

Міністерство освіти і науки України
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Факультет іноземної філології
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READING AND INTERPRETING

Навчально-методичний посібник

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Друкується за рішенням ради з науково-методичної роботи і забезпечення якості вищої освіти факультету іноземної філології Кам'янець-Подільського національного університету імені Івана Огієнка (протокол № 3 від 31 березня 2026 р.).

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Навчально-методичний посібник містить дидактичні матеріали для самостійного читання, укладені відповідно до тематики навчальної дисципліни «Практика усного та писемного мовлення англійської мови» для здобувачів другого (магістерського) рівня вищої освіти.

Видання містить добірку автентичних художніх і публіцистичних текстів, що охоплюють актуальні соціальні, культурні, психологічні та міжкультурні проблеми. Запропоновані післятекстові завдання спрямовані на вдосконалення іншомовної комунікативної компетентності, розвиток навичок критичного і творчого мислення, інтерпретації тексту та формування професійної мовної культури майбутніх фахівців.

Посібник рекомендовано для студентів закладів вищої освіти, а також для учнів старших класів та вчителів закладів загальної середньої освіти

TOPIC 1. Vivat Academia!

THE FUN THEY HAD

(by Isaac Asimov (1920-1992))

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed May 17, 2155, she wrote: *Today Tommy found a real book!*

It was a very old book. Margie's grandfather once said that when he was a little boy his grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were printed on paper.

They turned the pages, which were yellow and crankily, and it was awfully funny to read words that stood still instead of moving the way they were supposed to – on a screen, you know. And then, when they turned back to the page before, it had the same words on it that it had had when they read it the first time.

Gee, said Tommy, what a waste. When you're through with the book, you just throw it away, I guess. Our television screen must have had a million books on it and it's good for plenty more. I wouldn't throw it away.

Same with mine, said Margie. She was eleven and hadn't seen as many telebooks as Tommy had. He was thirteen.

She said, "Where did you find it?"

"In my house". He pointed without looking, because he was busy reading. In the attic.

"What's it about?"

"School".

Margie was scornful. School? What's there to write about school? I hate school. Margie had always hated school, but now she hated it more than ever. The mechanical teacher had been giving her test after test in geography and she had been doing worse and worse until her mother had shaken her head sorrowfully and sent for the County Inspector.

He was a round little man with a red face and a whole box of tools with dials and wires. He smiled at her and gave her an apple, then took the teacher apart. Margie had hoped he wouldn't know how to put it together again, but he knew how all right and,

after an hour or so, there it was again, large and black and ugly with a big screen on which all the lessons were shown and the questions were asked. That wasn't so bad. The part she hated the most was the slot where she had to put homework and test papers. She always had to write them out in a punch code they made her learn when she was six years old, and the mechanical teacher calculated the mark in no time.

The inspector had smiled after he was finished and patted her head. He said to her mother, It's not the little girl's fault, Mrs. Jones. I think the geography sector was geared a little too quick. Those things happen sometimes. I've slowed it up to an average ten-year level. Actually, the over-all pattern of her progress is quite satisfactory. And he patted Margie's head again.

Margie was disappointed. She had been hoping they would take the teacher away altogether. They had once taken Tommy's teacher away for nearly a month because the history sector had blanked out completely.

So she said to Tommy, "Why would anyone write about school?"

Tommy looked at her with very superior eyes. Because it's not our kind of school, stupid. This is the old kind of school that they had hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

Margie was hurt. Well, I don't know what kind of school they had all that time ago. She read the book over his shoulder for a while, then said, Anyway, they had a teacher.

Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn't a regular teacher. It was a man.

A man. How could a man be a teacher?

Well, he just told the boys and girls things and gave them homework and asked them questions.

A man isn't smart enough.

Sure he is. My father knows as much as my teacher.

He can't. A man can't know as much as a teacher.

He knows almost as much I betcha.

Margie wasn't prepared to dispute that. She said, I wouldn't want a strange man in my house to teach me.

Tommy screamed with laughter. You don't know much, Margie. The teachers didn't live in the house. They had a special building and all the kids went there.

And all the kids learned the same thing?

Sure, if they were the same age.

But my mother says a teacher has to be adjusted to fit the mind of each boy and girl it teaches and that each kid has to be taught differently.

Just the same, they didn't do it that way then. If you don't like it, you don't have to read the book.

I didn't say I didn't like it, Margie said quickly. She wanted to read about those funny schools.

They weren't nearly half finished when Margie's mother called, Margie! School!

Margie looked up. Not yet, mamma.

Now, said Mrs. Jones. And it's probably time for Tommy, too.

Margie said to Tommy, Can I read the book some more with you after school?

Maybe, he said, nonchalantly. He walked away whistling, the dusty old book tucked beneath his arm.

Margie went to the schoolroom. It was right next to her bedroom, and the mechanical teacher was on and waiting for her. It was always on at the same time every day except for Saturday and Sunday, because her mother said little girls learned better if they learned at regular hours.

The screen was lit up, and it said: Today's arithmetical lesson is on the addition of proper fractions. Please insert yesterday's homework in the proper slot.

Margie did so with a sigh. She was thinking about the old schools they had when her grandfather's grandfather was a boy. All the kids from the whole neighborhood came, laughing and shouting in the school yard, sitting together in the schoolroom, going home together at the end of the day. They learned the same things so they could help one another on the homework and talk about it.

And the teachers were people...

The mechanical teacher was flashing on the screen. When we add the fractions $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$... Margie was thinking about how the kids must have loved it in the old days. She was thinking about the fun they had.

Answer the questions:

1. What did Tommy find? Why did it impress the children so much?
2. Why did Margie hate school? What was the school like?
3. What did Tommy say about “real school” and teachers?
4. What kind of school did Margie and Tommy attend?
5. How did Margie imagine the old school?

Vocabulary Tasks:

1. Replace the words/phrases with **more advanced synonymic expressions**:

- *awfully funny* → _____
- *a very old book* → _____
- *she was scornful* → _____
- *he said nonchalantly* → _____

2. Match verbs with natural **collocations** from the story:

Verb	Noun
to insert	
to take apart	
to shake	
to do	
to give	

3. Word Formation Task. Complete the table:

Verb	Noun	Adjective
imagine	imagination	imaginative
differ		
learn		
adjust		

4. Find synonyms to the phrasal verbs. Use the expressions in sentences related to the story:

- *to blank out*
- *to keep up with*

- *to fall behind*
- *to be geared to*

5. Explain the difference. Make up sentences of your own:

- *teacher* vs. *instructor* vs. *educator*, *mentor*
- *learn* vs. *acquire* vs. *absorb*

6. Combine sentences “*She hated school. The teacher gave her many tests*” using linkers of

- cause/result
- contrast
- emphasis

7. Rewrite the sentence “*Tommy screamed with laughter*” in different registers:

- formal
- literary
- informal

8. Explain why Asimov uses:

- “*scornful*” instead of “*angry*”
- “*nonchalantly*” instead of “*casually*”

What nuance do these choices add?

BROKEN WING

(by Jim Hullihan)

Some people are just doomed to be failures. That's the way some adults look at troubled kids. Maybe you've heard the saying, "A bird with a broken wing will never fly as high." I'm sure that T. J. Ware was made to feel this way almost every day in school. By high school, T. J. was the most celebrated troublemaker in his town. Teachers literally cringed when they saw his name posted on their classroom lists for the next semester. He wasn't very talkative, didn't answer questions and got into lots of fights. He had flunked almost every class by the time he entered his senior year, yet was being passed on each year to a higher grade level. Teachers didn't want to have him again the following year.

T. J. was moving on, but definitely not moving up. I met T. J. for the first time at a weekend leadership retreat. All the students at school had been invited to sign up for ACE training, a program designed to have students become more involved in their communities. T.J. was one of 405 students who signed up. When I showed up to lead their first retreat, the community leaders gave me this overview of the attending students: "We have a total spectrum represented today, from the student body president to TJ Ware, the boy with the longest arrest record in the history of town."

Somehow, I knew that I wasn't the first to hear about T. J.'s darker side as the first words of introduction. At the start of the retreat, T. J. was literally standing outside the circle of students, against the back wall, with that "go ahead, impress me" look on his face. He didn't readily join the discussion groups, didn't seem to have much to say. But slowly, the interactive games drew him in. The ice really melted when the groups started building a list of positive and negative things that had occurred at school that year. T. J. had some definite thoughts on those situations. The other students in T. J.'s group welcomed his comments. All of a sudden T. J. felt like a part of the group, and before long he was being treated like a leader. He was saying things that made a lot of sense, and everyone was listening. T. J. was a smart guy and he had some great ideas. The next day, T. J. was very active in all the sessions. By the end of the retreat, he had joined the Homeless Project team. He knew something about poverty, hunger and

hopelessness. The other students on the team were impressed with his passionate concern and ideas. They elected T. J. co-chairman of the team.

The student council president would be taking his instruction from T. J. Ware. When T. J. showed up at school on Monday morning, he arrived to a firestorm. A group of teachers were protesting to the school principal about his being elected co-chairman. The very first communitywide service project was to be a glant food drive, organized by the Homeless Project team. These teachers couldn't believe that the principal would allow this crucial beginning to a prestigious, three-year action plan to stay in the incapable hands of T. J. Ware. They reminded the principal, "He has an arrest record as long as your arm. He'll probably steal half the food." Mr. Coggs shall reminded them that the purpose of the ACE program was to uncover any positive passion that a student had and reinforce its practice until true change can take place. The teachers left the meeting shaking their heads in disgust, firmly convinced that failure was imminent.

Two weeks later, T. J. and his friends led a group of 70 students in a drive to collect food. They collected a school record: 2,854 cans of food in just two hours. It was enough to fill the empty shelves in two neighborhood centers, and the food took care of needy families in the area for 75 days. The local newspaper covered the event with a full-page article the next day. That newspaper story was posted on the main bulletin board at school, where everyone could see it. T. J.'s picture was up there for doing something great, for leading a record-setting food drive. Every day he was reminded about what he did. He was being acknowledged as leadership material. T. J. started showing up at school every day and answered questions from teachers for the first time. He led a second project, collecting 300 blankets and 1,000 pairs of shoes for the homeless shelter. The event he started now yields 9,000 cans of food in one day, taking care of 70 percent of the need for food for one year. T. J. reminds us that a bird with a broken wing only needs mending. But once it has healed, it can fly higher than the rest. T. J. got a job. He became productive. He is flying quite nicely these days.

Answer the questions to the text.

- 1) What do you think the phrase "A bird with a broken wing will never fly so high" means?
- 2) Did teachers want to see T.J. among their students? Why?
- 3) What place did T.J. occupy in the total spectrum of students represented? positive or negative? He was presented as ...
- 4) What task in the discussion group melted the boy's heart? What did he express his thoughts on?
- 5) How did other students react to his comments?
- 6) Do you think it is true that the teachers did not believe in the boy and were against him being elected co-chair of the team?
- 7) What does this story teach us?

Vocabulary tasks:

1. Choose synonyms for the words.

Failure-

Retreat-

Broken-

Spectrum-

Never-

Somehow-

High-

Slowly-

Sure-

Poverty-

To feel-

Impressive-

Troublemaker-

Believe-

Talkative-

Probably-

Bear-

Reinforce-

Leadership-

Disgust-

Program-

Homelessness-

Community-

Mending-

2. Insert the missing word in the sentence.

- Teachers didn't want to have him again the following year. T. J. but

definitely not moving up.

- . Maybe you've heard the saying, "A bird withwill never fly as high."
- He knew something about poverty, and
- T. J. was one ofwho signed up.
- Mr. Coggs shall reminded them that the purpose ofwas to uncover any positive passion that a student had and reinforce itsuntil true change can take place.
- Two weeks later, T. J. and his friends led a group ofinto collect food.
- That newspaper story was posted on the mainat school, where everyone could see it.
- T. J. started showing up at school every day and answeredfromfor the.....
- By high school, T. J. was the most celebratedin his town.
- He wasn't very....., didn't answer questions and got into lots of.....
- Teachershim again the following year.
- He led a second project, collecting blankets andpairs of shoes for the homeless shelter.
- T. J. reminds us that a bird with a broken wing only needs.....
- The ice really melted when the groups started building a list ofandthings that had occurred at school that year.
- The very first communitywide service project was to be a glant food drive, organized by the team.
- At the start of the retreat, T. J. was literally standing outside the circle of students, against the back wall, with that "....." look on his face.

3. Make a sentence with the given phrase

- 1) *doomed to be failures*
- 2) *celebrated troublemaker*
- 3) *literally*
- 4) *flunked*

- 5) *was moving on, but definitely not moving up*
- 6) *positive and negative things*
- 7) *poverty hunger and hopelessness*
- 8) *reinforce*
- 9) *imminent*
- 10) *incapable hands*

4. Fill in the missing words into the sentence: *spectrum, celebrated troublemaker, failures, negative things, talkative*

- 1) Some people are just doomed to be _____.
- 2) T. J. was the most _____ in his town.
- 3) He was not very _____, did not answer question.
- 4) We have a total _____ represented today.
- 5) The ice really melted when the groups started building a list of positive and _____ that had occurred at school that year.

5. Continue the sentence in accordance with the text

- *That's the way some adults look at ...*
- *.....when they saw his name posted on their classroom lists for the next semester.*
- *All the students at school had been invited to sign up for ACE training, a program designed to have*
- *T. J. was literally standing outside the circle of students, against the back wall, with that*
- *..... when the groups started building a list of positive and negative things that had occurred at school that year.*
- *All of a sudden T. J. felt like a part of the group, and before long he was.....*
- *.....to the school principal about his being elected co-chairman.*
- *T. J. started showing up at school every day and*

- *The event he started now yields 9,000 cans of food in one day, taking care of*
- *T. J. reminds us that a bird with a broken wing only needs.....*
- 6. Choose the word that fits.
- Some people are just doomed to be....?
- a) failures
- b) victory
- c) neutrality
- All the students at school had been invited to sign up for ACE training, a program designed to have students become more involved in their.....?
- a) schools
- b) communities
- c) cities
- T. J. was a smart guy and he had some ideas.
- d) bad
- e) great
- The very first communitywide service project was to be a giant food drive, organized by the Project team.
- a) Homeless
- b) Shameless
- c) Conscienceless

QUESTIONS CORNER

1. How has higher education changed over the past few decades?
2. Should university education be free for all students?
3. What qualities distinguish an outstanding student from an average one?
4. To what extent does academic success determine future career prospects?
5. How can universities better prepare students for real-world challenges?
6. Do grades accurately reflect a student's abilities and intelligence?

7. Should students be encouraged to study abroad during their degree?
8. What are the advantages and drawbacks of online learning?
9. How important is academic integrity in modern education?
10. Should practical experience be valued more than theoretical knowledge?

IDIOMS CORNER

1. **Hit the books** — study intensely.
2. **Learn the ropes** — learn how something works.
3. **Pass with flying colors** — succeed brilliantly.
4. **Teacher's pet** — a student favored by a teacher.
5. **Burn the midnight oil** — work/study late into the night.
6. **Book smart** — academically intelligent.
7. **Know something inside out** — know thoroughly.
8. **Ace a test** — perform extremely well.
9. **Go back to square one** — start again from the beginning.
10. **Read between the lines** — understand hidden meaning.

Fill in the gaps with the idioms:

(learn the ropes / hit the books / burn the midnight oil / pass with flying colors / know inside out / ace a test / book smart / go back to square one / read between the lines / teacher's pet)

1. Before exams, students usually have to _____.
2. He studied so hard that he managed to _____.
3. She is extremely _____, but lacks practical experience.
4. You need to _____ if you want to understand academic writing deeply.
5. After the experiment failed, the team had to _____.
6. He tends to _____ when exams are approaching.
7. She is the _____ of the professor and always gets special attention.
8. It takes time to _____ when you start at university.
9. He didn't say it directly, but you need to _____.
10. She knows the topic _____ and can explain everything clearly.

TOPIC 2. Choosing a career

ABSOLUTELY EXHAUSTED

(by Bob Rich)

I'm so tired! I'm desperate to drag my weary way from car to couch, and flop. But woe, the lounge is full of noisy bodies. "Hi, darling! Surprise! Happy birthday!" Tammie says.

I don't cry. I don't explode. I even smile, sort of. But I'm now one of five, doing the work once done by fifteen. The rest have been economically rationalised. And they and a thousand others are waiting for me to falter, so they can kill themselves like I'm killing myself at the moment. At least, I only have an hour's drive in peak hour. George travels ninety minutes.

No more needs to be said about the party. Somehow I survived it. But after the multitude has departed and the kids are in bed, I say, "Listen, Tam. Don't ever do that to me again."

She fires up, her cheeks redden, green eyes flash. "What? Do something nice for you?"

"Look love, when I come home from slavery, all I want is a bit of peace. Not a party, however well-meant."

"Well, all I can say is, it isn't worth it."

"You've lost me."

"The house, the cars, the things we buy. All this... junk. It isn't worth it." Tears wet her face. "You're dead. DEAD. I don't want to be a widow, either before you officially die, or after!" Suddenly, she is clutching me and we kiss, then desperately strip each other. Passion temporarily banishes tiredness and despair.

But tomorrow comes, all too soon. And all tomorrows are the same.

Today I fielded fifty-five feral customers, a record. Are there more stuff-ups, or are people more prone to complain? Once, I used to love troubleshooting. Now I'd prefer to shoot the troublemakers. Oh, not the complaining customers, or even the shoddy servicemen and silly sales staff, but the high and mighty Managers, dogs in the mangers

who are INCREASING EFFICIENCY by shedding staff, for a leaner, more competitive company. Amen!

I'm thinking this while stopped at the third red light in a row in Ringwood. I follow an endless stream of tail-lights, past endless rows of car yards, 'Warehouses' and 'Factories' selling Direct To The Public, as if the imported junk was made there, MacDonald's imported American culture and its clones, a myriad merchants desperate for a dollar.

And God forgive me, I'm one of them. Or at least, owned by one of them.

Weekend, blessed weekend. I get home at 2:25 on Saturday, have a whole day-and-a-half with Tammie and the three little strangers who idolise me: Martin aged 10, Julie, 8, and Carlie, 6. All three have their mother's auburn hair. We weed the garden, chat about school, I take them rollerskating, read them a story at night. Martin and I work on his bike. Julie presents me with a draft of the play she is writing, to be performed at school, and we seriously discuss it. Carlie falls asleep on my lap.

Sunday night, I mutter to myself, "Maybe I'll go on the dole. Then every day will be a weekend!"

Tammie hears. "Peter, I almost wish you would. Or at least get a less stressful job. Or go part time, and I'll get a part time job, Carlie's in school now."

"You'll make a great checkout chick!"

"Whatever. But I can still type."

"Darling, realign with reality. Sixty applicants for every job. 'Full commitment to the Company, or we'll find someone more willing!' And we do have a mortgage, and payments on both cars, and private health cover, and three very expensive little pets."

"There must be a better way." She is a general ready for battle, the explorer facing the jungle. Reality had better look out!

Tammie has been attending a word-processing course, and avidly studies the employment columns. I'm glad, it means that at least one of us has hope. But all I can do is continue to be a good little employee. Company, Rah Rah Rah!

When I get home today, she waits with a magazine clutched in her hand. “When you’ve had a rest, I want you to read this,” she says firmly.

I close my eyes, concentrate on ignoring her, but of course eventually give in. Some pie-in-the-sky stuff called Earth Garden. Greenie propaganda, self-sufficiency, do everything yourself. Luxury for the mortgage-free. As if I didn’t have three kids to save and slave for.

But over the weeks, it’s clear that Tammie has a new dream: we’ll become peasants, exchange exhaust gases for air, and presumably live on that. I prefer the evil I know to the one full of surprises.

Saturday night. I softly close the girls’ door behind me, having read them to sleep. Tammie waits, with cups of hot chocolate, and a nervous smile. She’s going to spring something on me. “Go on, love, out with it,” I say.

“Holidays in six weeks!”

“Yes, thank Heavens.”

“I’ve had an idea...”

“We’re just going to your mother’s, as usual?”

“Yes, but let’s hire a caravan, and drive, woofing on the way.” Well, that’s what it sounds like.

“I thought you were allergic to dogs?”

“No, silly, it’s got nothing to do with dogs. Its W-W-O-O-F, an acronym for Willing Workers On Organic Farms.”

“Well, I’m definitely an unwilling worker, and I wouldn’t know an organic farm if it bit me. If you ask me, it’s an anachronism, not an acronym.”

“Peter, the anachronism is you! You’re, a, a serf from the 19th Century, and whatever their Lordships want, you complain but take it!”

“They didn’t have serfs in the 19th Century, that was earlier.”

“Don’t quibble!” She’s furious by now, speaking in a passionately shouted whisper because of the kids. We have the usual argument. She lies on her side of the bed all night, an invisible wall between us.

Of course, I've given in, as always. Partly, I'll do anything that makes her happy, partly, I don't have the energy for a marathon argument. Besides, I have no real objection to a leisurely drive from Melbourne to Adelaide, instead of flying as usual. One lunchtime, I slip into the newsagents and buy a book of word games and the like, to entertain the junior passengers.

The weeks pass, Tammie sends and receives letters. She tells my unhearing ears all about them, but of course I take none of it in. She is too excited to notice. Well, I care nothing about organic farms, or willing work, but love their effect on her. She's like a girl planning her wedding. Every night when I get home, I see lists stuck to the fridge, neat piles of essentials ready for packing, new marvels like the child-sized overalls she's whipped up on the sewing machine. The kids have caught her enthusiasm. Martin is doing a geography project on the Sturt Highway, even Carlie is drawing cows and sheep instead of the previously prevalent fairies and butterflies. I wish I could share their joy, their involvement, their dreams.

We're off! The kids are playing word tennis in the back seat (the idea came from my book). I'm helping Carlie, Tammie is helping Julie, yet Martin more than holds his own. We whiz along the Calder Highway towards our first destination, near Hattah. This palindromic place is apparently famous for the waterbirds of its National Park. I offer to take the kids to the lakes while Tammie willingly works, but to my surprise, Martin says with emphasis, "No Dad, we're all going to work."

We follow the sketch map Tammie has spread out on her lap, bump along a ribbon made up of a lacework of potholes, then drive through an open farm gate. Another Km to the buildings, the usual country sprawl of sheds and barns.

Barking dogs announce us, and our smiling hosts emerge. Harold is a blond giant, about fifty, wearing an ancient copy of Martin's new overalls. Beryl is a tiny roly-poly, long greying black hair, long green skirt and hand-knitted jumper. They shush the dogs, and next thing we're in the spacious kitchen with tea and hot scones in front of us. Now,

this room is from the 19th Century: slow-combustion stove, pots on hooks, garlic and chillies in garlands, glass-fronted dressers displaying crockery.

Harold is good company, intelligent, and patient with ignorant city bumpkins. He, Martin, Julie and I harvest a field of potatoes. He used to be a mechanical engineer, supplements the farm income by maintaining machinery in the area. They made the move after their kids left home.

But, in the evening, when I gently probe, it seems that Hattah is not heaven. Few youngsters stay. The long arm of economic irrationalism has hit the country like it's hit me. Beryl is eloquent about what the Government should do, but the politicians aren't listening.

"We belong to the Democrats," Harold rumbles, "but the Victorian gerrymander ensures that small parties are kept out."

I don't give a stuff about politics. All politicians are the same.

"It's sad," Beryl says, passing me the tray of Anzac bikkies she, Tammie and Carlie have whipped up, "there are jobs going begging here. Jack the postmaster can't retire. Australia Post can't find a replacement."

"Peter, a job for you?" Tammie asks.

I smile. Why would I settle in a hole no-one else wants?

"Oh, not everyone can be a country postmaster," says Harold. "You need to be a real troubleshooter!"

"That's what Peter does now." Tammie is excited. "What about housing?"

"You can buy a good house in town for \$10,000, five minutes from school and shops."

I try to hide my lack of interest. Why dive head-first into a muddy creek? I don't want to break my neck!

Mildura and Renmark are behind us. I am now an experienced WWOOFer. The blisters have healed on my hands, and I can split firewood with the best of them (after a trail of broken axe-handles, sorry!). I know all about clearing blackberry, and ragwort, and Patterson's curse, can throw haybales and strain fencewire.

We arrive at a farm halfway between Taylorville and Cadell, near a great bend in the Murray River. Jim and Cathy are a young couple, eighteen-months-old twin girls instantly adopted by my daughters. Cathy is beautiful, long blonde hair, elfin face. Jim is small, wiry, a box of fidgets. Acres of grape-vines, selling organically grown wine to a specialist market. Crazy. I mean, alcohol is a poison, isn't it?

We're rigging netting over the grapes, to keep birds out. Jim is driving the tractor ahead, the reel up high. Cathy and I are on each side of the row, arranging the net and chatting. "I've just organised a prison escape," she laughs.

"Tell me more."

"The last lot of WWOOFs helped us to finish a large area fenced and roofed with chicken wire, to keep the foxes out. Yesterday I bought twenty battery chooks destined for the pot. You know they get rid of them after one year, when they no longer lay an egg a day, every day."

I didn't know.

In the evening, the whole lot of us visit the chooks. The enclosure looks magnificent, with lush grass and raider-proof defenses. A metal shed stands in a corner. "I've insulated the walls and roof," Jim explains proudly. "I don't want the heat to kill them."

Not a chicken in sight. "Where are they?" Cathy asks. "Surely they couldn't have escaped?"

We file in, Jim closing the gate behind himself, while holding Alison in the crook of his left arm. Julie lugs Annie, with less ease.

We approach the shed and look in. Big glassless, wire-netted windows admit the evening sun, because, as Cathy has explained, hens go off the lay when daylight shortens.

There is a huddle of white feathered shapes in the darkest corner. The ground is thickly littered with droppings near them, but clean elsewhere.

"Poor little buggers," Jim says. "They haven't been out all day. Paradise outside, but they're too scared to leave the hell they know."

Answer the questions:

1. Why does the narrator feel absolutely exhausted?
2. Why didn't he like the party his wife made for him?
3. What is his employment like?
4. What is Tammie planning for the holidays?
5. What is their first destination like?
6. What is the second destination like?
7. What is the message of the story? What text fragment is it embodied in?

Comment on the quotes:

1. "I used to love troubleshooting. Now I'd prefer to shoot the troublemakers"
2. "She fires up, her cheeks redden, green eyes flash"
3. "Darling, realign with reality. Sixty applicants for every job. 'Full commitment to the Company, or we'll find someone more willing!'"
4. "All I can do is continue to be a good little employee."
5. "It's got nothing to do with dogs. Its W-W-O-O-F, an acronym for Willing Workers On Organic Farms."

Vocabulary Tasks:

1. Replace the highlighted expressions with equivalents. Make up the sentences with each of your alternatives:

- *absolutely exhausted* → _____
- *drag my weary way* → _____
- *noisy bodies* → _____
- *the multitude has departed* → _____
- *I fielded fifty-five feral customers* → _____

2. Match verbs with appropriate nouns (make up collocations):

Verb

Noun

to field ____ *complaints / customers / inquiries*

to shed ____

Verb**Noun**

to banish ____

to clutch ____

to survive ____

3. Explain the expressions. Use each in a sentence related to the text:

- *to burn out*
- *to make ends meet*
- *to be at breaking point*
- *to keep going through the motions*

4. Paraphrase “I’m desperate to drag my weary way from car to couch” in a formal version, vivid literary version, neutral version

5. Explain the difference:

- *tired* vs. *exhausted* vs. *drained* vs. *burnt out*
- *job* vs. *occupation* vs. *career* vs. *employment*

Provide examples from the text context.

6. Explain the meaning of the sentence and rewrite it in formal, polite/neutral, ironic manner:

“You’ll make a great checkout chick!”

7. Create a lexical set for: WORK STRESS / CORPORATE LIFE

Include (min. 12–15 items):

- emotional states
- actions
- workplace jargon

8. Match the expressions (A) with their meanings (B):

A

1. *to be stretched thin*
2. *burnout*
3. *to climb the corporate ladder*
4. *downsizing*
5. *work-life balance*
6. *to hit breaking point*

B

- a. *reducing the number of employees*
- b. *reaching a state of extreme stress*
- c. *trying to succeed professionally and get promoted*
- d. *having too many responsibilities*
- e. *a healthy balance between job and personal life*
- f. *extreme exhaustion due to overwork*

11. Suggest your understanding of the following concepts: all tomorrows are the same; blessed weekend; serfdom (serfs); alcohol is a poison.

12. Make your own plan of an ideal a) employment; b) vacation.

HUNTING FOR A JOB

(by S.S. McClure)

I reached Boston late that night and got out at the South Station. I knew no one in Boston except Miss Bennet. She lived in Somerville, and I immediately started out for Somerville. Miss Bennet and her family did all they could to make me comfortable and help me to get myself 'established' in some way. I had only six dollars and their hospitality was of utmost importance to me.

My first application for a job in Boston was made in accordance with an idea of my own. Every boy in the Western states knew the Pope Manufacturing Company, which produced bicycles. When I published my first work "History of Western College Journalism" the Pope Company had given me an advertisement, and that seemed to be a "connection" of some kind. So I decided to go to the offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company to ask for a job. I walked into the general office and said that I wanted the president of the company.

"Colonel Pope?" asked the clerk.

I answered, "Yes, Colonel Pope."

I was taken to Colonel Pope, who was then an alert energetic man of thirty-nine. I told Colonel Pope, by way of introduction, that he had once given me an advertisement for a little book I had published, that I had been a College editor and out of a job. What I wanted was work and I wanted it badly.

He said he was sorry, but they were laying off hands. I still hung on. It seemed to me that everything would be all up with me, if I had to go out of that room without a job. I asked him if there wasn't anything at all that I could do. My earnestness made him look at me sharply.

"Willing to wash windows and scrub floors?" he asked.

I told him that I was, and he turned to one of his clerks.

"Has Wilmot got anybody yet to help him in the downtown rink?" he asked.

The clerk said he thought not.

"Very well", said Colonel Pope. "You can go to the rink and help Wilmot out for tomorrow."

The next day, I went to the bicycle rink and found that what Wilmot wanted was a man to teach beginners to ride. I had never been on a bicycle in my life nor even very close to one, but in a couple of hours I had learnt to ride a bicycle myself and was teaching other people.

Next day, Mr. Wilmot paid me a dollar. He didn't say anything about my coming back the next morning, but I came and went to work, very much afraid that I would be told I wasn't needed. After that Mr. Wilmot did not exactly engage me, but he forgot to discharge me, and I came back every day and went to work. At the end of the week Colonel Pope sent for me and placed me in charge of the uptown rink.

Colonel Pope was a man who watched his workmen. I hadn't been mistaken when I felt that a young man would have a chance with him. He often used to say that "water would find its level", and he kept an eye on us. One day he called me into his office and asked me if I could edit a magazine.

"Yes, sir," I replied quickly. I remember it flashed through my mind that I could do anything I was put at so that if I were required to run an ocean steamer I could somehow manage to do it. I could learn to do it as I went along. I answered as quickly as I could get the words out of my mouth, afraid that Colonel Pope would change his mind before I could get them out.

This is how I got my first job. And I have never doubted ever since that one of the reasons why I got it was that I had been "willing to wash windows and scrub floors". I had been ready for anything.

NOTES:

Somerville – a residential suburb located just outside Boston; a quieter area where people live rather than work

to get oneself established – to become settled in life, especially by finding a job and achieving financial stability

lay off hands (= *lay off workers*) – dismiss employees due to lack of work or financial constraints

hang on – to persist or refuse to give up, especially in a difficult situation
(наполягати)

everything would be all up with me – everything would be over for me; I would fail completely or have no future prospects

downtown – the central business district of a city, where offices, shops, and commercial activities are concentrated (*ділова, центральна частина міста, середмістя*)

uptown – a residential or less commercial part of a city, often quieter and associated with housing areas (*житловий мікрорайон, передмістя*)

as I went along – while doing something; learning or progressing step by step through experience (*по ходу справи*)

earnestness – serious and sincere determination; a strong, genuine effort to achieve something

Answer the questions:

- 1) Who was the only person the author knew in Boston?
- 2) In what way was he received? Why was it of great importance to him?
- 3) What made the young man apply for a job to the Pope Company?
- 4) Describe Colonel Pope. What was his answer to the young man's story?
- 5) Why did the man still hang on though he found out that the company was laying off hands?
- 6) What question did the Colonel ask him?
- 7) Describe the young man's job and say whether he coped with it.
- 8) Why did the man continue to work for Mr. Wilmot though he hadn't engaged him?
- 9) What happened at the end of the week?
- 10) What job was the young man offered in the long run?
- 11) What idea flashed through his mind?
- 12) What helped the man to get his first job?

Discuss the following:

- 1) Say if you agree or disagree with the statement "water would find its level". How do you understand it? Give examples in support of your opinion.
- 2) Give a character sketch of the main hero.

3) Is the problem of unemployment acute nowadays? Why? Is this problem interconnected with the problem of wasted lives? Give your grounds.

Retell the text using the following words:

to start for, to make smb. comfortable, to get oneself established, to be of utmost importance to smb., application for a job, to give smb. an advertisement, alert, by way of introduction, out of a job, to want badly, to lay off hands, to hang on, earnestness, to look sharply at, willing, to scrub floors, to ride, to engage, to discharge, to place in charge of, to have a chance with, to keep an eye on, to edit, to flash through one's mind, to run an ocean steamer, to get the words out of one's mouth, to change one's mind, to doubt.

Vocabulary tasks:

1. Paraphrase the sentences using phrases from the text:

- 1) Miss Bennet and her family received him very warmly.
- 2) Everybody tried to help him to find some kind of job.
- 3) Their concern and hospitality were very important to him.
- 4) He told Colonel Pope that he was unemployed and needed any job very much.
- 5) The man thought that everything would be lost for him if he didn't find a job.
- 6) He had never ridden a bicycle in his life.
- 7) Mr. Wilmot neither employed the journalist nor dismissed him.
- 8) The boss made him responsible for the uptown rink.
- 9) It suddenly occurred to him that his willingness to do any job had helped him to get his first job.

2. Replace the highlighted words/phrases with more sophisticated equivalents:

1. *make me comfortable* → _____
2. *of utmost importance* → _____
3. *I wanted it badly* → _____
4. *I still hung on* → _____
5. *everything would be all up with me* → _____
6. *look at me sharply* → _____

7. *help him out* → _____
8. *very much afraid* → _____
9. *he forgot to discharge me* → _____
10. *kept an eye on us* → _____

3. Match the verbs (A) with appropriate nouns (B):

A

1. secure
2. submit
3. gain
4. seize
5. meet

B

- a. an application
- b. an opportunity
- c. employment
- d. requirements
- e. experience

4. Complete the table:

Verb	Noun	Adjective
employ		
apply		
succeed		
introduce		
decide		

5. Match the words from the text with their closest advanced synonyms:

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. earnestness | a. employ |
| 2. alert | b. attentiveness |
| 3. engage | c. dismiss |
| 4. discharge | d. set up |
| 5. establish | e. vigilant |

6. Complete with appropriate vocabulary:

1. He managed to _____ a position despite lacking experience.
2. She submitted her job _____ ahead of the deadline.
3. His _____ to accept any task impressed the employer.
4. The manager carefully _____ employee performance.
5. She quickly _____ to the demands of the new role.

7. Rewrite the sentences using more formal/advanced vocabulary:

1. *I had only six dollars.*

2. *I asked him if there wasn't anything at all that I could do.*

3. *I learned to ride a bicycle in a couple of hours.*

→ _____

4. *I was ready for anything.*

8. Discuss: “To what extent does willingness to perform menial tasks influence career success?” Use at least 8 of the following expressions: *demonstrate initiative, secure employment, career advancement, entry-level position, professional growth, take on responsibilities, adaptability, perseverance, seize opportunities*

QUESTIONS CORNER

1. What factors should people consider when choosing a career?
2. Is job satisfaction more important than a high salary?
3. How is artificial intelligence changing the job market?
4. What professions may disappear in the future?
5. Should people stay loyal to one company throughout their career?
6. What makes an effective leader in the workplace?
7. How important are soft skills in professional success?
8. Can people truly achieve a healthy work-life balance?
9. How can employers improve working conditions?

10. Is remote work more productive than office work?

IDIOMS CORNER

1. **Climb the corporate ladder** — advance professionally.
2. **Learn the ropes** — understand a job.
3. **Pull strings** — use influence.
4. **Think outside the box** — think creatively.
5. **Get the sack** — lose one's job.
6. **Bring home the bacon** — earn money for the family.
7. **Call the shots** — make important decisions.
8. **On the career path** — progressing professionally.
9. **Work your fingers to the bone** — work extremely hard.
10. **In the same boat** — in the same situation.

Fill in the gaps

(climb the corporate ladder / pull strings / think outside the box / get the sack / bring home the bacon / call the shots / work your fingers to the bone / learn the ropes / in the same boat / on the career path)

1. Young employees must _____ before becoming independent workers.
2. In this company, the manager always _____.
3. If you don't perform well, you might _____.
4. Entrepreneurs need to _____ to succeed in competitive markets.
5. Everyone in the team is _____ during the restructuring process.
6. He managed to _____ after only a few years in the company.
7. She had to _____ to support her family.
8. Parents often _____ for their children.
9. New staff usually need time to _____.
10. You cannot succeed if you don't _____ creatively.

TOPIC 3. Tourism: good or bad?

A CHOCOLATE CHRISTMAS TALE

(By Sharon Cullars)

Transference. That's what Dr. Llewellyn would label my act. A garbage truck splashes slushy water onto my fur coat incurring what is bound to be a hefty cleaning bill, and a few steps later I give the finger to a Santa ringing a bell for donations. The Santa, a grizzled black man with rheumy eyes, promptly replies with his own garbled, "Back at ya ..." as I keep stepping, determined to get past the mass of bodies hoarding the sidewalks on their Christmas shopping treks. A moment later, a little girl, about six or seven, gleefully walks toward me swinging her American Girl bag and manages to catch me a healthy blow on the shin. I blink, but say nothing. It's not nice to give the finger to a child. Especially in front of her mother, who has several pounds on me.

It's a quarter to four on a Friday, one week before Christmas and I haven't even begun to get that warm, fuzzy feeling that seems plastered on everyone else's face. Either they're faking it, or I am in the midst of a Bedford Fall nightmare with dreams of Potterville roaming through my head.

'Tis the Season' is emblazoned in holly next to an oversized bottle of Cognac on a large bill board. I nod up at it wistfully, agreeing with the premise. Imbibing is a necessity this holiday. It takes the edge off the stress of pulling together a meal for twelve, gifts for thirty, getting my long neglected living and dining rooms in decent enough shape to serve said meal without incurring the down-the-nose look from Aunt Rose, who is bound to notice the sherry stain in the carpeting (left over from my much-needed Thanksgiving imbibing that barely managed to get me through that particular holiday). Somehow, I always seem to be selected hostess (my sister, Brenda, says it's because my Hyde Park home is larger and nicer). Dr. Llewellyn says I need to understand that assertiveness and the word "No" are not bad things. Maybe, next holiday, his words will overcome my thirty-year conditioning to be over-accommodating.

The shopping bags in my hand are pulling at my over-used shoulder tendons and the inappropriate, but stylish Manolo Blahnik boots are kicking the hell out of my corns.

But I diligently march on, determined to get the last two gifts on my list: a new Gameboy for Jathan, who broke his last one in a missile-throwing fight with his sister, Jericha; and for Jericha, a new Black Barbie, a replacement for the one who mysteriously lost her locks one night not too long after Jathan inadvertently destroyed his Gameboy. I feel that I'm rewarding bad behavior, but my sister's kids are dear to me. I plan to talk to Brenda about getting a few sessions with Dr. Llewellyn for Jathan. One can never learn anger management too soon. Might save money on a defense attorney later.

Water Tower Place in Chicago is always jammed, but the seasonal influx from the surrounding suburbs seems more like an invasion of the Stepford folks, all wholesome and sunny even on a day descending into the single digits. And no manners whatsoever. They walk three, four, even more to a line expecting you to skirt around them because somehow you, a single, childless woman, are obliged to give deference to the sacred family. Whatever.

I travel up in one of the octagonal glass elevators that look out onto every floor of the mall. Christmas lights, holly wreaths and bells overwhelm me. I swear I can smell mistletoe even in the crowded elevator. At least there are no piped-in carols sending subliminal impulses to make me overspend. I'm already in debt as of three purchases ago.

Somewhere on the way to the sixth floor I remember that the only toy store in the place closed its doors months ago. I curse quietly, but not quietly enough. I hear a small intake of breath. A rosy-cheeked, red-haired moppet is gaping up at me with her mouth in an "O", then turns to her mother and says, "Mommy, that lady said the "F" word."

Her mother pulls her little one closer, throws me a look, and says, "Just ignore the bad lady, sweetie."

The other denizens also cut me a look, recognizing Scrooge in their merry midst. An older lady shifts in the opposite direction. I've been designated a carrier of the "Humbug" plague, probably contagious. No one is taking any chances and I am given as wide a berth as possible in an elevator populated with several bodies. The doors open up on the sixth floor and I escape my judgment.

Immediately, I smell the pungent decadence of rich, deep chocolate. A Godiva boutique window is framed with the requisite Christmas regalia, its offerings wrapped in gold or silver tinsel paper. Open gift boxes of chocolate-trimmed biscotti's, fudge and truffles at this moment provide the only real meaning to this world. Logic and reason are within their depths and I enter the tabernacle, an adherent seeking the wisdom passed down through the ages since the first cocoa bean was distilled.

A couple of women are already at the counter, lasciviously looking over the selections, while an eager saleswoman prattles on through a menu of chocolate delights. I go to another counter, where a plate of chocolate-covered strawberries beckons. I set down my bags, unglove and pick up one of the offerings, pop it into my mouth, refusing to think of open plates and traveling germs. The experience is just too good to be distracted with worries about unwashed hands.

"Delicious isn't it?" a smoky voice interrupts my reverie. I open my eyes (yes, I had closed my eyes to focus on nothing but the succulent mélange of chocolate and tart strawberry) and look into the face of a freckled beige woman, her face beaming knowingly. I nod.

"We have several select boxes. Our one pound box is only \$11.95, the two pounder \$23.90. Oh ... wait a minute, here's something that is equally divine."

The saleswoman pulls a gold and red tinsel box from beneath the counter, opens it up. "Praline almonds," she announces. "Take one."

I delicately pick one, bite into it. There is something about the feel of nuts crunching between your teeth, the light flavor of almond surrounded by the taste of deep chocolate that pushes away the momentary worries. I swallow hard and long, eager to remember this flavor, hoping it can get me through the rest of the afternoon, which promises to be demanding.

"Then there's the hazelnut chocolate praline," she tempts further.

I've only tasted hazelnut a few times in my life, and I'm not sure that I remember the flavor. As soon as I bite down though, I recall that first occasion. My Aunt Rose's Cocoa Hazelnut Cake that she's long since stopped making. Served with lemonade on her porch in the Rogers Park home where she still lives. Arthritis of the hand has made

it hard for her to sift and stir, so now she only offers store-bought confections. But that summer when I tasted her cake that first time was also the summer of my first car and unfortunately, my first accident. That summer was when my mother's cancer went into its final remission, and no sooner than we celebrate this miracle, my father is killed crossing a downtown street a month later. The taste of hazelnut is bittersweet in my reflection.

I shake my head. "Don't really like this one." The woman purses her lips, contemplating my answer, then quickly pulls out another box.

"Here, try the pecan croquant," she offers, holding the box forward. "It's a mix of pecan and crisp, milk and dark chocolate. It's one of my personal favorites."

No bad memories with this one. It doesn't disappoint, and I smile. I receive an answering smile from the saleswoman.

"I often tell my customers that an ounce of chocolate can surmount a pound of sorrow," she says, putting the boxes back beneath the counter. "Well, that may be an exaggeration, but it does a soul good sometime to just stop and taste, to lay down their worries a bit. Don't you think?"

I crunch through another blissful morsel and make my decision, no matter that the unplanned purchase is going to chip into my tight Christmas shopping budget.

"I'll take the two pounder of all of them except the hazelnut," I say. Then I think about it. "You know, just...just add the hazelnut, too." I decide then that I do like the flavor, and that since my mother is still here and since I may never taste Aunt Rose's delicious cake again, I'll try to remember the good of the flavor, let the pain stay in the past.

"Do you want these wrapped?" she asks as she rings up my purchases. I shake my head; these are gifts for me alone, selflessness be damned.

"Good. You have to treat yourself sometimes. 'Cause if we don't appreciate ourselves, who will, huh?"

Dr. Llewellyn would probably say the same thing. We all need to be good to ourselves. Which means not letting people walk over you. At that moment, I determine that next Christmas, the family is definitely spending it somewhere other than my

house. Maybe at Brenda's, who tends to weasel out of these things. I'm tired of being taken for granted. I need to be appreciated.

So, without guilt or buyer's remorse, I grab the bag of chocolates being handed to me with that ever-present smile. Tonight, instead of liquor, I'll load up on chocolate to take the edge off. I'll settle by the fire, a plate in my hand, maybe even a Christmas carol playing on the CD player. Each night I'll give myself a chocolate fix, and who knows, by Christmas, maybe I'll be ready to face whatever looms. For now, though, I'm beginning to get that warm, fuzzy feeling. That Bedford Falls feeling.

As I start for the door, the saleswoman calls me back. She's holding a small gold colored gift bag. I take it; inside is a box.

"It's a chocolate truffle for the road. On the house." Her eyes tell me that she understands some things that maybe I don't.

"Thank you so much," and I mean it.

"Merry Christmas," she calls out as I leave. I turn and wish her the same. And, strangely enough, I mean that, too.

Later, walking down the same street I walked earlier, I encounter the graying Santa still ringing his bell, asking for donations. I start to pass him by, my face averted, hoping he won't remember me. But then I stop in my tracks, remembering the saleswoman's graciousness, how she made me forget my bah humbug blues for awhile.

I pull my wallet from my purse, retrieve a \$20, stuff it into the can. Santa sees the bill, smiles with what turns out to be some very nice teeth. His eyes don't seem so rheumy anymore.

"Merry Christmas, and God bless you," he says graciously.

I walk on, smiling. The \$20 is going to be sorely missed when I finally hit the toy stores. But I'll just have to make do.

Transference. That's what Dr. Llewellyn would call what I just did. And he'd be right.

Answer the following questions:

1. What is the setting of the story like?
2. What does 'over-accommodating' mean to the narrator?

3. What mood overwhelms the protagonist?
4. What does the shopping mall look like?
5. What smell attracts the lady's attention?
6. Why are the narrator's emotions changed?
7. How does the day end for the main character?

Dwell on the following situations, express your opinion concerning the problems:

1. The narrator is rewarding her sister's kids' bad behaviour.
2. Incident in the elevator.
3. The Godiva boutique and 'freckled beige woman'.
4. Encountering Santa.

Interpret the quotations:

1. "...assertiveness and the word "No" are not bad things".
2. "One can never learn anger management too soon."
3. "... an ounce of chocolate can surmount a pound of sorrow".
4. "You have to treat yourself sometimes."
5. "On the house."

Vocabulary tasks:

1. Replace the highlighted expressions with more advanced equivalents:

1. *incurring a hefty cleaning bill* → _____
2. *determined to get past the mass of bodies* → _____
3. *gleefully walks toward me* → _____
4. *I haven't even begun to get that warm, fuzzy feeling* → _____
5. *pulling together a meal for twelve* → _____
6. *long neglected living and dining rooms* → _____
7. *I diligently march on* → _____
8. *kicking the hell out of my corns* → _____
9. *the place was jammed* → _____
10. *I curse quietly* → _____

2. Translate the following phrases. Make your own sentences with them:

To give the finger to smb, take the edge off, to be bound to, to cut smb a look, to be within depth, to receive an answering smile, to let smb walk over smb; to weasel out of smth, to load up on smth, to take the edge off, to pass smb by, to make do.

3. Match verbs (A) with nouns (B)

A	B
1. incur	a glance
2. cast	pressure
3. take	Responsibility
4. bear	Consequence

5. exert	Expenses
----------	----------

4. Complete the table:

Verb	Noun	Adjective
neglect		
determine		
appreciate		
indulge		
tempt		

5. Match expressions with meanings:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. take the edge off | a. avoid someone deliberately |
| 2. walk over someone | b. cope with limited resources |
| 3. make do | c. reduce intensity/stress |
| 4. in the midst of | d. be in the middle of |
| 5. give someone a wide berth | e. treat someone as insignificant |

6. Choose the correct meaning:

1. "jammed"
 - a) broken
 - b) crowded
 - c) stuck
2. "prattles on"
 - a) speaks enthusiastically
 - b) talks at length in a trivial way
 - c) explains clearly
3. "beckons"
 - a) signals attractively

b) refuses

c) hides

4. “*chip into my budget*”

a) destroy completely

b) slightly reduce

c) increase

7. Complete the sentences:

1. She felt completely _____ by the demands of the holiday season.

2. The store offered a wide _____ of luxury chocolates.

3. He tried to _____ his stress with a glass of wine.

4. Her tone was slightly _____, revealing hidden irritation.

5. The experience evoked a deeply _____ reaction.

8. Rewrite using more advanced vocabulary:

1. *There were too many people in the street.*

→ _____

2. *I was very tired and stressed.*

→ _____

3. *She talked too much.*

→ _____

4. *I decided to buy it even though I didn't plan to.*

→ _____

9. Group the words into *positive* / *negative* / *ambivalent*:

• wistful

• indulgent

• gleeful

• resentful

• desperate

• relieved

• apprehensive

• sarcastic

10. Discuss: “To what extent does consumer culture shape emotional well-being during holidays?”

CAREERS IN TOURISM

The travel and tourism industry is growing very fast. Today more people look for quality vacations where they can relax and also do something new and interesting. Unless tourist traffic grew, travel-related jobs would not increase. These relate to various related services facilitating travel, such as travel agencies, banking, hotels, guides, air lines and other services. Some of them may be seasonal, limited to the tourist season from September to March but others are permanent in nature. Travel-related jobs are best suited for individuals who enjoy meeting people and make them comfortable. They are for those who like adventure and travelling. True, some are desk jobs, but even these jobs entail understanding the needs of the traveller and making the best arrangements possible for him.

Some of the areas where careers can be made are described here:

TRAVEL AGENCIES: Without travel agencies travelling would be impossible. They require that travel agents deal with customers, guide them. Travel agencies plan holidays and finally offer tickets for the best routes. They also help in foreign exchange and visas. The requirements are a pleasing personality and the ability to deal with customers. It is desirable that travel agents possess knowledge of destinations.

TOUR OPERATORS: There are many companies operating tours for the domestic as well as the international tourists. Some may be for the usual destinations like hill stations but others are for unusual activities like river rafting, gliding, rock climbing and camping. Tour operators need people for selling the concept and then to accompany the groups to the destinations. Again, the qualities required are a pleasing and outgoing personality, knowledge of the activities and often participation in them with the tourists. A person hoping to work with a tour operator must be able to travel with the groups and know people at the destinations to make the tours pleasant for the client.

TOURIST GUIDES: Three categories of tourist guides are known to be regional, state level and monument guides. The best guides and those who are in demand are those who are able to get the maximum advantage for the tourists. It is required that

guides be in touch with foreign agencies. A fixed itinerary is offered and guides take the groups to those areas, which they are familiar with. Apart from the activities mentioned above, wildlife safaris are also becoming increasingly popular. If a guide understands the foreign tourist and his needs, he will be able to earn a round sum.

HOLIDAYS CONSULTANTS: This is a new concept, the idea is that the tourist gets all the details of travel and itineraries from one source. The holidays consultant will sell the holidays, plan out the itineraries and help in travel plans, and arrange for ticketing and other details as well. It is essential that holidays consultants know the destinations and the activities available.

AIRLINES: Airlines require people for ground as well as flight duties. On the ground the duties are in offices, at the airline desks in airports and for checking and managing flights. A course in travel or a qualification on hotel management helps to get in. Particular jobs that provide useful knowledge include those of ticket agent and reservations agent for the airlines. Airlines also require air hostesses and stewards for flights. The jobs are glamorous and afford the possibility of travelling to exciting destinations. Free tickets for the family offered by some airlines are an added advantage.

CAREERS IN HOTEL MANAGEMENT: With hotels coming up in record numbers to cater to the ever growing domestic and international travellers, the demand for trained professionals has multiplied in the industry.

The people who write about travel also receive lavish treatment from the tourist industry. There are relatively few travel writers, they play an important part in publicizing the industry. Without them it would be impracticable to promote the tourist industry. There is small industry involved in writing and publishing guide-books.

Answer the questions

1. What is the common feature of all jobs in tourism?
2. What is the range of activities of travel agencies?
3. What traits must travel agents possess?
4. What are the main functions of tour operators?

5. What are the categories of tourist guides?
6. What qualities do guides need?
7. What does the job of holidays consultants involve?
8. What jobs do airlines require?
9. What services do banks provide for their clients?
10. Why do travel writers receive lavish treatment?

Task 2. Choose one of the situations and create the dialogue with the lexical material from the topic:

1. You work for the World Tourism Organisation in London. You are giving an interview to a correspondent. The interview is devoted to tourism jobs.
2. You are discussing tourism jobs with your friend.

Task 3. Topics for written compositions. choose one of the topics and give intelligent comment on it using the words and phrases from the text.

1. The main jobs in tourism.
2. The common features of all jobs in tourism.
3. Tourism jobs, which are very attractive to you.

Task 4. Make up the questions to which the following sentences might be the answers

1. Travelling keeps us from growing stale and old.
2. The beauty-spots of the world are magnets drawing travellers year after year.
3. The other motivation factors for travelling are leisure, business, health, congresses and other meetings, study and religion.
4. Some people prefer to go to the seaside by car because it is very comfortable and rather cheap.
5. Some people prefer to travel by plane, by train or by ship.
6. A package holiday includes travel, hotels, and meals.

Task 5. Review tasks

1. Prove your friend that it is necessary to travel.
2. Prove that there are many reasons for travelling.
3. Describe your last travelling.
4. Explain why you prefer/ don't like a package holiday.

Vocabulary Tasks

1. Match the words with their meanings

1. *Itinerary*
2. *Destination*
3. *Reservation*
4. *Hospitality*
5. *Qualification*

- a. Professional skills or education required for a job
- b. Friendly and welcoming treatment of guests
- c. A planned route or travel schedule
- d. A place where someone is travelling
- e. An arrangement to keep a place or service available

2. Find synonyms in the text

- increase → _____
- assist → _____
- attractive → _____
- understand → _____
- necessary → _____

3. Complete the sentences with words from the text

1. Travel agents help customers organize their _____ plans.
2. Tourist guides need excellent communication and social _____.

3. Airlines often require employees to manage flight _____.
4. Tourism professionals should possess strong knowledge of travel _____.
5. The industry provides many career _____ for young people.

Write 220–260 words on the topic: "Working in the Tourism Industry: Opportunities and Challenges". Include:

- advantages of tourism careers;
- necessary personal qualities and skills;
- possible difficulties;
- your own opinion.

QUESTIONS CORNER

1. How has tourism influenced local cultures worldwide?
2. Should governments regulate mass tourism?
3. What are the benefits and drawbacks of eco-tourism?
4. Is it better to travel independently or with a tour group?
5. How does tourism affect the environment?
6. What motivates people to travel abroad?
7. How can tourists behave responsibly while traveling?
8. Which destinations are becoming increasingly popular and why?
9. Does travel broaden people's minds?
10. What role does technology play in modern tourism?

IDIOMS CORNER

1. **Hit the road** — begin a journey.
2. **Live out of a suitcase** — travel constantly.
3. **Off the beaten track** — away from common tourist routes.
4. **Catch the travel bug** — develop a passion for travel.

5. **At the crossroads** — at a point of decision.
6. **Get away from it all** — escape routine.
7. **Travel light** — carry little luggage.
8. **Make tracks** — leave quickly.
9. **A stone's throw away** — very close.
10. **Go places** — become successful or travel widely.

Fill in the gaps

(hit the road / off the beaten track / travel light / live out of a suitcase / catch the travel bug / get away from it all / make tracks / a stone's throw away / go places / at the crossroads)

1. After graduation, she decided to _____ and explore Europe.
2. The village is _____ from the city center.
3. When you travel often, you start to _____.
4. He packed only a small backpack to _____.
5. We wanted to _____ and relax on an island.
6. They are _____ in their careers and need to choose a direction.
7. He is always _____ because of constant business trips.
8. She decided to visit places _____.
9. Let's _____ before the traffic gets worse.
10. With her talent, she will definitely _____.

TOPIC 4. Cinema and culture

THE CAR

(by Andrew Rossiter)

"It's a really good *bargain*," said the man in the showroom; and as far as Shafi could tell, he was telling the truth.

"It's yours for just £5,000!" he continued. "You won't find a better buy anywhere else in the North; and what's more, we'll give you a year's *insurance* with it. Free!"

Shafi eyed the vehicle *longingly*; it was bright red, and just over a year old - and inside it had that smell of polish that comes with a new car. There was just the matter of the price – it was more than he had planned to spend on his first car, and more than he actually had *available*.

"Five thousand?" he asked, hoping rather hopelessly that he had somehow *misheard*.

"Five grand! That's it. But you can 'ave it for three in cash now, and the rest in three months. You can get a *loan* from the bank!"

Ever since he'd taken his first job at the burger bar at the age of 17, he'd been saving up for a nice car; of course, he could have *made do with* a cheap *wreck* years ago – but that was not what he wanted. Shafi wanted a good car, a nice car, one that would make him feel as if he had *achieved* something better in life than serving in a restaurant.

He handed over the crisp fifty pound notes. Even if the insurance was only third-party, he *reckoned* it was a good buy at the price.

Settling in to the driving seat, he adjusted it for position, and turned the key. Within minutes, he had passed the *outskirts* of Leeds, and was headed for Gemma's house in Frampton. After all, she'd been badgering him to get a car, ever since he'd first mentioned the idea to her a month or so earlier.

He knew that she'd be impressed.

"So you bought it at last!" she exclaimed. "Great!" Now we can go places!"

"Yes. And it goes like a dream!"

"Let's take it over to Sawby tonight," she suggested. "Jess is on the door, he'll let us in free."

"Good idea."

Sawby was only sixteen miles away, but the quickest way to get there was to take the motorway ; and besides Shafi was keen to see how fast he could get the new car up to.

"Hey, take it easy," said Gemma, as the speedometer edged up towards the 100 m.p.h. mark. "You don't want to get done for speeding on the very first day!"

Shafi slowed down; the exit for Sawby was coming up fast.

As luck would have it, there was a space just opposite the club as Shafi proudly arrived in the shining new car. A group of young men watched from the pavement opposite as he carefully parked by the *kerbside*.

Jess wasn't on the door after all, and they had to pay to get in; but the atmosphere in the club was hot and exciting as usual. It was a popular place, and with some of the best D.J's in the region, it attracted people from all round, even from Manchester.

"So you've got your car at last, eh Shafi, boy!" said a voice in the semi-darkness.

Shafi looked round. He recognised the speaker at once, and was not pleased. It was Rooksby, Gemma's former boyfriend. The three of them had worked together a year ago in a restaurant, until Rooksby was sacked for insulting a group of foreign tourists.

"Hello," said Shafi.

"Smart *job*, ain't it!" said Rooksby.

"Yes," he answered. "Very nice thank you...."

"A bit too smart for someone like you, ain't it?"

"Oh give over!" said Gemma.

Rooksby gave a sarcastic laugh, and moved away.

It was almost 3 a.m. as they emerged from the club.

"Hey!" exclaimed Shafi, looking across the street. "Where's the car? We left it there, didn't we?."

"Yes, I think so," said Gemma.

"Oh no, don't say someone's gone an' nicked it already," Shafi *groaned*. The tears were already beginning to well up in his eyes.

"What did you do with the keys?" asked Gemma.

"They're here," he answered, rummaging in his pocket. "Or at least I think they are."

Then he frowned. "They've gone.... They can't have.... I must have put them down somewhere.... No! this is ridiculous."

He was looking increasingly desperate.

At that moment, a red car roared past them, and disappeared up the road.

"But that's the car," Shafi exclaimed. "It's my car! Come back!"

"No good yelling after 'em," said a voice from behind, "Looks like you've lost it, doesn't it, Shafi boy!"

They turned and saw Rooksby again, a *wry* smile on his twisted lips.

"That's brilliant!" said Gemma. "You bring me out here, then the car gets nicked. How'm I goin' to get home?"

"I'll call a taxi," said Shafi.

"I'll run you home if you like," said Rooksby. "I've just got room for one!"

"You?" said Gemma. "Well I suppose it's better 'n nothing."

Two weeks later, the police called Shafi's employer, asking for the owner of a red car.

Shafi *eagerly* took the phone; "You've found it?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes Sir," said the voice on the other end of the phone. "It's in the *pound* in Birmingham.... but I'm afraid you can't have it back now."

"What? Why not?"

"Well Sir, you see it's a write-off."

Shafi felt a lump rising in his throat. "You mean...."

"Fatal accident, Sir. The driver was killed, and the passenger's in *intensive care*. She's just told us you were the owner of the car."

"What? Who was it then?"

"She won't give us her name. She just says she wants to see you. She says she's sorry. Perhaps you can help us with our enquiries."

Vocabulary:

bargain: *good value for money*; insurance: *guarantee against the risk of accident*; longingly: *with desire*; available: *at his disposal, ready*; mishear: *hear incorrectly*; loan: *money lent*; make do with: *have*; wreck: *something in bad condition*; achieve something: *be successful*; reckon: *think*; outskirts: *suburbs, periphery*; kerbside: *edge of the pavement*; job: *machine*; groan: *lament*; wry: *cynical*; eagerly: *enthusiastically*; pound: *guarded car park*; intensive care: *part of a hospital where badly injured or sick people are treated (реанімація)*

Answer the questions:

1. What did Shafi's new car look like? Why was it a good bargain?
2. How did he save for the car?
3. Who did he show the car first?
4. Where did the couple go?
5. Where did Shafi park his car?
6. Who did they see in the club?
7. What happened to the car while they were in the club? How did Gemma leave for home?
8. When did the police call? What did they tell?

Which of the proverbs correlates with the contents of the story:

1. Easy come, easy go.
2. It's no use crying over spilled milk.
3. Don't cast pearls before swine.
4. Good bargains empty the purse.

5. Revenge is a dish that should be eaten cold

Expand on the ideas by completing the sentences:

1. A car was Shafi's life-time dream because ...
2. Gemma was impressed by Shafi's car and suggested ...
3. Shafi wasn't pleased to see Rooksby because ...
4. The loss of the car made Shafi desperate as far as ...
5. The police told bad/good news but ...

Vocabulary Tasks:

1. Replace the highlighted expressions with more advanced equivalents:

1. *a really good bargain* → _____
2. *he was telling the truth* → _____
3. *eyed the vehicle longingly* → _____
4. *more than he had planned to spend* → _____
5. *made do with a cheap wreck* → _____
6. *he reckoned it was a good buy* → _____
7. *badgering him to get a car* → _____
8. *it goes like a dream* → _____
9. *take it easy* → _____
10. *someone's gone and nicked it* → _____

2. Match verbs with nouns to form natural collocations from the text:

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. take out | a. attention |
| 2. hand over | b. money |
| 3. attract | c. insurance |
| 4. commit | d. a crime |
| 5. raise | e. interest |

3. Complete the table:

Verb	Noun	Adjective
Insure		
Impress		
Attract		
Decide		
Investigate		

4. Choose the correct meaning of the word as used in the text:

1. “smart job”
 - a) intelligent work
 - b) stylish object
 - c) difficult task
2. “get done for speeding”
 - a) finish driving
 - b) be punished
 - c) stop the car
3. “write-off”
 - a) sold cheaply
 - b) repaired car
 - c) irreparably damaged
4. “run you home”
 - a) accompany
 - b) drive
 - c) walk

5. Complete with suitable advanced words:

1. He finally _____ enough money to buy a car.
2. The vehicle was in excellent _____.

3. She was deeply _____ by the new purchase.
4. The company offered _____ insurance as part of the deal.
5. The police are conducting an _____ into the accident.

6. Rewrite using more advanced vocabulary:

1. *He didn't have enough money.*

2. *She kept asking him to buy a car.*

3. *The car was stolen.*

4. *He became very worried.*

7. Match phrasal verbs with their meanings:

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. hand over | a. reduce speed |
| 2. make do with | b. give something |
| 3. slow down | c. search visually |
| 4. come up | d. manage with less |
| 5. look round | e. appra |

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST

(by Nathanael West)

The crowd had already begun to gather long before the doors of the theatre opened. They stood in restless groups along the pavement, staring at the posters, reading the names of the actors, discussing what they expected to see. Some had come out of curiosity, others out of habit, but all shared the same vague anticipation.

Tod Hackett watched them with a detached interest. He had seen such crowds before—outside cinemas, at premieres, wherever the promise of spectacle drew people together. There was something almost ritualistic in their behaviour, as though the act of waiting were itself part of the entertainment.

The theatre front was covered with enormous images: faces magnified beyond recognition, smiles frozen in artificial perfection, eyes that seemed to follow the passer-by. The posters did not simply advertise a film; they created a world, inviting the viewer to step into a carefully constructed illusion.

A woman standing near the entrance adjusted her hat and studied her reflection in the glass. For a moment, she seemed to imagine herself among the figures on the posters, her own face transformed, her ordinary life replaced by something more glamorous.

Tod noticed how the crowd responded to these images. They were not merely spectators; they were participants in a shared dream. The cinema offered them not just stories, but identities—roles to inhabit, emotions to experience, lives to borrow for a few hours.

When the doors finally opened, there was a sudden movement forward, a collective surge that broke the stillness. The crowd entered the dark interior, leaving behind the bright, artificial world of the street for another, equally artificial world inside.

The auditorium was vast and dimly lit, its atmosphere charged with expectation. People took their seats, whispering, laughing, settling themselves

into place. The screen, blank and silent, seemed to hold their attention even before the film began.

Then, as the lights dimmed further, a hush fell over the audience. The projector flickered into life, and suddenly the screen was filled with movement, with colour, with sound. The figures on the screen were larger than life, their gestures exaggerated, their emotions intensified.

Tod watched not only the film, but the faces of the spectators. He saw how they leaned forward, how their expressions changed, how they surrendered themselves to the unfolding narrative. For a time, they forgot who they were. They became part of the story, carried along by its rhythm and illusion.

It seemed to him that the cinema was more than entertainment; it was a kind of escape, a temporary transformation. Yet there was something unsettling in this transformation too, something that blurred the boundary between reality and illusion.

As the film continued, the audience remained absorbed, their attention fixed on the screen. Outside, the city moved on, indifferent and unchanged. Inside, however, another reality had taken hold—one shaped by light, shadow, and imagination.

Comprehension Questions

1. What draws the crowd to the theatre?
 - A. Free tickets
 - B. Social obligation
 - C. The promise of spectacle
 - D. Curiosity about the building
2. How are the posters described?
 - A. Simple and informative
 - B. Realistic portraits
 - C. Artificial and exaggerated
 - D. Old-fashioned

3. What effect does the film have on the audience?
 - A. It confuses them
 - B. It makes them bored
 - C. It absorbs and transforms them
 - D. It encourages discussion

Answer the Questions

4. Why does Tod describe the crowd's behaviour as "ritualistic"?
5. How does the woman near the entrance react to the posters?
6. What changes occur in the audience once the film begins?
7. How does the text present cinema as a form of illusion?
8. In what way does the audience "participate" in the film experience?
9. What is the author's attitude toward cinema—positive, critical, or ambiguous?

Vocabulary Tasks

1. Match the words with meanings

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Spectacle | a. Fully engaged or focused |
| 2. Anticipation | b. A large public show |
| 3. Artificial | c. Expectation of something |
| 4. Absorbed | d. Not natural; created |
| 5. Auditorium | e. Large hall for an audience |

2. Find synonyms in the text

- *crowd movement* → _____
- *unclear expectation* → _____
- *false world* → _____

3. Discussion “Why do people enjoy films that create illusions rather than reflect reality?”

4. Write 220–260 words: “*Cinema allows people to escape reality, but this escape can be both positive and dangerous.*” Discuss with reference to the text.

5. Analyse how Nathanael West uses:

- imagery (light, posters, crowd)
- contrast (outside vs inside)
- symbolism (screen, illusion)

to present cinema as both entertainment and transformation.

QUESTIONS CORNER

1. How has streaming transformed the film industry?
2. Should cinemas still exist in the era of digital platforms?
3. What makes a film memorable?
4. To what extent do films influence public opinion?
5. Are modern films becoming too dependent on special effects?
6. Should films based on true stories prioritize facts over entertainment?
7. How important is diversity in cinema?
8. Can films change people's perspectives on social issues?
9. Why do certain movies become cult classics?
10. What role does music play in filmmaking?

IDIOMS CORNER

1. **Steal the show** — attract all attention.
2. **Behind the scenes** — secretly/in the background.
3. **In the limelight** — receiving public attention.
4. **Break a leg** — good luck.

5. **A blockbuster hit** — extremely successful movie.
6. **Take center stage** — become the focus.
7. **Scene-stealer** — person who attracts most attention.
8. **Play a role** — influence something.
9. **Roll the cameras** — start filming.
10. **Have a flair for** — have natural talent.

Fill in the gaps using idioms

(steal the show / behind the scenes / in the limelight / break a leg / blockbuster hit / take center stage / scene-stealer / play a role / roll the cameras / have a flair for)

1. The main actor always manages to _____.
2. She prefers working _____ rather than appearing on screen.
3. The new movie became a _____ worldwide.
4. Before the performance, the director shouted “_____!”
5. The supporting actor was a real _____.
6. The topic of AI now _____ in modern films.
7. He always wants to be _____.
8. Let’s _____ and start filming.
9. She tends to _____ in shaping public opinion through film.
10. He clearly _____ acting since childhood.

TOPIC 5. Music

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

(by James Joyce (1882–1941))

He sat at the piano and touched the keys lightly, uncertainly at first, as though testing whether the instrument would answer him. The room was quiet, filled with a kind of expectant stillness, and the faint sound of the notes seemed to linger in the air longer than they should have.

Gradually his fingers grew more confident. The melody, at first hesitant and broken, began to take shape, rising and falling with a rhythm that seemed to come not from the instrument but from within himself. He was no longer aware of the room, nor of the people who might have been listening. There was only the music, unfolding with a life of its own.

It was as though the sounds carried with them fragments of memory—moments half-forgotten, emotions not yet fully understood. Each phrase suggested something beyond itself, something that could not be expressed in words. He felt, with a sudden clarity, that music possessed a language more powerful than speech, capable of revealing truths that lay hidden beneath the surface of ordinary life.

The notes quickened, becoming more urgent, more intense. His hands moved freely now, guided by instinct rather than thought. The melody transformed, gathering strength, until it seemed almost too much for the instrument to contain. And yet, within that intensity, there was also a sense of control, a delicate balance between freedom and discipline.

When at last the final note faded, he remained still, his hands resting on the keys. The silence that followed was not empty, but full—charged with the echoes of what had just been played.

He became aware again of his surroundings, of the chair beneath him, of the faint movement of air in the room. Yet something had changed. The music had altered his perception, if only for a moment, allowing him to see the world with a sharper, more vivid awareness.

It seemed to him that music was not merely an art, but a way of understanding experience itself—a means of shaping the chaos of feeling into something ordered, something meaningful. And though the effect would fade, as all moments must, the memory of it would remain, guiding him in ways he could not yet fully grasp.

Comprehension Questions

Multiple Choice

1. How does the character begin playing the piano?
 - A. Confidently
 - B. Carelessly
 - C. Hesitantly
 - D. Loudly
2. What happens as the music develops?
 - A. It becomes weaker
 - B. It becomes more structured and expressive
 - C. It stops suddenly
 - D. It loses rhythm
3. What does the character realise about music?
 - A. It is only entertainment
 - B. It is difficult to learn
 - C. It expresses deeper truths than words
 - D. It depends on the audience

Answer the Questions

2. How does the character's emotional state change during the performance?
3. What role do memory and emotion play in the music?
4. Why is the silence after the music described as "full"?
5. How does the text present music as a form of language?
6. What is the relationship between control and freedom in the performance?

7. How does music influence the character's perception of reality?

Vocabulary Tasks

1. Match the words with meanings

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Hesitant | a. Way of understanding something |
| 2. Melody | b. Main musical theme |
| 3. Intensity | c. Reflection of sound |
| 4. Perception | d. Uncertain or unsure |
| 5. Echo | e. Strong feeling or force |

2. Find synonyms in the text

- *uncertain* → _____
- *develop* → _____
- *remain* → _____

3. Do you agree that music can express things that words cannot? Why?

4. Write 220–260 words on the topic “*Music is a universal language that connects people across cultures*” Discuss with examples.

5. Role Play

Student A: A classical musician

Student B: A modern music producer

Discuss what makes music meaningful.

6. Analyse how James Joyce uses:

- imagery (sound, silence)
- symbolism (music as meaning)
- internal reflection

to present music as **a form of artistic and emotional expression.**

MUSIC OF THE YOUTH

Before the Beatles, there had been no music addressed directly to young people. The radio broadcasted *mawkish*, sentimental songs which were lacking in naturalness, sincerity and *vigour*. The Beatles offered the young generation something new, fresh, spontaneous and completely different from anything else in form and delivery. That was a real turning point in the history of British music. At the same time the Beatles caused a revolution in youth culture. Their innovative music symbolized the *rejection* of the ideas and morality of the older generation. Young people immediately began to treat it as their own music which expressed their experiences, *joys and sorrows*. They suddenly realized that they did not want *to be lectured* any more; they wanted to be the power, the energy and the generation which had something important to say.

Although many people feel that no group since the Beatles has achieved the same excellence, some groups *stood out* in the 1960s. One of them was the Rolling Stones. The Rolling Stones were *deliberately* provocative and anti-establishment. Their public behaviour was rude and shocking. The most popular group's hit "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" fully *summarized* their philosophy of frustration, decadence and ferocity. Their *uninhibited* music contributed to the development of Britain's alternative society.

Another artist considered as the most original British musician after the Beatles and Rolling Stones in the late 1960s was David Bowie. His early songs reflected the feelings of frustration and loneliness experienced by many young people at that time. There is no denying that Bowie with his many surrealistic costumes and "images" *exerted a strong influence* on the entire generation of rock'n'roll stars.

In the 1970s, rock seemed to lose its almost revolutionary power. Still, many groups and artists became very popular, among others Pink Floyd, Deep Purple, Genesis, Queen, Yes or Electric Light Orchestra.

Nowadays there are so many different types of music and groups that it is almost impossible to list them all. The more recent styles are reggae, rap,

heavy metal, hardcore, hip-hop or trance. Because of this variety, it is sometimes difficult for groups to have lots of fans or to stay long in the list of best-selling records.

The latest style which enjoys great popularity among young people is techno music. Contrary to rock, techno is not the expression of any *rebellion* but rather a form of relaxation and approval for technology and automation. Techno parties, often called cyber-parties, are held in big discotheque halls and attract hundreds of young yuppies wearing plastic mantles, fluorescent T-shirts and silvery boots. The main motifs of techno telediscs are robots, space craft and computers. The music is *generated* by means of *synthesizers* and *samplers*, and saturated with the sounds of military commands or roar of *engines*. The fans of techno claim that this kind of music helps to liberate serotonin, a hormone of happiness. They believe that rock has the opposite effect — it stimulates the body to generate adrenaline which causes *anxiety* and aggression.

Comprehension TASKS

1. Give as much information as you can about the main music groups in the text:

- their names;
- when and where they stood out;
- the most popular groups' hits;
- the most original musicians;
- the latest style of music.

2. Pick out all the adjectives referring to the Beatles innovative music. What do you conclude?

3. Pick out the details showing that the Beatles caused a revolution in youth culture.

4. According to the text, the Rolling Stones public behaviour was: unpleasant and unexpected, very offensive, annoying or unacceptable, showing no respect or consideration, showing good manners and consideration.

5. Pick out the names that account for The Rolling Stones philosophy.
6. What do you know about David Bowie?
7. Why did he exert a strong influence on the entire generation of rock 'n roll stars?
8. Explain the following words which appear in the text, using a dictionary if necessary:
 - rap,
 - heavy metal,
 - hardcore,
 - hip-hop,
 - trance.
 - reggae.
8. What is referred to as «techno music».

Answer the questions

1. Explain how music is portrayed as a reflection of youth identity.
2. What role does music play in shaping emotions and personal values?
3. How does the author connect music with social interaction?
4. In what ways can music influence people's behavior and decisions?
5. Why might music be considered a universal language?
6. Identify the main message of the text and support your answer with examples.
7. How does the author emphasize the emotional power of music?
8. What challenges related to modern music culture are mentioned or implied?
9. Do you think the author presents a balanced view of youth music preferences? Why?
10. How can music affect people's perception of themselves and the world?
11. To what extent does music define modern youth culture?
12. Can music unite people from different backgrounds? Give examples.
13. Is today's music industry more focused on artistic expression or commercial success?
14. Should schools pay more attention to music education? Explain.

Vocabulary Tasks

1. Match the words with their meanings

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1. Influence | a. Strong interest or excitement |
| 2. Identity | b. A variety of different forms or types |
| 3. Diversity | c. The ability to affect something |
| 4. Expression | d. A person's sense of self |
| 5. Enthusiasm | e. Communication of thoughts or feelings |

2. Find synonyms in the text

- powerful → _____
- create → _____
- important → _____
- connect → _____
- change → _____

3. Complete the sentences

1. Music can strongly _____ our emotions.
2. Young people often use music as a form of self-_____.
3. Different genres appeal to people with different _____.
4. Music may help individuals _____ social connections.
5. Songs frequently reflect cultural _____.

QUESTIONS CORNER

1. How does music reflect cultural identity in different societies?
2. To what extent can music be considered a universal language?
3. How has digital streaming transformed the music industry?
4. What are the ethical implications of using AI in music production?
5. How does music influence human emotions on a psychological level?
6. Can music be an effective tool for political activism?

7. How do lyrics shape listeners' interpretations of a song?
8. What distinguishes high art music from popular music?
9. How has globalization influenced musical styles?
10. What role does nostalgia play in musical preferences?

IDIOMS CORNER

To have a good ear for music means to be able to discriminate sound

• *Мати хороший музичний слух*

Synonym: To have a musical ear *Antonyms: To have no ear for music, to have a tin ear.*

To play something by ear means to be able to play a piece of music after just listening to it few times, without looking at the notes

• *Грати на слух.*

To have a natural bent for music (singing) means to have an in-born talent for music (singing)

• *Мати природжений хист до музики (співу).*

Can't carry a tune is unable to sing a simple melody: lacking musical ability (*almost always negative*)

• *Не мати музичного слуху.*

The tune the (old) cow died of means an irritating tune or a song

• *Мотив або пісня, що дратує слух.*

To sing in tune is to sing correctly

• *Співати в лад*

Antonym: To sing out of tune.

To sing a different song (tune) means a) to change one's tune; b) to change one's opinion about, or attitude towards, smb. (smth.)

• *а) Співати не в лад; б) змінити думку про когось (щось)*

Antonym: To sing the same song (tune).

In tune means at the correct musical pitch (about musical instrument)

• *Настроєний (про музичний інструмент)*

Antonym: Out of tune.

In tune with someone or something means a) at the same or a harmonizing musical pitch b) keeping up with something

• а) *Настроєний (про музичний інструмент); б) що гармоніює з кимось (з чимось)*

Antonym: Out of tune with someone or something.

To have a tin ear means to be not very good at music

• Не мати музикального слуху.

Fill in the gaps using idioms *to have a good ear for music* • *to play by ear* • *to have a natural bent for music* • *can't carry a tune* • *the tune the old cow died of* • *to sing in tune* • *to sing a different tune* • *in tune* • *in tune with* • *to have a tin ear*

1. Emily has never studied piano, but she can easily _____ after listening to a melody once or twice.
2. My little brother already shows signs of _____; he sings beautifully at the age of five.
3. Please stop playing that song again and again — it's becoming _____!
4. Although Tom loves karaoke, he really _____ and usually sings terribly.
5. Sarah always performs well in the choir because she can _____ perfectly.
6. After failing the audition, Jack began to _____ about how difficult the competition was.
7. The guitarist checked whether his instrument was _____ before the concert started.
8. Good musicians usually _____ and can recognize even very small differences in sound.
9. The new teacher is very _____ modern students' interests and understands their musical tastes.
10. Unfortunately, Ben seems _____; he cannot distinguish when notes sound wrong.

TOPIC 6. A world in itself. Clothes

WOMEN'S CLOTHING: BETWEEN EXPRESSION AND EXPECTATION

For centuries, women's clothing has reflected not only personal taste but also social expectations, cultural values, and even political change. Today, fashion is often seen as a form of self-expression, yet it continues to be influenced by traditions, media, and the global industry.

In the past, women's clothing was often restrictive and designed to emphasize certain ideals of beauty. For example, corsets in the 19th century shaped the body into what was considered a desirable silhouette, even though they were uncomfortable and sometimes harmful. Over time, however, social movements such as women's rights campaigns challenged these norms. Clothing gradually became more practical, allowing women greater freedom of movement and participation in public life.

In the modern world, women's fashion is incredibly diverse. From casual streetwear to formal business attire, women can choose styles that reflect their identity, profession, and lifestyle. The rise of global brands and online shopping has made fashion more accessible than ever before. At the same time, social media platforms have become powerful tools for influencing trends, often promoting new styles at a rapid pace.

However, this variety also creates pressure. Many women feel the need to keep up with constantly changing trends or to meet certain standards of appearance. Advertising and influencer culture can reinforce unrealistic ideals, making it difficult for individuals to feel confident about their choices. As a result, fashion can sometimes become a source of stress rather than enjoyment.

Another important issue is sustainability. The fast fashion industry produces large quantities of inexpensive clothing, much of which is marketed specifically to women. While this allows consumers to experiment with different styles, it also leads to overconsumption and environmental damage.

In response, many women are now choosing more sustainable options, such as buying second-hand clothes, supporting ethical brands, or investing in high-quality garments that last longer.

Cultural identity also plays a significant role in women's clothing. Traditional garments, such as sarees, hijabs, or embroidered dresses, are not only items of clothing but also symbols of heritage and belonging. In many cases, women combine traditional and modern styles to create unique and meaningful looks.

Ultimately, women's fashion is more than just clothing. It is a complex intersection of identity, culture, economics, and personal choice. While challenges such as social pressure and environmental impact remain, fashion continues to offer women a powerful way to express themselves and shape how they are perceived by the world.

Comprehension Questions

1. How has women's clothing changed over time?
2. Why can fashion create pressure for women today?
3. What are some examples of sustainable fashion choices?

Multiple Choice

1. What was the main purpose of corsets in the 19th century?
 - A. To provide comfort
 - B. To follow beauty standards
 - C. To support health
 - D. To improve posture
2. What is one effect of social media on fashion?
 - A. It reduces clothing prices
 - B. It slows down trends
 - C. It spreads trends quickly
 - D. It eliminates traditional styles

3. True / False / Not Given

- Women's clothing has always been comfortable throughout history.

- Sustainable fashion is becoming more popular among women.
- All traditional clothing has disappeared in modern society.

4. Discussion “Is fashion more about self-expression or social pressure?”

Explain your opinion”

5. Creative Project

Design your own **sustainable clothing brand**. Present it to the class.

- Name
- Target audience
- Materials used
- Style description

Vocabulary tasks:

1. Fill in the gaps. Use: *trend, garment, sustainable, identity, pressure*

- Many women feel _____ to follow fashion trends.
- This _____ is made from recycled materials.
- Fashion is often linked to personal _____.
- That style became a popular _____ last year.
- More people are choosing _____ fashion today.

2. Match the words with definitions

- Silhouette*
- Garment*
- Sustainable*
- Trend*
- Heritage*

a. A general shape or outline

b. Something that becomes popular

c. Clothing item

d. Environmentally responsible

e. Cultural traditions from the past

EXTRACT FROM *MRS DALLOWAY*

(by Virginia Woolf (1882–1941))

Mrs Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself. For Lucy had her work cut out for her. The doors would be taken off their hinges; Rumpelmayer's men were coming. And then, thought Clarissa Dalloway, what a morning—fresh as if issued to children on a beach.

What a lark! What a plunge! For so it had always seemed to her, when, with a little squeak of the hinges, which she could hear now, she had burst open the French windows and plunged at Bourton into the open air.

But often now this body she wore (she stopped to look at a Dutch picture), this body, with all its capacities, seemed nothing—nothing at all. She had the oddest sense of being herself invisible; unseen; unknown; there being no more marrying, no more having of children now, but only this astonishing and rather solemn progress with the rest of them, up Bond Street, this being Mrs Dalloway; not even Clarissa any more; this being Mrs Richard Dalloway.

Bond Street fascinated her; Bond Street early in the morning in the season; its flags flying; its shops; no splash; no glitter; one roll of tweed in the shop window, with its atmosphere of quiet and slow-swelling life. There were flowers: delphiniums, sweet peas, bunches of lilac; and carnations, masses of carnations.

She paused for a moment at the window of a glove shop. Gloves and shoes; she had a passion for gloves; but her own daughter, Elizabeth, cared not a straw for either of them.

"Gloves," she thought, "are a symbol of something." They were a mark of civilisation, she thought, of propriety, of elegance. A lady, she felt, should always be perfectly gloved. And yet, as she stood there, she wondered whether these things mattered as much as they once had.

For it was not simply a matter of appearance. It was a question of being known, of being seen in a certain way. Clothes, she thought, as she looked at

the fine gloves arranged so delicately, clothes had the power to shape one's place in the world.

Yet there was something absurd in it too. For one might dress with the greatest care, select each detail with precision, and still feel uncertain, exposed even, under the gaze of others. It was as if the surface could never fully express what lay beneath.

She turned away, continuing along the street, her mind moving between past and present, between the girl she had been and the woman she had become. The clothes, the shops, the rituals of society—they were all part of it, part of the structure that held life together, even as it concealed its deeper meanings.

Comprehension Questions. Multiple Choice

1. What feeling dominates Clarissa at the beginning of the extract?
 - A. Fear
 - B. Excitement and vitality
 - C. Anger
 - D. Indifference
2. How does Clarissa perceive her identity?
 - A. Strong and independent
 - B. Defined mainly by her role as Mrs Dalloway
 - C. Completely unknown to others
 - D. Unimportant to society
3. What do gloves symbolize for Clarissa?
 - A. Wealth only
 - B. Comfort
 - C. Civilisation and elegance
 - D. Rebellion

Answer the Questions

1. Why does Clarissa feel “invisible”?
2. How does Bond Street reflect social life and fashion?

3. What contradiction does Clarissa notice about clothing?
4. How does clothing contribute to the construction of identity in the text?
5. In what way does Woolf present fashion as both meaningful and superficial?
6. How does the past influence Clarissa's perception of herself?

Vocabulary Tasks

1. Match the words with meanings

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Propriety</i> | a. <i>Socially correct behaviour</i> |
| 2. <i>Delicate</i> | b. <i>Easily damaged / fine</i> |
| 3. <i>Exposed</i> | c. <i>To hide something</i> |
| 4. <i>Ritual</i> | d. <i>A repeated formal action</i> |
| 5. <i>Conceal</i> | e. <i>Not protected; vulnerable</i> |

2. Find words in the text that mean:

- *carefully arranged* → _____
- *strong interest or love for something* → _____
- *strange or unusual* → _____

3. Write your own sentences using:

- *elegance*
- *identity*
- *appearance*

4. Discussion “Does fashion reveal a person's true identity or hide it?”

Use examples from the text

5. Write 220–260 words: “Fashion is a social language.”

Discuss this idea with reference to Clarissa Dalloway and modern society.

6. Identify 2–3 stylistic features of Virginia Woolf's writing in this extract:

- stream of consciousness
- symbolism (e.g., gloves, clothing)
- shifts in time

Explain how they contribute to the theme of fashion and identity.

EXTRACT FROM *THE GREAT GATSBY*

(by F. Scott Fitzgerald (1896–1940))

I went over and looked at that huge place they lived in, and it was a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens – finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run.

The interior was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful, bright room with French windows opening wide onto the lawn. The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blowing curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding-cake of the ceiling.

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white, and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house.

I must have stood for a few moments listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall. Then there was a boom as Tom Buchanan shut the rear windows and the caught wind died out about the room, and the curtains and the rugs and the two young women ballooned slowly to the floor.

The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was extended full length at her end of the couch, completely motionless, and with her chin raised a little, as if she were balancing something on it which was quite likely to fall. If she saw me out of the corner of her eyes she gave no hint of it—indeed, I was almost surprised into murmuring an apology for having disturbed her by coming in.

The other girl, Daisy, made an attempt to rise – she leaned slightly forward with a conscientious expression – then she laughed, an absurd, charming little laugh, and I laughed too and came forward into the room.

“I’m p-paralysed with happiness,” she said, laughing again.

She held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. That was a way she had. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker.

The two young women looked at me from across the room, their white dresses stirring faintly in the still air, their faces shining and distant, as if they existed in a world slightly removed from the ordinary.

It seemed to me that the room itself participated in their elegance – the light, the air, the movement of the fabric – all combined to create an impression not merely of beauty but of a carefully constructed identity. Their clothing was not accidental; it was part of the atmosphere, part of the illusion that surrounded them.

For a moment I thought how these garments, so light and effortless in appearance, must nevertheless have been chosen with care. The softness of the material, the whiteness of the fabric, suggested not only wealth but a kind of deliberate innocence. Yet there was something elusive about it too, something that resisted definition.

They seemed untouched by the ordinary concerns of life, as though their dresses protected them, set them apart, and defined the roles they played within this world of leisure and privilege.

Comprehension Questions

Multiple Choice

1. What is the main effect of the women’s white dresses?
 - A. They make them appear poor
 - B. They create an impression of lightness and elegance
 - C. They look uncomfortable
 - D. They attract criticism

2. How are the women presented in the scene?

- A. As ordinary and realistic
- B. As distant and almost unreal
- C. As unfriendly
- D. As practical and serious

3. What does the narrator suggest about their clothing?

- A. It is random
- B. It reflects their personalities exactly
- C. It is carefully chosen and symbolic
- D. It is outdated

Answer the Questions

1. How does the environment (room, light, air) interact with the women's clothing?
2. Why does the narrator associate their dresses with "illusion"?
3. What impression does Daisy create through her appearance and behavior?
4. How does clothing contribute to the theme of wealth and social class?
5. What does the whiteness of the dresses symbolize?
6. Do the clothes reveal or hide the true personalities of the women?

Explain.

Vocabulary Tasks

1. Match the words with meanings

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| 1. <i>Buoyed</i> | a. <i>Difficult to define or catch</i> |
| 2. <i>Fluttering</i> | b. <i>Moving lightly and quickly</i> |
| 3. <i>Murmur</i> | c. <i>Piece of clothing</i> |
| 4. <i>Elusive</i> | d. <i>Soft, low voice</i> |
| 5. <i>Garment</i> | e. <i>Supported as if floating</i> |

2. Find synonyms in the text

- *light movement* → _____

- *wealthy home* → _____
- *carefully created impression* → _____

3. Write sentences with:

- *illusion*
- *elegance*
- *identity*

1. Discussion: How does fashion contribute to the illusion of wealth and happiness in the novel?

2. Write 220–260 words: “*In literature, clothing often reflects deeper social and psychological realities*”. Discuss with reference to this extract.

3. Analyse how F. Scott Fitzgerald uses:

- imagery (light, air, fabric)
- symbolism (white dresses)
- atmosphere

to connect **fashion with identity and illusion**.

QUESTIONS CORNER

1. How do fashion and clothes reflect cultural identity?
2. To what extent is fashion a form of self-expression?
3. How has globalization influenced fashion trends?
4. What are the ethical issues in the fashion industry?
5. How does fast fashion impact the environment?
6. Can fashion be considered an art form?
7. How do social media platforms shape fashion and clothes trends?
8. What is the role of sustainability in modern fashion?
9. How does fashion influence social status?
10. What are the economic implications of the fashion industry?

IDIOMS CORNER

1. **Give someone the shirt off your back** – бути дуже щедрим
He'd give you the shirt off his back.
2. **Wear many hats** – виконувати багато ролей
In a startup, you have to wear many hats.
3. **Under someone's belt** – мати досвід
She has several successful projects under her belt.
4. **Belt-tightening** – економія
The company is going through a period of belt-tightening.
5. **Below the belt** – нечесно
That comment was below the belt.
6. **Tighten your belt** – економити гроші
We need to tighten our belts this year.
7. **Have something up your sleeve** – мати план
She has a few ideas up her sleeve.
8. **Laugh up your sleeve** – тихо сміятися
He was laughing up his sleeve at their mistake.
9. **Wear the trousers** – бути головним
She clearly wears the trousers in the family.
10. **Catch someone with their pants down** – застати зненацька
The company was caught with its pants down.

Fill in the gaps with the correct idiom (Use each expression only once.)

- *give someone the shirt off your back*
- *wear many hats*
- *under your belt*
- *belt-tightening*
- *below the belt*

- *tighten your belt*
 - *have something up your sleeve*
 - *laugh up your sleeve*
 - *wear the trousers*
 - *catch someone with their pants down*
1. Despite being a Nobel Prize winner with decades of experience _____, she remained remarkably modest and approachable.
 2. During the early stages of building a tech company, founders often have to _____, acting as marketers, accountants, and customer support agents simultaneously.
 3. The government announced a period of fiscal _____ following several years of excessive spending.
 4. Although he appeared sympathetic during the negotiations, I suspect he was secretly _____ when he realized his competitors had misunderstood the proposal.
 5. Sarah never reveals her strategy too early; she usually _____ until the very last moment.
 6. Accusing someone's family members during a professional debate was completely _____ and damaged his credibility.
 7. After losing several major clients, the organization had no choice but to _____ and reduce unnecessary expenses.
 8. Everyone assumes they make decisions together, but it's obvious who really _____ in their relationship.
 9. The sudden market collapse _____, leaving executives unprepared for the consequences.
 10. James is so generous that he would practically _____ if he thought you genuinely needed help.

TOPIC 7. Lady? Woman? Female?

FRIENDSHIP

(A short story by Sally Berneathy)

Paula and I met in the first grade. Since her last name was Brent and mine was Berneathy, she sat behind me. We were both shy and had nothing to say to each other until the day she asked to borrow my ruler.

We lived in a small town in southern Oklahoma where money was scarce, and my six-inch red plastic ruler was a valued possession. Reluctantly, I loaned it to Paula – and she kept it for too long, or so it seemed to me. I turned around to take it back, but Paula wasn't through with it. I grabbed, she held on...the ruler broke.

I cried. She cried. I blamed her, and she blamed me.

And, in the manner of six-year olds, from that day forward, we were inseparable, the best of friends.

As the years passed, we spent many nights at each other's houses, whispering the night away about our plans for the future. We were going to move to a big city and be room-mates in a gorgeous apartment. I would be a writer, and she would be an artist. She would illustrate my books, and we would both be rich and famous. When we were older, probably around twenty-five, we would marry and live next door to each other and be *aunt* to each other's children.

When we were ten years old, we saw an episode of "Lassie" in which Timmy and his friend pricked their fingers and became blood brothers. Paula came home with me the next evening. We dug a hole in the hard earth out behind my family's weathered old barn, took a thorn from the locust tree and pricked our thumbs, joining our blood. We buried the thorn, each adding an item we prized, as the friends on "Lassie" had done. Paula contributed her dime-store set of water colors, and I added a paper back book. Our most valuable possessions – but not as valuable as our friendship.

Then life intruded. When we were fourteen, Paula's father took a job in Dallas. Their last stop on the way out of town was my house. I stood in middle of the dirt road, waving and crying while Paula looked out the back window of the car, waving and crying.

Still we stayed in touch, writing letters regularly. Still we planned. As we neared high school graduation, we swore that we'd move to Oklahoma City and get that apartment together.

But Paula got married and had a baby. I married, too, and convinced my husband to move to Dallas. For years our friendship continued even though our dreams had fallen by the wayside. Paula became a nurse, and I a legal secretary. I wrote short stories and poems and shared them with her, and she painted me a picture of the old barn where our thorn lay buried.

The years flew by. Then while we were both going through divorces, during the confusion and turmoil, we lost touch. Paula moved, changed jobs, remarried, got a new name and phone number.

I remarried and moved to Kansas City, but I didn't know how to reach Paula to tell her. When my new husband and I bought a house, I hung her picture of our barn over my bed and wondered if I'd ever again see her. Her parents were both dead, and my mother was becoming senile, rarely remembering my phone number or address. Short of hiring a detective, I didn't know how I would ever find my friend again.

Often I looked at the picture, thought of my friend and wondered if I'd ever see her again.

But behind the scenes, the magic spell of that thorn was working. Our childish sacrifices of prized possessions must have touched some angel's heart.

Several years later I got a phone call and heard a familiar voice.

"Do you know who this is?"

Of course I knew. I cried. She cried.

She told me that she'd called my mother twice and been given wrong phone numbers both times. She'd almost given up, but decided to try one more time...and caught my mother in a rare moment of lucidity.

Now Paula's back in Oklahoma, and I live in Missouri. We see each other every summer and call each other regularly.

During the years we'd lost touch, she had another, unexpected, child...a girl, named after me.

A girl who calls me "Aunt."

Answer the questions:

1. How did Paula and the narrator become friends?
2. How did the famous film influence their friendship?
3. Why were the girls separated?
4. How did the girls' lives continue after marriage?
5. How did it happen the girls stop contacting?
6. How did the friends reunite?

Vocabulary tasks

1. Match the words and expressions with their definitions

Word / Expression

Definition

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 1. inseparable | a. mental clarity and awareness |
| 2. scarce | b. emotionally difficult situation |
| 3. turmoil | c. impossible to separate |
| 4. senile | d. highly valued |
| 5. prized possession | e. suffering from memory decline due to old age |
| 6. lucidity | f. in limited supply |
| 7. fallen by the wayside | g. abandoned or forgotten over time |
| 8. reluctant | h. unwilling or hesitant |

2. Complete the sentences using the words:

inseparable • turmoil • scarce • valued • lucidity • reluctant • sacrifice • weathered

1. During childhood, Paula and the narrator became completely _____ and spent most of their time together.
2. Money was _____ in their small Oklahoma town.
3. The girls buried their most treasured items as a symbolic _____ of friendship.
4. The old barn looked worn and _____ after years of exposure to the weather.
5. The narrator was initially _____ to lend Paula the ruler.
6. The divorces caused emotional confusion and _____ in both women's lives.
7. The ruler was considered a highly _____ possession.
8. Paula finally managed to contact the narrator during a rare moment of the mother's _____.

3. Replace the highlighted words with more advanced vocabulary

1. The girls became very **close** friends.
2. Their dreams slowly **disappeared** over time.
3. The narrator often **thought about** her friend.
4. Paula almost **stopped trying** to find her.
5. The years passed very **quickly**.

4. Match the adjectives with the nouns from the text

Adjective

Noun

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. gorgeous | a. road |
| 2. dirt | b. apartment |
| 3. weathered | c. stories |
| 4. short | d. barn |

Adjective**Noun**

5. familiar

e. voice

6. prized

f. possession

6. Complete the chart

Verb	Noun	Adjective
Sacrifice	_____	sacrificial
Remember	remembrance	_____
Value	value	_____
Separate	separation	_____
Confuse	confusion	_____

7. Complete the summary using the words:

bond • separation • emotional • resilience • nostalgia

The story explores the enduring friendship and emotional _____ between two women whose relationship survives years of physical _____ and personal difficulties. Themes of memory, loyalty, and _____ are central to the narrative, while the tone of the story is deeply influenced by feelings of _____.

7. Match the metaphor with its interpretation

Metaphor**Interpretation**

1. The years flew by

a. friendship remained emotionally powerful

2. Life intruded

b. time passed quickly

3. Magic spell of that thorn

c. adult responsibilities disrupted childhood dreams

4. Familiar voice

d. emotional comfort and connection

WHILE THE WIFE IS AWAY

John Perkins walked slowly toward his apartment. He had just finished a hard day's work at the office, and he knew precisely what would happen when he reached home. After all, he said to himself, there are no surprises awaiting a man who has been married two years and lives in a tiny New York apartment. He knew that his wife Katy would meet him at the door with a kiss flavored with lipstick and candy. He would take off his coat, sit in his favorite chair, and read the evening newspaper. After dinner, which would consist of the usual meat, two vegetables, and fruit dessert, Katy would show him the clothes that she was mending. At half past seven they would spread newspaper over the furniture in order to catch the pieces of plaster that fell from the ceiling when the fat man in the apartment above them began to take his exercises. Exactly at eight, the couple in an apartment below them would begin to argue loudly. Then somebody in the house across the street would begin to play a musical instrument. Something would go wrong with heater. A friend of his wife's who owned a little dog would come in for a moment before taking her evening stroll. And the whole evening routine of the apartment house would be the same always.

John Perkins knew that these things would happen. And he knew that at a quarter past eight he would reach for his hat, and his wife would ask, "Now where are you going, John Perkins?"

"I think I'll go to McCloskey's Poolroom for a little while", he would answer. "I want to play a few games of pool with the fellows."

Lately this has been John Perkins' habit. At ten or eleven he would return. Sometimes Katy would be asleep when he came in; sometimes she would wait for him, ready to express her opinion, which was always unfavorable, of his nightly habits.

That night, on his arrival, John Perkins found everything different. Katy was not there to greet him with her candy flavored kiss. The three small rooms of the apartment seemed to be in complete disorder. All of Katy's clothes lay in

confusion – shoes in the middle of the floor, and clothes, powder box, mirror, hairbrush, and combs piles on the bureau and chairs; this was not the way the apartment usually looked. Katy was exceptionally neat. With a sinking heart, John began to realize that something serious had happened.

Lying on the dining room table was a piece of paper, John picked it up quickly. It was a note from his wife:

Dear John,

I just received a telegram saying that my mother is very sick. I am going to take the 4:30 train. My brother is going to meet me at the station. There is some cold meat in the refrigerator. Pay the milkman fifty cents. And don't forget to write the gas company about the meter. Your good socks are in the top drawer of the bureau. I'll write tomorrow.

Hastily, Katy

John and Katy had never been separated during their two years of married life. John read the note over and over again. Here was the first break in a routine that had never deviated, and it left him feeling very confused.

On the back of a chair the red apron, which she always wore while preparing his meals, hung empty and formless. Her weekday clothes had been thrown here and there in her haste. A little paper bag of her favorite candy lay on the floor, and near it was the daily paper. Everything in the room suggested a loss of something close to him. John Perkins stood among these things with a queer feeling of loneliness in his heart.

He began to straighten the room as much as he could. When he touched Katy's clothes, a feeling of helplessness went through him. He had never thought how life would be without Katy. She had become so thoroughly a part of his existence that she was like the air he breathed – necessary but scarcely noticed. Now, without warning, she was gone, as completely absent as if she had never existed. Of course, her absence would only be for a few days, or a week or two at the most, but it seemed to him as if death has visited his secure and uneventful home.

John took the cold meat from the refrigerator, made coffee, and sat down to a lonely meal. As he ate he thought about the many times Katy had served him at that dining room table. Now his home was wrecked. His mother-in-law had upset the whole household routine. After dinner he sat near the window and thought about Katy.

He did not want to smoke. Outside, people were going by, and the noises from the street attracted his attention. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. Why shouldn't he go out? After all, he was free – as free as any gay bachelor. He could wander through the city all night long if he wished to do so; there would be no Katy waiting for him when he came home. He could play pool at McCloskey's with his friends until dawn if he wanted to. Katy was gone.

As John Perkins sat there in his tiny living room, he began to understand why he felt so sad. He knew that Katy was necessary to his happiness. His love for her had been dulled by the routine of married life, and now he was shaken by the loss of her presence. It was like the old saying, "One never misses the water until the well is dry."

"I'm a fool", thought John Perkins. "I've been mistreating Katy. Every night I play pool and have fun with the fellows instead of staying at home with her. The poor girl is here all along all evening with nothing to amuse her. I'm the worst kind of husband. When Katy comes home, I'll take her out and let her have some amusement. And I'll stop going to McCloskey's right now."

Yes, at that moment there were places he could go to and have a good time. At McCloskey's the fellows were knocking the balls around on the pool tables. But nothing could persuade him to join them. He could think of nothing but Katy. Katy's blue dress was laying on the back of a chair near his right hand. Midway on the sleeves there were tiny little wrinkles made by the movement of her arms while working for his comfort and pleasure. Tears – yes, tears – came into John Perkins' eyes. When she returned, everything would be different. He was not going to neglect her any more.

At that moment the door opened. Katy walked in carrying a little handbag. John stared at her stupidly.

"I'm certainly glad to get home", she said. "Mother wasn't very sick. My brother met me at the station. He said she got better soon after they telegraphed me. So I took the next train back. I'd love to have a cup of coffee."

As she said this, everything returned to normal. The routine again!

John Perkins looked at the clock. It was 8:15. He reached for his hat and walked to the door.

"Now where are you going, John Perkins?" asked Katy.

"I think I'll go to McCloskey's Poolroom for a little while," said John. "I want to play a few games of pool with the fellows."

I. Answer the following questions:

1. What routine was John Perkins used to?
2. What was John's usual evening entertainment like?
3. What caused John's confusion?
4. What produced feeling of loneliness in John's heart?
5. Who was John Perkins angry with?
6. What resolutions did John make for himself?
7. Why did everything return to normal?

II. Interpret the following quotations:

1. "...there are no surprises awaiting a man who has been married two years..."
2. "...the apartment seemed in complete disorder."
3. "Everything in the room suggested a loss of something close to him."
4. "Now his home was wrecked."
5. "...he was free – as free as any gay bachelor."
6. "I'm the worst kind of husband."
7. "John stared at her stupidly."

III. Which of the following words are used to characterize a) John Perkins; b) Katy Perkins:

Married, asleep, neat, confused, loneliness, helplessness, necessary, lonely, free, bachelor, sad, fool, tiny, stupidly, glad.

IV. Express your opinion about the characters of the story. Write a short paragraph suggesting how the events will continue to develop.

Vocabulary Tasks

1. Match the words and expressions with their definitions

Word / Expression	Definition
1. routine	a. disorder and lack of organization
2. confusion	b. to become less sharp or intense
3. disorder	c. a regular sequence of actions
4. haste	d. emotional uncertainty
5. loneliness	e. to persuade or convince
6. persuade	f. sadness caused by being alone
7. neglect	g. great speed or urgency
8. dulled	h. fail to give proper attention to someone

2. Complete the sentences using the words: *routine* • *neglected* • *confusion* • *persuaded* • *loneliness* • *haste* • *uneventful* • *presence*

- John's married life had become predictable and governed by _____.
- Katy packed in great _____ after receiving the telegram about her mother.
- Her sudden absence filled the apartment with a strange sense of _____.

4. John realized he had _____ his wife emotionally.
5. Nothing could have _____ him to leave Katy alone again that evening.
6. The apartment seemed empty without Katy's _____.
7. John previously considered his home life secure but rather _____.
8. Katy's departure caused emotional _____ and uncertainty.

3. Replace the highlighted words with more advanced vocabulary

1. John felt very **sad** after Katy left.
2. The apartment was in complete **mess**.
3. He suddenly **understood** how important Katy was.
4. His affection for her had become **weaker** over time.
5. Katy's departure completely **changed** his emotional state.

4. Match the adjectives with suitable nouns from the story

Adjective Noun

- | | |
|------------|------------|
| 1. sinking | a. life |
| 2. lonely | b. room |
| 3. secure | c. feeling |
| 4. tiny | d. meal |
| 5. cold | e. home |
| 6. blue | f. dress |

5. Complete the chart

Verb	Noun	Adjective
Neglect	negligence	_____
Persuade	persuasion	persuasive

Confuse	confusion	_____
Exist	existence	existent
Amuse	amusement	_____

6. Explain the meaning of the following expressions

1. *"One never misses the water until the well is dry."*
2. *"Life would be without Katy."*
3. *"The whole household routine."*
4. *"The routine again!"*

7. Complete the summary using the words : *domesticity • emotional • isolation • realization • routine*

The story examines the effects of marital _____ and repetitive _____ on personal relationships. Katy's temporary absence forces John to confront feelings of _____ and leads to a profound _____ about his treatment of his wife and the importance of emotional companionship.

8. Match the metaphor with its interpretation

Metaphor

Interpretation

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. "The well is dry" | a. emotional emptiness |
| 2. "Life had been dulled" | b. appreciation comes after loss |
| 3. "Death had visited his home" | c. routine weakened his emotions |
| 4. "Katy was like the air he breathed" | d. she was essential to his existence |

QUESTIONS CORNER

1. How have women's roles in society changed over time?
2. Should household responsibilities be divided equally?
3. What challenges do women still face in modern society?

4. How do cultural expectations influence women's choices?
5. Can people successfully balance family life and career ambitions?
6. Should stay-at-home parenting be valued more highly?
7. How have media representations of women evolved?
8. What qualities define a strong leader regardless of gender?
9. Do stereotypes still affect women's opportunities?
10. How important is financial independence?

IDIOMS CORNER

1. **Wear many hats** — perform many roles.
2. **Hold the fort** — manage things in someone's absence.
3. **Keep the home fires burning** — maintain family stability.
4. **Rule the roost** — control the household.
5. **Run around like a headless chicken** — be very busy.
6. **Have one's hands full** — be very occupied.
7. **Keep everything together** — manage all responsibilities.
8. **Take something under your wing** — protect and guide.
9. **Hold one's ground** — defend one's position.
10. **Go the extra mile** — make additional effort.

Fill in the gaps with the idioms: *wear many hats / hold the fort / keep the home fires burning / rule the roost / run around like a headless chicken / have one's hands full / keep everything together / take under one's wing / hold one's ground / go the extra mile*

1. A modern woman often has to _____ in society.
2. She tends to _____ when the family is busy.
3. During crises, she manages to _____.
4. Working mothers often _____ at home and work.
5. She always _____ for her children's success.
6. Despite pressure, she managed to _____.

7. *A strong mother will _____ of her children.*
8. *He expects her to _____ in difficult situations.*
9. *She had to _____ to support her family.*
10. *Sometimes she feels like she is _____ all day.*

TOPIC 8. Orphans. Adoption.

THANK YOU, MA'AM

(by Langston Hughes (1901–1967))

She was a large woman with a large purse that had everything in it but hammer and nails. It had a long strap, and she carried it slung across her shoulder. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and she was walking alone, when a boy ran up behind her and tried to snatch her purse. The strap broke with the single tug the boy gave it from behind. But the boy's weight and the weight of the purse combined caused him to lose his balance so, instead of taking off full blast as he had hoped, the boy fell on his back on the sidewalk, and his legs flew up. The large woman simply turned around and kicked him right square in his blue-jeaned sitter. Then she reached down, picked the boy up by his shirt front, and shook him until his teeth rattled.

After that the woman said, "Pick up my pocketbook, boy, and give it here." She still held him. But she bent down enough to permit him to stoop and pick up her purse. Then she said, "Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Firmly gripped by his shirt front, the boy said, "Yes'm."

The woman said, "What did you want to do it for?"

The boy said, "I didn't aim to."

She said, "You a lie!"

By that time two or three people passed, stopped, turned to look, and some stood watching.

"If I turn you loose, will you run?" asked the woman.

"Yes'm," said the boy.

"Then I won't turn you loose," said the woman. She did not release him.

"I'm very sorry, lady, I'm sorry," whispered the boy.

"Um-hum! And your face is dirty. I got a great mind to wash your face for you. Ain't you got nobody home to tell you to wash your face?"

"No'm," said the boy.

“Then it will get washed this evening,” said the large woman starting up the street, dragging the frightened boy behind her.

He looked as if he were fourteen or fifteen, frail and willow-wild, in tennis shoes and blue jeans.

The woman said, “You ought to be my son. I would teach you right from wrong. Least I can do right now is to wash your face. Are you hungry?”

“No’m,” said the being dragged boy. “I just want you to turn me loose.”

“Was I bothering you when I turned that corner?” asked the woman.

“No’m.”

“But you put yourself in contact with me,” said the woman. “If you think that that contact is not going to last awhile, you got another thought coming. When I get through with you, sir, you are going to remember Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones.”

Sweat popped out on the boy’s face and he began to struggle. Mrs. Jones stopped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half-nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street.

When she got to her door, she dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, too, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still had him by the neck in the middle of her room.

She said, “What is your name?”

“Roger,” answered the boy.

“Then, Roger, you go to that sink and wash your face,” said the woman, whereupon she turned him loose — at last. Roger looked at the door—looked at the woman — looked at the door — and went to the sink.

Let the water run until it gets warm,” she said. “Here’s a clean towel.”

“You gonna take me to jail?” asked the boy, bending over the sink.

“Not with that face, I would not take you nowhere,” said the woman. “Here I am trying to get home to cook me a bite to eat and you snatch my pocketbook! Maybe, you ain’t been to your supper either, late as it be. Have you?”

“There’s nobody home at my house,” said the boy.

“Then we’ll eat,” said the woman, “I believe you’re hungry—or been hungry—to try to snatch my pocketbook.”

“I wanted a pair of blue suede shoes,” said the boy.

“Well, you didn’t have to snatch my pocketbook to get some suede shoes,” said Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones. “You could of asked me.”

“M’am?”

The water dripping from his face, the boy looked at her. There was a long pause. A very long pause. After he had dried his face and not knowing what else to do dried it again, the boy turned around, wondering what next. The door was open. He could make a dash for it down the hall. He could run, run, run, run, run!

The woman was sitting on the day-bed. After a while she said, “I were young once and I wanted things I could not get.”

There was another long pause. The boy’s mouth opened. Then he frowned, but not knowing he frowned.

The woman said, “Um-hum! You thought I was going to say but, didn’t you? You thought I was going to say, but I didn’t snatch people’s pocketbooks. Well, I wasn’t going to say that.” Pause.

Silence. “I have done things, too, which I would not tell you, son—neither tell God, if he didn’t already know. So you set down while I fix us something to eat. You might run that comb through your hair so you will look presentable.”

In another corner of the room behind a screen was a gas plate and an icebox. Mrs. Jones got up and went behind the screen. The woman did not watch the boy to see if he was going to run now, nor did she watch her purse which she left behind her on the day-bed. But the boy took care to sit on the far side of the room where he thought she could easily see him out of the corner of

her eye, if she wanted to. He did not trust the woman not to trust him. And he did not want to be mistrusted now.

“Do you need somebody to go to the store,” asked the boy, “maybe to get some milk or something?”

“Don’t believe I do,” said the woman, “unless you just want sweet milk yourself. I was going to make cocoa out of this canned milk I got here.”

“That will be fine,” said the boy.

She heated some lima beans and ham she had in the icebox, made the cocoa, and set the table.

The woman did not ask the boy anything about where he lived, or his folks, or anything else that would embarrass him. Instead, as they ate, she told him about her job in a hotel beauty-shop that stayed open late, what the work was like, and how all kinds of women came in and out, blondes, red-heads, and Spanish. Then she cut him a half of her ten-cent cake.

“Eat some more, son,” she said.

When they were finished eating she got up and said, “Now, here, take this ten dollars and buy yourself some blue suede shoes. And next time, do not make the mistake of latching onto my pocketbook nor nobody else’s — because shoes come by devilish like that will burn your feet. I got to get my rest now. But I wish you would behave yourself, son, from here on in.”

She led him down the hall to the front door and opened it. “Good-night! Behave yourself, boy!” she said, looking out into the street.

The boy wanted to say something else other than “Thank you, m’am” to Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones, but he couldn’t do so as he turned at the barren stoop and looked back at the large woman in the door. He barely managed to say “Thank you” before she shut the door. And he never saw her again.

Answer the questions:

1. How did the evening start for the woman and for the boy?
2. What was wrong with the boy’s face?

3. Where did Mrs. Jones drag the boy?
4. What did Roger dream to buy?
5. What did the woman treat Roger to?
6. What were they talking about during the meal?
7. How did they part?
8. What problems does the story raise? Does it suggest their solutions?

Vocabulary tasks:

1. Match the words and expressions with their definitions

Word / Expression	Definition
1. snatch	a. weak and delicate
2. frail	b. to grab suddenly and forcefully
3. bewildered	c. untidy or socially inappropriate
4. mistrust	d. confused and uncertain
5. presentable	e. to suspect someone is dishonest
6. drag	f. suitable in appearance
7. embarrassed	g. to pull someone roughly
8. ashamed	h. feeling guilty or humiliated

2. Complete the sentences using the words: *mistrusted* • *frail* • *ashamed* • *bewildered* • *presentable* • *snatch* • *dragged* • *generosity*

1. Roger felt deeply _____ after trying to steal the woman's purse.
2. Mrs. Jones _____ the boy down the street to her apartment.
3. Roger looked physically _____ and undernourished.
4. The woman's unexpected kindness and _____ surprised Roger.
5. Roger initially intended to _____ the purse and run away.
6. The boy became increasingly _____ by Mrs. Jones's behaviour.
7. Mrs. Jones wanted Roger to wash and look more _____.

8. Roger did not want to be _____ by the woman any longer.

3. Replace the highlighted words with more advanced vocabulary

1. Roger was very **thin and weak**.
2. The woman spoke in a very **firm** manner.
3. Roger felt **confused** by her kindness.
4. The story explores **goodness** and forgiveness.
5. Mrs. Jones did not want to **humiliate** the boy.

4. Match the adjectives with the nouns from the text

Adjective	Noun
------------------	-------------

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| 1. large | a. shoes |
| 2. blue suede | b. purse |
| 3. familiar | c. pause |
| 4. long | d. woman |
| 5. frightened | e. silence |
| 6. awkward | f. boy |

5. Explain what is meant by the following expressions:

To lose one's balance

To get a great mind

To teach smb right from wrong

To get through with smb

At the rear of the house

To make a dash for (a door)

To look presentable

To set the table

Make some sentences of your own with the expressions

6. Complete the chart

Verb	Noun	Adjective
Trust	trust	_____
Embarrass	embarrassment	embarrassed
Forgive	forgiveness	_____
Struggle	struggle	_____
Behave	behaviour	_____

7. What do these expressions reveal about Roger?

1. "Sweat popped out on the boy's face."
2. "He could run, run, run, run."
3. "He did not want to be mistrusted now."
4. "The boy barely managed to say 'Thank you.'"

You should discuss:

- fear and anxiety;
- moral transformation;
- emotional conflict;
- gratitude and shame.

8. Complete the summary using the words: *compassion • transformation • morality • trust • redemption*

The story explores themes of _____ and human dignity through the interaction between Roger and Mrs. Jones. Instead of punishment, the woman chooses empathy and _____, which gradually leads to the boy's emotional _____. Hughes demonstrates how kindness and _____ can influence moral behaviour more effectively than fear or violence.

9. Match the metaphorical expression with its interpretation

Expression	Interpretation
1. "Burn your feet"	a. emotional discomfort caused by guilt
2. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"	b. moral judgement
3. "The door was open"	c. opportunity to escape
4. "He did not want to be mistrusted now"	d. desire for acceptance and dignity

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

(By Elizabeth Thring)

In the summer of 1959, I flew from Washington, D.C., to Los Angeles accompanied by my father. Nineteen years old, pregnant and frightened, I was flying to this distant city to live with total strangers, so that my unborn child could be born far away from prying eyes and gossiping mouths and then be put up for private adoption.

On September 3rd, I gave birth to a little boy and though I saw him once, lying in the nursery, I was not allowed to hold him. The doctor and nurses felt it would be too painful for me, and I suppose they were right. Shortly after the birth, I flew back to Washington, signed the adoption papers and, as my doctor had suggested, continued on with my life.

Although the pain of the parting diminished with time, I never forgot for a moment that I had a son. Every September 3rd for the next thirty-three years I silently mourned, grieving for the child I had given away. Mother's Day was always the worst. It seemed that every woman I knew was a mom. *I'm a mother, too*, I wanted to say but couldn't.

And so the years passed and turned into decades, and the memory of my only child lingered just beneath my conscious mind, ready to explode at a moment's notice. Then on March 26, 1993, I received this message on my answering machine: "Elizabeth," a woman's voice said, "I have some news which I hope will be of interest to you and bring you great joy and happiness." Her voice broke, and it was quite evident she was crying. "If you are the same Elizabeth Thring who did me a favor thirty-three years ago, please call me in Newport Beach, California. I would very much like to have a chat with you." I called back immediately and was connected to an answering machine. Three days later, when I finally got through, the woman said her name was Susie. She thanked me profusely for calling and asked if I knew who she was. "I believe so," I replied, "but I'm not 100 percent sure." "Oh, Elizabeth," she said, "I adopted your beautiful baby boy thirty-three years ago,

and I am just calling to tell you what a wonderful son you have. Bill is married to a terrific girl, and you have two absolutely beautiful little granddaughters." I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I had fantasized about this very moment in some form or another for years, and now it was a reality. I told her that I couldn't think of another woman I knew with such generosity of spirit. Susie said that one day while watching her two little granddaughters playing, she thought to herself, "What woman wouldn't want to know about such beautiful children?" and so she began to search for me

She told me that although Bill knew generally that she was looking for me, he had no knowledge of this most recent attempt to locate me, since there was always the possibility that I might not want to see him.

Soon after, I sent Bill a letter. In it I wrote: *Oh, what joy - what pure, absolute, sheer joy, to discover after all these years that you are here, on the same earth, under the same blue heaven and stars and moon at night as I - and that you, my darling boy, want to know me as much as I yearn to know, hold and love you. Billy, it is important for me that you know I never, ever forgot you or ceased loving you. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for wanting to know me and not giving up on me. Your loving mother, Elizabeth.*

In the middle of April, I flew to Los Angeles. On the way, I wrote thirty-three birthday cards to my son with a short description of what I had done for each year of his life. *Bill needs, I thought, to learn about me, too.*

DeAnn, Bill's wife, videotaped me coming down the ramp at the airport. With her were my granddaughters, and standing just behind her was a very tall, blond, impeccably dressed man

When he saw me, Bill stepped from behind his wife and walked toward me with arms open wide. Into this circle of love I stepped, feeling just like every other mother in the world holding her baby for the first time.

Answer the questions:

1. Why was Elizabeth sent to Los Angeles in 1959?

2. What emotional state did she experience during her pregnancy?
3. Why was she not allowed to hold her baby after birth?
4. How did she cope with the separation over the years?
5. Why was Mother's Day particularly difficult for her?
6. What triggered the reconnection after thirty-three years?
7. Who was Susie and why did she decide to contact Elizabeth?
8. How did Bill react to the idea of finding his biological mother?
9. What emotions does Elizabeth express in her letter to Bill?
10. What is the significance of the final reunion scene?

Vocabulary Tasks:

1. Replace the highlighted expressions with equivalents. Make up sentences:

- *frightened* → _____
- *pained by the parting* → _____
- *lingered just beneath my conscious mind* → _____
- *fantasized about this moment* → _____
- *arms open wide* → _____

2. Match verbs with appropriate nouns (collocations):

Verb	Noun
to give ____	a child / birth / love
to suppress ____	emotions / pain / memories
to rekindle ____	connection / hope / relationship
to express ____	gratitude / feelings / joy
to embrace ____	someone / change / reality

3. Match expressions to meanings. Use each in a sentence:

- to give up a child

- to long for someone
- to reconnect
- to come to terms with something
- to hold onto memories

- a. accept a difficult reality
- b. meet again after a long separation
- c. feel a deep emotional desire
- d. keep remembering something
- e. place a child for adoption

4. Paraphrase the sentences in three styles: “I never forgot for a moment that I had a son” , “*I would very much like to have a chat with you.*”

- Formal version →
- Literary / emotional version →
- Neutral version →

5. Explain the difference:

- *grief vs. sorrow vs. longing vs. regret*
- *child vs. baby vs. son vs. offspring*

Provide examples from the text.

6. Match expressions (A) with meanings (B):

A

1. to be overwhelmed with emotion
2. to carry something in your heart
3. to reach out to someone
4. to give someone a second chance
5. to be reunited

B

- a. contact someone
- b. meet again after separation
- c. feel very strong emotions
- d. keep something emotionally important
- e. allow a new opportunity

11. Suggest your understanding of the concepts:

- private adoption
- maternal bond
- emotional closure
- forgiveness
- unconditional love

12. Creative task:

Make your own plan of:

- a) an ideal **family relationship**
- b) an ideal **emotional resolution after separation**

QUESTIONS CORNER

1. What are the main reasons people choose adoption instead of having biological children?
2. Should adopted children be informed about their biological parents at an early age?
3. What emotional challenges can adoptive families face?
4. How can society reduce stereotypes surrounding adoption?
5. Do you think single people should be allowed to adopt children?
6. What qualities make someone a suitable adoptive parent?
7. How important is emotional attachment in adoptive families?
8. Should international adoption be encouraged or more strictly regulated?
9. What role do social services play in the adoption process?
10. To what extent can a loving environment outweigh genetic connections?

IDIOMS CORNER

1. **Take someone under your wing** — protect and care for someone.
2. **A shoulder to lean on** — emotional support.
3. **Blood is thicker than water** — family relationships are often considered stronger than others.

4. **Run in the family** — be common within a family.
5. **Like father, like son / Like mother, like daughter** — children often resemble their parents.
6. **A chip off the old block** — someone who is very similar to a parent.
7. **Bring someone up** — raise a child.
8. **Keep someone in the loop** — keep someone informed.
9. **Build bridges** — improve relationships or create understanding.
10. **Feel at home** — feel comfortable and accepted.

Fill in the gaps

(take under one's wing / a shoulder to lean on / run in the family / bring up / feel at home / build bridges / keep in the loop / blood is thicker than water / a chip off the old block / see eye to eye)

1. Adoptive parents often _____ a child with love and care.
2. Good families always _____ between generations.
3. The child quickly began to _____ in the new home.
4. Emotional support means being _____.
5. Personality traits often _____.
6. Parents and children don't always _____.
7. She is _____ of her adoptive father.
8. It is important to _____ the child properly.
9. They try to _____ with biological relatives.
10. Some people believe that _____, but adoption proves otherwise.

TOPIC 9. Surrogacy

MY STORY

<https://peshy37.wordpress.com/2021/02/18/my-story/>

I would like to introduce myself, my name is Ryan, and I am 31 years old. Shortly before I turned 18, I learned that when I was an infant I was adopted. This discovery rocked my world and everything in which I believed.

Thirteen years after my discovery, and after a lot of soul-searching I am finally ready to talk about who I am, and where I came from.

I have never really shared this information with anyone or talked about it, making it a taboo subject, and only my adopted family know the full story. Holding onto this secret has not been healthy, it has eaten away at me. Sometimes, when in conversation with someone, I felt the need to talk about it, but I just never had the guts to be open with anyone.

I will cover many subjects like family issues, mental health, not keeping secrets, speaking up and drugs & alcohol.

This is my story, told for the first time.

My adoptive father is Moroccan by birth and my adoptive mother is English. (Now referred to as my mother and father, or my parents.) They met in 1973 and married later that year, they were together for 35 years. I was adopted from Mohammed Vth Hospital in a small town called El-Jadida, when I was an infant of about 6 months old. At that time, my parents had two natural children, a son and daughter, who were both teenagers (I refer to them as my brother and sister). In the past the family would visit Morocco on holiday and on occasions attempted to make it their home. During the time they lived there, my mother would teach English to the local children, while my father ran an electronic repair shop and also taught English.

My mother is a kind caring person with white skin, and my father a deeply religious man who has dark skin. My mother had always wanted to adopt, however, having seen the plight of orphans in Morocco first-hand she was keen to adopt from there rather than from the UK, in the hope she might give a child

a chance of a better life, despite this being a more difficult option. My mother at the time was in her late 30's and she was unable to have any more children due to my father's request that she got sterilised. Their teenage children were getting older; therefore, my father was initially less keen to adopt, but supporting my mother in her quest to adopt an orphan, he eventually came around to the idea.

In 1989 whilst living in Morocco and after months of deliberation, they took the first steps to adopt a child. After making the application they were eventually given permission from the governor of the district. Unfortunately, before the adoption could take place, they had to return to the UK for family matters, and therefore planned to return to Morocco at a later date with the aim of finishing the process.

In July 1990 they returned to Morocco and when the adoption paperwork was finalised, they were granted a licence. Visiting the hospital where I had been anonymously abandoned as a baby, and where I was being cared for, (in adoptee terms we are called "foundlings", who are children who were abandoned as babies or youngsters) they took the next step in the adoption process. At that time in Morocco there was approximately 25 babies a day being adopted. My parents were shown crying babies all lined up, all of a similar age; all of whom had no biological parental info; and all equally deserving of a home. My parents were simply asked to pick a baby, and fortunately they chose me.

Recently, and after speaking to my father, he informed me that he had not wanted a girl as she would be more likely to leave and start her own family when she grew up.

The first baby my parents were presented with was a girl, but the next in line was me, and they picked me. I was poorly dressed, and my mother was told I had little clothing; therefore, my mother quickly replaced the clothes I did have, with the knitted clothes she had brought with her. My mother said she bonded with me immediately. I now had a new mum and dad.

Since learning the circumstances of my adoption, I have found myself feeling guilty that I was chosen rather than one of the others. I do hope the others found a loving home.

As I was abandoned, there were not any details regarding my identification so there are still many unanswered questions such as:

Who are my biological parents?

Was I born in the hospital or at another location?

Do I have any biological siblings?

Who was the person who abandoned me?

What were the reasons for my abandonment?

Are any of my biological family still alive?

I recently learned that many families in Morocco, especially those from around El-Jadida are from poor farming communities. I understand that it is often the case in this area that a mother will give birth to a child and then will not be able to care for it, so compelling her to abandon her baby out of love in order to give him/her a better life. I do wonder in what circumstances I was conceived, could it be through love, but due to her situation why my mother was not able to keep me? Or negatively thinking, could it be I was conceived in a state of fear or violence in a horrific event such as rape.

Another scenario could be that my biological mother may have had an affair and had to abandon me so her partner would not find out. So, that could mean I was an accident. Did my father know about me? Did my father leave my mother? I am speculating about the events leading to my abandonment, but any of the scenarios could be applicable. Due to the culture in Morocco, some women fear they will be disowned by their families for abandoning a child, and are so ashamed of their actions, they just want to forget it ever happened. If any mother keeps her baby, she could have been forced to be interrogated by police as its shamed upon to be pregnant out of wedlock. I understand mothers generally do not just hand their babies over willingly due to their strong

maternal instincts, this makes it more important for me to understand the circumstances of my birth and what happened in my biological mother's case. It's a shame for all the mother and kids because it nobody's fault but the cultures.

During my first 6 months at the hospital, I had no name. The Moroccan government allowed my parents to choose my first name but would not allow the same surname as theirs, (Mourini). My parents chose Rachid as a first name and then asked for the government to pick a surname similar to their own. I was given the name Rachid Aboulfadl, Aboulfadl was the chosen name from the officials, and my parents didn't have any other option but to accept. My parents then spent several weeks in Morocco in order to complete the correct paperwork to be able to adopt. This was because of a process called Kafalah, which requires Muslim babies, to be adopted by Muslim parents.

As my mother was English, she had to prove she was a Muslim before the paperwork could be finalised. My mum taught an English class, and in that class, there was a girl whose father was a policeman named Ennaji. As was the culture in Morocco policemen got free services, therefore he was not charged for the lessons. Karma repaid my parents generosity when later during my adoption Ennaji helped fast track the process giving my mother the required residency document. My father also taught English to a doctor. Dr Salah Eddine Hamdani was his student, but he was also my parents' doctor, therefore he in turn helped with the adoption process by providing them with a character reference.

When the paperwork was completed, my parents were then able to take me from the hospital. However, due to confusion with the Moroccan immigration I was not able to travel to the UK until my immigration paperwork was processed. They were told this would take several months to complete. This was an unforeseen delay, another obstacle, incurring further difficulties for my parents as I would need to be left behind in Morocco.

My mother was understandably distraught, she was now my mum, and naturally wanted to stay and care for me, however this was not possible as my brother was still in Scotland. She needed to return as he was staying with family friends and had limited means to get by. At that time, my sister was not living with our parents but was being cared for by our Nan in England. My parents had no choice but to leave me behind, but they came to an arrangement with some of their friends in the El-Jadida area, the arrangement was that they would look after me, essentially becoming my temporary foster family. My father knew the family well, as some were not only his employees but were also his students learning English. The foster family consisted of six individuals who took turns caring for me in their small home. My parents agreed to send money to the foster family to support me whilst they returned to the UK to sort out the paperwork, and ensure my brother was provided for. I guess you could say that by the age of 9 months I had been abandoned twice.

Although I cannot recall the time I spent with my foster family, I know I was well cared for by them, and I am told they loved me as one of their own. I understand one member of the foster family, Fatima Medhoum was my main caregiver and formed a strong bond with me treating me like a son. Although distraught at having to hand me back when the time came, she was also happy to know that my parents had returned for me.

In November 1990, once the Moroccan immigration department had all the paperwork, my parents returned to Morocco to collect me. I was placed on my father's passport; this was possible because my father had dual English/Moroccan nationality. Originally, I was supposed to have my own passport, however this process would have taken much longer, an unacceptable delay for my parents.

After several months apart, I was brought back to Scotland. My parents drove back from Morocco dropping off and saying their goodbyes to their friend Hassan Medhoum in France, Hassan was part of the foster family, and the brother of Fatima. Once I arrived in Britain, my name was changed to Rachid

Aboulfadl Mourini to integrate me into the family. My parents raised me as their own and never once did they reveal that I was adopted.

My mother always referred to me as her special little boy! Little did I know what that actually meant! I genuinely believed they were my biological parents and was completely oblivious of my adopted status. Unlike now there was not much information or support on how to cope or manage the upbringing of an adopted child. I believe my parents did the best to their ability in raising me and making me a full member of the family.

Answer the Questions

1. Should adoptive parents always tell children they are adopted? Why / why not?
2. How can secrecy affect mental health and identity formation?
3. Do cultural traditions sometimes create injustice?
4. What ethical issues are connected with international adoption?
5. How important is biological identity for a person's sense of self?

Vocabulary tasks

1. Match the words with their definitions

<i>Word / Expression</i>	<i>Definition</i>
1. taboo subject	a. a strong natural feeling of protection and care
2. soul-searching	b. socially unacceptable or rarely discussed topic
3. plight	c. deep reflection about one's life and identity
4. maternal instincts	d. to fit into a community or group
5. integrate into	e. a difficult or unfortunate situation

Word / Expression	Definition
6. <i>oblivious</i>	<i>f. emotionally devastated</i>
7. <i>distraught</i>	<i>g. unaware of something</i>

2. Fill in the gaps using the words below

abandoned • foster family • identity • speculation • bonded • circumstances • integrate • shame

1. Ryan struggled with questions about his cultural _____ after discovering he had been adopted.
2. His mother immediately _____ with him when she first held him in the hospital.
3. The text contains a lot of _____ about the reasons for his abandonment.
4. In some cultures, unmarried mothers experience social _____ and rejection.
5. Ryan was temporarily cared for by a _____ while his parents completed immigration paperwork.
6. The family changed his surname to help him _____ into British society.
7. The exact _____ of Ryan's birth remain unknown.
8. Ryan often wondered why he had been _____ as a baby.

3. Define which group of sentences is neutral and which is bookish, learn the phrases.

Group 1

1. Ryan kept his adoption secret for many years.
2. His mother cared deeply about orphaned children.
3. He felt emotionally hurt after learning the truth.
4. His parents accepted him as part of the family.
5. He often thinks deeply about his biological parents.

Group 2

1. Ryan concealed his adoption for many years.
2. His mother was compassionate toward orphaned children.
3. He was emotionally devastated after discovering the truth.
4. His parents fully integrated him into the family.
5. He frequently engages in soul-searching about his biological parents.

4. Write a diary entry from Ryan's perspective on the day he discovered he was adopted (200–250 words). Include:

- emotional reactions;
- questions he asked himself;
- fears and confusion;
- reflections about identity.

5. Research ONE of the following topics and present your findings:

- adoption laws in different countries;
- social attitudes toward single mothers;
- psychological effects of abandonment.

SNAP ME WHEN YOU'RE HOME

(by Brittany Szekely)

A chance Snapchat add leads to a slow-burn love story between two strangers who become lifelong partners.

It started with a misclick, a blurry photo of a coffee cup that was meant for her sister that was sent to a stranger named “Jax_93.” Luna stared at the screen, thumb hovering over the delete button. But something about the username made her pause. She waited ten minutes, then a reply came. “Nice latté. Looks like you needed it.” Luna laughed and then replied with a selfie, eyes half-lidded and a caption: “Finals week. Send help.” Jax sent back a photo of his dog, a Jack Russell. “Therapy dog. Certified in vibes.” They snapped back and forth for hours. Luna learned that he lived in Sydney, worked as a manager washing trucks, and had a habit of sending photos of the trucks. She lived in Brisbane, and wrote novels and poems and had a weakness for artwork and photography. Neither of them asked for a phone number. Snapchat was safer and ephemeral. A place where you could be honest without permanence.

Weeks passed and then months. They sent each other everything, photos of meals, street art, half-written poems, and sleepy selfies. Luna started looking at Jax’s snaps before she brushed her teeth. He sent her goodnight messages with the caption “Snap you in the morning.”

One night, Luna sent a photo of her sketchbook. A design for a library shaped like a spiral. “I want it to feel like a memory,” she wrote. Jax replied with a voice note. “That’s beautiful. You make things that last.” Luna listened to it three times. Not because she didn’t hear it the first time, but because she likes the sound of his voice. They started calling each other sweet nicknames. “Morning mumma bear.” “Sleep well, Sexy.” The snaps grew larger, more vulnerable. They started opening up to each other about past trauma that they both have experienced. They didn’t talk about love directly. But it was definitely there, in the way they noticed each other’s silences, and in the way they said “be safe” instead of “goodbye.”

One night, Jax sent a snap of a plane ticket. “Brisbane, for three days. If you want.” Luna stared at it for a long time. Then sent back a photo of her front door. “Snap me when you’re here.” He did. They met in the rain. He was taller than she expected. She was warmer than he’d imagined. They hugged like people who’d known each other in dreams. They spent the weekend walking around the city. No itinerary, just stories, and just time. He played the guitar in the hotel lobby while she sketched the curve of his hands. She showed him the spiral library and he whispered, “it feels like you.”

On the last night, they sat on her fire escape, watching the city breathe. “What happens now?” Luna asked. Jax looked at her. “We keep snapping. Until it’s not enough.” It wasn’t. Six months later, Luna moved to Sydney, got a job designing community spaces and Jax still worked day shifts but shorter hours. They bought a car for Luna together and Jax brought a neon sign that said “You’re Home.”

They still used Snapchat, not because they had to, but because it was theirs. A record of beginnings and a place where love had first flickered.

On their wedding day, Luna carried a bouquet wrapped in ribbon printed with their first snaps. The coffee cup, his Jack Russell, and the spiral sketch. Jax whispered, “Snap me when you’re mine.” She did. Afterward, they danced under string lights, their dog weaving between guests. Jax played the guitar. Luna sang softly, her voice trembling with joy. Years passed. Their love deepened. Not always easy, there were arguments, long days, moments of doubt. But they always returned to each other. To the snaps. To the sign above the couch. Their lives are filled with ordinary magic, grocery lists, shared playlists, and late-night drives. Luna designed a community centre shaped like a spiral. Jax taught guitar to kids who didn’t know what grief sounded like. They still snapped at each other, sometimes silly, and sometimes sacred. A photo of Luna’s muddy boots after a hike, a video of Jax humming while cooking or a blurry photo of their dog curled between them on the couch.

One night, Luna found an old snap saved in her memories. It was the coffee cup, the very first one and she showed it to Jax. “You replied so fast,” she said. He smiled. “I knew it was you.” They sat in silence, the kind that feels like music. Later that year, they decided to travel to Brisbane. Luna showed Jax her old apartment, the fire escape, and the spiral library. They took a photo in front of it, holding hands. Luna captioned it: “Still feels like us.” Jax replied: “Always will.” They printed the photo and hung it above the couch in the lounge room. Beneath it, the neon sign glowed softly. “You’re Home.” It glowed softly, casting a warm pink hue across the lounge room. Luna curled into Jax’s side, her sketchbook balanced on her knee. He was reading a novel, one hand absently patting their dog’s ears. Outside, Sydney rain tapped gently against the windows.

“I want to design a space where people feel like this,” Luna murmured. Jax looked up. “Like what?” She gestured around them. “Safe, seen and soft.” Jax smiled. “Then you already have.” They didn’t rush anything. Their life unfolded slowly, like a story told in snapshots. Luna’s career bloomed and she designed a youth centre like a spiral, inspired by the sketch she’d once sent Jax. Jax taught guitar part-time, volunteered at the hospital, and sent her midday snaps of sheet music and sunbeams.

They traveled together. Canada, California, and New York. Luna took photos of the architecture; Jax snapped her laughing in front of murals. They saved every image not just in memories, but in a shared folder called “Us.”

One winter, Luna got sick. Nothing serious, but enough to slow her down. Jax made her soup, left sticky notes on her pillow, and sent snaps from the kitchen: “Still your favourite?” “Extra garlic.” “Snap me if you need tea.” She did. Every time. They started talking about forever, not in grand declarations, but in quiet choices. A joint savings account, a second dog, a drawer full of printed snaps, and each other captioned in Luna’s handwriting.

One Autumn, Luna found out she was pregnant. She sent Jax a snap of a tiny pair of shoes, captioned: “Guess what?” He replied with a photo of the spiral library. “They’ll grow up surrounded by stories.”

Their daughter was born in late July. They named her Xena after the warrior princess. Jax snapped her first yawn. Luna snapped her first giggle and they created a new folder: “Xena’s World.” As Xena grew, she learnt the language of love through images. She’d point to the neon sign and say, “Home.” She’d ask for bedtime stories from the snap drawer and she’d send her first snap at the age of five, a photo of her stuffed bear, captioned “Bear is sleepy.” Luna and Jax watched her grow with awe. Their love had become a legacy, a rhythm, and a record.

One evening, Xena asked, “How did you meet?” Jax pulled out the drawer. “Want to see?” They showed Xena the coffee cup, the dog, the spiral, and the fire escape. Xena giggled. “You fell in love with pictures?” Luna kissed Xena’s forehead. “We fell in love with the person behind them.” That night Jax sent Luna a snap of their daughter asleep between them. Captioned “Still your favourite?” She replied with a photo of the neon sign. “Always.”

And somewhere, in the quiet glow of their home, a new story began.

Answer the questions:

1. What misclick made the story happen?
2. What did Luna and Jax know about each other?
3. How did they meet the first time?
4. What did the wedding day look like?
5. How was the family life going on?
6. What symbols did they implement in life?
7. What did Luna send Jax having known she was pregnant?
8. What did they fill the new folder of?

Vocabulary Tasks

1. Match the words with their definitions

Word / Expression	Definition
1. <i>ephemeral</i>	a. <i>emotionally exposed and open</i>
2. <i>vulnerability</i>	b. <i>to develop successfully</i>
3. <i>flicker</i>	c. <i>temporary and short-lived</i>
4. <i>unfold</i>	d. <i>a faint or brief appearance</i>
5. <i>awe</i>	e. <i>to happen gradually</i>
6. <i>bloom</i>	f. <i>deep admiration and wonder</i>
7. <i>legacy</i>	g. <i>something passed down to future generations</i>
8. <i>murmur</i>	h. <i>speak quietly or softly</i>

2. Complete the sentences using the words :
ephemeral • itinerary • sacred • ordinary • trembling • blossomed • permanence • vulnerable

1. Snapchat initially appealed to them because the messages disappeared and lacked _____.
2. During their conversations, Luna and Jax became emotionally _____ with each other.
3. Their relationship slowly _____ into a lifelong partnership.
4. The couple enjoyed moments of _____ magic such as grocery shopping and late-night drives.
5. Jax's voice sounded emotional and slightly _____ during the wedding speech.
6. The pair travelled through Brisbane without a fixed _____.
7. Some of their snaps felt silly, while others seemed almost _____.
8. Their romance developed from something temporary and _____ into something lasting.

3. Complete the table

Verb	Noun	Adjective
imagine	_____	imaginative
create	creativity	_____
inspire	_____	inspirational
belong	belonging	_____
remember	_____	memorable
connect	_____	connected

4. Match the adjectives with suitable nouns from the text

Adjective	Noun
blurry	a. escape
sleepy	b. sign
spiral	c. selfie
neon	d. library
shared	e. playlist
fire	f. memories

5. Replace the highlighted words with more advanced equivalents

1. Luna **looked at** the screen carefully.
2. Their love slowly **grew** over the years.
3. Jax spoke in a very **quiet** voice.
4. They felt **safe** with each other.
5. Their relationship developed **slowly** and naturally.

6. Match the idioms to their meanings

Idiom	Meaning
1. slow-burn romance	a. emotionally meaningful moment
2. to open up	b. relationship developing gradually
3. to feel at home	c. to share personal emotions
4. to know someone by heart	d. to feel comfortable and secure
5. snapshot of life	e. brief representation of a moment

7. Complete the academic-style summary

Use the words: *attachment, intimacy, permanence, emotional, communication*

The story explores the development of _____ between two strangers through digital _____. Although Snapchat is usually associated with temporary interactions rather than _____, Luna and Jax gradually form deep _____ bonds based on honesty, vulnerability, and mutual trust.

8. Describe the Relationship

Choose FIVE words from the box and write a short paragraph describing Luna and Jax's relationship.

tender • enduring • spontaneous • vulnerable • intimate • reassuring • authentic • nostalgic • comforting • meaningful

9. Use the following vocabulary units in the sentences of your own:

To last, front door, fire escape, afterward, grocery list, grief, sacred, to unfold, joint savings account, awe.

QUESTIONS CORNER

1. Why do some couples decide to use surrogacy instead of other options for having children?
2. Should commercial surrogacy be legal in all countries?
3. What ethical concerns are associated with surrogacy?
4. How can surrogacy affect the emotional well-being of surrogate mothers?
5. Should surrogate mothers have legal rights after the child is born?
6. To what extent does modern technology influence reproductive choices?
7. What are the advantages and disadvantages of international surrogacy?
8. Is biological connection essential for building strong family relationships?
9. How can governments regulate surrogacy more effectively?
10. Do you think surrogacy creates more opportunities or more social challenges?

IDIOMS CORNER

1. **Go through thick and thin** — stay together during good and bad times.
2. **Move heaven and earth** — do everything possible to achieve something.
3. **Have one's heart set on something** — strongly want something.
4. **At the end of the day** — when everything is considered.
5. **A blessing in disguise** — something that seems bad but turns out good.
6. **Take something to heart** — be emotionally affected by something.
7. **Walk in someone's shoes** — understand another person's situation.
8. **Face an uphill battle** — deal with a difficult situation.
9. **Be on the same page** — share the same understanding.
10. **Light at the end of the tunnel** — hope after difficulties.

Fill in the gaps with the idioms:

(move heaven and earth / walk in someone's shoes / face an uphill battle / be on the same page / light at the end of the tunnel / have one's heart set on / take to heart / at the end of the day / a blessing in disguise / go through thick and thin)

1. Couples often _____ to have a child.
2. Surrogacy can be _____ for many families.
3. Doctors and parents must _____.
4. People should _____ before judging surrogate mothers.
5. Legal disputes can _____.
6. Supportive partners _____ during the process.
7. Infertile couples _____ having a child.
8. Some people _____ criticism very deeply.
9. Difficult situations may turn out to be _____.
10. _____, family decisions are deeply personal.

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