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**ПРАКТИЧНИЙ КУРС ОСНОВНОЇ ІНОЗЕМНОЇ  
(АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ) МОВИ**

**МЕТОДИЧНІ РЕКОМЕНДАЦІЇ ДО ПРАКТИЧНИХ ЗАНЯТЬ,  
САМОСТІЙНОЇ ТА ДИСТАНЦІЙНОЇ РОБОТИ**

**для студентів спеціальності 035 Філологія**

Дніпро

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*За поданням методичної комісії спеціальності  
035 Філологія (протокол № 1 від 31.08.2021р).*

Практичний курс основної іноземної (англійської) мови. Методичні рекомендації до практичних занять, самостійної та дистанційної роботи для студентів спеціальності 035 Філологія / О.М. Черкащенко. – Дніпро, 2021. – 21 с. – Режим доступу: [https://pereklad.nmu.org.ua/ua/engl\\_met.rec\\_vocab.pdf](https://pereklad.nmu.org.ua/ua/engl_met.rec_vocab.pdf)

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Методичні матеріали призначені для студентів спеціальності 035 Філологія, які здобувають кваліфікаційний рівень бакалавра.

Методичні рекомендації призначені для студентів-бакалаврів освітньо-професійної програми «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська» спеціальності 035 «Філологія», Національного технічного університету «Дніпровська політехніка». Посібник містить уривки з творів провідних англомовних письменників, вправ для роботи з ними, питання для самостійного опрацювання, перелік рекомендованої літератури для подальшого опрацювання.

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## ВСТУП

**Мета** методичних рекомендацій з дисципліни «Практичний курс основної (англійської) мови» полягає у розширенні словникового запасу студентів освітньо-професійної програми «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська» спеціальності 035 «Філологія» шляхом ознайомлення з роботами видатних англомовних письменників. Зміст уривків для опрацювання відповідає програмі курсу та охоплює теми «Житло та домашні справи», «Родинні стосунки», «Зовнішність та характер людини», «Подорожі».

Студентам надається перелік творів з посиланням на повні тексти самих літературних робіт для подальшого ознайомлення. Запропоновані роботи не повторюють перелік обов'язкових творів з курсу «Історія світової літератури», тому, крім вивчення лексичного матеріалу, вони сприятимуть ознайомленню студентів з літературним надбанням англомовних країн, розширенню їх світогляду та саморозвитку.

## 1. DWELLINGS. HOUSEHOLD CHORES

1. Read the text. For questions 1-5, decide if the statements are True, False or Not Given.

1. It often rained in the place.
2. The streets in the village were covered with old broken tiles.
3. Mr. Tench was a dentist who used his house as a dental room.
4. The stranger liked the coloured glass.
5. Mr. Tench was a very religious and heavenly minded person.

There was no **paving**; during the rains the village (it was really no more) slipped into the mud. Now the ground was hard under the feet like stone. The two men walked in silence past barbers' shops and dentists'; the vultures on the roofs looked contented, like domestic fowls: they searched under wide dusty wings for parasites. Mr Tench said, 'Excuse me,' stopping at a little **wooden hut**, one storey high, with a **veranda** where a **hammock swung**. The hut was a little larger than the others in the narrow street which **petered out** two hundred yards away in swamp. He said, nervously, 'Would you like to take a look around? I don't want to boast, but I'm the best dentist here. It's not a bad place. As places go.' Pride wavered in his voice like a plant with shallow roots.

He led the way inside, locking the door behind him, through a dining-room where two **rocking-chairs** stood on either side of a **bare** table: an oil-lamp, some copies of old American papers, a cupboard. He said, 'I'll get the glasses out, but first I'd like to show you – you're an educated man . . .' The dentist's operating-room looked out on a yard where a few turkeys moved with shabby nervous pomp: a drill which worked with a pedal, a dentist's chair gaudy in bright red plush, a glass cupboard in which instruments were dustily jumbled. A forceps stood in a cup, a broken spirit-lamp was pushed into a corner, and gags of cotton-wool lay on all the shelves.

... 'The window,' the stranger said, 'is very beautiful.'

One **pane of stained glass** had been let in: a Madonna gazed out through the **mosquito wire** at the turkeys in the yard. 'I got it,' Mr Tench said, 'when they sacked the church. It didn't feel right – a dentist's room without some stained glass. Not civilized. At home – I mean in England – it was generally the Laughing Cavalier – I don't know why – or else a Tudor rose. But one can't pick and choose.'

He opened another door and said, 'My workroom.' The first thing one saw was a bed under a mosquito tent. Mr Tench said, 'You understand – I'm pressed for room.' A **ewer and basin** stood at one end of a carpenter's bench, and a **soap-dish**: at the other a **blow-pipe**, a tray of sand, pliers, a little **furnace**. 'I cast in sand,' Mr Tench said. 'What else can I do in this place?' He picked up the case of a lower jaw. 'You can't always get them accurate,' he

said. ‘Of course, they complain.’ He laid it down, and nodded at another object on the bench – something stringy and intestinal in appearance, with two little bladders of rubber. ‘Congenital fissure,’ he said. ‘It’s the first time I’ve tried. The Kingsley cast. I doubt if I can do it. But a man must try to keep abreast of things.’ His mouth fell open: the look of vacancy returned: the heat in the small room was overpowering. He stood there like a man lost in a cavern among the fossils and instruments of an age of which he knows very little. The stranger said, ‘If we could sit...’

*The Power and the Glory* by Graham Greene,

**Explain the words in bold, suggest synonyms for them.**

**2. Read the abstracts below. Complete the following statements choosing the right word.**

1. Miss Tox’s house was quite *similar to / different from* the other houses in the neighbourhood.
2. The entrance to the stables featured immense decorative door knockers which were *hardly ever used / hard to open*.
3. Miss Tox’s bedroom overlooked *the yard / the street*.
4. There was never enough *light / room* in the house.
5. The major was *ashamed of / delighted with* living in the neighbourhood.

Miss Tox **inhabited** a dark little house that had been **squeezed**, at some remote period of English History, **into a fashionable neighbourhood** at the west end of the town, where it stood in the shade like a poor relation of the great street round the corner, coldly looked down upon by **mighty mansions**. It was not exactly in a court, and it was not exactly in a yard; but it was in the dullest of **No-Thoroughfares**, rendered anxious and haggard by distant double knocks. The name of this retirement, where grass grew between the chinks in the stone pavement, was Princess’s Place; and in Princess’s Place was Princess’s Chapel, with a tinkling bell, where sometimes as many as five-and-twenty people attended service on a Sunday. The Princess’s Arms was also there, and much resorted to by splendid footmen. A **sedan chair** was kept inside the **railing** before the Princess’s Arms, but it had never come out within the memory of man; and on fine mornings, the top of every **rail** (there were eight-and-forty, as Miss Tox had often counted) was decorated with a **pewter-pot**.

There was another private house besides Miss Tox’s in Princess’s Place: not to mention an immense pair of gates, with an immense pair of **lion-headed knockers** on them, which were never opened by any chance, and were supposed to **constitute a disused entrance** to somebody’s stables. Indeed, there was a smack of stabling in the air of Princess’s Place; and Miss Tox’s bedroom (which was at the back) commanded a vista of Mews, where hostlers, at whatever sort of work engaged, were continually accompanying themselves with

effervescent noises; and where the most domestic and confidential garments of coachmen and their wives and families, usually hung, like Macbeth's banners, on the **outward walls**.

At this other private house in Princess's Place, **tenanted by** a retired butler who had married a housekeeper, apartments were let furnished, to a single gentleman: to wit, a wooden-featured, blue-faced Major, with his eyes starting out of his head, in whom Miss Tox recognised, as she herself expressed it, "something so truly military;" and between whom and herself, an occasional interchange of newspapers and pamphlets, and such Platonic dalliance, was effected through the medium of a dark servant of the Major's who Miss Tox was quite content to classify as a "native," without connecting him with any geographical idea whatever.

Perhaps there never was a smaller **entry** and **staircase**, than the entry and staircase of Miss Tox's house. Perhaps, taken altogether, from top to bottom, it was the most inconvenient little house in England, and the **crookedest**; but then, Miss Tox said, what a situation! There was very little daylight to be got there in the winter: no sun at the best of times: air was out of the question, and traffic was walled out. Still Miss Tox said, think of the situation! So said the blue-faced Major, whose eyes were starting out of his head: who gloried in Princess's Place: and who delighted to turn the conversation at his club, whenever he could, to something connected with some of the great people in the great street round the corner, that he might have the satisfaction of saying they were his neighbours.

*Dombey and Son* by Charles Dickens

**Explain the words in bold, suggest synonyms for them.**

**3. a. Read the following abstracts and decide what is sentimental about them. What can the reader infer from the following descriptions:**

1. On the top two shelves, neatly stacked, were blankets and sheets and on the third, various belongings of Rachel's that he had decided to keep.
2. Two putty-colored armchairs were drawn up in a conversational circle.

He climbed down and opened the door opposite the front room. *It led into* his bedroom. Inside, a small **chest of drawers** with a mirror stood by the corner of the front window. *Leaning up against* the back wall was a four-poster bed *covered in a* **thick quilt**. At the foot of the bed, on the floor, lay a round basket with an old blanket inside. It was Sammy's bed, when he used it, which was seldom. A blue **threadbare carpet** was *spread across the floor* with bits of matting added by the window and bed.

Beside the bed was a **fitted cupboard** with several shelves. Tom opened it. On the top two shelves, *neatly stacked*, were blankets and sheets and on the third, various belongings of Rachel's that he had decided to keep. He glanced swiftly at them. A black wooden paint-box, brushes, a christening robe she had embroidered, some old photographs, letters and

recipes. The christening robe had never been worn by his baby son for he had died soon after his mother.

*Goodnight Mister Tom* by Michelle Magorian

If she had asked me, I could have told her that we lived in two rooms at the top of a tall gray building, so that all the windows – there were five altogether, and a door with five rows of small **panes** – **overlooked** a narrow white **porch**, the highest flight of a great **scaffolding** of white steps and porches, fixed and *intricate* as the frozen eke of water from the side of a cliff, grainy gray-white like dried salt. From this porch we looked down on **broad tarpaper roofs**, *eave to eave*, spread like somber tents over *hoards of goods crated up*, and over tomatoes and turnips and chickens, and over crabs and salmons, and over a dance floor with a *jukebox* where someone began playing “Sparrow in the Treetop” and “Good Night, Irene” before breakfast. But of all this, from our vantage, we saw only the tented top. Gulls sat in rows on our porch railing and peered for scavenge.

Since all the windows were in a line, our rooms were *as light as the day* was, near the door, and became darker as one went farther in. In the back wall of the main room was a door which opened into a **carpeted hallway**, and which was never opened. It was blocked, in fact, by a big green couch so *weighty and shapeless* that it looked as if it had been *hoisted out* of forty feet of water. Two putty-colored armchairs were *drawn up in a conversational circle*. Halves of two ceramic mallards were *in full flight* up the wall. As for the rest of the room, it contained a round card table covered with a **plaid oilcloth**, a refrigerator, a pale-blue **china cupboard**, a small table with a hotplate on it, and a sink with an oilcloth skirt. Helen put lengths of **clothesline** through our belts and fastened them to the **doorknob**, an arrangement that *nerved* us to look over the side of the porch, even when the wind was strong.

*Housekeeping* by Marilynne Robinson

**3. b. Read again and say which things were:**

- 1. worn out \_\_\_\_\_
- 2. neatly folded \_\_\_\_\_
- 3. set and fanciful \_\_\_\_\_
- 4. bulky and unshaped \_\_\_\_\_

**3. c. Complete the table below using the words from the texts.**

furniture	fittings and household items	equipment

**3. d. Think of your own examples to use the words in *italics*.**



## HOUSEHOLD CHORES

### 4. Read the abstracts below. Do they bring back any memories? What is tidying up for you – a necessity, pleasure, nightmare, nothing (you never tidy up)?

The Mole had been working very hard all the morning, **spring-cleaning** his little home. First with **brooms**, then with **dusters**; then on **ladders** and steps and chairs, with a **brush** and a **pail of whitewash**; till he had dust in his throat and eyes, and splashes of whitewash all over his black fur, and an aching back and weary arms. Spring was moving in the air above and in the earth below and around him, **penetrating** even his dark and lowly little house with its spirit of divine discontent and longing. It was small wonder, then, that he suddenly flung down his brush on the floor, said “Bother!” and “O blow!” and also “Hang spring-cleaning!” and bolted out of the house without even waiting to put on his coat. Something up above was calling him imperiously, and he made for the steep little tunnel which answered in his case to the **gravelled carriage-drive** owned by animals whose **residences** are nearer to the sun and air. So he scraped and scratched and scrabbled and scrooged and then he scrooged again and scrabbled and scratched and scraped, working busily with his little paws and muttering to himself, “Up we go! Up we go!” till at last, pop! his snout came out into the sunlight, and he found himself rolling in the warm grass of a great meadow.

*The Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame

Jo caught a bad cold through neglect to cover the shorn head enough, and was ordered to stay at home till she was better, for Aunt March didn't like to hear people read with colds in their heads. Jo liked this, and after **an energetic rummage from garret to cellar, subsided on the sofa** to nurse her cold with arsenicum and books. Amy found that **housework and art did not go well together**, and returned to her mud pies. Meg went daily to her pupils, and **sewed**, or thought she did, at home, but much time was spent in writing long letters to her mother, or reading the Washington dispatches over and over. Beth kept on, with only slight relapses into idleness or grieving.

*Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott

### 5. Revision for the test. Read the descriptions of fiction dwellings bellow. Explain the words in bold. Can you name the author and the works?

1. “They consisted of a couple of comfortable bed-rooms and a single large **airy** sitting-room, **cheerfully furnished**, and **illuminated by** two broad windows”. It is actually a **bachelor's apartment** and a reflection of the London of the 1880s. The apartment is usually quite **messy** and is **packed with** unusual things and oddities. The apartment is his **mind palace, complete with his stored knowledge and experience**. The house is an essential component of Conan-Doyle's stories. The

world's greatest detective calls this address home. When he's not conducting experiments or thinking, the owner can be found here playing violin or smoking.

2. Though the **castle** is featured only in the novel's first part, it stands out as one of the creepiest places in literature. It is full of **cobwebs** and **damp corners**. Visitors can see the castle's great **round arches**, the **immense iron-studded** stone doors, and the **rattling** chains. The owner himself is as mysterious as his castle is.
3. The first few pages of the story are spent describing this house, actually a hole that the character calls home. This setting is important because it shows how much he **values his peace and quiet**, so when he leaves for his adventure, he's taking a huge step. Getting back to his warm house is a driving motivation for him over the course of the book. It is said to have a round door, painted bright green, which **led into** a hole. Importantly, the hole is neither too wet nor too dry, nor is it empty.
4. Before the Civil War, the house is **well-maintained**, bright, with lots of **mouldings**, **wood panelling** and antiques throughout. The character's bedroom shows a large fireplace, a **four-poster bed** and French antique furniture. A large driveway **snakes up the hill** to the house, with lush mature oak trees **peppered around the lawn** with white peacocks roaming freely. After the Civil War the house it becomes **abandoned**, left in ruins and is seen to have **scorched** earth with very little cotton or produce left, **smashed** windows **boarded up** with **scraps of wood**, burn marks appear on much of the interior and exterior walls, while most of the artworks and fine antique furnishings are gone.

## 6. Prepare a presentation on one of the following topics.

1. My ideal house.
2. Living in a smart house: advantages and disadvantages.
3. Housewarming traditions around the world.
4. Types of houses in Ukraine and the UK / the USA.

## 2. DESCRIBING PEOPLE

### 7. Read the text and complete the table below it.

She had been watching him ever since he had passed her and she had her eyes on him now. Matthew was not looking at her and would not have seen what she was really like if he had been, but an ordinary observer would have seen this: A child of about eleven, garbed in a very short, very tight, very ugly dress of yellowish-gray wincey. She wore a faded brown sailor hat and beneath the hat, extending down her back, were two braids of very thick,

decidedly red hair. Her face was small, white and thin, also much freckled; her mouth was large and so were her eyes, which looked green in some lights and moods and gray in others.

So far, the ordinary observer; an extraordinary observer might have seen that the chin was very pointed and pronounced; that the big eyes were full of spirit and vivacity; that the mouth was sweet-lipped and expressive; that the forehead was broad and full; in short, our discerning extraordinary observer might have concluded that no commonplace soul inhabited the body of this stray woman-child of whom shy Matthew Cuthbert was so ludicrously afraid.

Matthew, however, was spared the ordeal of speaking first, for as soon as she concluded that he was coming to her she stood up, grasping with one thin brown hand the handle of a shabby, old-fashioned carpet-bag; the other she held out to him.

“I suppose you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables?” she said in a peculiarly clear, sweet voice. “I’m very glad to see you. I was beginning to be afraid you weren’t coming for me and I was imagining all the things that might have happened to prevent you. I had made up my mind that if you didn’t come for me to-night I’d go down the track to that big wild cherry-tree at the bend, and climb up into it to stay all night. I wouldn’t be a bit afraid, and it would be lovely to sleep in a wild cherry-tree all white with bloom in the moonshine, don’t you think? You could imagine you were dwelling in marble halls, couldn’t you? And I was quite sure you would come for me in the morning, if you didn’t to-night.”

Matthew had taken the scrawny little hand awkwardly in his; then and there he decided what to do. He could not tell this child with the glowing eyes that there had been a mistake; he would take her home and let Marilla do that. She couldn’t be left at Bright River anyhow, no matter what mistake had been made.

*Anne of Green Gables* by Lucy Maud Montgomery

Appearance	Personality	Clothing

**8. Read the description below and name the character and the author.**

[He] had a thin face, knobby knees, black hair and bright-green eyes. He wore round glasses held together with a lot of Sellotape because of all the times Dudley had punched him on the nose. The only thing Harry liked about his own appearance was a very thin scar

on his forehead which was shaped like a bolt of lightning. He had had it as long as he could remember and the first question he could ever remember asking his Aunt Petunia was how he had got it.

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**9. Read the text. Analyse how the author describes the appearance and personality of the character. What is your impression? Could you make friends with this person? Why? / Why not?**

“Oh! But he was a **tight-fisted hand** at the grindstone, Scrooge! a **squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint**, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and **self-contained**, and **solitary as an oyster**. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A **frosty rime** was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his **wiry chin**. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn’t thaw it one degree at Christmas.”

*A Christmas Carol, stave one* by Charles Dickens

**10. Read the text. For questions 1-5, decide if the statements are True or False.**

1. Kitty’s father was overweighed, which made him tired.
2. Mrs. Garstin had a blank face with small features.
3. The application for a K.C. was successful.
4. Walter’s wife thought he was not well-dressed enough.
5. Mr. Townsend came from a well-off family.

There was a photograph of her mother in the room and Kitty’s **harassed eyes** fell on it. She did not know why she kept it there, for she was not very fond of her mother; there was one of her father too, but that was downstairs on the grand piano. It had been done when he took silk and it represented him in wig and gown. Even they could not make him imposing; he was a little, **wizened man**, with tired eyes, a long upper lip, and a thin mouth: a **facetious photographer** had told him to look pleasant, but he had succeeded only in looking severe. It was on this account, for as a rule the **downturned corners of his mouth** and the *dejection of his eyes* gave him an air of mild depression, that Mrs. Garstin, thinking it made him look judicial, had chosen it from among the proofs. But her own photograph showed her in the dress in which she had gone to Court when her husband was made a King’s Counsel. She was very grand in the velvet gown, the long train so disposed as to show to advantage, with feathers in her hair and flowers in her hand. She held herself erect. She was a woman of fifty, thin and flat-chested, with **prominent cheek-bones** and a large, well-shaped nose. She

had a great quantity of very smooth black hair and Kitty had always suspected that, if not dyed, it was at least touched up. Her fine black eyes were never still and this was the most **noticeable thing** about her; for when she was talking to you it was disconcerting to see those **restless eyes** in that impassive, unlined and yellow face. They moved from one part of you to another, to other persons in the room, and then back to you; you felt that she was criticising you, summing you up, watchful meanwhile of all that went on around her, and that the words she spoke had no connection with her thoughts.

But he was still a junior and many younger men than he had already taken silk<sup>1</sup>. It was necessary that he should too, not only because otherwise he could scarcely hope to be made a judge, but on her account also: it mortified her to go in to dinner after women ten years younger than herself. But here she encountered in her husband an *obstinacy* which she had not for years been accustomed to. He was afraid that as a K.C.<sup>2</sup> he would get no work. *A bird in the hand was worth two in the bush*, he told her, to which she retorted that a proverb was the last refuge of the mentally destitute. He suggested to her the possibility that his income would be halved and he knew that there was no argument which could have greater weight with her. She would not listen. She called him *pusillanimous*. She gave him no peace and at last, as always, he yielded. He applied for silk and it was promptly awarded him.

He was tall, six foot two at least, she thought, and he had a beautiful figure; he was evidently *in very good condition* and he had not a spare ounce of fat on him. He was well-dressed, the best-dressed man in the room, and he wore his clothes well. She liked a man to be smart. Her eyes wandered to Walter: he really should try to be a little **better turned out**. She noticed Townsend's cuff-links and waistcoat buttons; she had seen similar ones at Cartier's<sup>3</sup>. Of course the Townsends had private means. His face was *deeply sunburned*, but the sun had not taken the healthy colour from his cheeks. She liked the little *trim curly moustache* which did not conceal his full red lips. He had black hair, short and **brushed very sleek**. But of course his eyes, under thick, bushy eyebrows, were his best feature: they were so very blue, and they *had a laughing tenderness* which persuaded you of the sweetness of his disposition. No man who had those blue eyes could bear to hurt any one.

*The painted veil* by W. Somerset Maugham

**10. Suggest a) synonyms; b) antonyms to the adjectives in the word combinations in bold.**

**Say if the words in italics have positive or negative meaning.**

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<sup>1</sup> to take silk - to become a Queen's (or King's) Counsel

<sup>2</sup> K.C. - King's Counsel

<sup>3</sup> Cartier's - a French luxury goods conglomerate which designs, manufactures, distributes, and sells jewellery and watches, founded by Louis-François Cartier in Paris in 1847.

### 3. FAMILY

**11. Read the abstracts below. What feelings do they evoke? Which of them is sad, happy, soothing, or funny? What kinds of relationship are described (siblings, children – parents, etc.)? Are these happy families?**

While making these maternal inquiries Mrs. March got her wet things off, her warm slippers on, and sitting down in the easy chair, drew Amy to her lap, preparing to enjoy the happiest hour of her busy day. The girls **flew about**, trying to make things comfortable, each in her own way. Meg **arranged the tea table**, Jo brought wood and **set chairs**, dropping, **overturning**, and **clattering** everything she touched. Beth **trotted to and fro between parlor kitchen**, quiet and busy, while Amy gave directions to everyone, as she **sat with her hands folded**.

**All the little duties were faithfully done** each day, and many of her sisters' also, for they were forgetful, and the house seemed like a clock whose pendulum was gone a-visiting. When her heart got heavy with longings for Mother or fears for Father, she went away into a certain closet, hid her face in the folds of a dear old gown, and made her little moan and prayed her little prayer quietly by herself. Nobody knew what cheered her up after a sober fit, but everyone felt how sweet and helpful Beth was, and fell into a way of going to her for comfort or advice in their small affairs.

*Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott

Her **engagement** was owing to the remonstrances of Mr. Pitt Crawley, the only friend or protector Lady Crawley ever had, and the only person, besides her children, for whom she entertained a little feeble attachment. Mr. Pitt took after the noble Binkies, from whom he was **descended**, and was a very polite and proper gentleman. When he **grew to man's estate**, and came back from Christchurch, he began to reform the slackened discipline of the hall, in spite of his father, who **stood in awe of** him. He was a man of such rigid refinement, that he would have starved rather than have dined without a white neckcloth. Once, when just from college, and when Horrocks the butler brought him a letter without placing it previously on a tray, he gave that domestic a look, and administered to him a speech so cutting, that Horrocks ever after trembled before him; the whole household bowed to him: Lady Crawley's curl-papers came off earlier when he was at home: Sir Pitt's muddy gaiters disappeared; and if that incorrigible old man still adhered to other old habits, he never fuddled himself with rum-and-water in his son's presence, and only talked to his servants in a very reserved and polite manner; and those persons remarked that Sir Pitt never swore at Lady Crawley while his son was in the room.

Miss Violet's tastes were, on the contrary, more rude and boisterous than those of her sister. She knew the sequestered spots where the hens laid their eggs. She could climb a tree to rob

the nests of the feathered songsters of their speckled spoils. And her pleasure was to ride the young colts, and to scour the plains like Camilla. She **was the favourite of her father** and of the stablemen. She was the **darling**, and withal the terror of the cook; for she discovered the haunts of the jam-pots, and would attack them when they were within her reach. She and her sister were **engaged in constant battles**. Any of which peccadilloes<sup>4</sup>, if Miss Sharp discovered, she did not tell them to Lady Crawley; who would have told them to the father, or worse, to Mr. Crawley; but promised not to tell if Miss Violet would be a good girl and love her governess.

The great good quality of this old lady has been mentioned. She possessed seventy thousand pounds, and had almost **adopted** Rawdon. She disliked her **elder nephew** exceedingly, and despised him as a **milk-sop**. In return he did not hesitate to state that her soul was irretrievably lost, and “She is a godless woman of the world,” would Mr. Crawley say; “she lives with atheists and Frenchmen. My mind shudders when I think of her awful, awful situation, and that, near as she is to the grave, she should be so given up to vanity, licentiousness, profaneness, and folly.” In fact, the old lady declined altogether to hear his hour’s lecture of an evening; and when she came to Queen’s Crawley alone, he was obliged to pretermitt his usual devotional exercises.

*Vanity Fair* by William Makepeace Thackeray

His misgivings were justified. He *made no headway* as a leader and his briefs were few. But he concealed any disappointment he may have felt, and if he reproached his wife it was in his heart. He *grew* perhaps a little more *silent*, but he had always been silent at home, and no one in his family noticed a change in him. His daughters had never looked upon him as anything but a source of income; it had always seemed perfectly natural that he should *lead a dog’s life* in order to provide them with board and lodging, clothes, holiday and money for *odds and ends*; and now, understanding that through his fault money was less plentiful, the **indifference they had felt for him** was *tinged with* an **exasperated contempt**. It never occurred to them to ask themselves what were the feelings of the **subdued** little man who went out early in the morning and came home at night only in time to dress for dinner. He was a stranger to them, but because he was their father they *took it for granted* that he should love and **cherish** them.

*The painted veil* by W. Somerset Maugham

**12. Read the abstract below. Think if the girls had happy / unhappy childhood. What makes you think so? Write an essay about your childhood.**

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<sup>4</sup> Peccadilloes - small, unimportant sins or faults

My name is Ruth. I grew up with my younger sister, Lucille, under the care of my grandmother, Mrs. Sylvia Foster, and when she died, of her sisters-in-law, Misses Lily and Nona Foster, and when they fled, of her daughter, Mrs. Sylvia Fisher. Through all these generations of elders we lived in one house, my grandmother's house, built for her by her husband, Edmund Foster, an employee of the railroad, who escaped this world years before I entered it. It was he who put us down in this unlikely place. He had grown up in the Middle West, in a house dug out of the ground, with windows just at earth level and just at eye level, so that from without, the house was a mere mound, no more a human stronghold than a grave, and from within, the perfect horizontality of the world in that place foreshortened the view so severely that the horizon seemed to circumscribe the sod house and nothing more. So my grandfather began to read what he could find of travel literature, journals of expeditions to the mountains of Africa, to the Alps, the Andes, the Himalayas, the Rockies.

After their father's death, the girls hovered around her, watched everything she did, followed her through the house, got in her way. Molly was sixteen that winter; Helen, my mother, was fifteen; and Sylvie was thirteen. When their mother sat down with her mending, they would settle themselves around her on the floor, trying to be comfortable, with their heads propped against her knees or her chair, restless as young children. They would pull fringe off the rug, pleat her hem, pummel one another sometimes, while they talked indolently about school or worked out the endless minor complaints and accusations that arose among them. After a while they would turn on the radio and start brushing Sylvie's hair, which was light brown and heavy and hung down to her waist. The older girls were expert at building it into pompadours with ringlets at ear and nape. Sylvie crossed her legs at the ankles and read magazines. When she got sleepy she would go off to her room and take a nap, and come down to supper with her gorgeous hair ruffled and awry. Nothing could induce vanity in her.

When suppertime came, they would follow their mother into the kitchen, set the table, lift the lids off the pans. And then they would sit around the table and eat together, Molly and Helen fastidious, Sylvie with milk on her lip. Even then, in the bright kitchen with white curtains screening out the dark, their mother felt them leaning toward her, looking at her face and her hands.

Never since they were small children had they clustered about her so, and never since then had she been so aware of the smell of their hair, their softness, breathiness, abruptness. It filled her with a strange elation, the same pleasure she had felt when any one of them, as a sucking child, had fastened her eyes on her face and reached for her other breast, her hair, her lips, hungry to touch, eager to be filled for a while and sleep.

*Housekeeping* by Marilynne Robinson,

#### **4. TRAVELLING**

**13. Read the text and complete the table below it.**



‘You said turn right, lady.’

‘Then I apologize. It was my mistake. I am always a little uncertain about right and left. Port I can always remember because of the colour – red means left. You should have turned to port not starboard.’

‘I’m no bloody navigator, lady.’

‘Never mind. Just continue all the way round and start again. I take all the blame.’

It was my aunt who suggested that we should fly as far as Paris. I was a little surprised after what she had just said, for there was certainly in this case an alternative means of travel. I pointed out the inconsistency. ‘There are reasons,’ Aunt Augusta said. ‘Cogent reasons. I know the ropes at Heathrow.’

I was puzzled too at her insistence that we must go to the Kensington air terminal and take the airport bus. ‘It’s so easy for me,’ I said, ‘to pick you up by car and drive you to Heathrow. You would find it much less tiring, Aunt Augusta.’

‘You would have to pay an *exorbitant garage fee*,’ she replied, and I found her sudden *sense of economy* unconvincing.

...I picked my aunt up in the bar of the Crown and Anchor where she was having a *stirrup-cup* and we drove by taxi to the Kensington terminal. I noticed that she had brought two suitcases, one very large, although, when I asked her how long we were to stay in Istanbul, she had replied, ‘Twenty-four hours.’

‘It seems a short stay after such a long journey.’

‘*The point is the journey*,’ my aunt had replied. ‘I enjoy the travelling not the sitting still.’

... Since we were travelling first-class (which seemed again an unnecessary luxury between London and Paris) we had no overweight, although the larger of her suitcases was unusually heavy. While we were sitting in the bus I suggested to my aunt that the garage fee for my car would probably have been cheaper than the difference between first and tourist fares. ‘The difference,’ she said, ‘is nearly wiped out by the caviar and the smoked salmon, and surely between us we can probably put away half a bottle of vodka. Not to speak of the champagne and cognac. In any case I have more important reasons for travelling by bus.’

As we approached Heathrow she put her mouth close to my ear. ‘The luggage,’ she said, ‘is in a trailer behind.’

‘I know.’

‘I have a green suitcase and a red suitcase. Here are the tickets.’

I took them, not understanding.

‘When the bus stops please get out quickly and see whether the trailer is still attached. If it is still there let me know at once and I’ll give you further instructions.’

Something in my aunt’s manner made me nervous. I said, ‘Of course it will be there.’

‘I sincerely hope not,’ she said. ‘Otherwise we shall not leave today.’

I jumped out as soon as we arrived and sure enough the trailer wasn’t there. ‘What do I do now?’ I asked her.

‘Nothing at all. Everything is quite in order. You may give me back the tickets and relax.’

As we sat over two gins and tonics in the departure lounge a loud-speaker announced, ‘Passengers on Flight 378 to Nice will proceed to customs for customs inspection.’

...‘But, Aunt Augusta, you have still not told me about the trailer.’

‘It’s very simple,’ my aunt said. ‘If the luggage is to be loaded direct on to the aircraft, the trailer is detached outside the Queen Elizabeth building – there are always traffic hold-ups at this point and nothing is noticed by the passengers. If when the bus arrives at the BEA<sup>5</sup> or Air France entrance you find the trailer is still attached, this means that the luggage is going to be sent to the customs. Personally I *have a rooted objection to* unknown hands, which have fiddled about in all kinds of strange luggage, some not over-clean, fiddling about in mine.’

‘What do you do then?’

‘I reclaim my bags, saying that after all I don’t require them on the voyage and wish to leave them in the cloakroom. Or I cancel my flight and try again another day.’

*Travels with My Aunt* by Graham Greene

Direction	At the airport	Travel collocations

**14. Think of your sentences with the words in italics.**

**15. Prepare a presentation on one of the following topics.**

1. A tour around Ukraine.
2. My dream destination
3. Travelling as a hobby.
4. Travelling as a job.
5. Unusual ways of travelling.
6. Travelling and environment.

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<sup>5</sup> BEA - British European Airways Corporation

## KEYS

- 1.
- |    |           |    |           |
|----|-----------|----|-----------|
| 1. | Not given | 4. | True      |
| 2. | False     | 5. | Not given |
| 3. | True      |    |           |
- 2.
- |    |                  |    |                |
|----|------------------|----|----------------|
| 1. | different from   | 4. | light          |
| 2. | hardly ever used | 5. | delighted with |
| 3. | the yard         |    |                |
3. b.
- |    |        |    |          |    |                   |    |       |
|----|--------|----|----------|----|-------------------|----|-------|
| 1. | carpet | 2. | blankets | 3. | steps and porches | 4. | couch |
|----|--------|----|----------|----|-------------------|----|-------|
- 5.
- |    |                                   |
|----|-----------------------------------|
| 1. | Sherlock Holmes by A. Conan-Doyle |
| 5. | Dracula by Bram Stoker            |
| 6. | The Hobbit by J.R.R. Tolkien      |
| 7. | Gone with the Wind by M. Mitchell |
8. Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone by J. K. Rowling
- 10.
- |    |       |    |       |    |      |    |      |    |      |
|----|-------|----|-------|----|------|----|------|----|------|
| 1. | False | 2. | False | 3. | True | 4. | True | 5. | True |
|----|-------|----|-------|----|------|----|------|----|------|

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(АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ) МОВИ**

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Електронний ресурс

За редакцією укладачів