternatively that he should get Michael to read the part he had in view and come to the conclusion that he could not touch it. But when she saw Michael coming towards her half an hour later, his eyes bright and his step swinging, she knew he had clicked. For a moment she thought she was going to be sick, and when she forced on her face an eager, happy smile, she felt that her muscles were stiff and hard.

"It's all right. He says it's a damned good part, a boy's part, nineteen. Eight or ten weeks in New York and then on the road. It's a safe forty weeks with John Drew. Two hundred and fifty dollars a week."

"Oh, darling, how wonderful for you."

It was quite clear that he had accepted with alacrity. The thought of refusing had never even occurred to him.

"And I - I," she thought, "if they'd offered me a thousand dollars a week I wouldn't have gone if it meant being separated from Michael."

Black despair seized her. She could do nothing. She must pretend to be as delighted as he was. He was too much excited to sit still and took her out into the crowded street to walk.

"It's a wonderful chance. Of course America's expensive, but I ought to be able to live on fifty dollars a week at the outside, they say the Americans are awfully hospitable and I shall get a lot of free meals. I don't see why I shouldn't save eight thousand dollars in the forty weeks and that's sixteen hundred pounds."

("He doesn't love me. He doesn't care a damn about me. I hate him. I'd like to kill him. Blast that American manager.")

"And if he takes me on for a second year I'm to get three hundred. That means that in two years I'd have the best part of four thousand pounds. Almost enough to start management on."

"A second year!" For a moment Julia lost control of herself and her voice was heavy with tears. "D'you mean to say you'll be gone two years?"

"Oh, I should come back next summer of course. They pay my fare back and I'd go and live at home so as not to spend any money."

"I don't know how I'm going to get on without you."

She said the words very brightly, so that they sounded polite, but somewhat casual.

"Well, we can have a grand time together in the summer and you know a year, two years at the outside, well, it passes like a flash of lightning."

Michael had been walking at random, but Julia without his noticing had guided him in the direction she wished, and now they arrived in front of the theatre. She stopped.

"I'll see you later. I've got to pop up and see Jimmie."

His face fell.

"You're not going to leave me now! I must talk to somebody. I thought we might go and have a snack together before the show."
"I'm terribly sorry. Jimmie's expecting me and you know what he is."
Michael gave her his sweet, good-natured smile.
"Oh, well, go on then. I'm not going to hold it up against you because for once you've let me down."

15. Read, translate and analyze the passage.

AFTER a fortnight of rehearsals, Michael was thrown out of the part for which he had been engaged, and for three or four weeks was left to kick his heels about till something else could be found for him. He opened in due course in a play that ran less than a month in New York. It was sent on the road; but languished and was withdrawn. After another wait he was given a part in a costume play where his good looks shone to such advantage that his indifferent acting was little noticed, and in this he finished the season. There was no talk of renewing his contract. Indeed the manager who had engaged him was caustic in his comments.
"Gee, I'd give something to get even with that fellow Langton, the son of a bitch," he said. "He knew what he was doing all right when he landed me with that stick."
Julia wrote to Michael constantly, pages and pages of love and gossip, while he answered once a week, four pages exactly in a neat, precise hand. He always ended up by sending her his best love and signing himself hers very affectionately, but the rest of his letter was more informative than passionate. Yet she awaited its coming in an agony of impatience and read it over and over again. Though he wrote cheerfully, saying little about the theatre except that the parts they gave him were rotten and the plays in which he was expected to act beneath contempt, news travels in the theatrical world, and Julia knew that he had not made good.
"I suppose it's beastly of me," she thought, "but thank God, thank God."
When he announced the date of his sailing she could not contain her joy. She got Jimmie so to arrange his programme that she might go and meet him at Liverpool.
"If the boat comes in late I shall probably stay the night," she told Jimmie.
He smiled ironically.
"I suppose you think that in the excitement of homecoming you may work the trick."
"What a beastly little man you are."
"Come off it, dear. My advice to you is, get him a bit tight and then lock yourself in a room with him and tell him you won't let him out till he's made a dishonest woman of you."
But when she was starting he came to the station with her. As she was getting into the carriage he took her hand and patted it.
"Feeling nervous, dear?"
"Oh, Jimmie dear, wild with happiness and sick with anxiety."
"Well, good luck to you. And don't forget you're much too good for him. You're young and pretty and you're the greatest actress in England."
When the train steamed out Jimmie went to the station bar and had a whisky and soda. "Lord, what fools these mortals be," he sighed. But Julia stood up in the empty carriage and looked at herself in the glass.
"Mouth too large, face too puddingy, nose too fleshy. Thank God, I've got good eyes and good legs. Exquisite legs. I wonder if I've got too much make-up on. He doesn't like make-up off the stage. I look bloody without rouge. My eyelashes are all right. Damn it all, I don't look so bad."
Uncertain till the last moment whether Jimmie would allow her to go, Julia had not been able to let Michael know that she was meeting him. He was surprised and frankly delighted to see her. His beautiful eyes beamed with pleasure.
"You're more lovely than ever," she said.
"Oh, don't be so silly," he laughed, squeezing her arm affectionately. "You haven't got to go back till after dinner, have you?"
"I haven't got to go back till tomorrow. I've taken a couple of rooms at the Adelphi, so that we can have a real talk."

"The Adelphi's a bit grand, isn't it?"
"Oh, well, you don't come back from America every day. Damn the expense."
"Extravagant little thing, aren't you? I didn't know when we'd dock, so I told my people I'd wire when I was getting down to Cheltenham. I'll tell them I'll be coming along tomorrow."
When they got to the hotel Michael came to Julia's room, at her suggestion, so that they could talk in peace and quiet. She sat on his knees, with her arm round his neck, her cheek against his.
"Oh, it's so good to be home again," she sighed.
"You don't have to tell me that," he said, not understanding that she referred to his arms and not to his arrival.
"D'you still like me?"
"Rather."
She kissed him fondly.
"Oh, you don't know how I've missed you."
"I was an awful flop in America," he said. "I didn't tell you in my letters, because I thought it would only worry you. They thought me rotten."
"Michael," she cried, as though she could not believe him.
"The fact is, I suppose, I'm too English. They don't want me another year. I didn't think they did, but just as a matter of form I asked them if they were going to exercise their option and they said no, not at any price."
Julia was silent. She looked deeply concerned, but her heart was beating with exultation.
"I honestly don't care, you know. I didn't like America. It's a smack in the eye of course, it's no good denying that, but the only thing is to grin and bear it. If you only knew the people one has to deal with! Why, compared with some of them, Jimmie Langton's a great gentleman. Even if they had wanted me to stay I should have refused."
Though he put a brave face on it, Julia felt that he was deeply mortified. He must have had to put up with a good deal of unpleasantness. She hated him to have been made unhappy, but, oh, she was so relieved.
"What are you going to do now?" she asked quietly.
"Well, I shall go home for a bit and think things over. Then I shall go to London and see if I can't get a part."
She knew that it was no good suggesting that he should come back to Middlepool. Jimmie Langton would not have him.
"You wouldn't like to come with me, I suppose?"
Julia could hardly believe her ears.
"Me? Darling, you know I'd go anywhere in the world with you."
"Your contract's up at the end of this season, and if you want to get anywhere you've got to make a stab at London soon. I saved every bob* I could in America, they all called me a tight-wad but I just let them talk, I've brought back between twelve and fifteen hundred pounds."
"Michael, how on earth can you have done that?"
"I didn't give much away, you know," he smiled happily. "Of course it's not enough to start management on, but it's enough to get married on, I mean we'd have something to fall back on if we didn't get parts right away or happened to be out of a job for a few months."
It took Julia a second or two to understand what he meant.
"D'you mean to say, get married now?"
"Of course it's a risk, without anything in prospect, but one has to take a risk sometimes."
Julia took his head in both her hands and pressed his iips with hers. Then she gave a sigh.
"Darling, you're wonderful and you're as beautiful as a Greek god, but you're the biggest damned fool I've ever known in my life."
They went to a theatre that night and at supper drank champagne to celebrate their reunion and toast their future. When Michael accompanied her to her room she held up her face to his.
"D'you want me to say good night to you in the passage? I'll just come in for a minute."
"Better not, darling," she said with quiet dignity.

She felt like a high-born damsel, with all the traditions of a great and ancient family to keep up; her purity was a pearl of great price; she also felt that she was making a wonderfully good impression: of course he was a great gentleman, and "damn it all" it behoved her to be a great lady. She was so pleased with her performance that when she had got into her room and somewhat noisily locked the door, she paraded up and down bowing right and left graciously to her obsequious retainers. She stretched out her lily white hand for the trembling old steward to kiss (as a baby he had often dandled her on his knee), and when he pressed it with his pallid lips she felt something fall upon it. A tear.

16. Read, translate and analyze the passage.

THE first year of their marriage would have been stormy except for Michael's placidity. It needed the excitement of getting a part or a first night, the gaiety of a party where he had drunk several glasses of champagne, to turn his practical mind to thoughts of love. No flattery, no allurements, could tempt him when he had an engagement next day for which he had to keep his brain clear or a round of golf for which he needed a steady eye. Julia made him frantic scenes. She was jealous of his friends at the Green Room Club, jealous of the games that took him away from her, and jealous of the men's luncheons he went to under the pretext that he must cultivate people who might be useful to them. It infuriated her that when she worked herself up into a passion of tears he should sit there quite calmly, with his hands crossed and a good-humoured smile on his handsome face, as though she were merely making herself ridiculous.

"You don't think I'm running after any other woman, do you?" he asked.

"How do I know? It's quite obvious that you don't care two straws* for me."

"You know you're the only woman in the world for me."

"My God!"

"I don't know what you want."

"I want love. I thought I'd married the handsomest man in England and I've married a tailor's dummy."

"Don't be so silly. I'm just the ordinary normal Englishman. I'm not an Italian organ-grinder."*

She swept up and down the room. They had a small flat at Buckingham Gate and there was not much space, but she did her best. She threw up her hands to heaven.

"I might be squint-eyed and hump-backed. I might be fifty. Am I so unattractive as all that? It's so humiliating to have to beg for love. Misery, misery."

"That was a good movement, dear. As if you were throwing a cricket ball. Remember that."

She gave him a look of scorn.

"That's all you can think of. My heart is breaking, and you can talk of a movement that I made quite accidentally."

But he saw by the expression of her face that she was registering it in her memory, and he knew that when the occasion arose she would make effective use of it.

"After all love isn't everything. It's all very well at its proper time and in its proper place. We had a lot of fun on our honeymoon, that's what a honeymoon's for, but now we've got to get down to work."

They had been lucky. They had managed to get fairly good parts together in a play that had proved a success. Julia had one good acting scene in which she had brought down the house, and Michael's astonishing beauty had made a sensation. Michael with his gentlemanly push, with his breezy good-nature, had got them both a lot of publicity and their photographs appeared in the illustrated papers. They were asked to a number of parties and Michael, notwithstanding his thriftiness, did not hesitate to spend money on entertaining people who might be of service. Julia was impressed by his lavish-ness on these occasions. An actor-manager offered Julia the leading part in his next play, and though there was no part for Michael and she was anxious to refuse it, he would not let her. He said they could not afford to let sentiment stand in the way of business. He eventually got a part in a costume play.

They were both acting when the war broke out. To Julia's pride and anguish Michael enlisted at once, but with the help of his father, one of whose old brother officers was an important personage

at the War Office, he very soon got a commission. When he went out to France Julia bitterly regretted the reproaches she had so often heaped upon him, and made up her mind that if he were killed she would commit suicide. She wanted to become a nurse so that she could go out to France too and at least be on the same soil as he, but he made her understand that patriotism demanded that she should go on acting, and she could not resist what might very well be his dying request.
Michael thoroughly enjoyed the war. He was popular in the regimental mess, and the officers of the old army accepted him almost at once, even though he was an actor, as one of themselves. It was as though the family of soldiers from which he was born had set a seal on him so that he fell instinctively into the manner and way of thinking of the professional soldier. He had tact and a pleasant manner, and he knew how to pull strings adroitly; it was inevitable that he should get on the staff of some general. He showed himself possessed of considerable organizing capacity and the last three years of the war he passed at G.H.Q.* He ended it as a major, with the Military Cross and the Legion of Honour.
Meanwhile Julia had been playing a succession of important parts and was recognized as the best of the younger actresses. Throughout the war the theatre was very prosperous, and she profited by being seen in plays that had long runs. Salaries went up, and with Michael to advise her she was able to extort eighty pounds a week from reluctant managers. Michael came over to England on his leaves and Julia was divinely happy. Though he was in no more danger than if he had been sheep-farming in New Zealand, she acted as though the brief periods he spent with her were the last days the doomed man would ever enjoy on earth. She treated him as though he had just come from the horror of the trenches and was tender, considerate, and unexacting.
It was just before the end of the war that she fell out of love with him.
She was pregnant at the time. Michael had judged it imprudent to have a baby just then, but she was nearly thirty and thought that if they were going to have one at all they ought to delay no longer; she was so well established on the stage that she could afford not to appear for a few months, and with the possibility that Michael might be killed at any moment - it was true he said he was as safe as a house, he only said that to reassure her, and even generals were killed sometimes - if she was to go on living she must have a child by him. The baby was expected at the end of the year. She looked forward to Michael's next leave as she had never done before. She was feeling very well, but she had a great yearning to feel his arms around her, she felt a little lost, a little helpless, and she wanted his protective strength. He came, looking wonderfully handsome in his well-cut uniform, with the red tabs and the crown on his shoulder-straps. He had filled out a good deal as the result of the hardships of G.H.Q. and his skin was tanned. With his close-cropped hair, breezy manner and military carriage he looked every inch a soldier. He was in great spirits, not only because he was home for a few days, but because the end of the war was in sight. He meant to get out of the army as quickly as possible. What was the good of having a bit of influence if you didn't use it? So many young men had left the stage, either from patriotism or because life was made intolerable for them by the patriotic who stayed at home, and finally owing to conscription, that leading parts had been in the hands either of people who were inapt for military service or those who had been so badly wounded that they had got their discharge. There was a wonderful opening, and Michael saw that if he were available quickly he could get his choice of parts. When he had recalled himself to the recollection of the public they could look about for a theatre, and with the reputation Julia had now acquired it would be safe to start in management.

17. Read, translate and analyze the passage.

THEY put on the play, and it was a success. After that they continued to produce plays year after year. Because Michael ran the theatre with the method and thrift with which he ran his home they lost little over the failures, which of course they sometimes had, and made every possible penny out of their successes. Michael flattered himself that there was not a management in London where less money was spent on the productions. He exercised great ingenuity in disguising old sets so that they looked new, and by ringing the changes on the furniture that he gradually collected in the store-room saved the expense of hiring. They gained the reputation of being an

enterprising management because Michael in order not to pay the high royalties of well-known authors was always willing to give an unknown one a trial. He sought out actors who had never been given a chance and whose salaries were small. He thus made some very profitable discoveries.
When they had been in management for three years they were sufficiently well established for Michael to be able to borrow from the bank enough money to buy the lease of a theatre that had just been built. After much discussion they decided to call it the Siddons Theatre. They opened with a failure and this was succeeded by another. Julia was frightened and discouraged. She thought that the theatre was unlucky and that the public were getting sick of her. It was then that Michael showed himself at his best. He was unperturbed.
"In this business you have to take the rough with the smooth. You're the best actress in England. There are only three people who bring money into the theatre regardless of the play, and you're one of them. We've had a couple of duds.* The next play's bound to be all right and then we shall get back all we've lost and a packet into the bargain."*
As soon as Michael had felt himself safe he had tried to buy Dolly de Vries out, but she would not listen to his persuasion and was indifferent to his coldness. For once his cunning found its match. Dolly saw no reason to sell out an investment that seemed sound, and her half share in the partnership kept her in close touch with Julia. But now with great courage he made another effort to get rid of her. Dolly indignantly refused to desert them when they were in difficulties, and he-gave it up as a bad job. He consoled himself by thinking that Dolly might leave Roger, her godson, a great deal of money. She had no one belonging to her but nephews in South Africa, and you could not look at her without suspecting that she had a high blood pressure. Meanwhile it was convenient to have the house near Guildford to go to whenever they wished. It saved the expense of having a country house of their own. The third play was a winner, and Michael did not hesitate to point out how right he had been. He spoke as though he was directly responsible for its success. Julia could almost have wished that it had failed like the others in order to take him down a peg or two.* For his conceit was outrageous. Of course you had to admit that he had a sort of cleverness, shrewdness rather, but he was not nearly so clever as he thought himself. There was nothing in which he did not think that he knew better than anybody else.
As time went on he began to act less frequently. He found himself much more interested in management.
"I want to run my theatre in as business-like way as a city office," he said.
And he felt that he could more profitably spend his evenings, when Julia was acting, by going to outlying theatres and trying to find talent. He kept a little book in which he made a note of every actor who seemed to show promise. Then he had taken to directing. It had always grizzled him that directors should ask so much money for rehearsing a play, and of late some of them had even insisted on a percentage on the gross. At last an occasion came when the two directors Julia liked best were engaged and the only other one she trusted was acting and thus could not give them all his time.
"I've got a good mind to have a shot at it myself," said Michael.
Julia was doubtful. He had no fantasy and his ideas were commonplace. She was not sure that he would have authority over the cast. But the only available director demanded a fee that they both thought exorbitant and there was nothing left but to let Michael try. He made a much better job of it than Julia expected. He was thorough; he worked hard. Julia, strangely enough, felt that he was getting more out of her than any other director had done. He knew what she was capable of, and, familiar with her every inflection, every glance of her wonderful eyes, every graceful movement of her body, he was able to give her suggestions out of which she managed to build up the best performance of her career. With the cast he was at once conciliatory and exacting. When tempers were frayed his good humour, his real kindliness, smoothed things over. After that there was no question but that he should continue to direct their plays. Authors liked him because, being unimaginative, he was forced to let the plays speak for themselves and often not being quite sure what they meant he was obliged to listen to them.

Julia was now a rich woman. She could not but admit that Michael was as careful of her money as of his own. He watched her investments and was as pleased when he could sell stocks at a profit on her account as if he had made the money for himself. He put her down-for a very large salary, and was proud to be able to say that she was the most highly paid actress in London, but when he himself acted he never put himself down for a higher salary than he thought the part was worth. When he directed a play he put down on the expense account the fee that a director of the second rank would have received. They shared the expenses of the house and the cost of Roger's education. Roger had been entered for Eton within a week of his birth. It was impossible to deny that Michael was scrupulously fair and honest. When Julia realized how much richer she was than he she wanted to pay all these expenses herself.

"There's no reason why you should," said Michael. "As long as I can pay my whack* I'll pay it. You earn more than I do because you're worth more. I put you down for a good salary because you draw it."

No one could do other than admire the self-abnegation with which he sacrificed himself for her sake. Any ambition he may have had for himself he had abandoned in order to foster her career.

18. Read, translate and analyze the passage.

THERE was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Julia.

Evie entered.

"Aren't you going to bed today, Miss Lambert?" She saw Julia sitting on the floor surrounded by masses of photographs. "Whatever are you doing?"

"Dreaming." She took up two of the photographs. "Look here upon this picture, and on this." One was of Michael as Mercutio in all the radiant beauty of his youth and the other of Michael in the last part he had played, in a white topper and a morning coat, with a pair of field-glasses slung over his shoulder. He looked unbelievably self-satisfied.

Evie sniffed.

"Oh, well, it's no good crying over spilt milk."

"I've been thinking of the past and I'm as blue as the devil."*

"I don't wonder. When you start thinking of the past it means you ain't got no future, don't it?"

"You shut your trap, you old cow," said Julia, who could be very vulgar when she chose.

"Come on now, or you'll be fit for nothing tonight. I'll clear up all this mess."

Evie was Julia's dresser and maid. She had come to her first at Middlepool and had accompanied her to London. She was a cockney, a thin, raddled, angular woman, with red hair which was always untidy and looked as if it much needed washing, two of her front teeth were missing but, notwithstanding Julia's offer, repeated for years, to provide her with new ones she would not have them replaced.

"For the little I eat I've got all the teeth I want. It'd only fidget me to 'ave a lot of elephant's tusks in me mouth."

Michael had long wanted Julia at least to get a maid whose appearance was more suitable to their position, and he had tried to persuade Evie that the work was too much for her, but Evie would not hear of it.

"You can say what you like, Mr. Gosselyn, but no one's going to maid Miss Lambert as long as I've got me 'ealth and strength."

"We're all getting on, you know, Evie. We're not so young as we were."

Evie drew her forefinger across the base of her nostrils and sniffed.

"As long as Miss Lambert's young enough to play women of twenty-five, I'm young enough to dress 'er. And maid 'er." Evie gave him a sharp look. "An' what d'you want to pay two lots of wages for, when you can get the work done for one?"

Michael chuckled in his good-humoured way.

"There's something in that, Evie dear."

She bustled Julia upstairs. When she had no matinee Julia went to bed for a couple of hours in the afternoon and then had a light massage. She undressed now and slipped between the sheets.

"Damn, my hot water bottle's nearly stone cold."
She looked at the clock on the chimney-piece. It was no wonder. It must have been there an hour. She had no notion that she had stayed so long in Michael's room, looking at those photographs and idly thinking of the past.
"Forty-six. Forty-six. Forty-six. I shall retire when I'm sixty. At fifty-eight South Africa and Australia. Michael says we can clean up there. Twenty thousand pounds. I can play all my old parts. Of course even at sixty I could play women of forty-five. But what about parts? Those bloody dramatists."
Trying to remember any plays in which there was a first-rate part for a woman of five-and-forty she fell asleep. She slept soundly till Evie came to awake her because the masseuse was there. Evie brought her the evening paper, and Julia, stripped, while the masseuse rubbed her long slim legs and her belly, putting on her spectacles, read the same theatrical intelligence she had read that morning, the gossip column and the woman's page. Presently Michael came in and sat on her bed. He often came at that hour to have a little chat with her.
"Well, what was his name?" asked Julia.
"Whose name?"
"The boy who came to lunch?"
"I haven't a notion. I drove him back to the theatre. I never gave him another thought."
Miss Phillips, the masseuse, liked Michael. You knew where you were with him. He always said the same things and you knew exactly what to answer. No side to him. And terribly good-looking. My word.
"Well, Miss Phillips, fat coming off nicely?"
"Oh, Mr. Gosselyn, there's not an ounce of fat on Miss Lambert. I think it's wonderful the way she keeps her figure."
"Pity I can't have you to massage me, Miss Phillips. You might be able to do something about mine."
"How you talk, Mr. Gosselyn. Why, you've got the figure of a boy of twenty. I dont' know how you do it, upon my word I don't."
"Plain living and high thinking, Miss Phillips."
Julia was paying no attention to what they said but Miss Phillips's reply reached her.
"Of course there's nothing like massage, I always say that, but you've got to be careful of your diet. That there's no doubt about at all."
"Diet!" she thought. "When I'm sixty I shall let myself go. I shall eat all the bread and butter I like. I'll have hot rolls for breakfast, I'll have potatoes for lunch and potatoes for dinner. And beer. God, how I like beer. Pea soup and tomato soup; treacle pudding and cherry tart. Cream, cream, cream. And so help me God, I'll never eat spinach again as long as I live."
When the massage was finished Evie brought her a cup of tea, a slice of ham from which the fat had been cut, and some dry toast. Julia got up, dressed, and went down with Michael to the theatre. She liked to be there an hour before the curtain rang up. Michael went on to dine at his club. Evie had preceded her in a cab and when she got into her dressing-room everything was ready for her. She undressed once more and put on a dressing-gown. As she sat down at her dressing-table to make up she noticed some fresh flowers in a vase.
"Hulloa, who sent them? Mrs. de Vries?" Dolly always sent her a huge basket on her first nights, and on the hundredth night, and the two hundredth if there was one, and in between, whenever she ordered flowers for her own house, had some sent to Julia.
"No, miss."
"Lord Charles?"
Lord Charles Tamerley was the oldest and the most constant of Julia's admirers, and when he passed a florist's he was very apt to drop in and order some roses for her.
"Here's the card," said Evie.
Julia looked at it. Mr. Thomas Fennell. Tavistock Square.
"What a place to live. Who the hell d'you suppose he is, Evie?"

"Some feller knocked all of a heap by your fatal beauty, I expect."
"They must have cost all of a pound. Tavistock Square doesn't look very prosperous to me. For all you know he may have gone without his dinner for a week to buy them."
"I don't think."
Julia plastered her face with grease paint.
"You're so damned unromantic, Evie. Just because I'm not a chorus girl you can't understand why anyone should send me flowers. And God knows, I've got better legs than most of them."
"You and your legs," said Evie.
"Well, I don't mind telling you I think it's a bit of all right having an unknown young man sending me flowers at my time of life. I mean it just shows you."
"If he saw you now 'e wouldn't, not if I know anything about men."
"Go to hell," said Julia.
But when she was made up to her satisfaction, and Evie had put on her stockings and her shoes, having a few minutes still to spare she sat down at her desk and in her straggling bold hand wrote to Mr. Thomas Fennell a gushing note of thanks for his beautiful flowers. She was naturally polite and it was, besides, a principle with her to answer all fan letters. That was how she kept in touch with her public. Having addressed the envelope she threw the card in the wastepaper basket and was ready to slip into her first act dress. The call-boy came round knocking at the dressing-room doors.
"Beginners, please."
Those words, though heaven only knew how often she had heard them, still gave her a thrill. They braced her like a tonic. Life acquired significance. She was about to step from the world of make-believe into the world of reality.

19. Read, translate and analyze the passage.

She decided that he must come again to Stanhope Place. It was not long before an opportunity presented itself.
"You know that young accountant of yours," she said to Michael. "Tom Fennell's his name. I met him out at supper the other night and I've asked him to dinner next Sunday. We want an extra man."
"Oh, d'you think he'll fit in?"
It was rather a grand party. It was on that account she had asked him. She thought it would please him to meet some of the people he had known only from their pictures. She had realized already that he was a bit of a snob. Well, that was all to the good; she could give him all the smart people he wanted. For Julia was shrewd, and she knew very well that Tom was not in love with her. To have an affair with her flattered his vanity. He was a highly-sexed young man and enjoyed sexual exercise. From hints, from stories that she had dragged out of him, she discovered that since he was seventeen he had had a great many women. He loved the act rather than the person. He looked upon it as the greatest lark in the world. And she could understand why he had so much success. There was something appealing in his slightness, his body was just skin and bone, that was why his clothes sat on him so well, and something charming in his clean freshness. His shyness and his effrontery combined to make him irresistible. It was strangely flattering for a woman to be treated as a little bit of fluff* that you just tumbled on to a bed.
"What he's got, of course, is sex appeal."
She knew that his good looks were due to his youth. He would grow wizened as he grew older, dried up and haggard; that charming flush on his cheeks would turn into a purple glow and his delicate skin would go lined and sallow; but the feeling that what she loved in him would endure so short a time increased her tenderness. She felt a strange compassion for him. He had the high spirits of youth, and she lapped them up as a kitten laps up milk. But he was not amusing. Though he laughed when Julia said a funny thing he never said one himself. She did not mind. She found his dullness restful. She never felt so light-hearted as in his company, and she could be brilliant enough for two.

People kept on telling Julia that she was looking ten years younger and that she had never acted better. She knew it was true and she knew the reason. But it behoved her to walk warily. She must keep her head. Charles Tamerley always said that what an actress needed was not intelligence, but sensibility, and he might be right; perhaps she wasn't clever, but her feelings were alert and she trusted them. They told her now that she must never tell Tom that she loved him. She was careful to make it plain to him that she laid no claims on him and that he was free to do whatever he liked. She took up the attitude that the whole thing was a bit of nonsense to which neither of them must attach importance. But she left nothing undone to bind him to her. He liked parties and she took him to parties. She got Dolly and Charles Tamerley to ask him to luncheon. He was fond of dancing and she got him cards for balls. For his sake she would go to them herself for an hour, and she was conscious of the satisfaction he got out of seeing how much fuss people made of her. She knew that he was dazzled by the great, and she introduced him to eminent persons. Fortunately Michael took a fancy to him. Michael liked to talk, and Tom was a good listener. He was clever at his business. One day Michael said to her:

"Smart fellow, Tom. He knows a lot about income-tax. I believe he's shown me a way of saving two or three hundred pounds on my next return."

Michael, looking for new talent, often took him to the play in the evenings, either in London or the suburbs; they would fetch Julia after the performance, and the three of them supped together. Now and then Michael asked Tom to play golf with him on Sundays and then if there was no party would bring him home to dinner.

"Nice to have a young fellow like that around," he said. "It keeps one from growing rusty."

Tom was very pleasant about the house. He would play backgammon* with Michael, or patience with Julia, and when they turned on the gramophone he was always there to change the records.

"He'll be a nice friend for Roger," said Michael. "Tom's got his head screwed on his shoulders the right way, and he's a lot older than Roger. He ought to have a good influence on him. Why don't you ask him to come and spend his holiday with us?"

("Lucky I'm a good actress.") But it wanted an effort to keep the joy out of her voice and to prevent her face from showing the exultation that made her heart beat so violently. "That's not a bad idea," she answered. I'll ask him if you like."

Their play was running through August, and Michael had taken a house at Taplow so that they could spend the height of the summer there. Julia was to come up for her performances and Michael when business needed it, but she would have the day in the country and Sundays. Tom had a fortnight's holiday; he accepted the invitation with alacrity.

20. Read, translate and analyze the passage.

Julia looked forward to Tom's visit to Taplow with excitement. It would be lovely to go on the river with him in the morning and in the afternoon sit about the garden with him. With Roger in the house she was determined that there should be no nonsense between her and Tom; decency forbade. But it would be heaven to spend nearly all day with him. When she had matinees he could amuse himself with Roger.

But things did not turn out at all as she expected. It had never occurred to her that Roger and Tom would take a great fancy to one another. There were five years between them and she thought, or would have if she had thought about it at all, that Tom would look upon Roger as a hobbledehoy,* quite nice of course, but whom you treated as such, who fetched and carried for you and whom you told to go and play when you did not want to be bothered with him. Roger was seventeen. He was a nice-looking boy, with reddish hair and blue eyes, but that was the best you could say of him. He had neither his mother's vivacity and changing expression nor his father's beauty of feature. Julia was somewhat disappointed in him. As a child when she had been so constantly photographed with him he was lovely. He was rather stolid now and he had a serious look. Really when you came to examine him his only good features were his teeth and his hair. Julia was very fond of him, but she could not but find him a trifle dull. When she was alone with him the time hung somewhat heavily on her hands. She exhibited a lively interest in the things she supposed

must interest him, cricket and such like, but he did not seem to have much to say about them. She was afraid he was not very intelligent.
"Of course he's young," she said hopefully. "Perhaps he'll improve as he grows older."
From the time that he first went to his preparatory school she had seen little of him. During the holidays she was always acting at night and he went out with his father or with a boy friend, and on Sundays he and his father played golf together. If she happened to be lunching out it often happened that she did not see him for two or three days together except for a few minutes in the morning when he came to her room. It was a pity he could not always have remained a sweetly pretty little boy who could play in her room without disturbing her and be photographed, smiling into the camera, with his arm round her neck. She went down to see him at Eton occasionally and had tea with him. It flattered her that there were several photographs of her in his room. She was conscious that when she went to Eton it created quite a little excitement, and Mr. Brackenbridge, in whose house he was, made a point of being very polite to her. When the half ended Michael and Julia had already moved to Taplow and Roger came straight there. Julia kissed him emotionally. He was not so much excited at getting home as she had expected him to be. He was rather casual. He seemed suddenly to have grown very sophisticated.
He told Julia at once that he desired to leave Eton at Christmas, he thought he had got everything out of it that he could, and he wanted to go to Vienna for a few months and learn German before going up to Cambridge. Michael had wished him to go into the army, but this he had set his face against. He did not yet know what he wanted to be. Both Julia and Michael had from the first been obsessed by the fear that he would go on the stage, but for this apparently he had no inclination.
"Anyhow he wouldn't be any good," said Julia.
He led his own life. He went out on the river and lay about the garden reading. On his seventeenth birthday Julia had given him a very smart roadster, and in this he careered about the country at breakneck speeds.
"There's one comfort," said Julia. "He's no bother. He seems quite capable of amusing himself."
On Sundays they had a good many people down for the day, actors and actresses, an occasional writer, and a sprinkling of some of their grander friends. Julia found these parties very amusing and she knew that people liked to come to them. On the first Sunday after Roger's arrival there was a great mob. Roger was very polite to the guests. He did his duty as part host like a man of the world. But it seemed to Julia that he held himself in some curious way aloof, as though he were playing a part in which he had not lost himself, and she had an uneasy feeling that he was not accepting all these people, but coolly judging them. She had an impression that he took none of them very seriously.
Tom had arranged to come on the following Saturday and she drove him down after the theatre. It was a moonlit night and at that hour the roads were empty. The drive was enchanting. Julia would have liked it to go on for ever. She nestled against him and every now and then in the darkness he kissed her.
"Are you happy?" she asked.
"Absolutely."
Michael and Roger had gone to bed, but supper was waiting for them in the dining-room. The silent house gave them the feeling of being there without leave. They might have been a couple of wanderers who had strolled out of the night into a strange house and found a copious repast laid out for them. It was romantic. It had a little the air of a tale in the Arabian Nights. Julia showed him his room, which was next door to Roger's, and then went to bed. She did not wake till late next morning. It was a lovely day. So that she might have Tom all to herself she had not asked anybody down. When she was dressed they would go on the river together. She had her breakfast and her bath. She put on a little white frock that suited the sunny riverside and her, and a large-brimmed red straw hat whose colour threw a warm glow on her face. She was very little made-up. She looked at herself in the glass and smiled with satisfaction. She really looked very pretty and young. She strolled down into the garden. There was a lawn that stretched down to the river, and here she saw Michael surrounded by the Sunday papers. He was alone.

"I thought you'd gone to play golf."
"No, the boys have gone. I thought they'd have more fun if I let them go alone." He smiled in his friendly way. "They're a bit too active for me. They were bathing at eight o'clock this morning, and as soon as they'd swallowed their breakfast they bolted off in Roger's car."
"I'm glad they've made friends."
Julia meant it. She was slightly disappointed that she would not be able to go on the river with Tom, but she was anxious that Roger should like him, she had a feeling that Roger did not like people indiscriminately; and after all she had the next fortnight to be with Tom.
"They make me feel damned middle-aged, I don't mind telling you that," Michael remarked.
"What nonsense. You're much more beautiful than either of them, and well you know it, my pet."
Michael thrust out his jaw a little and pulled in his belly.

Примерные вопросы к экзамену, 2 курс / 3 семестр

1. Read, translate and retell Text 1. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
2. Read, translate and retell Text 2. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
3. Read, translate and retell Text 3. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
4. Read, translate and retell Text 4. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
5. Read, translate and retell Text 5. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
6. Read, translate and retell Text 6. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
7. Read, translate and retell Text 7. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
8. Read, translate and retell Text 8. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
9. Read, translate and retell Text 9. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
10. Read, translate and retell Text 10. Put ten questions to the text. Analyze the given extract.
11. Speak on the topic "Holiday Making in Britain". (Speak about different ways of holiday-making in GB: seaside hotels and boarding houses, holiday camps, youth hostels and caravanning. Compare them and say what their main advantages and disadvantages are.)
12. Speak on the topic "Holiday Making in Russia". (Speak about the traditional ways of rest in Russia. Which of them are more popular with the young people and elderly people? Are Russian people always ready to take to new places? What is your favourite way of holiday-making?)
13. Speak on the topic "The Way I Would Like to Vacation". (Speak about your ideal holiday. What places would you like to go to and why? What attracts you in this kind of rest. Would you like to go on this kind of holiday alone or with your friends and relatives?)
14. Speak on the topic "What Attracts People in the Idea of Travelling?" (Speak about the reasons for which people usually travel? Which of them seem to be rather universal and which are rather odd? Is the romantic aspect of traveling still alive?)
15. Speak on the topic "New Ways of Tourism: pros and cons". (Speak about new ways of tourism which have recently developed in the world and gain much popularity among people of all ages: grief tourism, sex tourism, disaster tourism, poor tourism and health tourism. Would you like to try some of them?)
16. Speak about the Advantages and Disadvantages of Travelling by Plane and by Train.
17. Speak about the Advantages and Disadvantages of Travelling by Water and on Foot. Do many people nowadays travel on foot? Why are they labeled as legless men? What is Hitch-hiking?
18. Speak on the topic "Only a Madman Should Choose Living in a Big City". (Compare life in a big city and a small provincial town or village. Would you like to swap your life in your native place for a different one, full of attractions and entertainment?
19. Speak on the topic "London: historic and dynamic".
20. Speak on the topic "My hometown. Why should a foreign tourist visit it?"

Примерные вопросы к экзамену, 2 курс / 4 семестр

1. Read and translate the text C.P. Snow “Time of Hope” pp. 85-86. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
2. Read and translate the text C.P. Snow “Time of Hope” pp. 285-286. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
3. Read and translate the text C.P. Snow “Time of Hope” pp. 282-284. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
4. Read and translate the text C.P. Snow “Time of Hope” pp. 230-231. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
5. Read and translate the text C.P. Snow “Time of Hope” pp. 206-207. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
6. Read and translate the text C.P. Snow “Time of Hope” pp. 25-26. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
7. Read and translate the text D. Cusack “Say No to Death” pp. 199-200. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
8. Read and translate the text D. Cusack “Say No to Death” pp. 264-266. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
9. Read and translate the text D. Cusack “Say No to Death” pp. 61-63. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
10. Read and translate the text D. Cusack “Say No to Death” pp. 43-44. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
11. Read and translate the text D. Cusack “Say No to Death” pp. 97-98. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
12. Read and translate the text D. Cusack “Say No to Death” pp. 80-81. Summarize and analyze the given extract.
13. Speak Speak on the topic "At the Doctor's"
14. Speak on the topic "At the Dentist's"
15. Speak on the topic "In the Hospital"
16. Speak on the topic " Stress in people's life"
17. Speak on the topic "Healthy and unhealthy eating habits and dieting".
18. Speak on the topic " Advantages and disadvantages of alternative medicine"
19. Speak on the topic "Bad habits and their negative effect on our health"
20. Speak on the topic "Doing sport is fun"
21. Speak on the topic "Extreme sports: pros and cons"
22. Speak on the topic "Types of pollution. Environmental protection".
23. Speak on the topic "Global disasters. Save our planet"
24. Speak on the topic " Reduce, reuse, recycle".

Примерные вопросы к экзамену, 3 курс / 6 семестр

1. The appreciation of pictures is a special faculty which only a few can possess. A great painting enriches our experience of life, just as a great poem does or a great musical composition.
2. “Aesthetic effects” make art especially engaging and illuminating. Description of a picture.
3. Prominent artists become either famous for their unique style or the character they exude to the world of art. (John Constable, Thomas Gainsborough, Joseph Turner and others).
4. Cinema can help a lot in the field of education. The role of animated cartoons in upbringing.
5. Literary works should not be adapted for the screen as people simply stop reading fiction: seeing a film is “easier” than reading a book.
6. Give a review of a film that like and dislike. Be sure to provide sound arguments for whatever you say.
7. Charles Strickland’s life in the world of art.
8. The movies as an art of contemporary life.
9. History of painting.

10. Art trends.
11. Well-known Russian artists.
12. Well-known English artists.

Образец экзаменационного билета

МИНОБРНАУКИ РФ
ФЕДЕРАЛЬНОЕ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЕ БЮДЖЕТНОЕ
ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНОЕ УЧРЕЖДЕНИЕ ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ
«УФИМСКИЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ НАУКИ И ТЕХНОЛОГИЙ»
БИРСКИЙ ФИЛИАЛ УУНиТ
Кафедра романо-германской филологии и лингводидактики

Дисциплина: Практический курс английского языка: Практика устной и письменной речи очная форма обучения 1 курс 1 семестр	Курсовые экзамены 20__-20__ г. Направление 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки) Профиль: Иностранный язык (английский), Иностранный язык (французский)

Экзаменационный билет № 1

1. **Speak on the following topic .**
   MY FRIEND`S FAMILY. Speak about your best friend. Describe the members of her/his family. What are his/her parents? How does your friend spend free time with his/her family?

2. **Read and translate a passage from a short story by W. S. Maugham, retell it, put 10 questions to the text.**

   MAYHEWTHE LIVES OF MOST MEN are determined by their environment. They accept the circumstances amid which fate has thrown them not only with resignation but even with good will. They are like streetcars running contentedly on their rails and they despise the sprightly flivver that dashes in and out of the traffic and speeds so jauntily across the open country. I respect them; they are good citizens, good husbands, and good fathers, and of course somebody has to pay the taxes; but I do not find them exciting. I am fascinated by the men, few enough in all conscience, who take life in their own hands and seem to mould it to their own liking. It may be that we have no such thing as free will, but at all events we have the illusion of it. At a crossroad it does seem to us that we might go either to the right or to the left, and the choice once made, Tt is difficult to see that the whole course of the world’s history obliged us to take the turning we did.I never met a more interesting man than Mayhew. He was a lawyer in Detroit. He was an able and a successful one. By the time he was thirty-five he had a large and a lucrative practice, he had amassed a competence, and he stood on the threshold of a distinguished career. He had an acute brain, an attractive personality, and uprightness. There was no reason why he should not become, financially or politically, a power in the land. One evening he was sitting in his club with a group of friends and they were perhaps a little the worse (or the better) for liquor. One of them had recently come from Italy and he told them of a house he had seen at Capri, a house on the hill, overlooking the Bay of Naples, with a large and shady garden. He described to them the beauty of the most beautiful island in the Mediterranean.“It sounds fine,” said Mayhew. “Is that house for sale?”“Everything is for sale in Italy.”“Let’s send ’em a cable and make an offer for it.”“What in heaven’s name would you do with a house in Capri?”“Live in it,” said Mayhew.He sent for a cable form, wrote it out, and dispatched it. In a few hours the reply came back. The offer was accepted.
   Mayhew was no hypocrite and he made no secret of the fact that he would never have done so wild a thing if he had been sober, but when he was he did not regret it. He was neither an

impulsive nor an emotional man, but a very honest and sincere one. He would never have continued from bravado in a course that he had come to the conclusion was unwise. He made up his mind to do cxactly as he had said. He did not care for wealth and he had enough money on which to live in Italy. He thought he could do more with life than spend it on composing the trivial quarrels of unimportant people. He had no definite plan. He merely wanted to get away from a life that had given him all it had to offer. I suppose his friends thought him crazy; some must have done all they could to dissuade him. He arranged his affairs, packed up his furniture and started.Capri is a gaunt rock of austere outline, bathed in a deep blue sea; but its vineyards, green and smiling, give it a soft and easy grace. It is friendly, remote and debonair. I find it strange that Mayhew should have settled on this lovely island, for I never knew a man more insensible to beauty. I do not know what he sought there: happiness, freedom, or merely leisure; I know what he found. In this place which appeals so extravagantly to the senses he lived a life entirely of the spirit. For the island is rich with historic associations and over it broods always the enigmatic memory of Tiberius the Emperor. From his windows which overlooked the Bay of Naples, with the noble shape of Vesuvius changing in colour with the changing light, Mayhew saw a hundred places that recalled the Romans and the Greeks. The past began to haunt him. All that he saw for the first time, for he had never been abroad before, excited his fancy; and in his soul stirred the creative imagination. He was a man of energy. Presently he made up his mind to write a history. For some time he looked about for a subject, and at last decided on the second century of the Roman Empire. It was little known and it seemed to him to offer problems analogous with those of our own day.He began to collect books and soon he had an immense library. His legal training had taught him to read quickly. He settled down to work. At first he had been accustomed to foregather in the evening with the painters, writers and such like who met in the little tavern near the piazza, but presently he withdrew himself, for his absorption in his studies became more pressing. He had been accustomed to bathe in that bland sea and to take long walks among the pleasant vineyards, but little by little, grudging the time, he ceased to do so. He worked harder than he had ever worked in Detroit. He would start at noon and work all through the night till the whistle of the steamer that goes every morning from Capri to Naples told him that it was five o'clock and time to go to bed. His subject opened out before him, vaster and more significant, and he imagined a work that would put him for ever beside the great historians of the past. As the years went by he was to be found seldom in the haunts of men. He could be tempted to come out of his house only by a game of chess or the chance of an argument. He loved to set his brain against another's. He was widely read now, not only in history, but in philosophy and science; and he was a skilful controversialist, quick, logical and incisive. But he had good-humour and kindliness; though he took a very human pleasure in victory, he did not exult in it to your mortification.When first he came to the island he was a big, brawny fellow, with thick black hair and a black beard, of a powerful physique; but gradually his skin became pale and waxy; he grew thin and frail. It was an odd contradiction in the most logical of men that, though a convinced and impetuous materialist, he despised the body; he looked upon it as a vile instrument which he could force to do the spirit's bidding. Neither illness nor lassitude prevented him from going on with his work. For fourteen years he toiled unremittingly. He made thousands and thousands of notes. He sorted and classified them. He had his subject at his finger ends, and at last was ready to begin. He sat down to write.He died.The body that he, the materialist, had treated so contumeliously took its revenge on him.That vast accumulation of knowledge is lost for ever. Vain was that ambition, surely not an ignoble one, to set his name beside those of Gibbon and Mommsen. His memory is treasured in the hearts of a few friends, fewer, alas! as the years pass on, and to the world he is unknown in death as he was in life.And yet to me his life was a success. The pattern is good and complete. He did what he wanted, and he died when his goal was in sight and never knew the bitterness of an

end achieved.	
Дата утверждения: __.__._____	Заведующий кафедрой _____

Методические материалы, определяющие процедуру оценивания ответа на экзамене

Критериями оценивания являются баллы, которые выставляются за виды деятельности (оценочные средства) по итогам изучения модулей (разделов дисциплины), перечисленных в рейтинг-плане дисциплины: текущий контроль – максимум 40 баллов; рубежный контроль – максимум 30 баллов, поощрительные баллы – максимум 10.
При оценке ответа на экзамене максимальное внимание должно уделяться тому, насколько полно раскрыто содержание материала, четко и правильно даны определения, раскрыто содержание понятий, верно ли использованы научные термины, насколько ответ самостоятельный, использованы ли ранее приобретенные знания, раскрыты ли раскрыты причинно-следственные связи, насколько высокий уровень умения оперирования научными категориями, анализа информации, владения навыками практической деятельности.
Критерии оценки (в баллах):
- **25-30 баллов** выставляется студенту, если студент дал полные, развернутые ответы на все теоретические вопросы билета, продемонстрировал знание функциональных возможностей, терминологии, основных элементов, умение применять теоретические знания при выполнении практических заданий. Студент без затруднений ответил на все дополнительные вопросы. Практическая часть работы выполнена полностью без неточностей и ошибок;
- **17-24 баллов** выставляется студенту, если студент раскрыл в основном теоретические вопросы, однако допущены неточности в определении основных понятий. При ответе на дополнительные вопросы допущены небольшие неточности. При выполнении практической части работы допущены несущественные ошибки;
- **10-16** баллов выставляется студенту, если при ответе на теоретические вопросы студентом допущено несколько существенных ошибок в толковании основных понятий. Логика и полнота ответа страдают заметными изъянами. Заметны пробелы в знании основных методов. Теоретические вопросы в целом изложены достаточно, но с пропусками материала. Имеются принципиальные ошибки в логике построения ответа на вопрос. Студент не решил задачу или при решении допущены грубые ошибки;
- **1-10 баллов** выставляется студенту, если ответ на теоретические вопросы свидетельствует о непонимании и крайне неполном знании основных понятий и методов. Обнаруживается отсутствие навыков применения теоретических знаний при выполнении практических заданий. Студент не смог ответить ни на один дополнительный вопрос.

Перевод оценки из 100-балльной в четырехбалльную производится следующим образом:
- отлично – от 80 до 110 баллов (включая 10 поощрительных баллов);
- хорошо – от 60 до 79 баллов;
- удовлетворительно – от 45 до 59 баллов;
- неудовлетворительно – менее 45 баллов.

Задания для проведения промежуточной аттестации обучающихся

Промежуточная аттестация по дисциплине проводится в форме:
5 семестр - дифзачет, 1,2,3,4,6 семестр - экзамен.
Проверяемыми на промежуточной аттестации элементами содержания являются темы дисциплины.
Для проверки *знаний* используются вопросы и задания в различных формах.

Умения, навыки (или опыт деятельности) и компетенции проверяются с помощью компетентностно-ориентированных задач (ситуационных, производственных или кейсового характера) и различного вида конструкторов.

Все задачи являются многоходовыми. Некоторые задачи, проверяющие уровень сформированности компетенций, являются многовариантными. Часть умений, навыков и компетенций прямо не отражена в формулировках задач, но они могут быть проявлены обучающимися при их решении.

В каждый вариант включаются задания по каждому проверяемому элементу содержания во всех перечисленных выше формах и разного уровня сложности. Такой формат позволяет объективно определить качество освоения обучающимися основных элементов содержания дисциплины и уровень сформированности компетенций.

Фонд оценочных средств для проведения промежуточной аттестации обучающихся по дисциплине при использовании модульно-рейтинговой системы

Критериями оценивания при модульно-рейтинговой системе являются баллы, которые выставляются преподавателем за виды деятельности (оценочные средства) по итогам изучения модулей (разделов дисциплины), перечисленных в рейтинг-плане дисциплины:

для экзамена: текущий контроль – максимум 40 баллов; рубежный контроль – максимум 30 баллов, поощрительные баллы – максимум 10.

Шкалы оценивания:

для экзамена:

от 45 до 59 баллов – «удовлетворительно»;

от 60 до 79 баллов – «хорошо»;

от 80 баллов – «отлично».

Рейтинг-план дисциплины

Таблица перевода баллов текущего контроля в баллы рейтинга

	5	**5**	**5**	**5**	**5**	**5**	**5**	**5**	**5**	**5**
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
1	5	3	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
2		5	4	3	2	2	2	2	2	1
3			5	4	3	3	3	2	2	2
4				5	4	4	3	3	3	2
5					5	5	4	4	3	3
6						5	5	4	4	3
7							5	5	4	4
8								5	5	4
9									5	5
10										5

Рейтинг-план дисциплины представлен в Приложении 1.

5. Перечень основной и дополнительной учебной литературы, необходимой для освоения дисциплины

5.1. Основная учебная литература

1. Гумовская Г. Н. Английский язык профессионального общения = LSP: English for professional communication: учебное пособие Учебники и учебные пособия для ВУЗов. - Москва: Издательство «Флинта», 2016. - 218 с. https://biblioclub.ru/index.php?page=book_red&id=482145&sr=1
2. Практика устной и письменной речи [Электронный ресурс]: учебно-методическое пособие для студентов (направления подготовки 44.03.01 Педагогическое образование, профиль «Иностранный язык» («Английский язык»), 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование, профиль «Иностранный язык» («Английский язык», «Французский язык») / Башкирский государственный университет , Бирский филиал; авт. - сост. А.Р. Бодулева;О.В. Газетдинова ; Е.А. Кудисова. — Бирск: Бирский филиал БашГУ, 2018. — Электрон. версия печ. публикации. — Доступ возможен через Электронную библиотеку БашГУ. — <URL:https://elib.bashedu.ru/dl/read/Boduleva i dr_Praktika ustnoj i pismennoj rechi_ump_Birsk_2018.pdf>.

5.2. Дополнительная учебная литература

1. Ерофеева Л.А. Modern English in Conversation: [электронный ресурс] учеб. пособие по современному разговорному английскому языку / Л.А. Тимофеева. – 3-е изд., стереотип. – М.: Флинта, 2016 – 341 с. URL: https://biblioclub.ru/index.php?page=book_view_red&book_id=83205
2. Александрова, Л.И. Write effectively=Пишем эффективно : учебно-методическое пособие / Л.И. Александрова. - 2-е изд., стер. - Москва : Флинта, 2016. - 184 с.; То же [Электронный ресурс]. -: http://biblioclub.ru/index.php?page=book&id=57618

5.3. Другие учебно-методические материалы

Перечень рекомендуемых ресурсов информационно-телекоммуникационной сети «Интернет», находящихся в свободном доступе

1. http://www.cambridgeesol.org/TKT
2. http://www.learnenglish.org.uk
3. http://www.multitran

6. Перечень информационных технологий, используемых при осуществлении образовательного процесса по дисциплине, включая перечень программного обеспечения и информационных справочных систем (при необходимости)

Перечень ресурсов информационно-телекоммуникационной сети «Интернет» и программного обеспечения, необходимых для освоения дисциплины

1. Научная электронная библиотека eLIBRARY.RU [Электронный ресурс]. – Режим доступа: https://elibrary.ru/.
2. Электронная библиотечная система «Лань» [Электронный ресурс]. – Режим доступа: https://e.lanbook.com/.
3. Университетская библиотека онлайн biblioclub.ru [Электронный ресурс]. – Режим доступа: http://biblioclub.ru/.
4. Электронная библиотека УУНиТ [Электронный ресурс]. – Режим доступа: https://elib.bashedu.ru/.
5. Российская государственная библиотека [Электронный ресурс]. – Режим доступа: https://www.rsl.ru/.
6. Национальная электронная библиотека [Электронный ресурс]. – Режим доступа: https://xn--

90ax2c.xn--p1ai/viewers/.

7. Национальная платформа открытого образования npoed.ru [Электронный ресурс]. – Режим доступа: http://npoed.ru/.
8. Электронное образование Республики Башкортостан [Электронный ресурс]. – Режим доступа: https://edu.bashkortostan.ru/.
9. Информационно-правовой портал Гарант.ру [Электронный ресурс]. – Режим доступа: http://www.garant.ru/.

Программное обеспечение

1. Русско-башкирский онлайн словарь и переводчик - Бесплатная лицензия https://ufa-all.ru/
2. LIBREOFFICE - Договор №0301400003023000002 от 14.03.2023 (бессрочный)
3. Операционная система Astra Linux - Договор 0301400003023000002 от 14 марта 2023 бессрочно
4. Браузер Google Chrome - Бесплатная лицензия https://www.google.com/intl/ru_ALL/chrome/privacy/eula_text.html
5. Браузер Яндекс - Бесплатная лицензия https://yandex.ru/legal/browser_agreement/index.html
6. Pascalabc, PascalABC.NET - Бесплатная лицензия https://pascal-abc.ru, http://pascalabc.net
7. Программное обеспечение для лингафонного кабинета Линко v8.2 - Договор №31503024759 от 14.12.2015г бессрочно

7. Описание материально-технической базы, необходимой для осуществления образовательного процесса по дисциплине

Наименование специализированных аудиторий, кабинетов, лабораторий	Вид занятий	Наименование оборудования, программного обеспечения
Аудитория 12(БФ)	Для хранения оборудования	Компьютер, ксерокс, мебель, мфу, нетбук, ноутбук, принтер, стенд, учебно-методическая литература. Программное обеспечение 1. LIBREOFFICE 2. Операционная система Astra Linux
Аудитория 13(БФ)	Для курсового проектирования, Для консультаций, Для контроля и аттестации	Коммутатор, компьютер, мебель. Программное обеспечение 1. Русско-башкирский онлайн словарь и переводчик 2. LIBREOFFICE 3. Pascalabc, PascalABC.NET 4. Операционная система Astra Linux
Аудитория 14(БФ)	Лекционная, Семинарская, Для	Доска, мебель, проектор, экран.

	консультаций, Для контроля и аттестации	Программное обеспечение 1. Операционная система Astra Linux
Аудитория 17б(БФ)	Лекционная, Семинарская, Для консультаций, Для контроля и аттестации	Доска, мебель, телевизор.
Аудитория 18(БФ)	Лекционная, Семинарская, Для консультаций, Для контроля и аттестации	Доска, мебель, проектор.
Аудитория 18а(БФ)	Лекционная, Семинарская, Для консультаций, Для контроля и аттестации	Доска, компьютер, мебель, наушники, проектор, экран. Программное обеспечение 1. LIBREOFFICE 2. Программное обеспечение для лингафонного кабинета Линко v8.2
Аудитория 2а(БФ)	Для самостоятельной работы	Доска, компьютер, мебель. Программное обеспечение 1. Операционная система Astra Linux 2. Браузер Google Chrome 3. Браузер Яндекс
Аудитория 6(БФ)	Лекционная, Семинарская, Для консультаций, Для контроля и аттестации	Доска, мебель.