

НАРОДНА УКРАЇНСЬКА АКАДЕМІЯ



**Аналітичне читання :**

**навчальний посібник з англійської мови**

Видавництво НУА

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навчальний посібник з англійської мови

## для студентів 4 курсу факультету «Референт-перекладач»

Харків

Видавництво НУА

2024

УДК 811.112.2(075.8)

*Затверджено на засіданні кафедри*

 *германо-романської філології та переклдау*

*Народної української академії.*

*Протокол № 2 від 02.09.2024*

**Аналітичне читання :** навчальний посібник з англійської мови для студ. 4 курсу ф-ту «Референт-перекладач» / Нар. укр. акад., [каф. германо-роман. філол. та перекладу] ; упоряд.: Л. В. Михайлова. – Харків : Вид-во НУА, 2024. – 28 с.

Н67

 Р е ц е н з е н т: *проф. Ж. Є. Потапова,*

Даний посібник складено з метою роботи з текстами як в аудиторії на заняттях з практичного курсу англійської мови, так і для самостійного опрацювання текстів студентами 4 курсу. Містить оригінальні тексти сучасних американських та англійських авторів, які відповідають рівню складності B2.

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**Вступ**

Даний посібник складено з метою роботи з текстами як в аудиторії на заняттях з практичного курсу англійської мови, так і для самостійного опрацювання текстів студентами 4 курсу. Містить оригінальні тексти різноманітних жанрів сучасних американських та англійських авторів, які відповідають рівню складності B2.

Тексти спрямовані на розвиток аналітичного мислення студентів, вдосконалення мовних та мовленнєвих навичок та розширення культурної обізнаності. Завдяки критичному аналізу цих творів, студенти покращують здатність тлумачити зміст, розпізнавати літературні прийоми та оцінювати стилістичні нюанси, що сприяє глибшому розумінню мови й культури.

**Text 1**

Two people fall in love. But is their experience real? Or is it just a side effect of the medicine they're taking?

Kate looked around the room at the other participants: ten men and ten women all around the same age.

'Thank you for coming today and offering your time to help advance medicine! Limeren, the medicine we're testing, is in what we call the Phase 4 stage, which means previous human trials have shown us the drug is completely safe ...'

Kate stopped paying attention. She'd read the information the medical research company had sent her so she knew the vitamin tablets, Limeren, had already been approved for sale and that they were just fine-tuning now, not testing side effects. She didn't know any of the other people in the group. Presumably, none of them had jobs either or they wouldn't have signed up to a medical study to earn money. But otherwise it was impossible to know if she had anything in common with any of them. She hoped so, or it was going to feel like a very long four days stuck in the hospital-like research centre.

'... known side effects are that some people experience heightened emotions and psychological states as well as a feeling of general well-being,' the lead researcher finished off his presentation. 'We'll be interviewing each of you and taking standard physical tests through the day and night. So if you can all sign the consent forms, we can get started.'

Kate signed and dated her form without reading the information. Hopefully, this was going to be the easiest money she ever made.

'I hope the food's better than last time,' said the guy sitting next to her as he handed in his form.

Kate smiled.

'I'm Michael.'

'Kate,' she said. 'You've been here before?'

'As often as they'll let me!' He laughed. 'Easiest money I ever made.'

She smiled back. Someone she had something in common with after all.

A few hours later, eating dinner and having taken her second dose of Limeren that day, Kate couldn't deny she felt extra relaxed. Maybe it was the drug, or maybe it was just being in a place where nothing was expected of her. There were books to read, films to watch and even board games and puzzles. It was nothing like her normal days, sending job application after job application and going to stressful interviews that never led to a job.

She looked up and saw Michael smiling at her. 'Fancy playing a board game?' he asked. His eyes were such a deep shade of brown, Kate thought. She couldn't think why she hadn't noticed earlier. To her annoyance, she felt her cheeks going red. 'Sure,' she replied. 'I'm very competitive, though,' she warned.

'Perfect,' he said. 'Me too!'

Was it her imagination or did his cheeks look a bit pink too?

For the next two days, Kate and Michael hung out all the time, playing games, chatting and watching films.

'I feel as if I've known you for months, not days,' she said. She already knew he lived not far away, that he was a student studying for his PhD and that he had dimples in his cheeks when he smiled and a cute way of putting a pen behind his ear when he was reading. She couldn't be completely certain, but she thought he seemed to be making sure he sat next to her for meals and hung out with her whenever he could. Or maybe she was the one who was always looking for him.

'So, do you think you're feeling any side effects?' he asked her one evening. They were sitting on the sofa, watching a film. Michael's knee was almost touching her leg, and if his hand moved even a tiny bit, it would be touching hers. Her heart beat faster and all she could think about was closing the gap and feeling his skin touch hers. She was blushing again, she knew it.

'Any what?' she asked, forcing her mind back to the conversation.

'The side effects of Limeren that they told us about at the presentation,' he said, moving his hand away. Her skin immediately felt cold, as if the presence of his hand had been warming the air between them.

'Oh, I was only half-listening,' she said. 'We still get paid anyway though, right?'

And then he did it. He moved his hand so that it covered hers. A warm feeling went all the way through her fingers and across her skin. She turned her hand over and held his hand. He smiled and leaned towards her slightly.

'Can everyone line up for their evening dose of Limeren, please?' called a nurse. Michael dropped her hand and followed the rest of the group to the nurse's room. Kate couldn't remember ever feeling so happy.

'Thank you, everyone, for taking part in this trial. You're now free to go,' the lead researcher said the next morning as the trial ended. 'Any side effects will wear off over the next few days. Those of you who have experienced strong feelings, emotions and happiness will find that the feelings lessen but we don't expect anyone to become depressed. However, we will follow up with all of you in the next few days to make sure everything is fine.'

'We can have our first date now,' Michael said to Kate. 'Breakfast?'

Over breakfast, they talked and talked. Kate knew she was in love. It was stupid, but it was true. Michael said it first.

'I can't believe I met you. I've never felt like this about anyone before.'

'This does feel amazing,' Kate said. And then a quiet worry that she had been ignoring became too loud to ignore.

'You don't think …?'

'What?'

'What if it's the Limeren making us feel like this? What was it he said about heightened emotions?'

'There's only one way to find out!' Michael said. 'If you don't want to be my girlfriend any more after a few days, we'll know it was just the Limeren.'

She felt herself melt at the word 'girlfriend'. 'Maybe your side effects will wear off first!'

'Maybe!' He laughed. 'But I don't think so. This feels real to me.'

'Me too,' she said.

Four months later

Looking back, a few months later, Kate had to admit, nothing was ever going to be as perfect as those first days together. Eventually, real life had to interrupt. She got a job a few days after the trial ended and he went back to the library and his books and research projects. It was the end of her money worries but also the end of spending all day, every day together and all the excitement of falling in love. But still, they saw each other when they could and met each other's parents. Everyone expected them to get married, and when he finally produced a ring and asked her to marry him, she felt that old excitement again.

Three years later

'You do it!' Kate shouted. She hated doing the weekly shopping. Why couldn't he do it?

'I *will*, but I can't go right now, I'm sorry,' Michael said quietly. He never shouted, but sometimes Kate found his quiet patience irritating.

'Fine, I'll go then,' she said, slamming the door.

Kate felt as if these kinds of arguments were happening more often. As she walked around the supermarket, she thought about how they'd been before, when they were in love. 'Can it ever feel like that again?' she wondered.

Walking into the health section, she spotted a word she recognised on the shelves. Limeren. The vitamin's name reminded her of a time she was really crazy about Michael. She picked up a box and put it in her basket.

When she got home, Michael was already in bed so she ate dinner alone, taking her Limeren tablet with a big glass of water. The next morning, she woke up early as usual, but instead of jumping straight in the shower, she joined Michael downstairs for breakfast.

'Good morning!' she said, feeling a sudden desire to kiss him on the cheek as she sat down next to him at the table. He was eating in front of a big pile of books, looking cute with a pen behind his ear. 'What are you working on?'

'I'm writing a grant application for my next research project,' he said.

'Oh, good luck! What's the project about?'

After breakfast, she reflected on how nice it had been to see him talking about his passions. She'd forgotten how cute his dimples were when he smiled, she thought. Or maybe she hadn't seen him smile much recently. Anyway, she decided to have breakfast with him every day, since it had been such a lovely start to the day. It couldn't hurt to make a bit more effort, could it?

Two years later

The baby hadn't stopped crying for two hours, but now she was calm, her little face peaceful as she slept. Kate sighed with annoyance. Where was Michael? She walked out of the bedroom angrily and went downstairs to find him filling bottles with milk for the baby.

'Well done!' Michael said. 'That didn't sound easy.'

'No!' she said angrily. 'It isn't!'

'You're doing an amazing job,' he said. 'OK, so I've done all the laundry, made your lunch for later and arranged to come home early this afternoon so that you can have some time for yourself. Kate managed to smile and say thank you. He really was being very sweet, even if she was too tired to feel grateful or to be nice back. As soon as he had left for work, she reached for the box of Limeren. By the time he came home, even earlier than he'd promised, Kate's smile matched his smile at seeing her.

One year later

 She missed him and he had only been out an hour. Putting it back, she noticed something hard underneath the rest of the jumpers in the drawer. The something turned out to be boxes and boxes of Limeren. Kate was putting clothes away while her daughter slept. She picked up one of Michael's favourite

She was shocked to see them even though, by now, she took Limeren every day. And every day she felt madly in love with her wonderful husband. She thought of it as a quick way to those feelings she'd always had for Michael. Everyone said marriage was hard work and she just didn't have the time or energy to work at love as well as her part-time job and a young baby. She found that when she took the tablets, she made more effort at all those small gestures that made their life together nice. If he did something nice for her, she said thank you, but most of all she actually felt thankful. She paid him compliments and noticed things about him. She asked him about his day and remembered things that were important to him. She'd seen nothing wrong with the shortcut. Until now, that is. Now she knew why he had always been so good at doing those same things for her. It was all fake!

Instead of being all smiles when Michael got home, she was angry. Clearly the Limeren only had a limited ability to make everything perfect. Her rose-tinted glasses were definitely off now.

'What are all these?' she asked, pointing to the Limeren packets she'd taken from the drawer and piled up on the kitchen table.

Michael moved closer to the boxes and tried to read the writing. 'They're vitamins, aren't they?'

'Don't act as if you've no idea why I'm asking!' said Kate, angry he was acting innocent. 'These boxes,' she said dramatically, pointing to the pile again, 'are our relationship.'

'Oh!' he said. 'It's Limeren!'

'Yes, it's Limeren,' she said. 'I know exactly what they are.'

He looked confused. 'So why are you asking me what they are? I remember the name now you've said – from the place we met, right? – but I've not taken those for years.'

'What?'

'I just ... I don't know. It's better to get vitamins from fruit and vegetables, isn't it?' he said. 'The medical trial company sent us a load of them years ago, but I put them away somewhere and forgot to throw them away. We eat a balanced enough diet so there's no need to take vitamins.'

'What about ...' She felt her voice getting louder and louder, but also something made her feel a slight doubt as she planned the words. It sounded ridiculous. 'What about the falling in love part? The side effects! You're always so wonderful and perfect, the ideal husband. And now I know why!'

'Er ... thanks?' He laughed. 'I know they told us there were some side effects, but we were just joking when we said we fell in love because of the tablets, weren't we? Besides,' he added, turning the box over in his hands, 'they must have changed the ingredients or something because it doesn't say anything on the box anywhere about side effects. See?' He held it out for her to look. 'Maybe they changed the recipe after we did that trial. Who knows?'

He gave her a big hug. 'This perfect husband is all natural, don't worry.'

He went off upstairs to check on the baby and then she heard him banging pots and pans in the kitchen as he started to make dinner. She too examined the boxes and it was true. There was nothing written on the box about side effects, or even on the leaflet inside. The tablets were just vitamins after all. Limeren wasn't a shortcut to love and it never had been.

Steph took a photo of her carefully arranged breakfast and flowers. Her eggs and her coffee had gone cold, but the plate looked really cool. It was from an expensive art market she had visited that morning. The flowers were ones she'd 'borrowed' from her neighbour's garden. No one had noticed. *Besides,* she thought, *flowers are for everyone to enjoy, aren't they?* And, probably only ten people a day walked past old Mrs Robinson's garden. Posting the picture on Instagram meant far more people would get to appreciate them.

**TASKS**

**Active Vocabulary:**

*Side effect, to take a medicine, advance medicine, human trial, presumably, to experience, heightened emotions, general well-being, a lead researcher, consent forms, to make money, board games, a job application, to be half -listening, to line up, to be free to do smth., over breakfast, money worries, weekly shopping, health section, a pile of books, to pay compliments, a shortcut, to be all smiles, rose -tinted glasses, a load of smth., to eat a balanced diet, to feel a slight doubt, to give smb., a big hug, to bang pots and pans, a leaflet.*

**1.Paraphrase or give a synonym:**

- to embrace smb. tightly, to doubt a little, at breakfast, to worry about money, to praise smb., to smile broadly, medicine of future, not to listen too attentively, to make noise in the kitchen.

 **2** **Issues for discussion:**

1.Do you believe, that the story is real? Can it really happen in real life?

2 How can people understand, that their feelings are real?

3 From your point of view, what can really spoil the relations between people and what can help people get along well?

4 Advance medicine. What is it from your point of view?

5 General well – being. What does it depend on?

6 How can you describe people with heightened emotions.

7 What do you think, what must be done to be free from money worries?

8 What does it mean to wear rose – tinted glasses?

9 A balanced diet. Is it always the way to being healthy?

10 To pay compliments. Is it always the way to make the relations between people better?

**3 Translate into English:**

1 За сніданком ми обговорили наші плани на майбутнє а також розглянули багато інших питань.

2 Кожної неділі ми закупаємо продукти на тиждень, зазвичай ми це робимо всією родиною. Збалансована дієта є основою для нашого раціону.

3 Меріл всесвітньо відома співачка, вона звикла до того, що їй завжди роблять компліменти.

4 Гарна освіта не завжди гарантує вам те, що ви будете заробляти великі гроші.

5 Бути практичною людиною означає не носити рожеві окуляри та вміти дивитись реально на всі події, які вам трапляються в житті.

**Text 2**

Steph adjusted the colours on her picture to make the orange juice and the pink roses brighter. As she scrolled through the Instagram filters, True Beauty caught her eye. She'd installed it yesterday and forgotten about it. The picture looked perfect with that filter. She posted the photo for her 15 followers to envy. Then she threw the food on her plate into the bin. There was no point eating it now that it was cold.

Matt was about to give up. He'd worked out for an hour, and he'd drunk very little water since the night before to make his skin tighter and show off his muscles better. But he still couldn't get the photos to look good. Fake tan hadn't helped, neither had spraying himself with cooking oil. There was almost no point being fit if you couldn't get a good photo for social media. He scrolled through his feed again, looking for inspiration and checking out the competition. An ad for True Beauty caught his eye.

*Pictures as gorgeous as you are. See the real you with True Beauty. Available in your app store for £0. Because True Beauty comes for free.*

That's what he needed. He downloaded the app and, in 5 minutes, he had the perfect selfie. In the photos, his body looked tanned and perfect. He posted the photo and then got in the shower to wash off all the cooking oil. He remembered reading about all the fat down in the sewers. He lived in a city full of millions of people and most of them washed the oil in their frying pans down the sink. The oil blocked up the sewers with a disgusting mess that some poor worker had to remove. Or did it end up in the ocean killing dolphins? He couldn't remember, but, whatever it was, it was someone else's problem.

Neither Steph nor Matt were expecting to get so few likes. And they definitely weren't prepared for the negative comments they got.

**susieQ**:-( Remind me never to get breakfast at your place!

**gymguy21** Ewww, disgusting!

Those were the half-polite ones. The rest of the comments were even worse.

And then both social media influencers looked again at the pictures they'd posted.

Steph's picture showed green-looking eggs with flies crawling on them. The flowers were dead, and the coffee had a horrible grey layer floating on the surface. Matt's picture showed his body covered in a layer of something that looked like dirty butter. It was in his hair and coming out of his nose. And, worst of all, his nails were filthy. It looked as if he had been digging up dirt – or worse.

In panic, they both tried to delete the photos, but it was impossible to get rid of them. The negative comments kept coming. In one way, it was Steph's most popular post. And Matt's had already been shared 50 times.

Just then, both Steph and Matt, along with all the other people who had installed the True Beauty filter, received a message from the person who had created it.

Dear User,

Thank you for making True Beauty such an amazing success! Fifty million downloads in the first 24 hours is more than I ever hoped for. Honestly, guys, I am so #blessed and #thankful.

I know that each of you really, truly cares about showing yourself as you really are – just as beautiful on the inside as you are on the outside. If you want your pictures to show the real you, it's time to *be* as beautiful in real life as you are on your social media.

Have a truly beautiful day, beautiful people!

Love,

True Beauty

PS. You can't remove the filter or delete the pictures you posted using it.

PPS. By the way, after the first time you use True Beauty, it automatically gets added to all your photos from now on.

For the next 24 hours, not many people posted photos anywhere online. Newspapers ran articles with headlines like *Who is behind True Beauty?*But no one really had any ideas.The biggest problem was that there was only one way people could see if the filter had stopped destroying their photos: by posting pictures to see how they turned out.

The results were not pretty.

A handful of the richest and most powerful influencers even offered a reward to whoever could find a way to remove the filter. But each time they tried to post a picture of themselves holding the money, the results produced such awful, ugly pictures, they were forced to stop promoting the reward. It didn't matter anyway. The person who developed True Beauty was always one step ahead of anyone who tried to interfere with the technology.

Steph had given up trying to take pictures after five more horrible pictures. Nothing she tried worked, and the only thing she could do to stop people seeing the ugly pictures she had posted was to make her account private. Now, no one could see anything she had ever posted in her life. What was the point of anything any more?

Depressed, she wandered downstairs and past Mrs Robinson's garden. The flowers were more beautiful than ever, and she noticed the smell for the first time. Heaven! She stopped to smell a large, purple rose.

'Hello,' said Mrs Robinson, making Steph jump. 'Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you. I was just here watering the plants. At this time of year, there's always so much to do.'

Steph looked around. She hadn't ever thought about how much work it was to maintain the garden. In fact, she'd never really spoken to Mrs Robinson at all. A new thought occurred to her.

'Do you want some help?' Steph asked. After all, she didn't have much else to do that day.

'Oh, thank you, dear! That would be lovely!' Mrs Robinson looked so delighted, Steph actually felt happy for the first time since the whole True Beauty nightmare had started.

A couple of hours later, to be honest, the garden didn't look much different to Steph. But Mrs Robinson said she had been a great help and Steph had enjoyed herself a lot. It had been nice to hear Mrs Robinson's stories about the street and how it had changed. She'd been an actress in the past and she had some amazing stories to tell.

'Take a picture of us, dear,' said Mrs Robinson as Steph was leaving. 'One of those selfies everyone loves nowadays.'

Steph almost refused because what was the point of photos now? But Mrs Robinson would be happy with an ordinary picture so she supposed she might as well take one. She took a quick picture of the two of them standing together in front of the roses, smiling and sweating slightly.

Later that evening she looked at the picture on her phone. Out of habit, she adjusted the colours slightly. But the roses looked beautiful anyway, with or without the changes she'd made. And nothing could really improve the smiles on her and Mrs Robinson's faces.

*That's a really beautiful picture*, she thought. It's a shame True Beauty would destroy it if she posted it.

But then she had a thought. She went back and read the message from True Beauty again.

And then she posted her picture. When the picture went online, it looked exactly as Steph had taken it! She made her account public again and added some text.

Me and my neighbour doing the gardening True Beauty #Beauty Is On The Inside

One of Steph's followers, Matt, saw her photo. At first, he was just pleased to see some activity in his feed that wasn't showing something horrible. He hadn't been to the gym for two days and he supposed he was kind of depressed. But he wasn't sure whether he was feeling bad because he hadn't exercised or because of all the horrible and upsetting photos he'd seen.

Then he had an idea as he looked at @Steph's post. Maybe it wouldn't work, but there was no harm in trying. He looked around his flat and gathered up all the paper, plastic and glass he could find and separated it into three piles. Then he went to knock on his neighbour's door to see if he could take her rubbish to the bins. The young mother who answered the door was pleasantly surprised at his offer of help.

By the time Matt returned from the recycling bins and posted the smiling selfie he had taken next to the green glass bin, #True Beauty was the fifth most popular hashtag. His picture, like many of the others, was nothing special. Just a smiling guy doing an ordinary task after helping his neighbour. It was a truly beautiful photo

**TASKS**

**Active Vocabulary**

*To adjust colours, to scroll through, to catch one’s eye, a bin, there is no point in doing smth., to be about to do smth., an app, sewer, to crawl, to post a photo, the point of doing smth., there is no harm in doing smth.*

**1 Paraphrase or give a synonym:**

To find true colours to depict smth., there is no need to do smth., to creep, to intend to do smth., to look through, smth., that can be easily noticed.

**2** **Issues for discussion:**

-Why do people use filters while posting their photos in social media?

- Making selfies nowadays is some kind of addiction for some people?

- What do people do to look better in photos they post in Instagram? What are they ready to do for it?

 - What people become haters nowadays?

**3 Translate into English:**

1 Для того щоб зробити гарне фото, треба налаштувати кольори певним чином.

2 Їжа була зіпсована і її вже ніхто не хотів їсти, тому ми все викинули у бак для сміття.

3 Недосвідченість цього лікаря кидається в око, тому, якщо ви хочете дізнатися свій діагноз, краще звернутися до іншого фахівця.

4 Я вже збирався купувати квіток на літак, коли вирішив подорожувати залізницею, адже це набагато цікавіше, є можливість побачити багато нових місць.

5 Немає сенсу обговорювати це зараз, в нас ще недостатньо інформації, завтра коли ми отримаємо результати всіх досліджень, ми зможемо зробити певні висновки.

6 Бен вже декілька днів не ходив до спортзали бо погано почув себе. І коли він вже збирався почати знов займатися спортом. Відчув сильний головний біль.

**Text 3**

The knock at her front door came just as Victoria was about to open it, even though, strangely, she'd heard neither the lift nor anyone on the stairs. She balanced on one foot while she put on her other shoe, slipping on piles of unopened bills. She was late to work for the third time this month and now she had a visitor. Great.

She opened the door and forced her mouth into a smile she hoped said, 'I'd love to chat, but sorry I can't!'.

'And how are we today, Victoria?' the man at her door asked. 'Good, I hope! If not, I bring you an eternity of warmth and best wishes from the wonderful director of my company.'

Victoria's smile vanished. How did he know her name?

'You know how I can be so sure? I am the wonderful director of my company!' he said, winking.

'I'm sorry,' said Victoria. 'I'm in a rush. I'm late for work.'

'Time!' He clicked his tongue. 'That's what they all want. Time or happiness, which one would you like more of?'

'Listen, really,' said Victoria, 'I'm not interested, sorry.'

'We've got a special offer on,' he replied. 'Twenty-five years of extra life in exchange for eternity. Or,' he smiled widely, 'double your happiness for the same price.'

'Price?' she repeated, despite it being far from the strangest part of his sentence.

'Yes, it's a fixed price, no hidden charges. We take everything you have – forever.'

It was strange that he was wasting his precious selling time on talking nonsense. 'Then I want fifty extra years or four times more happiness,' she joked.

'Oh, you could. But I have to warn you, the quality of the years after the standard twenty-five isn't always as high. I'd go for happiness.'

He pushed the lift button for her. Of course, it was obvious, at this time of day, dressed for work, that she was about to go down. OK, so her shirt wasn't ironed because she hadn't had time and her very-important-looking briefcase actually contained sandwiches for lunch because she couldn't afford to join her colleagues eating out for lunch. Plus, she worked through her breaks, desperately trying to find extra time for all the work she had to do. One day, she'd get her dream job – just as soon as she knew what that was.

Sometimes Victoria felt as if her sister had all the luck in the family. Not only did she run her own award-winning publishing company, she'd married an equally talented man, the gorgeous and funny Peter, whose only fault was not having a twin. Even the way they met sounded like the plot of a film. Charlotte had been having a run of bad luck, ending in a car accident that had threatened to leave her unable to walk. Peter, a new doctor at the hospital, had to perform several risky operations that they had thought wouldn't work, but she was back on her feet within weeks. Even he joked that he hadn't known he was such a good surgeon. He proposed two months later. Half a year after the accident, Charlotte had set up her company and now they lived in the most expensive part of London. Victoria tried not to be jealous of her sister for any of it – not the husband, not the successful business, not their beautiful house nor their children – but it was a level of happiness that she wished she could taste for herself.

Thinking about Charlotte's accident reminded her how impossible it was to know what might happen. 'But what if I get run over by a bus tomorrow?'

'Then you'll have been blissfully happy for that one day. Time or happiness, I can only offer one. I'm not a miracle worker. That's another company.'

He winked again.

'Well, maybe you should change jobs,' she said and pressed the lift button herself.

He shook his head. 'I've tried them. Their sales team has quite a different approach. Be miserable now, then happy for eternity. It has its appeal but, honestly, it's a much harder sell.'

The lift wasn't even moving. She turned towards the stairs. 'Late' didn't begin to describe the time she would get to work. But as she started down the stairs, she suddenly remembered something.

'Damn!' she swore. She hadn't picked up her little nieces' birthday presents. There wasn't time to go back and get them now. Angela and Gabriella's perfect birthday party would be minus two messily wrapped presents from their imperfect auntie. One day they'd be old enough to wonder how their mother could be related to Victoria.

'It's time, isn't it, Victoria. I can always tell,' he called after her.

'Even if I believed this ridiculous stuff you're saying, I don't have time to discuss it with you ...'

She broke off, annoyed with herself for admitting she needed more time, and then let out a little scream as he slid down the banister and suddenly appeared in front of her, floating in the air with his arms and legs crossed.

'Then it's happiness!' he said, scratching one of two little horns that she now noticed on either side of his head.

Victoria pulled her hand off the banister and put her other hand against the wall so she wouldn't fall. She caught her nails on the rough bricks, feeling two of them break where they joined the skin. The pain made her scream again, but she didn't stop to look now she was sure who he was.

'I'm happy enough, thanks,' she said, with as much strength in her voice as she could while running down the stairs with two bleeding fingers.

'Are you happy, Victoria?' he asked as he continued sliding down the banister with her. 'Of course, you love your job, however low paid it is and never mind the fact that your boss hates you because you're never on time. You'll find the rent somehow, you always do. So resourceful.'

'You can't know that!' she shouted. 'Anyway, money doesn't buy happiness! It's the root of all evil.'

'True, Victoria, true. Very wise. It's love that makes the world go round.'

'Exactly!' she said, winning a point finally. Five more floors to go.

'I'm sure one day you'll meet someone ...' he said.

'I don't need a man to be happy, so if that's all you've got in your happy bag ...'

'So wise, Victoria,' he continued. 'So few people realise happiness comes from within, not from material things or other people. I see you're cleverer than many of our customers. Twenty-five years extra, then. I can see it in you, Victoria. You won't waste them.'

'Twenty-five on top of what, though?'

'No, no, no.' He turned the final corner with her. 'I won't tell you how long you would have lived, because then you'll know how long you've got left. We've tried that before. People just ruin it for themselves. It's in the small print but I wouldn't read that if I were you.'

'I don't believe in this stuff. Or in you!'

He jumped off the banister and bowed, holding something small and white out to her.

'Neither did your sister,' he said. 'Not until she had her accident. My card if you change your mind.'

And he disappeared, leaving Victoria with the card in her hand and her mouth open in shock.

*Nicola Prentis*

**Tasks:**

**Active Vocabulary:**

*To force one’s mouth into a smile, to vanish, to be in a rush, to push a button, a run of bad luck, to perform an operation, to be jealous of smb., to be blissfully happy, to wink, banister, a horn,* resourceful*.*

**1 Paraphrase or give a synonym:**

To make smb. smile, to be extremely happy, to envy smb., to operate, to be very unlucky for a certain period of time, to disappear.

 **2 Issues for discussion:**

* **Comment on the following statements:**
* 1Time is the most precious thing in the world.
* 2 Happiness is always individual.
* 3 People often do not appreciate, what they have till they loose it.
* 4 Envy is a push for a person, it makes him act.
* 5 Money can not buy happiness.
* 6 Love makes the world go round.
* What is quality of life? What can influence life quality?
* Is it important to change jobs?

**3 Translate into English:**

1 Коли Том та Мері одружились, вони були неймовірно щасливі, їх друзі навіть заздрили їм, але вони нікого не помічали навколо ш це і досить триває.

2 Вікторія дуже квапилась на роботу, вона досить часто запізнювалась і її бос вже багато разів казав їй про це. А вчора він сказав Вікторії, що звільнить її, якщо вона ще раз прийде на роботу із запізненням.

3 Вікторія не хотіла, але все одно заздрила своїй молодший сестрі, яка вже багато років була щаслива одружена та мала престижну роботу.

4 Деякі люди змінюють роботу протягом всього життя та ніколи не працюють на одному місті більше ніж два роки, а деякі люди вважають це неприпустимим.

5 Дуже часто щастя залежить від самої людини, а не від зовнішніх обставин. Це важливо не забувати.

6 Треба було зробити купу справ, але асу було небагато, Вікторія знала, що багато людей чекали на неї в офісі, тому вона вирішила швидко поснідати та бігти на роботу.

**Text 4**

Sergeant Frank Spike sat behind his desk and stared out of the window. Outside, a steady stream of traffic passed by, each car moving slowly in the cold, grey rain.

Frank looked down at the grey hairs on his arms, and his round stomach, which pushed against the desk. This was his final month before he retired from the police, and, for Frank, retirement couldn't come soon enough.

Frank frowned as he considered the terrible retirement package he had been given. It was barely enough money to take a short holiday on the cold and rainy east coast of England where he lived. There was no way he could afford the round-the-world, luxury cruise he had always dreamed of.

Just as Frank was sighing heavily, Inspector Spencer came up to his desk, with his perfect white teeth and enthusiastic smile. Three years earlier, Spencer had been promoted. Now he had the position of inspector at the young age of forty. Frank, in comparison, had worked for the police for forty years and been passed over for promotion three times. It was true he had neither the looks nor charm of Spencer – sorry, *Inspector* Spencer – but the younger man didn't have Frank's 'nose for crime'. That nose meant Frank could get inside the mind of the criminal and solve the trickiest of cases. As a result, the younger man often asked for Frank's help. In fact, it was pretty much the only time Spencer spoke to him.

'Hey, Frank, do you mind if I ask your advice about something?'

Unsurprised, Frank nodded.

'Have you heard of the Babbingtons?'

*Everyone* had heard of the Babbingtons. Ronald Babbington was the millionaire owner of Babbington Oil, and his wife Tabitha was a model. Together they enjoyed nothing more than showing off how rich they were. They often appeared in magazines like *Hello!*, with their gorgeous house and collection of sports cars. Most recently, they had invited the press to take photographs of the enormous diamond Ronald had bought for his bride. Under the protection of a sophisticated alarm system, the diamond sat in a large gold and glass case. The case stood at the end of a long, red carpet.

Spencer paused for dramatic effect, then explained.

'We've had some secret information about a plan to steal the Babbington diamond!'

Frank raised his eyebrows in an attempt to look suitably impressed.

'Peggy, the owner of the Dog and Duck pub, heard a couple of local criminals talking about it. She's asked that we keep her identity secret of course. But our officers have made some discreet inquiries that seem to confirm what Peggy says.'

Frank nodded again and waited for the inevitable question.

'So?' Spencer asked. 'What do you think is the best thing to do? After all, it's only a rumour. We've got nothing concrete to arrest them on.'

Frank looked thoughtfully out of the window. He remembered his retirement money. He didn't want to be alone in his retirement, but the money wouldn't even be enough to buy a cat to keep him company.

The sound of a car horn brought him back to the case. He put his fingers together under his chin to look as if he was thinking deeply. Which he was, but not quite in the direction Inspector Spencer expected.

'Listen, do this the clever way,' said Frank, leaning towards the younger officer. 'What you need to do is let them commit the crime. If you catch them red-handed, you've got all the evidence you need, no problem.'

'But, Frank,' said Spencer, 'we'd need the approval of the Babbington family. And there are laws about tricking criminals like that, you know!'

'That's why you let them commit the crime. Then, apparently by chance, stop them for speeding as they escape the crime scene. You search the car to find the diamond, and you've caught them red-handed! Plus, the owner of the pub is protected, and you have all the evidence you need.'

'Hmmmm. OK.' Spencer was uncomfortable with the methods Frank was suggesting. But he couldn't deny the plan would work.

Frank continued, 'Of course, you need to ensure the arresting officer is someone you know is reliable.'

Spencer understood immediately.

'Are you sure you want to do it, Frank? It could be dangerous.'

'I'll make sure I'm with a couple of tough young officers, but, yes, of course I want to do it.'

'Why?' asked Spencer. 'You're just about to retire! Don't you want to take it easy?'' That's exactly why I want to do it,' Frank replied. 'My last case will be my final chance for glory!'

A few days later, Frank went into the Dog and Duck pub after work.

'Did you get it?' he asked Peggy as she handed him his drink.

'Yes. I am now the proud owner of a perfect replica Babbington diamond,' she said. 'I told the glassmaker I was a huge fan of the Babbingtons and that my mean boyfriend wouldn't buy me a diamond of my own.'

'You need a new boyfriend,' said Frank. 'If I were your boyfriend, I'd buy you a diamond ring and take you on a long luxury cruise if I had the chance.'

'Oh, really?' she said and smiled.

Frank was sitting in the back seat of the police car, which was hidden on the road through the woods to the Babbington mansion. In the front seats were two young officers who were strong and reliable.

At 23.30, a message had come in on the police radio. The burglars had met outside the Dog and Duck pub. At 23.37, the young man started the car and left the pub. In the passenger seat was a tall, athletic woman.

At midnight, the pair passed the hidden police car on their way to the mansion. At 00.13, the woman threw heavy ropes over one of the mansion's garden walls. A second hidden police team watched her climb over, while the man waited in the car.

At 00.20, the woman reappeared at the top of the wall with an excited smile on her face. She climbed quickly down the rope before pulling it down with her and running back to the car. Smiling in triumph, the man waited for her to jump in and then sped off in the car.

At 00.23, the thieves passed Frank's car. The young police officer in the driver's seat immediately switched on the flashing blue lights and followed them. Inside the car, the thieves panicked.

'What are they doing here?' the man shouted. 'I thought you said you turned off the alarms?'

'Relax, I did,' she replied. 'They couldn't have got here this fast anyway. They're just traffic police. Just keep calm and act normally and we can walk away from this with the diamond.'

The man slowed their car to a stop and pressed the button that lowered his window.

'Is there a problem, officer?' he asked, his face shiny with nervous sweat.

'You were speeding. We'll need to give you a ticket. Can you both get out of the car, please?'

The man still looked nervous. While one officer wrote out the speeding ticket and the other stood by ready to get involved if things turned nasty, Frank began thoroughly searching the car.

'Hey, what's he searching the car for?' the woman said. But she knew the game was over.

Frank breathed heavily as he knelt down and started lifting up the rubber mats underneath the seats. His hand felt something smooth, hard and cold under the front passenger car seat. *The Babbington diamond!*He took the diamond and put it in his jacket pocket. At the same time, with his other hand, he took a very similar object out of his trouser pocket. He held it up.

'OK, you two!' he said. 'You are under arrest for robbery!'

While the young police officers arrested and handcuffed the criminals, Frank held the evidence up for everyone to admire. It shone rainbow colours as it caught the light from the moon.

The two officers sighed in appreciation.

'I've never seen a real diamond up close,' said one.

'Imagine someone giving you that as a present!' said the other.

'Just imagine,' Frank agreed. He carefully put it into an evidence bag. Half an hour later, back at the station, he handed it over to Spencer. Spencer took it from him carefully, as if it was a newborn baby.

Five weeks later, Frank was sitting in his new luxury massage chair and drinking a glass of the finest champagne. His expensive new cat rubbed her tail around his legs, and he reached down to stroke her.

With a satisfied sigh, he leaned over and picked up the local newspaper. The two burglars had got six years in prison. The accompanying photo was of the Babbingtons happily showing off the diamond inside its new, extra-thick glass case. Frank looked closely at the photo of the diamond.

Only a jewellery expert would spot anything strange about the Babbington diamond. And even then, only if they saw the stone up close.

Frank put the newspaper down and picked up one of the travel magazines on his beautiful new coffee table.

'Peggy?' he said. 'Would you like to go to the Bahamas or the Maldives?'

Peggy put down her own champagne glass, a small diamond ring on her finger shining in the light. 'Why not both?' she smiled.

'I did promise you a long cruise,' he said.

'You did!' she replied. 'I'm so glad I called you first when I heard them talking about that robbery.''Me too, Peggy,' he said. 'Me too.'Retirement was turning out to be a wonderful thing after all.

*Story written by Clive Lane and adapted by Nicola Prentis*

**TASKS:**

**Active Vocabulary**

To frown, nose for crime, discreet, to catch smb. red-handed, crime scene, a chance for glory, to take a cruise, to lower a window ( in a car), to handcuff smb., to lean over.

**1 Paraphrase or give a synonym:**

*The place, where the crime was committed; to go on a boat tour; to be caught on the place, where the crime was committed; to have intuition in investigating crimes; to open windows in a car.*

**2 Issues for discussion:**

1. Do you approve of Frank’s action or disapprove? Why?
2. Comment on the statement: “ One can get justice in any way”.
3. What do you think, why some gifted people, who are really well-qualified, and are good at work, not promoted? What must be done to get promoted? What do you think?
4. From your point of view, what people can work in the police? Anyone can work there?

**3 Translate into English:**

Це був його останній день роботи в поліції. Френку було сумно, але він намагався триматися. Він вже уявляв собі життя на пенсії, сумні дні та вечори в своєму маленькому будиночку на краю міста, де він мешкав останні 30 років. Нічого іншого він собі просто не міг дозволити і ні в якому разі ніяку подорож, на це просто не вистачало грошей. Коли його колега інспектор Спенсер підійшов до нього, Френк одразу ж помітив, що він був у дуже гарному настрої. Спенсер часто отримував підвищення за рахунок того, що звертався до Френка за допомогою. Френк мав величезний досвід в проботі в поліції та ніколи не відмовляв Спенсеру у допомозі. А Спенсер завжди цим користався. Так сталося і цього разу.

**Text 5**

Joanna Paresi was the last one left – the last living person in a family who had been market traders for hundreds of years. She was born at the foot of the mountains that stood over her home like giants, and she had lived there all her life. On the highest of those mountains, the stone fruit grew. Late in the year, the fruit fell. Most of it rolled and fell down the mountains and was never seen again. But some rolled down into a small valley, hidden deep in the mountains. Joanna's family were the only people who knew about the valley.

When the stone fruit dropped from the trees, they were black and hard. Over four long months, they slowly turned from black to grey and, at last, to silver. Then their skin would break open easily to show the sweet, sun-coloured fruit inside.

When they were ripe, the stone fruit were the most popular food in the whole region. On market day, people got up really early and queued for hours to buy them. Joanna's family always had more to sell than anyone else. The fruit had made her family plenty of money over the years, but they were not as wealthy as the market sellers in the distant capital city. Joanna had always wondered why her family never sold the stone fruit there, at the most important market in the country. Her mother said that someone foolish had tried once, and failed.

Nevertheless, as the years passed, Joanna dreamed about trying. The spring after her mother died, she finally prepared for the long, long journey. It would take almost four months to reach the capital city, which left no time to spare … *but it could be done*.

When the people of the city tasted stone fruit for the first time, ripe just in time for market, she would make her fortune.

Joanna walked all the way to the capital, pushing a wooden cart full of stone fruit. She carried with her a beautiful wooden market stall that had been in her family for generations. On this stall, she would sell her fruit. When she finally arrived at the city, she was exhausted after months on the road. But her timing could not have been better. The stone fruit were almost ripe. So far, her plan was a success.

Of course, there was a tax to pay to enter the city gates. And there were market fees to pay. Plus, strange, new foods like hers needed to be officially tested and declared safe before they could be sold. The tests were not cheap and they took days to complete.

Joanna spent all her money on the tests and a place to sleep while she waited. To raise more money, she was forced to sell her beautiful family stall. She felt both guilty and sad, but it had to be done. Besides, after she sold the fruit, she could always buy the stall back before she returned home.

Finally, the tests were finished and she was allowed to sell her fruit. She used the last of her cash to rent a cheap ordinary stall. However, while she had been waiting, the perfect, silver stone fruit had turned white. The skin became tough, and their sweet flavour was lost.

With her boring stall and, worst of all, her overripe fruit, no customers wanted to buy. In the end, she sold all the half-rotten stone fruit to a farmer to feed his pigs. He bought her cart too, and paid her much less than its value.

She had lost everything.

Joanna left the market in defeat and wandered through the unfamiliar city. Its streets were filled with shops of every kind. In one she saw the beautiful, handmade market stall that her mother had given her. It was for sale at a price she could never afford.

Tears ran down her face, and she ran until she was lost in the backstreets. At last, she lay down in a corner and fell into a sleep of exhaustion and sadness.

When Joanna woke again, it was dark. But there was something even darker on the wall opposite where she was lying: a hole in the wall.

It wasn't a door, because it didn't reach the ground. It wasn't a window either. This was just a hole in the wall. It had … nothing. Just like her.

Joanna was filled with anger, at the market and at herself. She pulled off one of her boots. It was full of holes from her long journey to disaster. She threw it across the street at the hole.

It disappeared into the hole, but there was no sound as it landed. The boot was gone. It was just one more thing she had lost in her foolishness. She laughed hopelessly and closed her eyes on the world. But then she heard a familiar sound.

She opened her eyes again.

Something shiny lay on the ground. It was a single penny. It was enough to buy a meal. It was definitely worth more than her old boot had been.

It must be a joke, she thought. She waited for whoever it was to come out and start laughing at her. But nothing happened. She pulled off her other boot and threw it after the first. She saw it fly through the hole into nothing. But this time, she saw another coin fly back out, then a second and a third.

Joanna leaned forward to pick up the nearest coin. She held it close to her face … *It was real!*

She picked up the other coins: *three pennies*. She could buy new boots now.

She took off her belt and threw it at the hole. In it went – and more coins flew back out. She picked those up too and counted her fortune: ten pennies. Enough for new boots *and* a simple belt!

Excited, she quickly took off her travelling coat, her jacket and both socks. She threw each one into the hole.

When the sound of metal falling on stone ended, she was holding a small pile of coins. She counted them, over and over, through the rest of the night.

When dawn came, the hole in the wall had disappeared. Perhaps she had lost her mind along with her fruit, her cart and her mother's stall.

Fine. She didn't care. She had thirty-eight pennies.

And if you're a good trader, all you need is somewhere to start.

There had probably never been a more unusual trader in the capital than Joanna. She went from shop to shop in her bare feet and undershirt, holding her pile of pennies. From only the cheapest shops, she bought:

a large bag;

a long shirt and a piece of old rope to use as a belt;

a pair of broken wooden shoes;

and, last but not least, all the old, broken or useless things the traders would sell her.

When she had spent all her money, Joanna returned to the street where she had spent the night. All day she sat there, looking at the empty wall opposite. People walked past her, shaking their heads. Some felt sorry for her. Others wondered what she was doing. But most people didn't pay her any attention.

In the middle of the night, the hole in the wall appeared again. Joanna was happy to learn she hadn't imagined it.

She opened the empty bag in front of the hole. Then, one by one, she threw things into the hole. Even the wooden shoes went in. Only the bag remained. And when the sun rose, the bag was so full she could hardly close it or lift it from the ground.

Joanna bought new clothes – nothing special, just a good hat, shirt and trousers, boots to take her home, a thick coat for winter in the mountains, and a new, bigger bag. She had enough money left to do some shopping at the market that had tried to ruin her. None of the traders recognised the woman who had been selling rotten fruit two days earlier.

After a busy day of trade, she returned to a particular shop. There, with great pleasure, she bought back her mother's stall. And then she went back to her lucky street with all the fine things she had bought at the market: silk carpets, fine wool, bags of spices and more.

She sat down for one last night, waiting for the hole.

She started with the spices, throwing them into the hole. Then she threw the wool and silk and the other things. A fountain of silver and gold coins poured out of the hole into the bag. When, at last, the coins stopped coming, her bag was filled with more money than she had ever known. She would never need to trade again!

For a moment, she considered throwing her family stall into the hole as well. She wondered what the hole might pay her. Would the hole reward her for its personal value as well as its price?

She shook her head. No amount of money would be worth it, not now nor ever again. But then she looked at the little shining mountain of coins and she had a new idea.

The hole had always given back more value than it took. So what about the gold and silver coins? What would the hole give her if she threw all the money in? *What reward could be greater than all the money she had?*

Joanna lifted the heavy bag of coins. With shaking arms and legs, she began to swing the bag backwards and forwards, faster and faster … and then she threw it. The bag opened and the coins flew through the air. Five coins struck the wall and bounced onto the ground by her feet. All the rest fell into the hole and were gone.

She waited, watching the hole. But this time, nothing came back.

There was a tax on traders departing the city. Joanna's last five coins were just enough to pay it.

She strode out in her good boots and new clothes. On her back, she carried her mother's stall. She walked all day and slept well at night, happy to be heading for home. As she got further and further away from the capital, the familiar mountains of home slowly rose ahead.

Her pockets were empty, but her heart was full.

From time to time she met other travellers on the road. When she saw them coming, she put up her stall and sold her story to anyone who wanted to buy it.

She never asked for much in return – just a coin or two if her customer had money, some food or drink if not. And although no one believed her story was true, they believed the lessons it contained. For some the lesson was 'appreciate what you have' or 'greed will mean you lose everything.' For others, it was 'wisdom comes at a price.'

For Joanna, the last trader in her family, it was the answer to her question: *What reward could be greater than all the money she had?*Now she knew the answer was wisdom, priceless wisdom.

*Story written by Andrew Leon Hudson and adapted by Nicola Prentis.*

**TASKS:**

**Active Vocabulary:**

Stone fruit, to make fortune, a market stall, timing, sleep of sadness, to roll down, a ripe fruit, a wooden cart, to be a success, to raise money, to lose one’s mind.

**Paraphrase or give a synonym:**

To make money, to succeed in smth., to have a run of good luck, to be sad for a long time, to live near the mountain, people, who sell at the market; a fruit good enough for eating; a pit, to pick smth. up, to be very angry.

**Issues for discussion:**

Comment on the following statements:

* It is important to appreciate what you have.
* Greed always means that you will lose everything soon.
* Wisdom comes at a price.
* In life it is very important never to give up and never to get sad.

**3 Translate into English:**

Джоана мешкала в маленькому містечку біля великої гори. Її родина не була дуже багатою. Але вони мали все необхідне. Заробляли собі на життя тим, що продавали фрукти, які росли біля гори на ринку. Кожного року, коли фрукти поспівали, Джоана та її мати їхали до великого міста та продавали їх на ринку, фрукти ці були дуже солодкі та смачні і люди їх завжди покупали із задоволенням. Цих грошей вистачало. І цього року все було так саме, вони зібрали солодкі плоди та Джоана поїхала до міста, на ринок для того щоб їх продати. Цього року вона поїхала сама.

Але на жаль їй не дуже пощастило, для того щоб розпочати торгівлю на ринку треба було взяти дозвіл, заплатити податки та зробити інші формальності. Ї коли нарешті Джоана все це зробила, фрукти, які вона привезла із собою для того щоб їх продати, зіпсувались і їх було неможливо продати. Це була справжня катастрофа для Джоани, адже вона витратила всі гроші та зовсім нічого не заробила і в неї не було нічого щоб везти додому. Джоані було дуже сумно через це, вона не знала вже , що робити та сталося диво.

**Text 6**

David and Emma gazed at each other across the table. The young couple were content: the meal was delicious, the candlelight was soft and the music captured the moment perfectly.

David looked at Emma's beautiful smile. All the pain of his last break-up, all his doubts and fears about love melted away. His hand reached out and touched hers nervously.

'I have something I want to ask you.' David searched her eyes to see if she guessed what was coming.

Her smile was reassuring. She squeezed his hand. 'You needn't worry. Whatever it is, I'm sure I'll say yes!'

A huge wave of excitement went through him as he prepared to ask the most important question of his life.

From the corner of the restaurant, a strange man watched them. He sat, stiff and unmoving, at his table, pretending to read a menu. But all the while, he stared with cold eyes at the young couple.

Back at their table, David suddenly felt his nerves return.

'Excuse me,' he said to Emma. He pushed his chair back and went to the toilet. As he looked at his reflection in the mirror, he took a deep breath and told himself: 'Come on, David, come on! You can do this, mate! She's crazy about you!'

He nodded at himself and, feeling braver, he stepped outside the bathroom. He bumped straight into the extremely tall man, who was waiting by the door. The man's eyes were a cold, bright blue and his face was pale with a sharp, pointed nose and thin, pale lips.

'Oh, sorry!' said David.

'Which one?' the man hissed. He spoke with a strange, heavy accent that David had never heard before.

For a moment, David was confused until he realised what the other man meant.

'Er ... oh! This one!' said David, helpfully. 'This is the men's toilet!'

David went back into the restaurant, reaching into his pocket for the small, square-shaped box. He was now filled with courage. He was going to ask her.

The taxi ride home was heaven. The happy pair discussed their future life together and shared sweet words of admiration.

'The night I proposed!' said David.

'The night I accepted!' replied Emma.

'Just think, a whole life together!'

'Caring, sharing, …' he began.

'... loving, giving!' Emma finished his sentence.

They smiled at each other in love and excitement.

'You are so wonderful!' sighed David.

'And you're absolutely gorgeous!' said Emma. 'I've never met anyone so lovely and kind! I'm so happy I could sing!'

But as they entered their block of flats, holding hands, a tall figure watched them from the shadows.

'Which one?' he whispered to himself.

He watched the building, waiting for a light to come on and give away which flat was theirs. One minute went by … two … there it was! The light went on in a third-floor window. Emma was briefly visible as she closed the curtains.

How often had the sharp-toothed watcher stood on corners like this observing his victims? Many corners! Many windows! A thin smile spread across his pale lips. He moved out of the shadows to the door and pressed all the doorbells. The vampire was always grateful for these modern flats. Sooner or later someone would let you in, thinking it was a pizza delivery. Silly humans! It was a kind of invitation – and that was all he needed to enter a home.

As he climbed the stairs to the third floor and walked soundlessly down the hall, he could hear the young couple's laughter and conversation. As he pressed his ear against the door, he could hear their conversation. Young love made for the sweetest blood; it was so full of life and energy.

'I feel as if I'm in a film,' she was saying.

'More like a dream,' he replied.

'Yes, a dream. How lucky we are!'

'Guess who I'll be dreaming about tonight!' he teased.

'Who? Who?'

'Her hair smells of roses! She's like an angel!'

Their dream was about to become a nightmare, the vampire thought. He burst through the door and stood there with a cruel expression, showing his sharp teeth. The couple screamed and held each other in terrified silence. The vampire smelled the tension and tasted the fear. This was how he liked it. Fear made the blood even sweeter.

'There's my wallet! On the table, there! Take it!' said David. 'Take anything you want!'

'Indeed, I will take anything I want!' the vampire replied.

'Fine! Fine! We won't stop you, I promise!' David cried.

'You won't! I promise!' replied the vampire.

As the light shone on the sharp, pointed teeth, the terrible realisation came to David and Emma at the same time.

'Look at his teeth! Is he ...?'

'A vampire!!'

'Which one?' the vampire hissed. 'It can be … only one!'

The couple's eyes were wide open and staring. Their mouths hung open in horror. They held each other's hands and their stomachs filled with fear.

'Already tonight,' continued the vampire. 'I have drunk from three. One more ... then … I can … sleep … and feel young again.'

David felt a strong instinct as the vampire moved towards them. He stepped in front of Emma and protected his wife-to-be. Emma gratefully held on to his back.

The vampire was in no rush. Who best to attack? he asked himself. Which one?

'Thank you,' Emma whispered to David, 'for what you're doing for me.'

'Of course, darling. I'm here to protect you.' Pride swept over him as he said the words. He could fight this vampire. All he needed was a cross, or something to stab him through the heart. He looked around for something ...

'You're so selfless to offer yourself so bravely,' continued Emma, admiringly.

'Pardon?' asked David. 'What the hell are you talking about?'

'Oh!' said Emma. 'I just thought that with your love for me and everything …'

David and the vampire stared at each other.

'Now, listen, Emma. There is no doubt about my love for you!'

'Really?' she replied, her voice heavy with disbelief.

'But you can't expect me to just throw away my life!'

'I wasn't saying you should!' she said. 'It's just one of our options, that's all!'

'Well, think of another one!' he argued. 'Why don't you offer yourself up for me!'

The mood in the room had certainly turned ugly. The vampire was displeased that the fear and love had turned into petty arguments.

Emma was furious. 'I hope you're joking!'

'Let's see how strong your love is!' he said, angrily.

'What a gentleman!'

'What a lovely woman I was planning to marry. Offering me up like a bone to a dog!'

'You said my hair smells of roses!' she cried.

'All right, all right! Calm down!' David was a little embarrassed to be having this argument in front of a stranger.

'I'm an angel, you said!' she carried on shouting.

'MUST… FEED!' shouted the vampire furiously as he came even closer. He was determined to make a quick kill and get to bed as soon as possible, away from this terrible pair.

His eyes opened wider and he showed his teeth. 'WHICH ... ONE?'

'HER!' said David, pointing at his future wife.

'HIM! HIM!' screamed Emma in rage. 'Please, take HIM!'

The vampire approached David.

'She's younger! Sweeter!' said David.

The vampire turned to Emma.

'He's bigger! There's more of him!' she said, pointing desperately.

Suddenly a wave of tiredness came over the vampire. He was centuries old, and listening to them was exhausting and depressing. How could he feel better by feeding on either of these pathetic creatures?

He looked down upon their terrified faces and cried, 'BAD BLOOD!'

And with that, he disappeared into the night air and left Emma and David alone together. Together, as they had promised, for the rest of their lives.

*Story written by Clive Lane and adapted by Nicola Prentis.*

**TASKS**

**Active Vocabulary**

To capture the moment, to take a deep breath, to bump into smb., to hiss, heavy accent, a square – shaped box, to be filled with courage, to share words, gorgeous, sharp – toothed, to smell the tension, wife – to – be, to be in rush, to stab, selfless, ugly mood, petty argument, pathetic.

**1 Paraphrase or give a synonym:**

To be brave, small argument, wonderful, to feel tense atmosphere, to talk, to be in haste, to run across smb., to attack smb.,to breathe heavily, future wife, to whisper, miserable, strong accent.

**2 Issues for Discussion:**

* Comment on the statement:
* Love at first sight does not exist;
* A man can be seen only through his actions;
* You can see the real person only when he is in trouble.

**3 Translate into English:**

Ема та Девід вирішили провести цей вечір в маленькому ресторані в самому центрі міста. Зазвичай вони вечеряли вдома у Еми, але цей вечір був особливим і Девід запросив Ему в ресторан. Він збирався освідчитись. Девід дуже добре підготувався. Він купив обручку, продумав кожну деталь, як саме він буде робити пропозицію, але він все одно дуже сильно хвилювався. Ема відчувала хвилювання Девіда. Вона очікувала на пропозицію і була абсолютно впевнена, що неодмінно скаже «Так». І от вирішальна мить настала і Ема сказала «Так». Девід був на сьомому небі від щастя. Вечір виявився чудовим. Девід та Ема ще довго сиділи в ресторані та довго розмовляли про своє майбутнє щасливе життя, будували плани на майбутнє, обговорювали свій медовий місяць, все було чудово. Але вони навіть уявити собі не могли, що з ними станеться в найближчий час, дещо, що зруйнує всі їх плани та очікування, такого ніхто не очікував, але це сталось…

*Навчальне видання*

**Аналітичне читання :**

навчальний посібник з англійської мови

## для студентів 4 курсу факультету «Референт-перекладач»

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В авторській редакції

Комп’ютерний набір *Л. В. Михайлова*

Підписано до друку 31.05.2024. Формат 60×84/16.

Папір офсетний. Гарнітура «Таймс».

Ум. друк. арк. 1,2. Обл.-вид. арк. 1,0.

Тираж 5 пр. Зам. №6/24

Видавництво

Народної української академії

Свідоцтво № 1153 від 16.12.2002.

Надруковано у видавництві

Народної української академії

Україна, 61000, Харків, МСП, вул. Лермонтовська, 27.