МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ
СХІДНОУКРАЇНСЬКИЙ НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ
імені ВОЛОДИМИРА ДАЛЯ

МЕТОДИЧНІ ВКАЗІВКИ

до самостійної роботи з дисципліни

«ПРАКТИКА ОСНОВНОЇ ІНОЗЕМНОЇ МОВИ (ВСТУП)»

(для здобувачів вищої освіти спеціальності 035 «Філологія»)

(Електронне видання)

З А Т В Е Р Д Ж Е Н О
на засіданні кафедри
іноземної філології та перекладу
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Методичні вказівки до самостійної роботи з дисципліни «Практика основної іноземної мови (Вступ)» (для здобувачів вищої освіти спеціальності 035 «Філологія») (Електронне видання) / Укладач: К. М. Ігошев. – Київ: Вид-во СНУ ім. В. Даля, 2025. – 63 с.

Приведені методичні матеріали можуть бути використані студентами для підготовки до самостійної роботи в рамках курсу «Практика основної іноземної мови (Вступ)». Дані методичні вказівки призначені для студентів 3 курсу денної та заочної форм навчання спеціальності 035 «Філологія» за спеціалізацією 035.041 «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська».

Укладач: К. М. Ігошев

Рецензенти: І. Ю. Афоніна, доцент, к. психол. н.

ЗМІСТ

Вступ

Наведені методичні матеріали розроблені відповідно до освітньої програми спеціальності 035 «Філологія» за спеціалізацією 035.041 «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська» та навчальної програми дисципліни «Практика основної іноземної мови (Вступ)» для ІІІ курсу спеціальності 035 «Філологія» за спеціалізацією 035.041 «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська».

В дані методичні матеріали входять тексти для домашнього читання, а також лексичні, граматичні вправи та вправи на розвиток усного мовлення та читання в рамках курсу «Практика основної іноземної мови (Вступ)».

Дисципліна спрямована на формування знань і навичок здобувачів вищої освіти володіння чотирма видами усної та письмової мовленнєвої діяльності, вдосконалення практичних навичок прямого та зворотного перекладу текстів різних типів та стилів, постійний розвиток навичок ситуативного мовлення, аудіювання аутентичних текстів та написання творчих робіт та есе англійською мовою.

Метою практичних занять за дисципліною є закріплення та набуття знань про фонетичні норми вимови, граматичні правила та особливості англійської мови, закріплення навичок та вмінь використання чотирьох видів мовленнєвої діяльності на базі достатнього обсягу знань з фонетики, граматики, лексикології та лінгвокраїнознавства; вміння самостійно працювати з теоретичною та довідковою літературою зазначеної тематики для вирішення конкретних завдань; формулювання особистих висновків, формування самостійності мислення, розвиток дослідницьких та творчих вмінь.

Метою самостійної роботи за дисципліною є систематизація і закріплення отриманих теоретичних знань і практичних навичок здобувачів; формування вмінь використовувати нормативну і спеціальну літературу; розвиток пізнавальних здібностей.

Предметом дисципліни є: англійська мова (у практичному, синхронному, соціокультурному аспектах); жанрово-стильові різновиди текстів; міжособистісна, міжкультурна та масова комунікація в усній і письмовій формі.

Завдання дисципліни – оволодіння фонетичними нормами вимови, граматичними правилами та лексикою англійської мови в рамках тематики курсу для успішної комунікації з носіями англійської мови та вільного використання даної іноземної мови у повсякденному житті та для виконання професійних завдань (переклад, дослідження, самоосвіта).

Даний курс дозволяє ознайомитися з лексичними, граматичними та стилістичними особливостями англійської мови в різних жанрово-стильових різновидах та регістрах спілкування..

При вивченні дисципліни студенти опановують вміння вільно спілкуватися з професійних і повсякденних питань англійською мовою в межах тематики даного курсу, сприймання на слух автентичних текстів, написання есе та творчих робіт англійською мовою, розвивають перекладацьку компетенцію та когнітивні здібності, здатність до самостійного пошуку і засвоєння нового матеріалу.

Програмні компетентності

В наслідок вивчення даного навчального курсу здобувач вищої освіти набуде наступних компетентностей:

1. Здатність використовувати в професійній діяльності знання про мову як особливу знакову систему, її природу, функції, рівні;

2. Здатність використовувати в професійній діяльності знання з теорії англійської мови;

3. Здатність вільно, гнучко й ефективно використовувати англійську мову в усній та письмовій формі, у різних жанрово-стильових різновидах і регістрах спілкування (офіційному, неофіційному, нейтральному), для розв’язання комунікативних завдань у різних сферах життя та в рамках професійної діяльності перекладача;

4. Усвідомлення засад і технологій створення усних і письмових текстів різних жанрів і стилів державною та іноземними мовами.

Програмні результати навчання

В результаті вивчення дисципліни здобувач вищої освіти отримає:

1. вміння вільно спілкуватися з професійних питань із фахівцями та нефахівцями державною та іноземними мовами усно та письмово, використовувати їх для організації ефективної міжкультурної комунікації;
2. вміння організовувати процес свого навчання й самоосвіти;
3. вміння співпрацювати з колегами, представниками інших культур та релігій, прибічниками різних політичних поглядів тощо;
4. знання норм літературної мови та вміння застосовувати їх у практичній діяльності;
5. знання принципів, технологій та прийомів створення усних і письмових текстів різних жанрів і стилів державною та іноземними мовами;
6. вміння використовувати англійську мову в усній та письмовій формі, у різних жанрово-стильових різновидах і регістрах спілкування (офіційному, неофіційному, нейтральному), для розв'язання комунікативних завдань у побутовій, суспільній, навчальній, професійній, науковій сферах життя;
7. вміння дотримуватися правил академічної доброчесності.

Навчальна робота за дисципліною

Дисципліна «Практика основної іноземної мови (Вступ)» є обов'язковою для вивчення здобувачами вищої освіти за освітньою програмою 035 (Філологія) бакалаврського рівня зі спеціальності 035.041 – «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська».

Для ДФН: в кредитах ЄКТС – 5,0. Загальний об'єм 150 годин, практичні заняття – 52 годин, самостійна робота – 98 години.

Для ЗФН: в кредитах ЄКТС – 5,0. Загальний об'єм 150 годин, практичні заняття – 14 годин, самостійна робота – 136 години.

Мова викладання: англійська, українська

Вид семестрового контролю: залік

Тематичний план з даної дисципліни наступний:

№	Тема	Години (Л/ЛБ/ПЗ)	Стислий зміст	Інструменти і завдання
1.	Character and Personality. Overcoming Stereotypes	Денна 0/0/16 Заочна 0/0/2	Appearances and Character. Feelings and Emotions. Understanding and Overcoming Stereotypes. Traditions. Festivals and Celebrations	Участь в обговоренні Вправи Тести Індивідуальні завдання
2.	Secondary Education in Great Britain. The Problems of Bringing Up Children	Денна 0/0/18 Заочна 0/0/2	British Secondary education. Types of Schools. The Problems of Bringing Up Children. Discipline at School.Grammar: Modal Verbs. Listening: text Up the Down Staircase by B. Kaufman. Speaking topics: My Favorite Subject, My Future Profession, dialogues. Reading: Testing Times, Education and the National Trust. Writing: Resume Writing (Guidelines). Rendering, translation, composition	Участь в обговоренні Вправи Тести Індивідуальні завдання
3.	Art. Literature	Денна 0/0/18 Заочна 0/0/4	Trends in Art. Art Museums. Literary genres. Writing: rendering, translation, composition	Участь в обговоренні Вправи Тести Індивідуальні завдання Залік

За повністю виконані завдання здобувач вищої освіти може отримати визначену кількість балів:

Інструменти і завдання	Кількість балів
Вправи	40
Тести	25
Індивідуальні завдання	15
Заліковий тест	20
Разом	**100**

Home reading 1

Практичні заняття № 1-8

Тема 1. Character and Personality. Overcoming Stereotypes

Ex. 1. Read and translate the text into Ukrainian

W. S. Maugham

«Lord Mountdrago»

Dr. Audlin looked at the clock on his desk. It was twenty minutes to six. He was surprised that his patient was late, for Lord Mountdrago prided himself on his punctuality; he had a sententious way of expressing himself which gave the air of an epigram to a commonplace remark, and he was in the habit of saying that punctuality is a compliment you pay to the intelligent and a rebuke you administer to the stupid. Lord Mountdrago's appointment was for five-thirty.

There was in Dr Audlin's appearance nothing to attract attention. He was tall and spare, with narrow shoulders and something of a stoop; his hair was grey and thin; his long, sallow face deeply lined. He was not more than fifty, but he looked older. His eyes, pale-blue and rather large, were weary. When you had been with him for a while you noticed that they moved very little; they remained fixed on your face, but so empty of expression were they that it was no discomfort. They seldom lit up. They gave no clue to his thoughts nor changed with the words he spoke. If you were of an observant turn it might have struck you that he blinked much less often than most of us. His hands were on the large side, with long, tapering fingers; they were soft, but firm, cool but not clammy. You could never have said what Dr Audlin wore unless you had made a point of looking. His clothes were dark. His tie was black. His dress made his sallow lined face paler, and his pale eyes more wan. He gave you the impression of a very sick man.

Dr Audlin was a psycho-analyst. He had adopted the profession by accident and practised it with misgiving. When the war broke out he had not been long qualified and was getting experience at various hospitals; he offered his services to the authorities, and after a time was sent out to France. It was then that he discovered his singular gift. He could allay certain pains by the touch of his cool, firm hands, and by talking to them often induce sleep in men who were suffering from sleeplessness. He spoke slowly. His

voice had no particular colour, and its tone did not alter with the words he uttered, but it was musical, soft, and lulling. He told the men that they must rest, that they mustn't worry, that they must sleep; and rest stole into their jaded bones, tranquillity pushed their anxieties away, like a man finding a place for himself on a crowded bench, and slumber fell on their tired eyelids like the light rain of spring upon the fresh-turned earth. Dr Audlin found that by speaking to men with that low, monotonous voice of his, by looking at them with his pale, quiet eyes, by stroking their weary foreheads with his long firm hands, he could soothe their perturbations, resolve the conflicts that distracted them, and banish the phobias that made their lives a torment. Sometimes he effected cures that seemed miraculous. He restored speech to a man who, after being buried under the earth by a bursting shell, had been struck dumb, and he gave back the use of his limbs to another who had been paralysed after a crash in a plane. He could not understand his powers; he was of a sceptical turn, and though they say that in circumstances of this kind the first thing is to believe in yourself, he never quite succeeded in doing that; and it was only the outcome of his activities, patent to the most incredulous observer, that obliged him to admit that he had some faculty, coming from he knew not where, obscure and uncertain, that enabled him to do things for which he could offer no explanation. When the war was over he went to Vienna and studied there, and afterwards to Zurich; and then settled down in London to practise the art he had so strangely acquired. He had been practising now for fifteen years, and had attained, in the speciality he followed, a distinguished reputation. People told one another of the amazing things he had done, and though his fees were high, he had as many patients as he had time to see. Dr Audlin knew that he had achieved some very extraordinary results; he had saved men from suicide, others from the lunatic asylum, he had assuaged griefs that embittered useful lives, he had turned unhappy marriages into happy ones, he had eradicated abnormal instincts and thus delivered not a few from a hateful bondage, he had given health to the sick in spirit; he had done all this, and yet at the back of his mind remained the suspicion that he was little more than a quack.

It went against his grain to exercise a power that he could not understand, and it offended his honesty to trade on the faith of the people he treated when he had no faith

in himself. He was rich enough now to live without working, and the work exhausted him; a dozen times he had been on the point of giving up practice. He knew all that Freud and Jung and the rest of them had written. He was not satisfied; he had an intimate conviction that all their theory was hocus-pocus, and yet there the results were, incomprehensible, but manifest. And what had he not seen of human nature during the fifteen years that patients had been coming to his dingy back room in Wimpole Street? The revelations that had been poured into his ears, sometimes only too willingly, sometimes with shame, with reservations,, with anger, had long ceased to surprise him. Nothing could shock him any longer. He knew by now that men were liars, he knew how extravagant was their vanity; he knew far worse than that about them; but he knew that it was not for him to judge or to condemn. But year by year as these terrible confidences were imparted to him his face grew a little greyer, its lines a little more marked, and his pale eyes more weary. He seldom laughed, but now and again when for relaxation he read a novel he smiled. Did their authors really think the men and women they wrote of were like that? If they only knew how much more complicated they were, how much more unexpected, what irreconcilable elements coexisted within their souls and what dark and sinister contentions afflicted them!

It was a quarter to six. Of all the strange cases he had been called upon to deal with Dr Audlin could remember none stranger than that of Lord Mountdrago. For one thing the personality of his patient made it singular. Lord Mountdrago was an able and a distinguished man. Appointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs when still under forty, now after three years in office he had seen his policy prevail. It was generally acknowledged that he was the ablest politician in the Conservative Party and only the fact that his father was a peer, on whose death he would no longer be able to sit in the House of Commons, made it impossible for him to aim at the premiership. But if in these democratic times it is out of the question for a Prime Minister of England to be in the House of Lords, there was nothing to prevent Lord Mountdrago from continuing to be Secretary for Foreign Affairs in successive Conservative administrations and so for long directing the foreign policy of his country.

Lord Mountdrago had many good qualities. He had intelligence and industry. He was widely travelled, and spoke several languages fluently. From early youth he had specialized in foreign affairs, and had conscientiously made himself acquainted with the political and economic circumstances of other countries. He had courage, insight, and determination. He was a good speaker, both on the platform and in the House, clear, precise, and often witty. He was a brilliant debater and his gift of repartee was celebrated. He had a fine presence: he was a tall, handsome man, rather bald and somewhat too stout, but this gave him solidity and an air of maturity that were of service to him. As a young man he had been something of an athlete and had rowed in the Oxford boat, and he was known to be one of the best shots in England. At twenty-four he had married a girl of eighteen whose father was a duke and her mother a great American heiress, so that she had both position and wealth, and by her he had had two sons. For several years they had lived privately apart, but in public united, so that appearances were saved, and no other attachment on either side had given the gossips occasion to whisper. Lord Mountdrago indeed was too ambitious, too hard-working, and it must be added too patriotic, to be tempted by any pleasures that might interfere with his career. He had, in short, a great deal to make him a popular and successful figure. He had unfortunately great defects.

He was a fearful snob. You would not have been surprised at this if his father had been the first holder of the title. That the son of an ennobled lawyer, a manufacturer, or a distiller should attach an inordinate importance to his rank is understandable. The earldom held by Lord Mountdrago's father was created by Charles II, and the barony held by the first Earl dated from the Wars of the Roses. For three hundred years the successive holders of the title had allied themselves with the noblest families of England. But Lord Mountdrago was as conscious of his birth as a nouveau riche is conscious of his money. He never missed an opportunity of impressing it upon others. He had beautiful manners when he chose to display them, but this he did only with people whom he regarded as his equals. He was coldly insolent to those whom he looked upon as his social inferiors. He was rude to his servants and insulting to his secretaries. The subordinate officials in the government offices to which he had been

successively attached feared and hated him. His arrogance was horrible. He knew that he was a great deal cleverer than most of the persons he had to do with, and never hesitated to apprise them of the fact. He had no patience with the infirmities of human nature. He felt himself born to command and was irritated with people who expected him to listen to their arguments or wished to hear the reasons for his decisions. He was immeasurably selfish. He looked upon any service that was rendered him as a right due to his rank and intelligence and therefore deserving of no gratitude. It never entered his head that he was called upon to do anything for others. He had many enemies: he despised them. He knew no one who merited his assistance, his sympathy, or his compassion. He had no friends. He was distrusted by his chiefs, because they doubted his loyalty; he was unpopular with his party, because he was overbearing and discourteous; and yet his merit was so great, his patriotism so evident, his intelligence so solid, and his management of affairs so brilliant that they had to put up with him. And what made it possible to do this was that on occasion he could be enchanting: when he was with persons whom he considered his equals, or whom he wished to captivate, in the company of foreign dignitaries or women of distinction, he could be gay, witty, and debonair; his manners then reminded you that in his veins ran the same blood as had run in the veins of Lord Chesterfield; he could tell a story with point, he could be natural, sensible, and even profound. You were surprised at the extent of his knowledge and the sensitiveness of his taste. You thought him the best company in the world; you forgot that he had insulted you the day before and was quite capable of cutting you dead the next.

Lord Mountdrago almost failed to become Dr Audlin's patient. A secretary rang up the doctor and told him that his lordship, wishing to consult him, would be glad if he would come to his house at ten o'clock on the following morning. Dr Audlin answered that he was unable to go to Lord Mountdra-go's house, but would be pleased to give him an appointment at his consulting-room at five o'clock on the next day but one. The secretary took the message and presently rang back to say that Lord Mountdrago insisted on seeing Dr Audlin in his own house and the doctor could fix his own fee. Dr. Audlin replied that he only saw patients in his consulting-room and expressed his regret

that unless Lord Mountdrago was prepared to come to him he could not give him his attention. In a quarter of an hour a brief message was delivered to him that his lordship would come not next day but one, but next day, at five.

When Lord Mountdrago was then shown in he did not come forward, but stood at the door and insolently looked the doctor up and down. Dr Audlin perceived that he was in a rage; he gazed at him, silently, with still eyes. He saw a big heavy man, with greying hair, receding on the forehead so that it gave nobility to his brow, a puffy face with bold regular features and an expression of haughtiness. He had somewhat the look of one of the Bourbon sovereigns of the eighteenth century.

'It seems that it is as difficult to see you as a Prime Minister, Dr Audlin. I'm an extremely busy man.'

'Won't you sit down?' said the doctor.

His face showed no sign that Lord Mountdrago's speech in any way affected him. Dr Audlin sat in his chair at the desk. Lord Mountdrago still stood and his frown darkened.

'I think I should tell you that I am His Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs,' he said acidly.

'Won't you sit down?' the doctor repeated.

Lord Mountdrago made a gesture, which might have suggested that he was about to turn on his heel and stalk out of the room; but if that was his intention he apparently thought better of it. He seated himself. Dr Audlin opened a large book and took up his pen. He wrote without looking at his patient.

'How old are you?'

'Forty-two.'

'Are you married?'

'Yes.'

'How long have you been married?'

'Eighteen years.'

'Have you any children?'

'I have two sons.'

Dr Audlin noted down the facts as Lord Mountdrago abruptly answered his questions. Then he leaned back in his chair and looked at him. He did not speak; he just looked, gravely, with pale eyes that did not move.

'Why have you come to see me?' he asked at length.

'I've heard about you. Lady Canute is a patient of yours, I understand. She tells me you've done her a certain amount of good.'

Dr Audlin did not reply. His eyes remained fixed on the other's face, but they were so empty of expression that you might have thought he did not even see him.

'I can't do miracles,' he said at length. Not a smile, but the shadow of a smile flickered in his eyes. 'The Royal College of Physicians would not approve of it if I did.'

Lord Mountdrago gave a brief chuckle. It seemed to lessen his hostility. He spoke more amiably.

'You have a very remarkable reputation. People seem to believe in you.'

'Why have you come to me?' repeated Dr Audlin.

Now it was Lord Mountdrago's turn to be silent. It looked as though he found it hard to answer. Dr Audlin waited. At last Lord Mountdrago seemed to make an effort. He spoke.

'I'm in perfect health. Just as a matter of routine I had myself examined by my own doctor the other day, Sir Augustus Fitzherbert, I daresay you've heard of him, and he tells me I have the physique of a man of thirty. I work hard, but I'm never tired, and I enjoy my work. I smoke very little and I'm an extremely moderate drinker. I take a sufficiency of exercise and I lead a regular life. I am a perfectly sound, normal, healthy man. I quite expect you to think it very silly and childish of me to consult you.'

Dr Audlin saw that he must help him.

'I don't know if I can do anything to help you. I'll try. You're distressed?'

Lord Mountdrago frowned.

'The work that I'm engaged in is important. The decisions I am called upon to make can easily affect the welfare of the country and even the peace of the world. It is essential that my judgement should be balanced and my brain clear. I look upon it as my duty to eliminate any cause of worry that may interfere with my usefulness.'

Dr Audlin had never taken his eyes off him. He saw a great deal. He saw behind his patient's pompous manner and arrogant pride an anxiety that he could not dispel.

'I asked you to be good enough to come here because I know by experience that it's easier for someone to speak openly in the dingy surroundings of a doctor's consulting-room than in his accustomed environment.'

'They're certainly dingy,' said Lord Mountdrago acidly. He paused. It was evident that this man who had so much self-assurance, so quick and decided a mind that he was never at a loss, at this moment was embarrassed. He smiled in order to show the doctor that he was at his ease, but his eyes betrayed his disquiet. When he spoke again it was with unnatural heartiness.

'The whole thing's so trivial that I can hardly bring myself to bother you with it. I'm afraid you'll just tell me not to be a fool and waste your valuable time.'

'Even things that seem very trivial may have their importance. They can be a symptom of a deep-seated derangement. And my time is entirely at your disposal'

Dr Audlin's voice was low and grave. The monotone in which he spoke was strangely soothing. Lord Mountdrago at length made up his mind to be frank.

'The fact is I've been having some very tiresome dreams lately. I know it's silly to pay any attention to them, but-well, the honest truth is that I'm afraid they've got on my nerves.'

'Can you describe any of them to me?'

Lord Mountdrago smiled, but the smile that tried to be careless was only rueful.

'They're so idiotic, I can hardly bring myself to narrate them.'

'Never mind.'

'Well, the first I had was about a month ago. I dreamt that I was at a party at Connemara House. It was an official party. The King and Queen were to be there and of course decorations were worn. I was wearing my ribbon and my star. I went into a sort of cloakroom they have to take off my coat. There was a little man there called Owen Griffiths, who's a Welsh Member of Parliament, and to tell you the truth, I was surprised to see him. He's very common, and I said to myself: "Really, Lydia Connemara is going too far, whom will she ask next?" I thought he looked at me rather curiously, but I didn't

take any notice of him; in fact I cut the little bounder and walked upstairs. I suppose you've never been there?'

'Never.'

'No, it's not the sort of house you'd ever be likely to go to. It's a rather vulgar house, but it's got a very fine marble staircase, and the Connemaras were at the top receiving their guests. Lady Connemara gave me a look of surprise when I shook hands with her, and began to giggle; I didn't pay much attention, she's s a very silly, ill-bred woman and her manners are no better than those of her ancestor whom King Charles II made a duchess. I must say the reception rooms at Connemara House are stately. I walked through, nodding to a number of people and shaking hands; then I saw the German Ambassador talking with one of the Austrian Archdukes. I particularly wanted to have a word with him, so I went up and held out my hand. The moment the Archduke saw me he burst into a roar of laughter. I was deeply affronted. I looked him up and down sternly, but he only laughed the more. I was about to speak to him rather sharply, when there was a sudden hush and I realized that the King and Queen had come. Turning my back on the Archduke, I stepped forward, and then, quite suddenly, I noticed that I hadn't got any trousers on. I was in short silk drawers, and I wore scarlet sock-suspenders. No wonder Lady Connemara had giggled; no wonder the Archduke had laughed! I can't tell you what that moment was. An agony of shame. I awoke in a cold sweat. Oh, you don't know the relief I felt to find it was only a dream.'

'It's the kind of dream that's not so very uncommon,' said Dr Audlin.

'I dare say not. But an odd thing happened next day. I was in the lobby of the House of Commons, when that fellow Griffiths walked slowly past me. He deliberately looked down at my legs and then he looked me full in the face and I was almost certain he winked. A ridiculous thought came to me. He'd been there the night before and seen me make that ghastly exhibition of myself and was enjoying the joke. But of course I knew that was impossible because it was only a dream. I gave him an icy glare and he walked on. But he was grinning his head off.'

Lord Mountdrago took his handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped the palms of his hands. He was making no attempt now to conceal his perturbation. Dr Audlin never took his eyes off him.

'Tell me another dream.'

'It was the night after, and it was even more absurd than the first one. I dreamt that I was in the House. There was a debate on foreign affairs which not only the country, but the world, had been looking forward to with the gravest concern. The government had decided on a change in their policy which vitally affected the future of the Empire. The occasion was historic. Of course the House was crowded. All the ambassadors were there. The galleries were packed. It fell to me to make the important speech of the evening. I had prepared it carefully. A man like me has enemies, there are a lot of people who resent my having achieved the position I have at an age when even the cleverest men are content with situations of relative obscurity, and I was determined that my speech should not only be worthy of the occasion, but should silence my detractors. It excited me to think that the whole world was hanging on my lips. I rose to my feet. If you've ever been in the House you'll know how members chat to one another during a debate, rustle papers and turn over reports. The silence was the silence of the grave when I began to speak. Suddenly I caught sight of that odious little bounder on one of the benches opposite, Griffiths the Welsh member; he put out his tongue at me. I don't know if you've ever heard a vulgar music-hall song called A Bicycle Made for Two. It was very popular a great many years ago. To show Griffiths how completely I despised him I began to sing it. I sang the first verse right through. There was a moment's surprise, and when I finished they cried "Hear, hear," on the opposite benches. I put up my hand to silence them and sang the second verse. The House listened to me in stony silence and I felt the song wasn't going down very well. I was vexed, for I have a good baritone voice, and I was determined that they should do me justice. When I started the third verse the members began to laugh; in an instant the laughter spread; the ambassadors, the strangers in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, the ladies in the Ladies' Gallery, the reporters, they shook, they bellowed, they held their sides, they rolled in their seats; everyone was overcome with laughter except the ministers on the

Front Bench immediately behind me. In that incredible, in that unprecedented uproar, they sat petrified. I gave them a glance, and suddenly the enormity of what I had done fell upon me. I had made myself the laughing-stock of the whole world. With misery I realized that I should have to resign I woke and knew it was only a dream.'

Lord Mountdrago's grand manner had deserted him as he narrated this, and now having finished he was pale and trembling. But with an effort he pulled himself together. He forced a laugh to his shaking lips.

'The whole thing was so fantastic that I couldn't help being amused. I didn't give it another thought, and when I went into the House on the following afternoon I was feeling in very good form. The debate was dull, but I had to be there, and I read some documents that required my attention. For some reason I chanced to look up and I saw that Griffiths was speaking. He has an unpleasant Welsh accent and an unprepossessing appearance. I couldn't imagine that he had anything to say that it was worth my while to listen to, and I was about to return to my papers when he quoted two lines from A Bicycle Made for Two. I couldn't help glancing at him and I saw that his eyes were fixed on me with a grin of bitter mockery. I faintly shrugged my shoulders. It was comic that a scrubby little Welsh member should look at me like that. It was an odd coincidence that he should quote two lines from that disastrous song that I'd sung all through in my dream. I began to read my papers again, but I don't mind telling you that I found it difficult to concentrate on them. I was a little puzzled. Owen Griffiths had been in my first dream, the one at Connemara House, and I'd received a very definite impression afterwards that he knew the sorry figure I'd cut. Was it a mere coincidence that he had just quoted those two lines? I asked myself if it was possible that he was dreaming the same dreams as I was. But of course the idea was preposterous and I determined not to give it a second thought'

There was a silence. Dr Audlin looked at Lord Mountdrago and Lord Mountdrago looked at Dr Audlin

'Other people's dreams are very boring. My wife used to dream occasionally and insist on telling me her dreams next day with circumstantial detail. I found it maddening.'

Dr Audlin faintly smiled.

'You're not boring me.'

'I'll tell you one more dream I had a few days later. I dreamt that I went into a public-house at Limehouse. I've never been to Limehouse in my life and I don't think I've ever been in a public-house since I was at Oxford, and yet I saw the street and the place I went into as exactly as if I were at home there. I went into a room, I don't know whether they call it the saloon bar or the private bar; there was a fireplace and a large leather arm-chair on one side of it, and on the other a small sofa; a bar ran the whole length of the room and over it you could see into the public bar. Near the door was a round marble-topped table and two arm-chairs beside it. It was a Saturday night and the place was packed. It was brightly lit, but the smoke was so thick that it made my eyes smart. I was dressed like a rough, with a cap on my head and a handkerchief round my neck. It seemed to me that most of the people there were drunk. I thought it rather amusing. There was a gramophone going, or the radio, I don't know which, and in front of the fireplace two women were 'oing a grotesque dance. There was a little crowd round them, laughing, cheering, and singing. I went up to have a look and some man said to me: '"Ave a rink, Bill?" There were glasses on the table full of dark liquid which I understand is called brown le. He gave me a glass and not wishing to be conspicuous I drank it. One of the women who were ancing broke away from the other and took hold f the glass. '"Ere, what's the idea?" she said. "That's my beer you're putting away." "Oh, I'm so sorry," I said, "this gentleman offered it me and I very naturally thought it was his to offer." "All right, mate," she said, "I don't mind. You come an' 'ave a dance with me." Before I could protest she'd caught hold of me and we were dancing together. And then I found myself sitting in the arm-chair with the woman on my lap and we were sharing a glass of beer. I should tell you that sex has never played any great part in my life. I married young because in my position it was desirable that I should marry, but also in order to settle once for all the question of sex. I had the two sons I had made up my mind to have, and then I put the whole matter on one side. I've always been too busy to give much thought to that kind of thing, and living so much in the public eye as I do it would have been madness to do anything that might give rise to scandal. The greatest

asset a politician can have is a blameless record as far as women are concerned. I have no patience with the men who smash up their careers for women. I only despise them. The woman I had on my knees was drunk; she wasn't pretty and she wasn't young: in fact, she was just a blowsy old prostitute. She filled me with disgust, and yet when she put her mouth to mine and kissed me, though her breath stank of beer and her teeth were decayed, though I loathed myself, I wanted her-I wanted her with all my soul. Suddenly I heard a voice. "That's right, old boy, have a good time." I looked up and there was Owen Griffiths. I tried to spring out of the chair, but that horrible woman wouldn't let me. "Don't you pay no attention to 'im," she said, '"e's only one of them nosy-parkers." "You go to it," he said. "I know Moll. She'll give you your money's worth all right." You know, I wasn't so much annoyed at his seeing me in that absurd situation as angry that he should address me as "old boy". I pushed the woman aside and stood up and faced him. "I don't know you and I don't want to know you," I said. "I know you all right," he said. "And my advice to you, Molly, is, see that you get your money, he'll bilk you if he can." There was a bottle of beer on the table close by. Without a word I seized it by the neck and hit him over the head with it as hard as I could. I made such a violent gesture that it woke me up.'

'A dream of that sort is not incomprehensible,' said Dr Audlin. 'It is the revenge nature takes on persons of unimpeachable character.'

'The story's idiotic. I haven't told it you for its own sake. I've told it you for what happened next day. I wanted to look up something in a hurry and I went into the library of the House. I got the book and began reading. I hadn't noticed when I sat down that Griffiths was sitting in a chair close by me. Another of the Labour Members came in and went up to him. "Hullo, Owen," he said to him, "you're looking pretty dicky today." "I've got an awful headache," he answered. "I feel as if I'd been cracked over the head with a bottle.'"

Now Lord Mountdrago's face was grey with anguish.

'I knew then that the idea I'd had and dismissed as preposterous was true. I knew that Griffiths was dreaming my dreams and that he remembered them as well as I did.'

'It may also have been a coincidence.'

'When he spoke he didn't speak to his friend, he deliberately spoke to me. He looked at me with sullen resentment.'

'Can you offer any suggestion why this same man should come into your dreams?'

'None.'

Dr Audlin's eyes had not left his patient's face and he saw that he lied. He had a pencil in his hand and he drew a straggling line or two on his blottingpaper. It often took a long time to get people to tell the truth, and yet they knew that unless they told it he could do nothing for them.

'The dream you've just described to me took place just over three weeks ago. Have you had any since?'

'Every night.'

'And does this man Griffiths come into them all?'

'Yes.'

The doctor drew more lines on his blotting-paper. He wanted the silence, the drabness, the dull light of that little room to have its effect on Lord Mountdrago's sensibility. Lord Mountdrago threw himself back in his chair and turned his head away so that he should not see the other's grave eyes.

'Dr Audlin, you must do something for me. I'm at the end of my tether. I shall go mad if this goes on. I'm afraid to go to sleep. Two or three nights I haven't. I've sat up reading and when I felt drowsy put on my coat and walked till I was exhausted. But I must have sleep. With all the work I have to do I must be at concert pitch; I must be in complete control of all my faculties. I need rest; sleep brings me none. I no sooner fall asleep than my dreams begin, and he's always there, that vulgar little cad, grinning at me, mocking me, despising me. It's a monstrous persecution. I tell you, doctor, I'm not the man of my dreams; it's not fair to judge me by them. Ask anyone you like. I'm an honest, upright, decent man. No one can say anything against my moral character either private or public. My whole ambition is to serve my country and maintain its greatness. I have money, I have rank, I'm not exposed to many of the temptations of lesser men, so that it's no credit to me to be incorruptible; but this I can claim, that no honour, no personal advantage, no thought of self would induce me to swerve by a hair's breadth

from my duty. I've sacrificed everything to become the man I am. Greatness is my aim. Greatness is within my reach and I'm losing my nerve. I'm not that mean, despicable, cowardly, lewd creature that horrible little man sees. I've told you three of my dreams; they're nothing; that man has seen me do things that are so beastly, so horrible, so shameful, that even if my life depended on it I wouldn't tell them. And he remembers them. I can hardly meet the derision and disgust I see in his eyes and I even hesitate to speak because I know my words can seem to him nothing but utter humbug. He's seen me do things that no man with any self-respect would do, things for which men are driven out of the society of their fellows and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment; he's heard the foulness of my speech; he's seen me not only ridiculous, but revolting. He despises me and he no longer pretends to conceal it I tell you that if you can't do something to help me I shall either kill myself or kill him.'

'I wouldn't kill him if I were you,' said Dr Audlin, coolly, in that soothing voice of his. 'In this country the consequences of killing a fellow-creature are awkward.'

'I shouldn't be hanged for it, if that's what you mean. Who would know that I'd killed him? That dream of mine has shown me how. I told you, the day after I'd hit him over the head with a beer-bottle he had such a headache that he couldn't see straight. He said so himself. That shows that he can feel with his waking body what happens to his body asleep. It's not with a bottle I shall hit him next time. One night, when I'm dreaming, I shall find myself with a knife in my hand or a revolver in my pocket, I must because I want to so intensely, and then I shall seize my opportunity. I'll stick him like a pig; I'll shoot him like a dog. In the heart. And then I shall be free of this fiendish persecution.'

Some people might have thought that Lord Mountdrago was mad; after all the years during which Dr Audlin had bene treating the diseased souls of men he knew how thin a line divides those whom we call same from those whom we call insane. He knew how often in men who to all appearance were healthy and normal, who were seemingly devoid of imagination, and who fulfilled the duties of common life with credit to themselves and with benefit to their fellows, when you gained their confidence, when you tore away the mask they wore to the world, you found not only hideous

abnormality, but kinks so strange, mental extravagances so fantastic, that in that respect you could call them lunatic. If you put them in an asylum not all the asylums in the world would be large enough. Anyhow, a man was not certifiable because he had strange dreams and they had shattered his nerve. The case was singular, but it was only an exaggeration of others that had come under Dr Audlin's observation; he was doubtful, however, whether the methods of treatment that he had so often found efficacious would here avail.

'Have you consulted any other member of my profession?' he asked.

'Only Sir Augustus. I merely told him that I suffered from nightmares. He said I was overworked and recommended me to go for a cruise. That's absurd. I can't leave the Foreign Of f ice just now when the international situation needs constant attention. I'm indispensable, and I know it. On my conduct at the present juncture my whole future depends. He gave me sedatives. They had no effect. He gave me tonics. They were worse than useless. He's an old fool.'

'Can you give any reason why it should be this particular man who persists in coming into your dreams?'

'You asked me that question before, I answered it'

That was true. But Dr Audlin had not been satisfied with the answer.

'Just now you talked of persecution. Why should Owen Griffiths want to persecute you?'

'I don't know.'

Lord Mountdrago's eyes shifted a little. Dr Audlin was sure that he was not speaking the truth.

'Have you ever done him an injury?'

'Never.'

Lord Mountdrago made no movement, but Dr Audlin had a queer feeling that he shrank into his skin. He saw before him a large, proud man who gave the impression that the questions put to him were an insolence, and yet for all that, behind that facade, was something shifting and startled that made you think of a frightened animal in a trap.

Dr Audlin leaned forward and by the power of his eyes forced Lord Mountdrago to meet them.

'Are you quite sure?'

'Quite sure. You don't seem to understand that our ways lead along different paths. I don't wish to harp on it, but I must remind you that I am a Minister of the Crown and Griffiths is an obscure member of the Labour Party. Naturally there's no social connexion between us; he's a man of very humble origin, he's not the sort of person I should be likely to meet at any of the houses I go to; and politically our respective stations are so far separated that we could not possibly have anything in common.'

'I can do nothing for you unless you tell me the complete truth.'

Lord Mountdrago raised his eyebrows. His voice was rasping.

'I'm not accustomed to having my word doubted, Dr Audlin. If you're going to do that I think to take up any more of your time can only be a waste of mine. If you will kindly let my secretary know what your fee is he will see that a cheque is sent to you.'

For all the expression that was to be seen on Dr Audlin's face you might have thought that he simply had not heard what Lord Mountdrago said. He continued to look steadily into his eyes and his voice was grave and low.

'Have you done anything to this man that he might look upon as an injury?'

Lord Mountdrago hesitated. He looked away, and then, as though there were in Dr Audlin's eyes a compelling force that he could not resist, looked back. He answered sulkily:

'Only if he was a dirty, second-rate little cad.'

'But that is exactly what you've described him to be.'

Lord Mountdrago sighed. He was beaten. Dr Audlin knew that the sigh meant he was going at last to say what he had till then held back. Now he had no longer to insist. He dropped his eyes and began again drawing vague geometrical figures on his blotting-paper. The silence lasted two or three minutes.

'I'm anxious to tell you everything that can be of any use to you. If I didn't mention this before, it's only because it was so unimportant that I didn't see how it could

possibly have anything to do with the case. Griffiths won a seat at the last election and he began to make a nuisance of himself almost at once. His father's a miner, and he worked in a mine himself when he was a boy; he's been a schoolmaster in the board schools and a journalist. He's that half-baked, conceited intellectual, with inadequate knowledge, ill-considered ideas, and impracticable plans, that compulsory education has brought forth from the working-classes. He's a scrawny, grey-faced man, who looks half-starved, and he's always very slovenly in appearance; heaven knows members nowadays don't bother much about their dress, but his clothes are an outrage to the dignity of the House. They're ostentatiously shabby, his collar's never clean and his tie's never tied properly; he looks as if he hadn't had a bath for a month and his hands are filthy. The Labour Party have two or three fellows on the Front Bench who've got a certain ability, but the rest of them don't amount to much. In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man in king: because Griffiths is glib and has a lot of superficial information on a number of subjects, the Whips on his side began to put him up to speak whenever there was a chance. It appeared that he fancied himself on foreign affairs, and he was continually asking me silly, tiresome questions. I don't mind telling you that I made a point of snubbing him as soundly as I thought he deserved. From the beginning I hated the way he talked, his whining voice and his vulgar accent; he had nervous mannerisms that intensely irritated me. He talked rather shyly, hesitatingly, as though it were torture to him to speak and yet he was forced on by some inner passion, and often he used to say some very disconcerting things. I'll admit that now and again he had a sort of tub-thumping eloquence. It had a certain influence over the ill-regulated minds of the members of his party. They were impressed by his earnestness and they weren't, as I was, nauseated by his sentimentality. A certain sentimentality is the common coin of political debate. Nations are governed by self-interest, but they prefer to believe that their aims are altruistic, and the politician is justified if with fair words and fine phrases he can persuade the electorate that the hard bargain he is dri-ving for his country's advantage tends to the good of humanity. The mistake people like Griffiths make is to take these fair words and fine phrases at their face value. He's a crank, and a noxious crank. He calls himself an idealist. He has at his tongue's end all the tedious blather that

the intelligentsia have been boring us with for years. Non-resistance. The brotherhood of man. You know the hopeless rubbish. The worst of it was that it impressed not only his own party, it even shook some of the sillier, more sloppy-minded members of ours. I heard rumours that Griffiths was likely to get office when a Labour Government came in; I even heard it suggested that he might get the Foreign Office. The notion was grotesque but not impossible. One day I had occasion to wind up a debate on foreign affairs which Griffiths had opened. He'd spoken for an hour. I thought it a very good opportunity to cook his goose, and by God, sir, I cooked it. I tore his speech to pieces. I pointed out the faultiness of his reasoning and emphasized the deficiency of his knowledge. In the House of Commons the most devastating weapon is ridicule: I mocked him; I bantered him; I was in good form that day and the House rocked with laughter. Their laughter excited me and I excelled myself. The Opposition sat glum and silent, but even some of them couldn't help laughing once or twice; it's not intolerable, you know, to see a colleague, perhaps a rival, made a fool of. And if ever a man was made a fool of I made a fool of Griffiths. He shrank down in a seat, I saw his face go white, and presently he buried it in his hands. When I sat down I'd killed him. I'd destroyed his prestige for ever; he had no more chance of getting office when a Labour Government came in than the policeman at the door. I heard afterwards that his father, the old miner, and his mother had come up from Wales, with various supporters of his in the constituency, to watch the triumph they expected him to have. They had seen only his utter humiliation. He'd won the constituency by the narrowest margin. An incident like that might very easily lose him his seat. But that was no business of mine.'

'Should I be putting it too strongly if I said you had ruined his career?' asked Dr Audlin.

'I don't suppose you would.'

'That is a very serious injury you've done him.'

'He brought it on himself.'

'Have you never felt any qualms about it?'

'I think perhaps if I'd known that his father and mother were there I might have let him down a little more gently.'

There was nothing further for Dr Audlin to say, and he set about treating his patient in such a manner as he thought might avail. He sought by suggestion to make him forget his dreams when he awoke; he sought to make him sleep so deeply that he would not dream. He found Lord Mountdrago's resistance impossible to break down. At the end of an hour he dismissed him. Since then he had seen Lord Mountdrago half a dozen times. He had done him no good. The frightful dreams continued every night to harass the unfortunate man, and it was clear that his general condition was growing rapidly worse. He was worn out. His irritability was uncontrollable. Lord Mountdrago was angry because he received no benefit from his treatment, and yet continued it, not only because it seemed his only hope, but because it was a relief to him to have someone with whom he could talk openly. Dr Audlin came to the conclusion at last that there was only one way in which Lord Mountdrago could achieve deliverance, but he knew him well enough to be assured that of his own free will he would never, never take it. If Lord Mountdrago was to be saved from the breakdown that was threatening he must be induced to take a step that must be abhorrent to his pride of birth and his self-complacency. Dr Audlin was convinced that to delay was impossible. He was treating his patient by suggestion, and after several visits found him more susceptible to it. At length he managed to get him into a condition of somnolence.

With his low, soft, monotonous voice he soothed his tortured nerves. He repeated the same words over and over again. Lord Mountdrago lay quite still, his eyes closed; his breathing was regular, and his limbs were relaxed. Then Dr Audlin in the same quiet tone spoke the words he had prepared.

'You will go to Owen Griffiths and say that you are sorry that you caused him that great injury. You will say that you will do whatever lies in your power to undo the harm that you have done him.'

The words acted on Lord Mountdrago like the blow of a whip across his face. He shook himself out of his hypnotic state and sprang to his feet. His eyes blazed with passion and he poured forth upon Dr Audlin a stream of angry vituperation such as even he had never heard. He swore at him. He cursed him. He used language of such

obscenity that Dr Audlin, who had heard every sort of foul word, sometimes from the lips of chaste and distinguished women, was surprised that he knew it.

'Apologize to that filthy little Welshman? I'd rather kill myself.'

'I believe it to be the only way in which you can regain your balance.'

Dr Audlin had not often seen a man presumably sane in such a condition of uncontrollable fury. He grew red in the face and his eyes bulged out of his head. He did really foam at the mouth. Dr Audlin watched him coolly, waiting for the storm to wear itself out, and presently he saw that Lord Mountdrago, weakened by the strain to which he had been subjected for so many weeks, was exhausted.

'Sit down,' he said then, sharply.

Lord Mountdrago crumpled up into a chair.

'Christ, I feel all in. I must rest a minute and then I'll go.'

For five minutes perhaps they sat in complete silence. Lord Mountdrago was a gross, blustering bully, but he was also a gentleman. When he broke the silence he had recovered his self-control.

'I'm afraid I've been very rude to you. I'm ashamed of the things I've said to you and I can only say you'd be justified if you refused to have anything more to do with me. I hope you won't do that. I feel that my visits to you do help me. I think you're my only chance.'

'You mustn't give another thought to what you said. It was of no consequence.'

'But there's one thing you mustn't ask me to do, and that is to make excuses to Griffiths.'

'I've thought a great deal about your ease. I don't pretend to understand it, but I believe that your only chance of release is to do what I proposed. I have a notion that we're none of us one self, but many, and one of the selves in you has risen up against the injury you did Griffiths and has taken on the form of Griffiths in your mind and is punishing you for what you cruelly did. If I were a priest I should tell you that it is your conscience that has adopted the shape and lineaments of this man to scourge you to repentance and persuade you to reparation.'

'My conscience is clear. It's not my fault if I smashed the man's career. I crushed him like a slug in my garden. I regret nothing.'

It was on these words that Lord Mountdrago had left him.

Reading through his notes, while he waited, Dr Audlin considered how best he could bring his patient to the state of mind that, now that his usual methods of treatment had failed, he thought alone could help him. He glanced at his clock. It was six. It was strange that Lord Mountdrago did not come. He knew he had intended to because a secretary had rung up that morning to say that he would be with him at the usual hour. He must have been detained by pressing work. This notion gave Dr Audlin something else to think of: Lord Mountdrago was quite unfit for work and in no condition to deal with important matters of state. Dr Audlin wondered whether it behoved him to get in touch with someone in authority, the Prime Minister or the Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and impart to him his conviction that Lord Mountdrago's mind was so unbalanced that it was dangerous to leave affairs of moment in his hands. It was a ticklish thing to do. He might cause needless trouble and get roundly snubbed for his pains. He shrugged his shoulders.

'After all,' he reflected, 'the politicians have made such a mess of the world during the last five-and-twenty years, I don't suppose it makes much odds if they're mad or sane.' He rang the bell.

'If Lord Mountdrago comes now will you tell him that I have another appointment at six-fifteen and so I'm afraid I can't see him.'

'Very good, sir.'

'Has the evening paper come yet?'

'I'll go and see.'

In a moment the servant brought it in. A huge headline ran across the front page: Tragic Death of Foreign Minister.

'My God!' cried Dr Audlin.

For once he was wrenched out of his wonted calm. He was shocked, horribly shocked, and yet he was not altogether surprised. The possibility that Lord Mountdrago might commit suicide had occurred to him several times, for that it was suicide he could

not doubt. The paper said that Lord Mountdrago had been waiting in a Tube station, standing on the edge of the platform, and as the train came in was seen to fall on the rail. It was supposed that he had had a sudden attack of faintness. The paper went on to say that Lord Mountdrago had been suffering for some weeks from the effects of overwork, but had felt it impossible to absent himself while the foreign situation demanded his unremitting attention. Lord Mountdrago was another victim of the strain that modern politics placed upon those who Played the more important parts in it. There was a neat little piece about the talents and industry, the patriotism and vision, of the deceased statesman, followed by various surmises upon the Prime Minister's choice of his successor. Dr Audlin read all this. He had not liked Lord Mountdrago. The chief emotion that his death caused in him was dissatisfaction with himself because he had been able to do nothing for him.

Perhaps he had done wrong in not getting into touch with Lord Mountdrago's doctor. He was discouraged, as always when failure frustrated his conscientious efforts, and repulsion seized him for the theory and practice of this empiric doctrine by which he earned his living. He was dealing with dark and mysterious forces that it was perhaps beyond the powers of the human mind to understand. He was like a man blindfold trying to feel his way to he knew not whither. Listlessly he turned the pages of the paper. Suddenly he gave a great start, and an exclamation once more was forced from his lips. His eyes had fallen on a small paragraph near the bottom of a column. Sudden Death of an M.P., he read. Mr Owen Griffiths, member for so-and-so, had been taken ill in Fleet Street that afternoon and when he was brought to Charing Cross Hospital life was found to be extinct. It was supposed that death was due to natural causes, but an inquest would be held. Dr Audlin could hardly believe his eyes. Was it possible that the night before Lord Mountdrago had at last in his dream found himself possessed of the weapon, knife or gun, that he had wanted, and had killed his tormentor, and had that ghostly murder, in the same way as the blow with the bottle had given him a racking headache on the following day, taken effect a certain number of hours later on the waking man? Or was it, more mysterious and more frightful, that when Lord Mountdrago sought relief in death, the enemy he had so cruelly wronged, unappeased,

escaping from his own mortality, had pursued him to some other sphere there to torment him still? It was strange. The sensible thing was to look upon it merely as an odd coincidence. Dr Audlin rang the bell.

'Tell Mrs Milton that I'm sorry I can't see her this evening. I'm not well.'

It was true; he shivered as though of an ague. With some kind of spiritual sense he seemed to envisage a bleak, a horrible void. The dark night of the soul engulfed him, and he felt a strange, primeval terror of he knew not what.

Exercises

Part I. Answer the questions

Instructions: Answer the questions as completely as you can

1. What kind of man was Dr. Audlin?

2. What method did he use in his medical practice?

3. Why couldn't anything shock him?

4. In what light is Lord Mountdrago shown?

5. The Lord was happy in his family life, wasn't he?

6. Lord Mountdrago was a defectless man, wasn't he?

7. Under what circumstances did the psychotherapist and his unusual patient get acquainted?

8. Was their first meeting a friendly one?

9. What features of the two characters emerged clearly during their first conversation?

10. What brought Lord Mountdrago to Dr. Audlin's?

11. What coincidence between his bad night dream and reality did Lord Mountdrago notice the next day?

12. Was Lord Mountdrago's second dream even more frightening
than the previous one?

13. Why didn't Lord Mountdrago give a second thought to another coincidence?

14. Why did the last night dream seem absolutely absurd to the minister?

15. Was Lord Mountdrago's face grey with pain because he began to realize the meaning of his nightmares?

16. What was Lord Mountdrago afraid of?

17. How did Dr.Audlin guess that his visitor was lying to him?

18. Was there an open rivalry between Owen Griffiths and Lord Mountdrago? Why was it?

19. Who won the competition? At what price?

20. What way to prevent a nervous breakdown of his patient did the doctor choose?

21. Did his therapy work?

22. Why wasn't Dr. Audlin surprised at learning about the tragic death of Foreign Minister?

23. What puzzled and startled him?

24. What is the end of the story?

Part II. Can you explain this?

Instructions: How can you explain the following fragments?

1. And what had he not seen of human nature during the fifteen years that patients had been coming to his dark room…

2. …but he knew that it was not for him to judge or condemn…

3. He was a horrible snob.

4. He called himself an idealist.

5. I believe that there are many selves in us…

Part III. Discussion topics (class discussion)

Instructions: The following are the topic for you to think about and/or discuss in class

1. Pick out facts from the text to prove that the work of the members of the government is very strenuous.

2. Express your opinion on the following statement: «Struggle for power is the most merciless of all. One can come to power only through destroying his opponents.»

3. A psychotherapist's work is very special because to help a patient the doctor must be fully absorbed in his patient's secrets. Are you of the same opinion?

4. Do you feel there are several selves in each of us?

Part IV. Can you apply the following proverbs to the story?

Instructions: Can those proverbs be applied to the contents of the story and in what way?

1. A bad compromise is better than a good lawsuit.

Поганий мир краще хорошої війни.

2. Clever men are good, but they are not the best.

Розумні люди гарні, але не найкращі.

3. Confession is the first step to repentance.

Зізнання – перший крок до каяття.

4. Death is the grand leveller .

Смерть – найкращий урівнювач.

Part V. Try to define the morals of the story

Instructions: The morals of the story is a sort of the underlying idea or a message of the story

Home reading 2

Практичні заняття № 9-17

Тема 2. Secondary Education in Great Britain. The Problems of Bringing Up Children

Ex. 1. Read and translate the text into Ukrainian

Ray Bradbury

«All Summer in a Day»

«Ready?»

«Ready.»

«Now?»

«Soon.»

«Do the scientists really know? Will it happen today, will it?»

«Look, look; see for yourself!»

The children pressed to each other like so many roses, so many weeds, intermixed, peering out for a look at the hidden sun.

It rained.

It had been raining for seven years; thousands upon thousands of days compounded and filled from one end to the other with rain, with the drum and gush of water, with the sweet crystal fall of showers and the concussion of storms so heavy they were tidal waves come over the islands. A thousand forests had been crushed under the rain and grown up a thousand times to be crushed again. And this was the way life was forever on the planet Venus, and this was the school room of the children of the rocket men and women who had come to a raining world to set up civilization and live out their lives.

«It's stopping, it's stopping!»

«Yes, yes!»

Margot stood apart from them, from these children who could ever remember a time when there wasn't rain and rain and rain. They were all nine years old, and if there had been a day, seven years ago, when the sun came out for an hour and showed its face to the stunned world, they could not recall. Sometimes, at night, she heard them stir, in

remembrance, and she knew they were dreaming and remembering gold or a yellow crayon or a coin large enough to buy the world with. She knew they thought they remembered a warmness, like a blushing in the face, in the body, in the arms and legs and trembling hands. But then they always awoke to the tatting drum, the endless shaking down of clear bead necklaces upon the roof, the walk, the gardens, the forests, and their dreams were gone.

All day yesterday they had read in class about the sun. About how like a lemon it was, and how hot. And they had written small stories or essays or poems about it:

I think the sun is a flower,
That blooms for just one hour.

That was Margot's poem, read in a quiet voice in the still classroom while the rain was falling outside.

«Aw, you didn't write that!» protested one of the boys.

«I did,» said Margot. «I did.»

«William!» said the teacher.

But that was yesterday. Now the rain was slackening, and the children were crushed in the great thick windows.

«Where's teacher?»

«She'll be back.»

«She'd better hurry, we'll miss it!»

They turned on themselves, like a feverish wheel, all tumbling spokes. Margot stood alone. She was a very frail girl who looked as if she had been lost in the rain for years and the rain had washed out the blue from her eyes and the red from her mouth and the yellow from her hair. She was an old photograph dusted from an album, whitened away, and if she spoke at all her voice would be a ghost. Now she stood, separate, staring at the rain and the loud wet world beyond the huge glass.

«What're *you* looking at?» said William.

Margot said nothing.

«Speak when you're spoken to.»

He gave her a shove. But she did not move; rather she let herself be moved only by him and nothing else. They edged away from her, they would not look at her. She felt them go away. And this was because she would play no games with them in the echoing tunnels of the underground city. If they tagged her and ran, she stood blinking after them and did not follow. When the class sang songs about happiness and life and games her lips barely moved. Only when they sang about the sun and the summer did her lips move as she watched the drenched windows. And then, of course, the biggest crime of all was that she had come here only five years ago from Earth, and she remembered the sun and the way the sun was and the sky was when she was four in Ohio. And they, they had been on Venus all their lives, and they had been only two years old when last the sun came out and had long since forgotten the color and heat of it and the way it really was.

But Margot remembered.

«It's like a penny,» she said once, eyes closed.

«No it's not!» the children cried.

«It's like a fire,» she said, «in the stove.»

«You're lying, you don't remember!» cried the children.

But she remembered and stood quietly apart from all of them and watched the patterning windows. And once, a month ago, she had refused to shower in the school shower rooms, had clutched her hands to her ears and over her head, screaming the water mustn't touch her head. So after that, dimly, dimly, she sensed it, she was different and they knew her difference and kept away. There was talk that her father and mother were taking her back to Earth next year; it seemed vital to her that they do so, though it would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to her family. And so, the children hated her for all these reasons of big and little consequence. They hated her pale snow face, her waiting silence, her thinness, and her possible future.

«Get away!» The boy gave her another push. «What're you waiting for?»

Then, for the first time, she turned and looked at him. And what she was waiting for was in her eyes.

«Well, don't wait around here!» cried the boy savagely. «You won't see nothing!»

Her lips moved.

«Nothing!» he cried. «It was all a joke, wasn't it?» He turned to the other children. «Nothing's happening today.*Is* it?»

They all blinked at him and then, understanding, laughed and shook their heads.

«Nothing, nothing!»

«Oh, but,» Margot whispered, her eyes helpless. «But this is the day, the scientists predict, they say, they*know* , the sun…»

«All a joke!» said the boy, and seized her roughly. «Hey, everyone, let's put her in a closet before the teacher comes!»

«No,» said Margot, falling back.

They surged about her, caught her up and bore her, protesting, and then pleading, and then crying, back into a tunnel, a room, a closet, where they slammed and locked the door. They stood looking at the door and saw it tremble from her beating and throwing herself against it. They heard her muffled cries. Then, smiling, the turned and went out and back down the tunnel, just as the teacher arrived.

«Ready, children?» She glanced at her watch.

«Yes!» said everyone.

«Are we all here?»

«Yes!»

The rain slacked still more.

They crowded to the huge door.

The rain stopped.

It was as if, in the midst of a film concerning an avalanche, a tornado, a hurricane, a volcanic eruption, something had, first, gone wrong with the sound apparatus, thus muffling and finally cutting off all noise, all of the blasts and repercussions and thunders, and then, second, ripped the film from the projector and inserted in its place a beautiful tropical slide which did not move or tremor. The world ground to a standstill. The silence was so immense and unbelievable that you felt your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether. The children put their hands to their ears. They

stood apart. The door slid back and the smell of the silent, waiting world came in to them.

The sun came out.

It was the color of flaming bronze and it was very large. And the sky around it was a blazing blue tile color. And the jungle burned with sunlight as the children, released from their spell, rushed out, yelling into the springtime.

«Now, don't go too far,» called the teacher after them. «You've only two hours, you know. You wouldn't want to get caught out!»

But they were running and turning their faces up to the sky and feeling the sun on their cheeks like a warm iron; they were taking off their jackets and letting the sun burn their arms.

«Oh, it's better than the sun lamps, isn't it?»

«Much, much better!»

They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered Venus, that grew and never stopped growing, tumultuously, even as you watched it. It was a nest of octopi, clustering up great arms of fleshlike weed, wavering, flowering in this brief spring. It was the color of rubber and ash, this jungle, from the many years without sun. It was the color of stones and white cheeses and ink, and it was the color of the moon.

The children lay out, laughing, on the jungle mattress, and heard it sigh and squeak under them resilient and alive. They ran among the trees, they slipped and fell, they pushed each other, they played hide-and-seek and tag, but most of all they squinted at the sun until the tears ran down their faces; they put their hands up to that yellowness and that amazing blueness and they breathed of the fresh, fresh air and listened and listened to the silence which suspended them in a blessed sea of no sound and no motion. They looked at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like animals escaped from their caves, they ran and ran in shouting circles. They ran for an hour and did not stop running.

And then –

In the midst of their running one of the girls wailed.

Everyone stopped.

The girl, standing in the open, held out her hand.

«Oh, look, look,» she said, trembling.

They came slowly to look at her opened palm.

In the center of it, cupped and huge, was a single raindrop. She began to cry, looking at it. They glanced quietly at the sun.

«Oh. Oh.»

A few cold drops fell on their noses and their cheeks and their mouths. The sun faded behind a stir of mist. A wind blew cold around them. They turned and started to walk back toward the underground house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away.

A boom of thunder startled them and like leaves before a new hurricane, they tumbled upon each other and ran. Lightning struck ten miles away, five miles away, a mile, a half mile. The sky darkened into midnight in a flash.

They stood in the doorway of the underground for a moment until it was raining hard. Then they closed the door and heard the gigantic sound of the rain falling in tons and avalanches, everywhere and forever.

«Will it be seven more years?»

«Yes. Seven.»

Then one of them gave a little cry.

«Margot!»

«What?»

«She's still in the closet where we locked her.»

«Margot.»

They stood as if someone had driven them, like so many stakes, into the floor. They looked at each other and then looked away. They glanced out at the world that was raining now and raining and raining steadily. They could not meet each other's glances. Their faces were solemn and pale. They looked at their hands and feet, their faces down.

«Margot.»

One of the girls said, «Well…?»

No one moved.

«Go on,» whispered the girl.

They walked slowly down the hall in the sound of cold rain. They turned through the doorway to the room in the sound of the storm and thunder, lightning on their faces, blue and terrible. They walked over to the closet door slowly and stood by it.

Behind the closet door was only silence.

They unlocked the door, even more slowly, and let Margot out.

Exercises

«All Summer in a Day» Vocabulary

Part I. Determine the right meaning

Instructions: Choose the word that best describes the meaning of the underlined expression

1. "It had been raining for seven years; thousands upon thousands of days compounded and filled from one end to the other with rain…"

A erased **B** quieted **C** added **D** flew

2. "…with the sweet crystal fall of showers and the concussion of storms so heavy they were tidal waves come over the islands."

A force **B** surprise **C** disinterest **D** indifference

3. "But that was yesterday. Now, the rain was slackening, and the children were crushed to the great thick windows."

A drying **B** slowing **C** dying **D** speeding

4. "'Well, don't wait around here!' cried the boy, savagely. 'You won't see nothing!'"

A happily **B** annoyed **C** wildly **D** stupidly

5. "It was as if, in the midst of a film concerning an avalanche, a tornado, a hurricane, a volcanic eruption, something had, first, gone wrong with the sound apparatus, thus muffling and finally cutting off all noise, all of the blasts and repercussions and thunders…"

A echoes **B** consequences **C** silences **D** shocks

6. "The world ground to a standstill. The silence was so immense and unbelievable that you felt that your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether."

A insignificant **B** small **C** wrong **D** enormous

7. "They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered Venus, that grew and never stopped growing, tumultuously, even as you watched it."

A noisily **B** dreamily **C** lazily **D** stunningly

8. "They looked at everything and savored everything."

A disliked **B** enjoyed **C** licked **D** kicked

Part II. Matching the meanings to words

Instructions: Write the letter of the correct match next to each word

1. compounded	**A** a jarring or slamming
2. concussion	**B** added up
3. slackening	**C** echoing sound
4. savagely	**D** fiercely, ferociously, or cruelly
5. repercussions	**E** raising a great commotion; noisy
6. immense	**F** slowing down; becoming less intense
7. tumultuously	**G** to appreciate fully; enjoy
8. savored	**H** vast; huge; great

Part III. Comprehension check

Instructions: How well have you understood the story? Answer the questions as completely as you can

1. What is the weather like on Venus? How long has it been that way?
2. Who lives on Venus?
3. When did the sun last shine?
4. What does Margot's poem reveal about the sun?
5. How has living on Venus affected Margot?
6. What is unusual about the city's location?
7. When was the only time Margot participated in classroom activities?
8. What is Margot's biggest crime?
9. Why is Margot's family considering moving back to Earth? What is keeping them fromit?
10. Why did the kids hate Margot?
11. What did the kids do to Margot?
12. What happened to the weather and how long did it last?
13. How did the geography of Venus change when the sun came out?
14. How do the children feel when they realize what they did to Margot?

Part IV. «All Summer in a Day» Questions

Instructions: Answer the questions as completely as you can

1. Read the sentence from the story

The children pressed to each other like so many roses, so many weeds intermixed, peeringout for a look at the hidden sun.

The sentence is an example of –

A metaphor

B simile

C hyperbole

D allusion

2. The real reason for the children's prejudice against Margot was:

A her skin color.

B her foreign-sounding speech.

C her behavior.

D her history and opportunities (jealousy).

E they thought she cheated on her poem.

3. Margot's "biggest crime" was that –

A she had come to Venus only five years before and remembered the sun.

B her parents were taking her back to Earth the following year.

C she thought that she was better than the rest of the children.

D she would not play with the rest of the children.

4. Read this sentence from the story

But then they always awoke to the tatting drum, the endless shaking downof clear bead necklaces upon the roof, the walk, the gardens, the forests.

The phrase clear bead necklaces is an example of –

A simile

B alliteration

C hyperbole

D metaphor

5. The children on Venus are affected by the weather in all of the following ways EXCEPT –

1. they live in an underground city

2. they use sun lamps

3. they only saw the sun every seven years

4. they are still allowed to play outside

5. they play in the tunnels

6. Which of the following is NOT a simile about the sun?

1. like a blushing face

2. how like a lemon it was

3. it was the color of flaming bronze and it was very large

4. it's like a penny

7. Why are the students on Venus?

A as an experiment to see the effects of sunlight

B because their parents are rocket people

C to get a better education

D to form a new race of people

E to wait seven years for the next Earth shuttle

8. The arrival of the sunlight was first made clear by –

A Margot's muffled cries and her beating on the door.

B The silence.

C The smell of the outside world when the door slid back.

D The flaming bronze color and the blue sky.

E The warmth of the sunlight.

9. Who wrote the poem, "I think the sun is a flower/That blooms for just an hour"?

1. the teacher

2. William

3. the class leader

4. Margot

10. When the little boy pushes Margot and asks her what she is waiting for, Bradbury writes that "what she was waiting for was in her eyes." What was in her

eyes?

1. longing
2. hurt
3. anger
4. acceptance

11. When the children lock Margot in the closet –

1. it was a childish prank.
2. the children intended for her to miss the sun.
3. some children protested Margot's treatment by the other children.
4. they had NO idea what Margot would be missing.

12. The main conflict in the story is –

1. the children versus Margot (external conflict).
2. the continual rain on Venus (external conflict).
3. Margot's mood swings (internal conflict).
4. The parents' desire to return to Earth (internal conflict).

13. Why is Margot going back to Ohio?

A her parents will make thousands more dollars there

B the other children hate Margot

C Margot is depressed on Venus and her parents are worried

D Venus will be destroyed

14. The author states, "It had been raining for seven years," which indicates:

1. that the author is lying.
2. that this is an autobiography.
3. that the story is fantasy.
4. that the story will have a happy ending

15. Although the story is set on another planet, what is the MOST important in making the setting familiar to its readers?

1. being in a classroom
2. listening to unending rain
3. waiting for a brief hour of sunlight

4. having dreams about a awaited event

16. Bradbury set this story on Venus to show that –

A people behave differently in a new situation.

B teachers do not always check carefully on their students.

C waiting greatly increases the appreciation of an event.

D cruelty to others can happen anywhere and anytime

17. Read this sentence from the story

Margot was a very frail girl…an old photograph dustedfrom an album.

The description indicates –

1. Margot is undernourished.
2. Margot lacks liveliness and vitality.
3. Margot feels colorless.
4. Margot is old for her age.
5. Margot dresses in an old-fashioned way

18. Which point of view is this story told from?

1. first person
2. second person
3. third person omniscient (all knowing)
4. third person limited

Home reading 3

Практичні заняття № 18-26

Тема 3. Art. Literature

Ex. 1. Read and translate the text into Ukrainian

Isaac Asimov

«2430 A.D.»

Between midnight and dawn, when sleep will not come and all the old wounds begin to ache, I often have a nightmare vision of a future world in which there are billions of people, all numbered and registered, with not a gleam of genius anywhere, not an original mind, a rich personality, on thewhole packed globe.

J.B. Priestly.

"He'll talk to us," said Alvarez when the other stepped out the door. "Good," said Bunting. "Social pressure is bound to get to him eventually.

An odd character. How he escaped genetic adjustment I'll never know. – But *you* do the talking. He irritates me past tact."

Together they swung down the corridor along the Executive Trail, which was, as always, sparsely occupied. They might have taken the Moving Strips,but there were only two miles to go and Alvarez enjoyed walking, so Bunting didn't insist.

Alvarez was tall and rather thin, with the kind of athletic figure one would expect of a person who cherished the muscular activities; who routinely usedthe stairs and rampways, for instance, almost to the edge of being considered an unsettling character himself. Bunting, softer and rounder, avoided even thesunlamps, and was quite pale.

Bunting said dolefully, "I hope the two of us will be enough."

"I should think so. We want to keep it in our sector, if we can."

"Yes! You know, I keep thinking-why does it have to be *our* sector? Fifty million square miles of seven-hundred-level living space, and it has to be in our apartment bloc."

"Rather a distinction, in a grisly kind of way," said Alvarez.

Bunting snorted.

"And a little to our credit," Alvarez added softly, "if we settle the matter. We reach peak. We reach end. We reach goal. All mankind. And *we* do it."Bunting brightened. He said, "You think they'll look at it that way?" "Let's see to it that they do."

Their footsteps were muted against the plastic-knit crushed rock underfoot. They passed crosscorridors and saw the endless crowds on the Moving Strips in the middle distance. There was a fugitive whiff of plankton in its varieties. Once, almost by instinct, they could tell that up above, far above, was one of the giant conduits leading in from the sea. And by symmetry they knew there would be another conduit, just as large, far below, leading out to sea.

Their destination was a dwelling room set well back from the corridor, but one that seemed different from the thousands they had passed. There was about it an intangible and disconcerting note of space, for on either side, for hundreds of feet, the wall was blank. And there was something in the air.

"Smell it?" muttered Bunting.

"I've smelled it before," said Alvarez. "Inhuman."

"Literally!" said Bunting. "He won't expect us to look at them, will he?" "If he does, it's easy enough to refuse." They signaled, then waited in silence while the hum of infinite life sounded all around them in utterly disregarded manner, for it was always there.

The door opened. Cranwitz was waiting. He looked sullen. He wore the same clothes they all did; light, simple, gray. On him, though, they seemed rumpled. *He* seemed rumpled, his hair too long, his eyes bloodshot and shifting uneasily.

"May we enter?" asked Alvarez with cold courtesy.

Cranwitz stood to one side.

The odor was stronger inside. Cranwitz closed the door behind them and they sat down. Cranwitz remained standing and said nothing.

Alvarez said, "I must ask you, in my capacity as Sector Representative, with Bunting here as Vice-Representative, whether you are now ready to comply with social necessity."

Cranwitz seemed to be thinking. When he finally spoke his deep voice was choked and he had to clear his throat. “I don't want to,” he said. “I don't have to. There is a contract with the government of long-standing. My family has always had the right-”

“We know all this and there's no question of force involved,” said Bunting irritably. “We're asking you to accede voluntarily.”

Alvarez touched the other's knee lightly. “You understand the situation is not what it was in your father's time; or even, really, what it was last year?”

Cranwitz's long jaw quivered slightly. “I don't see that. The birth rate has dropped this year by the amount computerized, and everything else has changed correspondingly. That goes on from year to year. Why should this year be different?”

His voice somehow did not carry conviction. Alvarez was sure he *did* know why this year was different, and he said softly, “This year we've reached the goal. The birth rate now exactly matches the death rate; the population level is now exactly steady; construction is now confined to replacement entirely; and the sea farms are in a steady state. Only you stand between all mankind and perfection…

“Because of a few mice?”

“Because of a few mice. And other creatures. Guinea pigs. Rabbits. Some kinds of birds and lizards. I haven't taken a census-”

“But they're the only ones left in all the world. What harm do they do?”

“What good?” demanded Bunting.

Cranwitz said, “The good of being there to look at. There was once a time when-”

Alvarez had heard that before. He said, with as much sympathy as he could pump into his voice (and, to his surprise, with a certain amount of real sympathy, too), “I know. There was once a time! Centuries ago! There were vast numbers of life forms like those you care for. And millions of years before that there were dinosaurs. But we have microfilms of *everything.* No man need go ignorant of them.”

“How can you compare microfilms with the real thing?” asked Cranwitz.

Bunting's lips quirked. “The microfilms don't smell.”

“The zoo was much larger once,” said Cranwitz. “Year by year we've had to get rid of so many. All the large animals. All the carnivores. The trees. There's nothing left but small plants, tiny creatures. Let them be.”

Alvarez said, “What is there to do with them? No one wants to see them. Mankind is against you.”

“Social pressure-”

“We couldn't persuade people against real resistance. People don't want to see these life distortions. They're sickening; they really are. What's there to do with them?” Alvarez's voice was insinuating.

Cranwitz sat down now. A certain feverishness heightened the color in his cheeks. “I've been thinking. Someday we'll reach out. Mankind will colonize other worlds. He'll want animals. He'll want other species in these new, empty worlds. He'll start a new ecology of variety. He'll…”

His words faded under the hostile stare of the other two. Bunting said, “What other worlds are we going to colonize?”“We reached the moon in 1969,” said Cranwitz.

“Sure, and we established a colony, and we abandoned it. There's no world in all the solar system capable of supporting human life without prohibitive engineering.”

Cranwitz said, “There are worlds circling other stars. Earthlike worlds by the hundred of millions. There must be.”

Alvarez shook his head. “Out of reach. We have finally exploited Earth and filled it with the human species. We have made our choice, and it is Earth. There is no margin for the kind of effort needed to build a starship capable of crossing light-years of space. – Have you been immersing yourself in twentieth-century history?”

“It wasn’t the last century of the open world,” said Cranwitz.

“So it was,” said Alvarez dryly. “I hope you haven't over-romanticized it. I've studied its madness, too. The world was empty then, only a few billions, and they thought it was crowded – and with good reason. They spent more than half their substance on war and preparations of war, ran their economy without forethought, wasted and poisoned at will, let pure chance govern the genetic pool, and tolerated

the deviants-from-norm of all descriptions. Of course, they dreaded what they called the population explosion, and dreamed of reaching other worlds as a kind of escape. So would we under those conditions.

“I needn't tell you the combination of events and of scientific advances that changed everything, but just let me remind you briefly in case you are trying to forget. There was the establishment of a world government, the development of fusion power, and the growth of the art of genetic engineering; With planetary peace, plentiful energy, and a placid humanity men could multiply peacefully, and science kept up with the multiplication.

“It was known in advance exactly how many men the Earth could support. So many calories of sunlight reached the Earth, and, using that, only so many tons of carbon dioxide could be fixed by green plants each year, and only so many tons of animal life could be supported by those plants. The Earth could support two trillion tons of animal life-”

Cranwitz finally broke in, “And why shouldn't all two trillion tons be human?”

“Exactly.”

“Even if it meant killing off all other animal life?”

“That's the way of evolution.” said Bunting angrily. “The fit survive.”

Alvarez touched the other's knee again. “Bunting is right, Cranwitz,” he said gently. “The toleosts replaced the placoderms, who had replaced the trilobites. The reptiles replaced the amphibians and were in turn replacedby the mammals. Now, at last, evolution has reached its peak. Earth bears its mighty population of fifteen trillion human beings-”

“But how?” demanded Cranwitz. “They live in one vast building over all the face of the dry land, with no plants and no animals beside, except what I have right here. And all the uninhabited ocean has become a plankton soup; no life but plankton. We harvest it endlessly to feed our people; and as endlesslywe restore organic matter to feed the plankton.”

“We live very well,” said Alvarez. “There is no war; there is no crime. Ourbirths are regulated; our deaths are peaceful. Our infants are genetically adjusted and on

Earth there are now twenty billion tons of normal brain; the largest conceivable quantity of the most complex conceivable matter in the universe."

"And all that weight of brain doing *what?*"

Bunting heaved an audible sigh of exasperation but Alvarez, still calm, said, "My good friend, you confuse the journey with the destination. Perhaps it comes from living with your animals. When the Earth was in process of development, it was necessary for life to experiment and take chances. It was even worthwhile to be wasteful. The Earth was empty then. It had infinite room and evolution had to experiment with ten million species or more-till it found*the* species.

"Even after mankind came, it had to learn the way. While it was learning, ithad to take chances, attempt the impossible, be foolish or mad. – But mankind has come home, now. Men have filled the planet and need only to enjoyperfection."

Alvarez paused to let that sink in, then said, "We *want* it, Cranwitz. The whole world wants perfection. It is in our generation that perfection has been reached, and we *want* the distinction of having reached it. Your animals are in the way."

Cranwitz shook his head stubbornly. "They take up so little room; consume so little energy. If all were wiped out, you might have room for what? For twenty-five more human beings? Twenty-five in fifteen trillion?"

Bunting said, "Twenty-five human beings represent another seventy-five pounds of human brain. With what measure can you evaluate seventy-five pounds of human brain?"

"But you already have billions of tons of it."

"I know," said Alvarez, "but the difference between perfection and not- quite-perfection is that between life and not-quite-life. We are so close now. All Earth is prepared to celebrate this year of 2430 AD. This is the year when the computer tells us that the planet is full at last; the goal is achieved; all the striving of evolution crowned. Shall we fall short by twenty-five-even out of fifteen trillion. It is such a tiny, tiny flaw, but it is a flaw.

"Think, Cranwitz! Earth has been waiting for five billion years to be fulfilled. Must we wait longer? We cannot and will not force you, but if you yield voluntarily

you will be a hero to everyone."

Bunting said, "Yes. In all future time men will say that Cranwitz acted and with that one single act perfection was reached."

And Cranwitz said, imitating the other's tone of voice, "And men will say that Alvarez and Bunting persuaded him to do so."

"If we succeed!" said Alvarez with no audible annoyance. "But tell me, Cranwitz, can you hold out against the enlightened will of fifteen trillion people forever? Whatever your motives – and I recognize that in your own way I you are an idealist – can you withhold that last bit of perfection from so many?"

Cranwitz looked down in silence and Alvarez's hand waved gently in Bunting's direction and Bunting said not a word. The silence remained unbroken while slow minutes crept by.

Then Cranwitz whispered, "Can I have one more day with my animals?""And then?"

"And then – I won't stand between mankind and perfection."

And Alvarez said, "I'll let the world know. You will be honored." And he and Bunting left.

Over the vast continental buildings some five trillion human beings placidly slept; some two trillion human beings placidly ate; half a trillion carefully made love. Other trillions talked without heat, or tended the computersquietly, or ran the vehicles, or studied the machinery, or organized the microfilm libraries, or amused their fellows. Trillions went to sleep; trillions woke up; and the routine never varied.

The machinery worked, tested itself, repaired itself. The plankton soup of the planetary ocean basked under the sun and the cells divided, and divided, anddivided, while dredges endlessly scooped them up and dried them and by the millions of tons transferred them to conveyors and conduits that brought them to every corner of the endless buildings.

And in every corner of the buildings human wastes were gathered and irradiated and dried, and human corpses were ground and treated and dried and endlessly the

residue was brought back to the ocean. And for hours, while allthis was going on, as it had gone on for decades, and might be doomed to go on for millennia, Cranwitz fed his little creatures a last time, stroked his guinea pig, lifted a tortoise to gaze into its uncomprehending eye, felt a blade of living grassbetween his fingers.

He counted them over, all of them – the last living things on Earth thatwere neither humans nor food for humans – and then he seared the soil in whichthe plants grew and killed them. He flooded the cages and rooms in which the animals moved with appropriate vapors, and they moved no more and soon theylived no more.

The last of them was gone and now between mankind and perfection there was only Cranwitz, whose thoughts still rebelliously departed from the norm. But for Cranwitz there were also the vapors, and he didn't want to live.

And, after that, there was really perfection, for over all the Earth, through all its fifteen trillion inhabitants and over all its twenty billion tons of human brain, there was (with Cranwitz gone) not one unsettling thought, not oneunusual idea, to disturb the universal placidity that meant that the exquisite nothingness of uniformity had at last been achieved.

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A note from the author

Even though 2430 A.D. was published, and had been paid for very generously indeed, it left my neurotic fears unallayed. That story, which had been accepted, was written while I still lived in Newton. The one which had not been taken was written in New York.

So I took THE GREATEST ASSET to John Campbell (we were now in the same city again for the first time in twenty-one years) and told him the story of IBM Magazine. I said I was handing him the one that they had rejected, but I wouldn't if he would scorn to look at a story under those conditions.

Good old John shrugged and said, "One editor doesn't necessarily agree with another."

He read the story and bought it. I hadn't told him about my crazy worry about being unable to write in New York, because I was ashamed of it and John was still the

great man before whom I feared to show myself in my role as jackass. Still, by taking that story he had added one more favor to the many, many, he had done for me.

(And in case you're worried, I might as well tell you that my years in New York have so far been even more prolific than the Newton years were. I stayed 57 months in my two-room office and in that period of time published 57 books.)

NOTE: The population of Earth In 1970 Is estimated to be 3.68 billion. The present rate of increase doubles that population every 35 years. If this present rate of Increase can be maintained for 460 years then in the year 2430
A.D. the weight of human flesh and blood will be equal to the total weight of animal life now present on Earth. To that extent, the story above is not fiction.

Exercises

«2430 A.D.» Vocabulary

Part I. Determine the right meaning

Instructions: Choose the word that best describes the meaning of the underlined expression

1. “Good,” said Bunting. “Social pressure is bound to get to him eventually. An odd character.”

A) approval

B) disapproval

C) pleasure

D) surprise

2. Bunting said dolefully, “I hope the two of us will be enough.”

A) happily

B) gladly

C) cheerfully

D) sadly

3. “We know all this and there's no question of force involved,” said Bunting irritably. “We're asking you to accede voluntarily.”

A) disobey

B) refuse

C) accept

D) agree

4. Bunting's lips quirked. “The microfilms don't smell.”

A) smiled

B) thinned

C) twitched

D) stayed the same

5. People don't want to see these life distortions.

A) curiosities

B) deformations

C) normalities

D) sightseeings

6. My good friend, you confuse the journey with the destination.

A) death

B) finish

C) process

D) aim

7. But tell me, Cranwitz, can you hold out against the enlightened will of fifteen trillion people forever?

A) prevail

B) fail

C) be with

D) give out

8. The plankton soup of the planetary ocean basked under the sun and the cells divided, and divided, and divided, while dredges endlessly scooped them up...

A) pumps

B) fences

C) fishing nets

D) guns

Part II. Matching the meanings to words

Instructions: Write the letter of the correct match next to each word

1. social pressure	A) a formal agreement to fulfill an obligation
2. to scoop	B) to gather
3. inhuman	C) a unit of energy
4. calorie	D) a long hollow cylinder for carrying a substance (as a liquid or gas)
5. conduit	E) not characteristic of a human
6. contract	F) peacefully, calmly

7. species	G) the influence on a person or group of another person or group
8. placidly	H) one of the units into which a whole is divided on the basis of a common characteristic

Part III. Form your own sentences with the following words

Instructions: Form sentences of your own with the following words, taken from the text

1. Social pressure

_____

_____

2. to scoop

_____

_____

3. hold out

_____

_____

4. calorie

_____

_____

5. conduit

_____

_____

6. contract

_____

_____

7. species

_____

_____

8. placidly

_____

_____

Part IV. "2430 A.D." Questions

Instructions: Answer the questions as completely as you can

1. Who are Alvarez and Bunting?

2. Who is Cranwitz?

3. What do Alvarez and Bunting want from Cranwitz? What is their argumentation?

4. What is the history of humanity like in this short story?

5. How is the society, described in this short story, sustained?

6. Does Cranwitz agree to do what they ask him to do? (at first and at the end of their conversation)

7. Why do you think Cranwitz finally decides to agree to Alvarez and Bunting's demands?

8. Why would Cranwitz commit suicide after all?

Part V. Discussion topics (class discussion)

Instructions: The following are the topic for you to think about and/or discuss in class

1. Would you be happy to live in a society like the one described in this short story? Why or why not?

2. What is your attitude to genetic planning as described in this short story?

3. Do you consider the final state of humanity described in this short story to be "perfection? Why or why not?

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Видавництво Східноукраїнського національного університету імені Володимира Даля

Адреса видавництва: м. Київ, вул. Іоанна Павла II, 17
Телефон: +38 (050) 218 04 78
e-mail: vidavnictvosnu.ua@gmail.com