Министерство образования Республики Беларусь

Учреждение образования «Барановичский государственный университет»

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PROFESSIONALLY ORIENTED COMMUNICATION

ПРОФЕССИОНАЛЬНОЕ ОБЩЕНИЕ

В двух частях
Часть 2

Допущено Министерством образования Республики Беларусь в качестве учебного пособия для студентов учреждений высшего образования по специальностям «Иностранные языки (с указанием языков)», «Английский язык. Немецкий язык», «Немецкий язык. Английский язык»

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Позволяет организовывать профессионально ориентированное иноязычное общение на темы, связанные с различными аспектами обучения иностранному языку в учреждениях образования различного типа.

Пособие предназначено для студентов лингвистических специальностей старших курсов факультетов иностранных языков.

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INTRODUCTION

This book is the second part of the textbook under the same title. Just like Part One, it is a solid piece of teaching material developed in compliance with the existing syllabus of the university discipline "Professionally Oriented Communication". It is divided into 6 discussion areas (10—15), all of which have something to do with various aspects of teaching. Each area is supposed to be covered during three classes. Every fourth class (Laboratory Work) is a platform for organizing guided student self-study activities.

The content of the book is also a collection of ideas, written texts and visual aids based on a practical approach to teaching English as a profession. For instance, each and every class starts with an extract from a famous movie, which may give students a chance to not only think actively and critically but also enlarge their "cultural territory". Organic to the material is the DVD containing movie episodes mentioned in the book.

As before, performing tasks of this book are the starting point for various other activities that may go well beyond the classroom walls. There is only one more thing to say about it. This book is something that should be treated as an exciting journey into the land of teaching, and not as a boring series of tasks.

Bon voyage then, right into the realms of educational professionalism!

Authors

К ЧИТАТЕЛЮ

Эта книга — вторая часть одноименного пособия. Как и первая часть, она содержит учебный материал, разработанный в соответствии с существующей программой по дисциплине «Профессиональное общение». В пособии содержится материал по 6 темам (10—15), отражающим различные аспекты преподавания. Изучение каждой темы проходит на трёх аудиторных занятиях. Четвёртое занятие каждой темы (Laboratory Work) представляет собой материал для организации управляемой самостоятельной работы студентов.

Содержательно данная часть также является собранием идей, текстов и визуального материала, основанным на практическом подходе к обучению английскому языку как специальности. Каждое занятие начинается с демонстрации эпизода из знаменитого кинофильма, что не только даёт возможность активно развивать навыки критического мышления, но и расширять свою «территорию культуры». Электронный диск с видеоматериалами является частью учебного комплекта.

Как и ранее, выполнение заданий, помещённых в книге, есть стартовая точка для множества других видов деятельности, которые могут выходить далеко за пределы университетской аудитории. Авторам остаётся сказать лишь одно: эта книга — не скучная серия заданий, а увлекательное путешествие в мир профессиональной культуры.

В добрый путь — в страну учительского профессионализма!

Авторы

10. SCIENCE IN THE MODERN WORLD

CLASS 1

DO THEY EVER LISTEN TO SCIENTISTS?

Ex. 1. Watch an episode from the movie *Agora*. What do you think the ancient scientist has discovered? Do you believe it might have happened like that? And, by the way, what was her name?

Ex. 2. In pairs, talk about the progress science has made over the centuries. Do you think it is really amazing? Give your reasons.

Ex. 3. In small groups, create a list of *top ten* most wondrous scientific discoveries of the last sixty years.

Ex. 4. In your group, compare the lists you have come up with. Try to agree on the top five together.

Ex. 5. Split into two groups and practice jig-saw reading. Readers of Text A, say why the problem under discussion is so important. Readers of Text B, say what lessons the computer scientist learned from biology.

Text 10.1 (A)

Many people cite Albert Einstein's aphorism "Everything should be made as simple as possible, but not simpler." Only a handful, however, have had the opportunity to discuss the concept with the physicist over breakfast. One of those is Peter G. Neumann [*Noy-man*], now an 80-year-old computer scientist.

As an applied-mathematics student at Harvard, Dr. Neumann had a two-hour breakfast with Einstein on November 8, 1952. What the young math student took away was a deeply held philosophy of design that has remained with him for six decades and has been his governing principle of computing and computer security.

For many of those years, Dr. Neumann has remained a voice in the wilderness, tirelessly pointing out that the computer industry has a penchant for repeating the mistakes of the past. He has long been one of the nation's leading specialists in computer security, and early on he predicted that the security flaws that have accompanied the pell-mell explosion of the computer and Internet industries would have disastrous consequences.

"His biggest contribution is to stress the 'systems' nature of the security and reliability problems," said Steven M. Bellovin, chief technology officer of the Federal Trade Commission. "That is, trouble occurs not because of one failure, but because of the way many different pieces interact."

Dr. Bellovin said that it was Dr. Neumann who originally gave him the insight that "complex systems break in complex ways" — that the increasing complexity of modern hardware and software has made it virtually impossible to identify the flaws and vulnerabilities in computer systems and ensure that they are secure and trustworthy.

The consequence has come to pass in the form of an epidemic of computer malware and rising concerns about cyber warfare as a threat to global security, voiced alarmingly this month by the defense secretary, Leon E. Panetta, who warned of a possible "cyber-Pearl Harbor" attack on the United States.

It is remarkable, then, that years after most of his contemporaries have retired, Dr. Neumann is still at it and has seized the opportunity to start over and redesign computers and software from a "clean slate." He is leading a team of researchers in an effort to completely rethink how to make computers and networks secure, in a five-year project financed by the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, or Darpa, with Robert N. Watson, a computer security researcher at Cambridge University's Computer Laboratory.

"I've been tilting at the same windmills for basically 40 years," said Dr. Neumann recently during a lunchtime interview at a Chinese restaurant near his art-filled home in Palo Alto, Calif. "And I get the impression that most of the folks who are responsible don't want to hear about complexity. They are interested in quick and dirty solutions."

A trim and agile man, with piercing eyes and a salt-and-pepper beard, Dr. Neumann has practiced tai chi for decades. But his passion, besides computer security, is music. He plays a variety of instruments, including bassoon, French horn, trombone and piano, and is active in

a variety of musical groups. At computer security conferences it has become a tradition for Dr. Neumann to lead his colleagues in song, playing tunes from Gilbert and Sullivan and Tom Lehrer.

Until recently, security was a backwater in the world of computing. Today it is a multibillion-dollar industry, though one of dubious competence, and safeguarding the nation's computerized critical infrastructure has taken on added urgency. Dr. Neumann reasons that the only workable and complete solution to the computer security crisis is to study the past half century's research, cherry-pick the best ideas and then build something new from the bottom up. Dr. Neumann is one of the most qualified people to lead such an effort to rethink security. He has been there for the entire trajectory of modern computing — even before its earliest days.

Text 10.2 (B)
(continued text 10.1 (A))

The Internet enables almost any computer in the world to connect directly to any other one, so it makes it possible for an attacker who identifies a single vulnerability to almost instantly compromise a vast number of systems. But borrowing from another science, Dr. Neumann notes that biological systems have multiple immune systems — not only are there initial barriers, but a second system consisting of sentinels like T-cells has the ability to detect and eliminate intruders and then remember them to provide protection in the future. In contrast, today's computer and network systems were largely designed with security as an afterthought, if at all.

One design approach that Dr. Neumann's research team is pursuing is known as a tagged architecture. In effect, each piece of data in the experimental system must carry "credentials" — an encryption code that ensures that it is one that the system trusts. If the data or program's papers are not in order, the computer won't process them. For Dr. Neumann, one of the most frustrating parts of the process is seeing problems that were solved technically as long ago as four decades still plague the computer world. A classic example is "buffer overflow" vulnerability, a design flaw that permits an attacker to send a file with a long string of characters that will overrun an area of a computer's memory, causing the program to fail and make it possible for the intruder to execute a malicious program.

Almost 25 years ago, Robert Tappan Morris, then a graduate student at Cornell University, used the technique to make his worm program spread throughout an Internet that was then composed of about only 50,000 computers.

Dr. Neumann had attended Harvard with Robert Morris, Robert Tappan Morris's father, and then worked with him at Bell Laboratories in the 1960s and 1970s, where the elder Mr. Morris was one of the inventors of the Unix operating system. Dr. Neumann, a close family friend, was prepared to testify at the trial of the young programmer, who carried out his hacking stunt with no real malicious intent. He was convicted and fined, and is now a professor at M.I.T.

At the time that the Morris Worm had run amok on the Internet, the buffer overflow flaw had already been known about and controlled in the Multics operating system research project, which Dr. Neumann helped lead from 1965 to 1969. An early Pentagon-financed design effort, Multics was the first systematic attempt to grapple with how to secure computer resources that are shared by many users. Yet many of the Multics innovations were ignored at the time because I.B.M. mainframes were quickly coming to dominate the industry.

Dr. Neumann grew up in New York City. Dr. Neumann's father was a noted art dealer, first in Germany and then in New York, where he opened the New Art Circle gallery after moving to the United States in 1923. Dr. Neumann recalls his father's tale of eating in a restaurant in Munich, where he had a gallery, and finding that he was seated next to Hitler and some of his Nazi associates. He left the country for the United States soon afterward.

His mother was an artist. His two-hour breakfast with Einstein took place because she had been commissioned to create a colorful mosaic of Einstein and had become friendly with him. The mosaic is now displayed in a reference reading room in the main library at Boston University. Dr. Neumann's college conversation was the start of a lifelong romance with both the beauty and the perils of complexity, something that Einstein hinted at during their breakfast.

"What do you think of Johannes Brahms?" Dr. Neumann asked the physicist.

"I have never understood Brahms," Einstein replied. "I believe Brahms was burning the midnight oil trying to be complicated."

Ex. 6. Work in small mixed groups (A+B). Share the information you obtained about Dr. Neumann. Create his profile as a scientist. Which science gave him most inspiration?

Ex. 7. Study the following quotes about science and scientists. Do any of the authors' names seem familiar? Which one would you agree with, without hesitation? Give reasons.

- There is a single light of science and to brighten it anywhere is to brighten it everywhere *(Isaac Asimov)*.
- The science of today is the technology of tomorrow *(Edward Teller)*.
- Only two things are infinite, the universe and human stupidity, and I'm not sure about the former *(Albert Einstein)*.
- What is a scientist after all? It's a curious man looking through a keyhole, the keyhole of nature, trying to know, what's going on *(Jacques Yves Cousteau)*.
- Science investigates, religion interprets. Science gives man knowledge which is power, religion gives man wisdom which is control *(Martin Luther King)*.
- Men love to wonder, and that's the seed of knowledge *(Ralph Waldo Emerson)*.
- All science is either physics or stamp collection *(Ernest Rutherford)*.

Ex. 8. Work individually. Choose one of the above quotations and write an explanation to it. And, please, *remember not to try to be complicated.*

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch the movie *Agora* and be ready to speak about it in class.

Ex. 2. Read the excerpt from a novel by an author you are already familiar with. Try to work out what the scientists were trying to discover and how successful they finally were. How important was their research for mankind? Give your reasons.

Text 10.3

From PRIZES by Eric Segal

Adam and Anya Coopersmith had become relentless hunters in the dark jungle of the immune system, and slowly but surely they were nearing their prey. Somewhere, among the benign and benevolent cells that whirled through the body, lurked a secret predator whose sole savage purpose was the destruction of the human fetus growing peacefully inside the womb.

It was the final act, and, in true Agatha Christie fashion, the killer was about to be exposed. Thus far it had left certain clues. But the evidence was merely circumstantial and not sufficient to make a definitive identification.

Moreover, to further complicate the plot, the interferons — three clusters of proteins code-named somewhat unimaginatively alpha, beta, and gamma — were like an army that guarded against viruses. The alpha squad was produced by white blood cells; the beta, by cells of connective and other tissues; and the gamma, by T-lymphocytes, which are the natural killer cells in the normal immune response against disease-causing viruses.

Here the skills of chemist Giancarlo Pisani came into play. And together, in assay after assay, sometimes painstakingly changing the parameters by a mere 0.01 percent, they were seeking traces of the invisible. A hint of a shape. Anything distinctive that could be placed on a laboratory Wanted poster.

After testing with various pore sizes, they established the molecular weight of the unidentified killer at between ten and thirty thousand kilodaltons.

Coincidentally, the same as gamma interferon.

They put the mystery substance through more elaborate tests, including an affinity column containing microscopic plastic beads coupled with antibodies to the suspected toxin. After passage through the column, toxic activity was removed from the solution and bound by the bead, again suggesting that gamma interferon was the culprit.

A final series of multimedia investigations left no further doubt: gamma interferon was indeed a double agent — immensely useful against many diseases, but lethal for healthy pregnancies.

The question now was how to destroy the would-be enemy while preserving the victim it tenaciously stalked.

It was doubly appropriate that the breakthrough should occur on their anniversary. They were hard at work in the lab, testing Anya's hypothesis that there might be a very subtle structural rearrangement of the specific atoms comprising the gamma molecule in the reproductive area.

With the help of crystallographer Simon Hillman, they visualized the conventional molecule on a 3D video screen and superimposed it on fetal tissue.

Wearily pressing the enter key on her computer, Anya glanced perfunctorily at the screen, which she expected to show her bleary eyes yet another near-miss.

What she saw, however, made her blink into focus, move closer to the screen and finally let out a squeal.

Adam, who was just unpacking their millionth Chinese takeout, dropped the carton and ran over, thinking perhaps she had hurt herself.

"Look, Adam. Look."

He just stared at the screen. His jaw dropped.

"Jesus Christ," he murmured. "You were right. I never thought I'd live to see this moment. The receptor molecules are different — subtly different — but enough to cause all the damage we've been trying to prevent."

She nodded mutely.

He was dizzy. "After all this time, I'm suddenly at a loss for something to do."

Anya beamed. ''We just wait for the ultimate scientific reaction — the telegram from Stockholm.''

The final step was almost anticlimactic. It would be a matter of pharmacological trial and error to develop a receptor uniquely designed to protect nature's treasured prize.

At this point the pair recruited every team in the lab, ordering that all other research be tabled so that the finish line could be reached at the greatest possible speed.

By late fall they had created a drug — dubbed MR-Alpha to commemorate the still-vivid memory of the man who had started Adam on this quest so long ago.

Clarke-Albertson company put the drug on their fastest track for commercial development and FDA sanction, while Adam's and Anya's moods oscillated between ecstasy and frustration.

''How long does it take to get government approval?" Anya asked.

''That depends on the circumstances,'' Adam replied, thinking briefly of a moment long ago when he had helped administer an unapproved drug to save the life of a man who was now his sworn enemy, and whose threatened vengeance still hung over him like the sword of Damocles.

''Approval can take two months or two years,'' Prescott Mason commented.

''Well,'' Adam warned, ''if they don't make it snappy, I'm gonna pull a John Rock.''

''Who is this 'Rock' person?'' Anya asked.

''He's a legend, and the story is absolutely true,'' Adam replied. ''He was a central figure in the creation of the first oral contraceptive, which he duly submitted for FDA approval. But after a while he grew impatient with the bureaucratic road blocks. So one morning he simply showed up at the agency's headquarters and announced to the receptionist that he had come to receive approval for his pill.''

''After she made a number of nervous phone calls, she politely explained to Rock that he would be hearing from the agency very soon. The good doctor chose to interpret this literally. So he sat down on a little chair, pulled out a sandwich and said, 'In that case, I'll just wait. 'I guess it was the first sit-in in the history of the FDA.''

''And what was so amazing,'' Mason jumped in, ''was the old boy succeeded. Somehow his presence galvanized the authorities into approval that very afternoon.''

''Well, I'm willing to go to Washington,'' Anya offered cheerily.

''Don't worry,'' Mason reassured her. ''They're finally starting to clear up the logjam. And besides, we've got two full-time lobbyists doing a slightly subtler imitation of John Rock. Anyway, this won't be a very controversial call.''

''And more important,'' Adam interrupted, ''Anya's going to sit down and study for her qualifying exams. I've always wanted to be married to a doctor.''

It took six months for Mason to achieve Washington's blessing, and by then Anya had already passed her examination. Thus, when the good news was phoned through by one of Clarke-Albertson's ''men on the spot,'' the toasts could be raised to ''Dr. Coopersmith and Dr. Coopersmith.''

Ex. 3. The text abounds in scientific terms. Sort them out according to the following rubrics. Exchange the lists with your partner and check each other's understanding of the first two rubrics.

Biology	Chemistry	Other Sciences

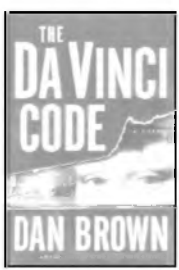
Ex. 4. What does the phrase "the telegram from Stockholm" mean? Do you think their discovery deserved the ultimate scholarly award? Why (not)?

Ex. 5. Link to an online encyclopedia and conduct research on the Nobel Prize winners of the past decade. Whose contribution to modern science do you consider the most outstanding one? Make a presentation about the scientist of your choice.

CLASS 2

MAN'S BEAUTIFUL MIND

Ex. 1. Watch an episode from the documentary about *The Da Vinci Code* by Dan Brown. It's about math, mystery and miracles of mind. *(Dig for the fine alliteration!)* Do you think such mysteries really exist in the world of science? Share ideas with your group mates.



Ex. 2. Prepare 10 questions to ask of the author of the book, Dan Brown, about the science behind his writing.

Ex. 3. Study the following information table on important scientific achievements. Answer three *fundamental* questions.

- What area of research is this? (That one is easy)
- Where have these achievements been made?
- What next? (= the year 2025)

1973	The discovery of neutral currents in the Gargamelle bubble chamber.
1983	The discovery of W and Z bosons in the UA1 and UA2 experiments.
1989	The determination of the number of light neutrino families.
1995	The first creation of antihydrogen atoms in the PS210 experiment.
1999	The discovery of direct CP violation in the NA48 experiment.
2010	The isolation of 38 atoms of antihydrogen.
2011	Maintaining antihydrogen for over 15 minutes.
2012	A boson with mass consistent with long-sought Higgs boson.
2025	?

Ex. 4. The table above reads like a most fascinating *detective* story, doesn't it? Have you answered all three questions correctly? Ask Teacher for assistance and clarifications, if the experiment failed. If this fails, too, go to Page 15.

Ex. 5. Read an excerpt from another famous novel by the bestselling author. What do you make of the science lab description? Does it sound fictional, futuristic or fairly realistic?

Text 10.4

From ANGELS AND DEMONS by Dan Brown

Maximilian Kohler, director general of CERN, was known behind his back as Konig — King. It was a title more of fear than reverence for the figure who ruled over his dominion from a wheelchair throne. Although few knew him personally, the horrific story of how he had been crippled was lore at CERN, and there were few there who blamed him for his bitterness ... nor for his sworn dedication to pure science.

Langdon had only been in Kohler's presence a few moments and already sensed the director was a man who kept his distance. Langdon found himself practically jogging to keep up with Kohler's electric wheelchair as it sped silently toward the main entrance. The wheelchair was like none Langdon had ever seen — equipped with a bank of electronics including a multiline phone, a paging system, computer screen, even a small, detachable video camera. King Kohler's mobile command center.

Langdon followed through a mechanical door into CERN's voluminous main lobby.

The Glass Cathedral, Langdon mused, gazing upward toward heaven.

Overhead, the bluish glass roof shimmered in the afternoon sun, casting rays of geometric patterns in the air and giving the room a sense of grandeur. Angular shadows fell like veins across the white tiled walls and down to the marble floors. The air smelled clean, sterile. A handful of scientists moved briskly about, their footsteps echoing in the resonant space.

''This way, please, Mr. Langdon." His voice sounded almost computerized. His accent was rigid and precise, like his stern features. Kohler coughed and wiped his mouth on a white handkerchief as he fixed his dead gray eyes on Langdon. "Please hurry." His wheelchair seemed to leap across the tiled floor.

Langdon followed past what seemed to be countless hallways branching off the main atrium. Every hallway was alive with activity. The scientists who saw Kohler seemed to stare in surprise, eyeing Langdon as if wondering who he must be to command such company.

"I'm embarrassed to admit," Langdon ventured, trying to make conversation, "that I've never heard of CERN."

"Not surprising," Kohler replied, his clipped response sounding harshly efficient. "Most Americans do not see Europe as the world leader in scientific research. They see us as nothing but a quaint shopping district — an odd perception if you consider the nationalities of men like Einstein, Galileo, and Newton."

Langdon was unsure how to respond. He pulled the fax from his pocket. "This man in the photograph, can you —"

Kohler cut him off with a wave of his hand. "Please. Not here. I am taking you to him now." He held out his hand. "Perhaps I should take that."

Langdon handed over the fax and fell silently into step.

Kohler took a sharp left and entered a wide hallway adorned with awards and commendations. A particularly large plaque dominated the entry. Langdon slowed to read — the engraved bronze as they passed.

ARS BLECTRONICA AWARD
For Cultural Innovation in the Digital Age
Awarded to Tim Berners-Lee and CERN for the invention of the WORLDWIDE WEB

Well I'll be damned, Langdon thought, reading the text. This guy wasn't kidding. Langdon had always thought of the Web as an American invention. Then again, his knowledge was limited to the site for his own book and the occasional on-line exploration of the Louvre or El Prado on his old Macintosh.

"The Web," Kohler said, coughing again and wiping his mouth, "began here as a network of in-house computer sites. It enabled scientists from different departments to share daily findings with one another. Of course, the entire world is under the impression the Web is U.S. technology."

Langdon followed down the hall. "Why not set the record straight?"

Kohler shrugged, apparently disinterested. "A petty misconception over a petty technology. CERN is far greater than a global connection of computers. Our scientists produce miracles almost daily."

Langdon gave Kohler a questioning look. "Miracles?" The word "miracle" was certainly not part of the vocabulary around Harvard's Fairchild Science Building. Miracles were left for the School of Divinity.

"You sound skeptical," Kohler said. "I thought you were a religious symbologist. Do you not believe in miracles?"

"I'm undecided on miracles," Langdon said. Particularly those that take place in science labs.

"Perhaps miracle is the wrong word. I was simply trying to speak your language."

"My language?" Langdon was suddenly uncomfortable. "Not to disappoint you, sir, but I study religious symbology — I'm an academic, not a priest."

Kohler slowed suddenly and turned, his gaze softening a bit. "Of course. How simple of me. One does not need to have cancer to analyze its symptoms."

Langdon had never heard it put quite that way.

As they moved down the hallway, Kohler gave an accepting nod. "I suspect you and I will understand each other perfectly, Mr Langdon."

Somehow Langdon doubted it.

As the pair hurried on, Langdon began to sense a deep rumbling up ahead. The noise got more and more pronounced with every step, reverberating through the walls. It seemed to be coming from the end of the hallway in front of them.

"What's that?" Langdon finally asked, having to yell. He felt like they were approaching an active volcano.

"Free Fall Tube," Kohler replied, his hollow voice cutting the air effortlessly. He offered no other explanation.

Langdon didn't ask He was exhausted, and Maximilian Kohler seemed disinterested in winning any hospitality awards. Langdon reminded himself why he was here. Illuminati. He assumed somewhere in this colossal facility was a body ... a body branded with a symbol he had just flown 3,000 miles to see.

As they approached the end of the hall, the rumble became almost deafening, vibrating up through Langdon's soles. They rounded the bend, and a viewing gallery appeared on the right. Four thick-paned portals were embedded in a curved wall, like windows in a submarine. Langdon stopped and looked through one of the holes.

Professor Robert Langdon had seen some strange things in his life, but this was the strangest. He blinked a few times, wondering if he was hallucinating. He was staring into an enormous circular chamber. Inside the chamber, floating as though weightless, were people. Three of them. One waved and did a somersault in midair.

My God, he thought. **I'm in the Land of Oz**.

The floor of the room was a mesh grid, like a giant sheet of chicken wire. Visible beneath the grid was the metallic blur of a huge propeller.

"Free fall tube," Kohler said, stopping to wait for him. "Indoor skydiving. For stress relief. It's a vertical wind tunnel."

Langdon looked on in amazement. One of the free fallers, an obese woman, maneuvered toward the window. She was being buffeted by the air currents but grinned and flashed Langdon the thumbs-up sign. Langdon smiled weakly and returned the gesture, wondering if she knew it was the ancient phallic symbol for masculine virility.

The heavyset woman, Langdon noticed, was the only one wearing what appeared to be a miniature parachute. The swathe of fabric

billowed over her like a toy. "What's her little chute for?" Langdon asked Kohler. "It can't be more than a yard in diameter."

"Friction," Kohler said. "Decreases her aerodynamics so the fan can lift her." He started down the corridor again. "One square yard of drag will slow a falling body almost twenty percent."

Langdon nodded blankly.

He never suspected that later that night, in a country hundreds of miles away, the information would save his life.

Ex. 6. In small groups, discuss the meaning of the sentence that has been highlighted for you. What stands behind these words?

Ex. 7. In case you are interested. Here's the information on the famous laboratory referred to in Exercises 3—5, which is called *CERN*. Have you heard about it before? How does this data complement the fictional extract? Try to visualize the full picture?

The European Organization for Nuclear Research, known as CERN, is an international organization whose purpose is to operate the world's largest particle physics laboratory. Established in September 1954, the organization is based in the northwest suburbs of Geneva on the Franco-Swiss border, and has 20 European member states. The term CERN is also used to refer to the laboratory, which employs just under 2,400 full-time employees, 1,500 part-time employees, and hosts some 10,000 visiting scientists and engineers, representing 608 universities and research facilities and 113 nationalities. CERN's main function is to provide the particle accelerators and other infrastructure needed for high-energy physics research — as a result, numerous experiments have been constructed at CERN following international collaborations. It is also the birthplace of the World Wide Web. The Nobel Prize in Physics 2013 was awarded jointly to Francois Englert (Belgium) and Peter W. Higgs (UK) "for theoretical discovery of a mechanism that contributes to our understanding of the origin of mass of subatomic particles, and which recently was confirmed through the discovery of the predicted fundamental particle by the ATLAS and CMS experiment at CERN's Large Hadron Collider."

Ex. 8. Read a magazine article devoted to an extremely controversial subject — the discovery of *God's particle*. Have you ever heard about it before? What makes the subject so controversial, anyway?

Text 10.5

From BACK TO THE BEGINNING by Martin Rees

The possible discovery of the Higgs boson leads us one step closer to how the universe started and where it may be headed.

The ancients believed that the world was made from four "elements" — earth, air, fire, and water-but that the heavens were something quite different; the "fifth essence." We have now learned that everything, from here on earth out to the remotest galaxies, is made of similar atoms, which are themselves each composed of smaller particles.

While physicists probe ever smaller scales, astronomers deploy ever more powerful telescopes to search deeper into space and further back in time. Our cosmic horizons have vastly enlarged. Our sun is one of a hundred billion stars in our galaxy, which is itself one of many billion galaxies in range of our telescopes. This entire panorama emerged from a hot dense "beginning" nearly 14 billion years ago. One nanosecond after the big bang, every particle in the universe carried as much energy as can be generated by the Large Hadron Collider.

According to a popular conjecture, our entire universe "inflated" from a hyper-dense blob no bigger than an orange. This universe is governed by the laws that Einstein discovered. But to confront the overwhelming mystery of what banged and why it banged, Einstein's theory isn't enough. It doesn't adequately describe the very beginning.

If physicists achieved a complete understanding of all the particles and forces in the universe, it would be the summit of an intellectual quest that began with the Greeks, and continued with the insights of Newton, Einstein, and their successors. It would reveal a fundamental "order" in the world, describable by numbers and equations. It would supremely vindicate what the great physicist Eugene Wigner dubbed "The unreasonable effectiveness of mathematics in the natural sciences."

The very large and the very small — cosmos and micro world — are two great frontiers of science. Twenty-first-century scientists may successfully unify them. Until that is done we won't properly understand why the universe is expanding the way it is.

But this unification would not be the end of science; indeed, we could still be near the beginning. Consider an analogy — suppose you'd

never seen chess being played, you could, by watching a few games, infer the rules. But in chess, learning how the pieces move is just the entry gate to the absorbing progression from novice to grand master. The beauty of that game lies in the rich variety that the rules allow.

Likewise, the greatest scientific challenges are not to discover nature's building blocks, but to elucidate how they combine together into an immense variety of materials, and — above all — into the complex structures of life.

This is the challenge that engages the 99 percent of scientists who are neither particle physicists nor astronomers.

Einstein averred that "the most incomprehensible thing about the universe is that it is comprehensible." He was right to be astonished. It's amazing these minds can comprehend so much of the counterintuitive microworld of atoms, and phenomena billions of light years away.

Ex. 9. In small groups, discuss the philosophical aspects of the ongoing research. The ultimate question is: ***Does it all bring us closer to Understanding of How the World Works — or farther from it?***

Ex. 10. Work in small groups. Discuss the meaning of the following quote, "There was no 'before' the beginning of the universe because once upon a time there was no time" (John D. Barrow).

Ex. 11. So, who are scientists anyway — are they ***Angels*** **or** ***Demons*** **of the modern world? Write down your very scientific answer to this question (200+ words).**

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch the movie ***The Da Vinci Code*** **and compare it with the book. Which one do you like more?**

Ex. 2. Read the article below and write its resume (100 words) focusing on the upsides and downsides of the museum in question.

Text 10.6

From OPENING THE DOORS TO THE LIFE OF PI.
MUSEUM OF MATHEMATICS
AT MADISON SQUARE PARK by Edward Rothstein

For those of us who have been intoxicated by the powers and possibilities of mathematics, the mystery isn't why that fascination developed but why it isn't universal. How can students not be entranced? So profound are the effects of math for those who have felt them, that you never really become a former mathematician or ex-mathematics student.

So why, until now, has there apparently been no major museum of mathematics in the United States? Here and there, perhaps, a hobbyist has displayed puzzles, and our gargantuan science centers occasionally deem it worth their while to descend into algebraic abstraction. But a museum devoted to math? You have to immerse yourself in the history of science museums in Europe — where math sits at the foundation of things — to get an inkling of what it might mean.

Or, for a different experience, you can go to Madison Square Park in Manhattan to see the new Museum of Mathematics, which opened recently. It refers to itself as MoMath is not what you might expect. At first you might not even guess its subject. There are a few giveaways, particularly if you recognize the symbol for pi on the door or discover the pentagonal sinks in the bathrooms. But what is that cylinder constructed of plastic tubes stretching toward the ceiling with a seat inside ("Hyper Hyperboloid")? Or that transparent wagon that slips along multicolored acorns in a trough ("Coaster Rollers")? Or a tricycle with three square wheels, each of a different size, rolling along a bumpy circular track ("Square-Wheeled Trike")?

And what is that screen on which you paint electronic designs with a brush ("Polypaint")? The two adjustable sloping paths on which you race objects ("Tracks of Galileo")? The pixelated illuminated floor that responds to your movements ("Math Square")?

This is not a museum, you might think, it is a high-tech play-ground, some 19,000 square feet

with 30 attractions on two floors. I stand in front of a screen, and I see myself as a tree sprouting branches of mini-me's ("Human Tree"). I cover a wall with interlocking monkeys ("Tesselation Station"). Is it child's play or something else?

And that is part of the point. The museum's founder is Glen Whitney, who parlayed his training as a mathematical logician into a lucrative position as quantitative analyst for a hedge fund; he then decided to create a museum that would celebrate math. It cost $ 15 million; $ 22 million was raised.

The goal was to show that math is fun, engaging, exciting. MoMath is a proselytizing museum. And despite its flaws, it is exhilarating to see math so exuberantly celebrated. And while fourth through eighth are said to be the intended grade levels, it is hard to imagine a younger child or mature adult not drawn in by some exhibits here. In many ways the sensations of the displays are more compelling than the explanations of their content. To attract the uninitiated, a display must be sensuous, readily grasped and memorable. Yet the concepts invoked are often abstract, requiring reflection and explanation. How are these opposing needs to be reconciled? With widely varying results. When I visited the museum twice this week not every display was completed, but the exhibits covered a broad spectrum of achievement. Many on the higher end of that range should be celebrated; much on the lower should be scrutinized and brought up to grade level.

So celebrate: in many of these exhibits the physical sensation of being immersed in a world shaped by a mathematical idea will have lasting resonance. If you sit on a chair at the center of "Hyper Hyperboloid," for example, you are surrounded by colored cables arranged in two surrounding circles. As you rotate the chair, they begin to angle in opposing directions, until the column of cables is pulled together in the center above your head. You are literally on the central axis of a graceful and surprising shape, its surfaces and contours outlined by series of stretched lines.

Or ride that square-wheeled trike or the "coaster" rolling on acorns. In each case your instincts tell you to expect jerky disruptions, since only circles or spheres can be counted on to maintain smoothness in motion. But the acorns are shaped to have constant width, just as spheres do, so there is no sense of rise and fall as the wagon slides.

And the "trike's" square wheels rotate just fine on a surface designed to accommodate them. The surprising thing is that this

surface is a curve called a catenary, which is also the shape of a drooping chain. It allows the axis of the odd wheels to remain level as the contraption rolls along and you can even give the wheels other improbable shapes.

In both cases there is a startling aspect to the experience that must be explained, and that leads us into thinking about shapes and curves in a different way. This is the kind of thing that happens repeatedly in the museum's best exhibits: You see yourself as a tree sprouting identical images of yourself and learn about fractals; or watch laser lights slice through transparent solids and revise your sense of space.

With luck that will happen for many visitors interacting with the exhibits here already. The problems with text and explanation can readily be fixed. Over time the Enigma Café will be filled with varieties of puzzles. The "Math Square" will light with diverse programmable possibilities. And perhaps, eventually, the proselytizing of MoMath will turn theory into practice.

Ex. 3. Work individually. In writing, share your idea for a museum devoted to a science of your choice (300 words).

CLASS 3
DOES SCIENCE MAKE LIFE EASIER FOR US?

Ex. 1. Watch an episode from a BBC television series made by the famous British actor and writer Stephen Fry. This one leads us into one laboratory, once the world's super top secret think tank. Watch and be ready to talk about the frontiers of modern experimental science.

Ex. 2. Give an opinion on the controversial idea about the role of science in society.

Scientific progress always gives us nothing but better ways to kill people.

Ex. 3. In small groups, find arguments to disprove the above idea.

Ex. 4. Read the text describing various modern graces that scientific progress has bestowed on us. Provide the text with a suitable title.

Text 10.7

A. Think of an item you would never leave home without. For many people, that would be a credit card. There's no doubt that this makes any financial transaction swift and convenient, but that's not all there is to it. Whenever you use your credit card, you are creating a trail of purchasing preferences. It's already the case that most national banks will pass this information on to private companies who can then interrupt your evening with an unwelcome phone call or fill your mail box with unsolicited advertising in an attempt to sell their own products.

B. Perhaps you were looking forward to the day when cash becomes obsolete. That day may also herald the credit card that limits your consumer options. If the government, for instance, wishes to reduce the budget for health care, that little microchip may not let you buy cigarettes if your family has a history of cancer. Anyone at risk of heart disease may find they can only buy low-fat, low-sugar products at the supermarket. This may sound a little far-fetched, but bear in mind how technology has already invaded your privacy. Your mobile phone can tell a GPS exactly where you are and surveillance cameras can record your entire day's movements.

C. At the moment, the citizens of many countries carry identity cards. These bear a photograph of the owner's face, information about their date of birth, social security number, and signature, and it is not compulsory to carry them on you. However, this may all be about to change with the introduction of the biometric card.

D. Biometric cards are already used in institutions that require a high level of security, such as nuclear facilities or national banks. The microchips on the cards contain the employees' physiological data, such as an iris scan or their fingerprints. Some operate through voice recognition. The United States is also testing a Registered Traveler Program, in which frequent, usually affluent, fliers can use a biometric card to breeze through airport security, while ordinary people remain under suspicion and in a long queue for a security check. But now, some countries are contemplating the deployment of the card on a much greater scale. Britain is so far leading the way. The current government hopes that by 2013 the Passport Office will have issued biometric cards to most British citizens and legal residents. At this stage, the government will vote on whether to make it compulsory to carry one.

E. The government initially proposed the cards as a means of combating social security fraud. Now, they insist the cards are essential to prevent illegal immigration, health tourism and terrorism, in addition to containing physiological data, the microchip will store details such as every address you've ever had. This information will also be held in a central database, the National Identity Register, and will be available to the police, government departments, the Inland Revenue, and Immigration and Intelligence services. It will also be available to certain private companies, although the government has not made it clear exactly which ones will have this privilege.

F. The government has yet to vote on whether a DNA sample should be part of the data — and this is one of the issues that most concerns human rights groups and civil libertarians. Until recently, only sex offenders and murderers had to provide DNA samples, but now countries such as the United States, the UK, Germany and Canada require samples after any arrestable offence, including speeding.

G. At the moment, you might think none of this sounds too bad, but what happens if all your personal information, all stored on one card and in one database, falls into the wrong hands? For a start, imagine that someone hacks into your profile. Within an hour, your identity has been stolen and someone is using a passport under your name. Imagine a face from the past has a personal vendetta against you and now works in a government department. After a short time on the keyboard, he or she could seriously ruin up your life by adding a few convictions for theft and tax evasion. Imagine that you're not ill, but that an analysis of your DNA suggests you might be someday, so you can't get insurance or any kind of loan from a bank.

H. And one of the worst-case scenarios? Some governments have used compulsory card-carrying programs to discriminate against people of different races and religions. How do you know what the government will be doing with biometric cards ten years from now? If you've ever felt lonely living in a big city — don't. A lot of people out there already know all about you!

Ex. 5. Study the text in greater detail. Which paragraph in the above text (A—H) contains this information?

_____ Details of what physiological data may be contained on biometric cards in the future.

_____ Examples of how the government could control the way you spend your money.

_____ Examples of how your biometric data could be used for criminal purposes.

_____ A description of a widely-used means of voluntary identification.

_____ Examples of how biometric cards are already in use.

_____ An explanation of which groups may legally access your biometric data.

_____ An explanation of how certain companies have access to your spending patterns.

_____ Examples of how modern technology can reveal your location.

Ex. 6. In pairs, discuss which three items of technology do you use everyday — a credit card, a mobile phone, a GPS, a surveillance camera, etc. Which of them is a totally indispensable part of you life? Why?

Ex. 7. In small groups, discuss in what ways your favorite items of technology may invade your privacy.

Ex. 8. Explain the meaning of the following quote, "The saddest aspect of life right now is that science gathers knowledge faster than society gathers wisdom" (Isaac Azimov). Do you agree with the man who was both a celebrated science-fiction author and a successful chemist? Write down some of your ideas (200+ words).

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch the movie *Transcendence* and be ready to speak about it in class.

Ex. 2. You are going to read an extract from a famous novel about a future society. For Questions 1—7, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Text 10.8

From THE BRAVE NEW WORLD by Aldous Huxley

Inside a large, factory-like building, the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning was addressing a group of young students as they followed him around the building.

He explained, "Bokanovsky's process produces standard men and women and standardises the level of intelligence within each social group; the whole of a small factory can now be staffed with the products of a single human egg. Ninety-six identical Epsilon twins, for example, working ninety-six identical machines. Automation perfected." He quoted the motto of the planet "Community. Identity. Stability." Grand words.

"The aim is to create standard Gammas, unvarying Deltas, uniform Epsilons. Millions of identical twins. The principle of mass production at last applied to human biology."

Of course, there was the problem of the modification of human embryos. Could a process be found to produce the same growth rate as in dogs and cows, but without defects? They had produced individuals who were full grown at six. A scientific triumph. But socially useless. Six-year-old men and women were too stupid to do even the simple, repetitive work of Epsilons. And the process was all or nothing: either you failed to modify at all, or else you modified the whole way. Scientists were still trying to find the ideal compromise between adults of twenty and adults of six. So far this had been a failure.

The visitors had arrived at Metre 170 on Rack 9. From this point onwards Rack 9 was enclosed and the bottles containing human embryos continued the remainder of their journey in a kind of tunnel, interrupted here and there by openings two or three metres wide.

"Heat conditioning," explained Mr. Foster, the young man who was in charge of this area.

Hot tunnels alternated with cold tunnels. Coolness was associated with discomfort in the form of hard X-rays. The embryos were learning the horror of cold. They would become adults who would go to the tropics, to become miners and steel workers. When they became small children, they would be taught to love heat, but now, as tiny embryos still in the bottles where they were developing, they were being taught to hate cold.

"And that," stated the Director, "is the secret of happiness and correct living — liking what you've got to do. All conditioning aims at that: making people like the work that society has chosen for them."

In a gap between two tunnels, a nurse was delicately inserting a syringe into a passing bottle. The students stood watching her for a few moments in silence.

"Well, Lenina," asked the young guide. "What are you giving them?"

"Oh, the usual tropical diseases."

"Tropical workers start being inoculated at Metre 150. We immunise them against future diseases," explained Mr. Foster.

On Rack 10, rows of the next generation of chemical workers were being trained in the toleration of lead, chlorine and other industrial chemicals, as they travelled along on a giant conveyor belt. The first batch of two hundred embryonic rocket-plane engineers were just passing the eleven hundredth meter mark on Rack 3. A special mechanism kept their containers in constant rotation. "To improve their sense of balance," Mr. Foster explained. "Doing repairs on the outside of rockets is a difficult job. We decrease the circulation of oxygen when they're the right way up. so they're half-starved of oxygen, and we double the flow when they're upside down. They learn to associate being the wrong way up with well-being; in fact, they're only truly happy when they're standing on their heads."

"And now," he continued, "I'd like to show you some very interesting conditioning for Alpha-Plus intellectuals."

Complete the following multiple-choice test.

1. The aim of Bokanovsky's process is to … .
   a) increase the human population;
   b) train men and women to do industrial work;
   c) create skilled factory' workers;
   d) produce large numbers of people who are the same.

2. Epsilons must be … .
   a) a type of human being produced for industrial work;
   b) some kind of industrial machine.;
   c) people who are as stupid as simple animals;
   d) D adults with the minds of six-year-old children.

3. What had failed so far were attempts to produce … .
   a) young and mature people;
   b) humans that resembled animals;
   c) twenty-year-olds with childish mentalities;
   d) six-year-old children.

4. What happened at Metre 170 in the building?
   a) People were being experimented on;
   b) People were given injections against diseases;
   c) Unborn human beings were prepared for their future lives;
   d) Children were taught to like the jobs they would do in the future.

5. How were the future rocket-plane engineers being prepared for their jobs?
   a) They were being exposed to special chemicals;
   b) They were kept upside-down all the time;
   c) They were being trained to live without oxygen;
   d) They were being made to enjoy being upside-down.

6. The overall aim of what was going on inside the building seems to be … .
   a) to use science to improve human health;
   b) to use science to improve people's lives;
   c) to use science to create human machines;
   d) to help people cope with living in an industrial environment.

7. The writer's overall purpose is to … .
   a) entertain his readers with an imaginative piece of science fiction;
   b) warn readers about the dangers of scientific progress;
   c) show that science cannot replace nature;
   d) amuse readers by treating the issue of cloning humorously.

Ex. 3. In writing express your ideas about the author's vision of the future. Are you happy his predictions about Man's evolution haven't become a fact of our life yet?

CLASS 4

LABORATORY WORK

Ex. 1. Organize free-style communication session based on the ideas, evaluations and impressions of Classes 1—3. You may choose from several options.

(1) Watch more episodes from the three movies. Comment on them in various ways.

(2) Share the favorite passages from the books mentioned (and more).

(3) Share written work samples – read, evaluate, improve.

(4) Share your personal vocabulary notes with other students.

Ex. 2. In-class writing. Produce a summary view on the material of classes 1—4. The text should contain no less than 300 words, have a memorable title, and be finished in 30 minutes.

SUMMARY VIEW

Dear Student Teacher,

As a result of those three classes you are supposed to have become much more intelligent and profession-oriented.

(1) You may have watched *Agora*, *Transcendence* and *The Da Vinci Code*, and have found them fascinating films. Tell your friends about them.

(2) You may have written down many of the nice phrases spoken by the characters in those movies, which must have improved your English. Share them with other students.

(3) You learned about several good books worth reading such as *The Da Vinci Code*. Find them or borrow them … ah, sorry! You must have read the book backwards and forwards three times already! So, just talk. But, then, there are other books like *Angels and Demons* by the same author or *Prizes* by Eric Segal. Try to read them too. They will not disappoint you either.

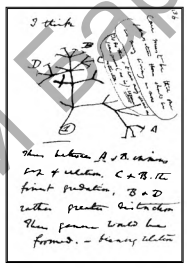
(4) You must have talked and written about the problems of modern science. Has it expanded your world outlook? We hope you'll say *yes, it has*.

11. THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH…

CLASS 1

HISTORY OF SCIENCE: IT WAS ALL NEAR HERESY

Ex. 1. In pairs, make a list of *top five* discoveries that really shook the world to its very foundations. Are there any famous Britons who contributed to this?



Ex. 2. Look at the drawing on the right. What do you think it represents? What makes you think so?

Ex. 3. Watch an episode from the movie *Creation*. In small groups, discuss the protagonist's behavior. How would you describe his own attitude to his creation — his book, his theory?

Ex. 4. Work individually. Study the following piece of biographical information. There is *something* in this text that — in quite a different context — gave Darwin inspiration to make his fundamental discovery. Find *that.*

For centuries, people thought it pointless trying to investigate into the problem of creation. It was no use showing that the biblical tale is far from being a scientific fact. For ages, nobody felt like arguing with the church. Very few people risked doing so. Yet by the 19th century the progress of science had been so great that it was no longer possible to avoid studying that question. The answer everybody waited for was given by a British naturalist Charles Darwin. He was born on February 12, 1809. His work involved collecting a huge amount of data during his travel around the world on board a British ship. Having analyzed the data, Darwin couldn't help seeing the development of various forms of living organisms was determined by

the law of natural selection. Darwin's complete theory was published in 1859, in *On the Origin of Species*. It may well be called the "book that shook the world." It sold out on the first day of publication and went through six editions. Darwin kept studying the problem in later years publishing more books on the subject. If you give in to doubt whether Darwin's ideas are true, we can only suggest going to a library and reading his works. It will help you decide for yourself.

Answer: Repetition

Ex. 5. Work in small groups. Share your little discoveries with partners and teacher.

Ex. 6. Split in two groups and practice jig-saw reading. Read texts A and B and share the information with your group mates. Together, find the answer to the question: What do they think about Darwin's theory today?

Text 11.1 (A)

LESSONS STILL TO BE LEARNED
From *The Guardian* (February 2009)

The Daily Telegraph called him "the greatest naturalist of our time, perhaps all time". For *The Morning Post* he was "the first biologist of his day". *The Times* saluted the rapid victory of Charles Darwin's great idea and said that "the astonishing revelations of recent research in palaeontology have done still more to turn what 20 years ago was a brilliant speculation into an established and unquestionable truth". *The Manchester Guardian* said that "few original thinkers have lived to see more completely the triumph of what is essential in their doctrine". *The St James's Gazette* predicted that England's children would one day be taught to honor Darwin "as the greatest Englishman since Newton".

These responses appeared in print on 21 April 1882, after the news of Darwin's death at his home in Down, Kent. The writers were people who knew the Bible, and they addressed readers who had grown up in an overtly devout society. Many remembered the religious and scientific uproar following publication of *On the Origin*

of Species in 1859. It argued, with detailed evidence, that life's extraordinary variety had stemmed, over an enormous period of time, from a common ancestry, and that the mechanism was the operation of natural selection upon tiny variations in heredity.

But Darwin's audience heard only part of the story. The clinching discovery of the biochemistry of genetic inheritance and therefore of random genetic mutation — the famous double helix of DNA — was not made until 1953. The mostly anonymous contributors who rushed to judgment that morning had before them only a fraction of the findings that now support the theory of evolution: a theory as confident as the predictions of Newtonian physics at speeds significantly lower than the velocity of light, as sure as the thesis that matter is composed of atoms. They could have been forgiven for their sometimes equivocal salutes.

There can be no such equivocation in the week of a survey which showed that only around half of all Britons accept that Darwin's theory of evolution is either true or probably true. In a democracy, citizens should respect each other's beliefs; and citizens have a right to express their beliefs. But in a democracy, a newspaper has an obligation to what is right. The truth is that Darwin's reasoning has in the last 150 years been supported overwhelmingly by discoveries in biology, geology, medicine and space science. The details will keep scientists arguing for another 200 years, but the big picture has not changed. All life is linked by common ancestry, including human life. The shameful lesson of this 200th anniversary of his birth is that Darwin's contemporaries understood more clearly than many modern Britons.

Two things distinguish a late-Victorian audience from a modern one. Educated Victorians knew much more about their own religion, and the problems of interpretation in sacred scripture. They understood that if the Bible was God's word then the world around them must also be an account of His handiwork, to be scrutinized, glossed and annotated by science. Second, they were prepared to follow and even join in scientific debate about those chapters of Earth history revealed in the rocks. Many of the tribute-payers of 21 April 1882 understood that evolution had not been, in 1859, a new or particularly shocking idea. Others had proposed it; they understood that Darwin had demonstrated it. They foresaw disturbing moral, political and intellectual implications. But they were ready to confront them.

If Darwin's doctrine be true, said *The Morning Chronicle*, "the result may be contemplated with composure, for the further we get from falsehood, the nearer we get to happiness". Science has advanced, but left a very large number of people behind. Unhappily, 200 years on from the birth of one of the world's greatest scientists, we are still not so far from falsehood.

Text 11.2 (B)
(continued text 11.1 (A))

HALF OF BRITONS DO NOT BELIEVE
IN EVOLUTION, SURVEY FINDS
From *The Guardian* (February 2009)

More than one-fifth prefer creationism or intelligent design, while many others are confused about Darwin's theory. The Rescuing Darwin survey was timed to coincide with the 200th anniversary of Charles Darwin's birth.

Half of British adults do not believe in evolution, with at least 22% preferring the theories of creationism or intelligent design to explain how the world came about, according to a survey.

The poll found that 25% of Britons believe Charles Darwin's theory of evolution is "definitely true", with another quarter saying it is "probably true". Half of the 2,060 people questioned were either strongly opposed to the theory or confused about it.

The Rescuing Darwin survey, published to coincide with the 200th anniversary of Darwin's birth and the 150th anniversary of the publication of On the Origin of Species, found that around 10% of people chose young Earth creationism — the belief that God created the world some time in the last 10,000 years — over evolution.

About 12% preferred intelligent design, the idea that evolution alone is not enough to explain the structures of living organisms. The others were unsure, often mixing evolution, intelligent design and creationism together. The survey was conducted by the polling agency *ComRes* on behalf of the Theos thinktank.

A spokesman for *Sense about Science*, an independent charitable trust, said it was important for scientists and educators to disentangle religious belief from evidence.

James Williams, a lecturer at Sussex University, said: "Creationists ask if people believe in evolution. Evolution is a theory and a fact. You accept it because of the evidence. What the creationists have done is put a cloak of pseudo-science to wrap up their religious belief."

Later this month scientists and academics from across Europe will meet in Dortmund, Germany, to discuss evolution and creationism. It will be the first European conference of its kind to deal with different aspects of attitudes and knowledge related to evolution. They will discuss specific difficulties regarding the acceptance of evolution theory in their home countries.

Williams, who will give a paper presenting a British perspective on evolution and creationism in school science, said: "Evolution is very badly taught in schools so the results of the survey don't surprise me. On the other hand, creationism has traditionally been an issue in North America and there is a big problem in Australia and Turkey. It matters if people don't understand how science works."

The Rescuing Darwin project includes the launch of *Darwin and God*, a new book on the naturalist's religious beliefs, at Westminster Abbey, where he is buried, and a debate about evolution and religion. Participants will include Dr Denis Alexander, Lord Robert Winston, Professor Steve Jones and Professor Nancy Rothwell.

Events celebrating Darwin's achievements are taking place throughout the year. Cambridge University is hosting a festival to unravel themes of science, society, literature, philosophy, theology and music arising from his writings, life and times.

The Natural History Museum, in London, is exhibiting previously unseen specimens and artifacts, while Darwin's home in Kent, Down House, opens to the public from 13 February.

Ex. 7. Work in small mixed groups (A+B). Formulate your opinion on Darwin's theory. Do you share it as a whole — or you've got doubts about it?

Ex. 8. Read the following biographical article quickly. What is the connection between Darwin's ideas and the facts below?

John Thomas Scopes (1900—1970) was a teacher in Dayton, Tennessee, who was charged on May 5, 1925 for violating Tennessee's Butler Act, which prohibited the teaching of evolution in Tennessee schools. After Scopes had earned a law degree at the

University of Kentucky in 1924, Scopes moved to Dayton where he took a job as the Rhea County High School's football coach and occasionally filled in as substitute teacher when regular members of staff were off work.

Scopes' involvement in the so-called *Monkey Trial* came about after the American Civil Liberties Union announced that it would finance a test case challenging the constitutionality of the Butler Act if they could find a Tennessee teacher willing to act as a defendant.

A band of businessmen in Dayton, Tennessee, led by engineer and geologist George Rappleyea, saw this as an opportunity to get publicity for their town and approached Scopes. Rappleyea pointed out that while the Butler Act prohibited the teaching of human evolution, the state required teachers to use the assigned textbook, Hunter's *Civic Biology* (1914), which included a chapter on evolution. Rappleyea argued that teachers were essentially required to break the law. When asked about the test case, Scopes was initially reluctant to get involved, but after some discussion he agreed.

The case ended on July 21, 1925, with a guilty verdict, and Scopes was fined 100 dollars. The case was appealed to the Tennessee Supreme Court. In a 3-1 decision written by Chief Justice Grafton Green the Butler Act was held to be constitutional, but the court overturned Scopes' conviction on a technicality: the judge had set the fine instead of the jury. The Butler Act remained until May 18, 1967, when it was repealed by the Tennessee legislature.

Scopes may have actually been innocent of the crime to which his name is inexorably linked. After the trial Scopes admitted to reporter William Kinsey Hutchinson "I didn't violate the law", explaining that he had skipped the evolution lesson, and his lawyers had coached his students to go on the stand; the Dayton businessmen had assumed he had violated the law. Hutchinson did not file his story until after the Scopes appeal was decided in 1927.

After the trial Scopes accepted a scholarship for graduate study in geology at the University of Chicago. He then did geological field work in Venezuela for Gulf Oil of South America. There he met and married his wife, Mildred, and was baptized in the Roman Catholic Church. In 1930, he returned to the University of Chicago for a third year of graduate study. After two years without professional employment, he took a position as a geologist with the United Gas Company, for which he studied oil reserves. He worked, in Houston, Texas until he retired in 1963.

Ex. 9. Work in small groups. Do you think anything similar to the notorious *Monkey Trial* could happen these days — or in the future? Remember to think globally when answering. Give good reasons, too.

Ex. 10. Write individually. What would you say in reply to a student in your future class who tells you she believes firmly that it took Lord God six days to create the universe?

Teacher! God created the world in six days. And I believe that. Don't you?

_____

_____

_____

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch the movie *Creation* and be ready to speak about it in class.

Ex. 2. Go online at http://www.darwin150.com/. Choose a lecture to watch and hear. Take notes, bring them to class, and make it interesting for the rest of the pack. Our recommended choice is the one given by *Professor Sean Carroll* from the University of Wisconsin.

Ex. 3. Read the following article. Give your assessment to the author's metaphor. Why are the participants to the *Monkey Trial* compared to white-water rafters? Be ready to share your ideas in class. And, just in case, what is "white water"?

Text 11.3

From STATE V. JOHN SCOPES: A FINAL WORD
by Douglas O. Linder

The eight days of the Scopes trial in the summer of 1925 have the poignancy that accompanies the memory of a moment just before a life-changing event. A sepia-toned photograph of trial participants could be the photograph of a group of white-water rafters as they approach dangerous rapids. William Jennings Bryan is seen shouting furiously to other rafters to paddle backwards, away from the falls.

Looking at the picture, we know he is seconds away from his doom. Clarence Darrow and H. L. Mencken chomp on their cigars, laughing mockingly at the concern of their frenzied raft mate. Scopes is there too, sitting quietly and staring ahead. The defense's religious and scientific experts are crowded together at the back of the raft, talking among themselves about the best way of avoiding the deadly boulders that lie ahead. In the trees on the far bank and over the rapids there appears to be a mist — the mist of a god or of a departing god, perhaps. The water is churning, suggesting the presence of the ideas that moved human history.

The falls, to carry the metaphor just a bit further, is not one that can be portaged around. Darwin Rapids stands out among all others on the river of human history. Copernicus Rapids, Lyell Rapids, and all the rest created by ideas that previously challenged the comforting stories of the Bible seem barely threatening in comparison. If run successfully, the rapids ahead, Big Bang Rapids and Universe of Universes Rapids included, should all be manageable. Somehow the rafters will have to withstand the jolts, the twists, the sudden drops through space, that come with the realization that the faith of their fathers can no longer be their own.

To what extent does it make sense to compare the Scopes trial to Darwin Rapids? Or, to drop the metaphor, in what ways and for how many Americans did July 1925 mark the beginning of a re-examination of long-held religious beliefs and a growing acceptance of evolution and its implications for the place of humans on the planet?

As might be expected, members of the public asked their opinions about evolution at the time of the Scopes trial came up with a variety of answers. One Dayton high school students, asked by journalist after the trial what he thought of Scopes and the theory he taught, said: "I like him, but I don't believe I came from a monkey."

Paul R. Conkin wrote, in *When All the Gods Trembled*, that most intellectuals today have forgotten or never understood "the tragic sense of irreparable loss" that their grandparents or great-grandparents suffered in the 1920s when they watched their gods tremble and die. Those alive at that time "knew, from experience, what it had been like to live in a structured and purposeful universe," Conkin stated. "They remembered the awe, the fear, and at times the comfort of living in a world inhabited by gods. Thus they experienced the insecurity, and at times the elation, of knowing that the gods were all dying."

There can be no doubt that America went through turbulent waters in the 1920s. As the decade opens, the country is led by Woodrow Wilson, the only university professor ever to be elected president of the United States. Wilson's election symbolized the growing influence of academicians, who not long before were bit players in American life. Wilson argued that intellect — not Victorian traditions or religious precepts — should guide our social institutions. At the same time, the country was transforming from an agricultural one to a nation based on manufacturing. Demand for traditional skills shifted to demand for skills better suited to the new technology. Electrification changed nights into day and simplified housework. The automobile became the must-have of every want-to-be. Radio gave news a new immediacy. People, freed from some of the drudgery of the past, looked for new forms of entertainment, from jazz to beauty contests to movies.

What society needed in 1925 and still could use more of today are the thoughtful intellectuals and opinion-shapers that comprehend the human costs of dying gods. With tact rather than ridicule, these men and women can help plant the seeds of new, non-supernatural beliefs that will preserve human dignity and moral engagement.

CLASS 2
DOES SCIENCE HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS?

Ex. 1. Look at the *mega-famous* fresco image again. Do you think it may reflect some of the ideas that many people believe in today? Share your opinion with a partner.

Ex. 2. The following definition describes one manner of looking at the natural history of the world. Read it and replace the underlined fragments by the popularly known name of this persuasion.

It is the religious belief that life, the Earth, and the universe are the creation of a supernatural being. It was the result of the development of science in the 18th century and forward, which led to attempts to reconcile science with the Biblical creation narrative. Since the 1920s, writers of this persuasion in America have contested

scientific theories, such as evolution. They believe that evolution cannot adequately account for the history, diversity, and complexity of life on Earth. Two offshoots of this kind of thinking (creation science and intelligent design) have been characterized as pseudoscience by the mainstream scientific community.

Answer: Creationism

Ex. 3. Work in pairs. Share any information — scientific or otherwise — about the set of ideas mentioned in the above definition. Have you ever heard about any kind of *pseudoscience*?

Ex. 4. Watch an episode from the movie *Red Lights* (2011). You are going to see Robert De Niro in a new light. Discuss it with your group mates. Answer the following questions.

1. What kind of research do we deal with here?
2. How can you define the aim of this research?
3. Are the applied research methods scientific?
4. Which result can scientists expect to obtain?
5. How can humankind benefit from such research?

Ex. 5. Talk with your group mates about phenomena that science still can't explain. Do you know much in this field? Would you like to know more?

Ex. 6. Exercise your jig-saw reading skills again. Group A will read about *five mysteries*. Group B will learn about *five scientific explanations* to those mysteries. That done, there is an opportunity to enlighten each other, isn't there? Readers of Text A, tell readers of Text B about the mysteries. Readers of Text B, provide an appropriate explanation.

Text 11.4 (A)

1. THE NAZCA LINES OF PERU

The Nazca Lines of Peru were discovered in the 1930s, which, coincidentally enough, was right around the time people started flying planes high enough to see them. Much like the time we tried to confess our love to Cindy Lansmoore in 10-foot-high flaming letters on her lawn, ancient man, too, had a thing for crazy imagery that could only be seen from above. The Nazca Lines are large geoglyphs made of shallow lines dug into the earth, revealing the white ground beneath the red rocks that normally cover the area. Some are as large as 900 feet across, and the entire canvas area is about 190 square miles total, or slightly larger than the city of New Orleans.

So how did ancient, technologically deprived people build these things accurately, when we could spot them only after we successfully harnessed the power of flight? Some people believe they were either built by or were landing strips intended for visitors from another world. Author Jim Woodman thinks they might have been created by way of rudimentary hot air balloons that could give their passengers a larger view of the landscape. The pilot would direct the artists down below — presumably by yelling really loudly (unless they also built rudimentary walkie-talkies).

2. BALL LIGHTNING

Ball lightning is kind of like regular lightning, only in convenient travel-ready ball shape. People have been seeing the stuff since the 17th century. There's even some speculation that UFOs are actually misidentified ball lightning. The phenomenon is frequently described as traveling through solid matter, like walls, and has actually killed people. But what is it? Is it just regular lightning with a childlike sense of play? Did God lose his bouncy ball?

3. GHOSTS

Ghosts have been spotted all over the world since time immemorial, typically in dark, spooky places, where anyone or anything could jump out at you. Something like one-third of people believe in ghosts. Could all those people really be wrong? Yes. But are they?

4. LEY LINES

What do Stonehenge, the Great Pyramid of Giza and Ayers Rock have in common? Apart from hippie flash mobs? All have a reputation as mystical, even magical places with strange histories and events surrounding them. But there's another thing: They're all interconnected by a giant mystical network. One that, in fact, may connect every single magical site everywhere: Ley lines are ancient, powerful linear alignments of mystical places that may allow us to tune in with — or even tap into — the power of Mother Earth. While they're powerful in themselves, the true power of ley lines lies in the fact that they form a grid of raw natural magic, allowing magicians to pull power from distant sites. It's like an Internet made of sorcery.

5. SAILING STONES

The sailing stones of Death Valley are large, rough blocks of rock that apparently move about when no one is looking, leaving deep grooves and scores of puzzled scientists in their wake. Some of the stones weigh as much as 700 pounds, and they all move in entirely different directions; two similar stones that start out side by side can end up taking completely divergent paths. But before you go running to your "The Earth Itself Has Finally Turned against Us" bunker, you should know that they only move once every two or three years. You've at least got enough time to finish the article.

There is a plethora of supernatural theories as to what causes this phenomenon, ranging from vague, mysterious "unseen hands" to the stones being sentient remnants of a UFO crash site. Also of interest is the fact that the infamous Area 51 is not too far from the site where the stones roam. So, it's obviously thinking rocks from beyond space, right?

Text 11.5 (B)
(continued text 11.4)

A. _____?

In 2007, Brazilian scientists discovered that passing large amounts of electricity through a silicon wafer creates a vapor that, once cool, condenses into an aerosol that glows when recombining

with oxygen. The result is tiny balls of electricity that "move erratically about the lab, rolling around on the floor, bouncing off objects, and burning whatever they touch."

Those scientists now think that ball lightning occurs when regular lightning strikes ground rich in quartz, or silica (like you find in sand). Other scientists have agreed with the Brazilian group's findings.

B. _____?

The powerful, mysterious and unspeakably ancient linear alignments we know as ley lines were actually born in 1921 from the mind of an amateur archaeologist named Alfred Watkins. One day, old Al noticed that some ancient features of the British landscape sort of followed the same line, kind of, if you tilted your head a little maybe. He then promptly devoted his life to researching these lines he just made up, and after literally months of research, he unleashed his ley line theory to the unsuspecting public, who are always suckers for a good mystical one-dimensional figure.

There was only one little problem: Ley lines did not really exist. Alfred Watkins made them up. Now, we're not saying he did it on purpose — Watkins was a serious man and a respected authority in many fields, so it is possible he genuinely believed he had stumbled upon something profoundly curious. And he never tried to attribute any mystical properties to the lines himself; all he ever claimed was that ley lines were probably pathways for trade or ceremonial purposes within the British Isles — everything else was invented by later, less archeologically inclined crazy people, who had no problems bringing magic and even aliens into the equation. Although, to be fair, we'd wager that those people have never had a problem bringing magic and aliens into any equation.

C. _____?

Woodman actually went out of his way to make a functioning balloon from the materials the Nazca people would have had, and while that's incredibly awesome, there's no evidence that the Nazca had even the vaguest concept of balloons. Still, if they did, this would make an awesome ancient South American birthday party.

But there were wooden stakes in the ground that have been carbon-dated to the time of the Nazca, and some researchers speculate that the Nazca may have simply drawn long ropes between the stakes to create the Nazca Lines. Dr. Joe Nickell of the University of Kentucky decided to make some Nazca Lines of his very own, using

only methods and equipment the Nazca would have had handy. So three men and an 11-year-old kid set out to make a giant bird in a landfill, and in only a few hours, they did just that. No aliens – just a bunch of sweaty dudes who dig birds.

D. _____?

Remember when we mentioned "the site where the stones roam" just now? Said site is called Racetrack Playa; it's a dry lake bottom. Well, at least it's dry for most of the year. Occasionally, as in every two or three years (remember that number?), the lake is partly flooded by water and melting chunks of ice as they rush in from the higher surrounding areas. Combine that with the surprisingly hard winds and the exceptionally slick mud the cracked Playa ground forms when wet, and you've got the geology world's very own Indy 500. They're, uh ... they're not a very exciting people, those geologists.

E. _____?

We've talked a bit about ghostly origins before, specifically how infrasound can cause hallucinations and feelings of dread. That doesn't necessarily cover all ghost experiences, but some Swiss researchers think they've found something that might account for the rest: During a routine study on a 22-year-old epileptic patient, scientists found that a small electric shock to the left temporo-parietal junction, the part of the brain responsible for self/other distinction, caused the patient to see someone else in the room with her. When the shock stopped, the person disappeared.

As they attempted further experiments, the patient complained of feeling the other person behind her even while she was lying down. When the researchers attempted to have her read from a card, she reported that "'the shadow tried to interfere, saying, 'he wants to take the card' and 'he doesn't want me to read.'"

The scientists now suspect that some sort of overstimulation of the left temporo-parietal junction could account for several forms of schizophrenia as well as a litany of paranormal experiences like ghosts, shadow people, out-of-body-experiences, doppelgangers, guardian angels and a thing called the Third Man Phenomenon, which is when people in extremely stressful situations report seeing another person following them around.

Ex. 7. Group work. Share the newly-acquired facts: organize a short press-conference on *Unsolved Mysteries*. Perhaps, you might add one or two of your own making.

Ex. 8. Work individually. Do you believe in the supernatural or scientifically-unaccounted for phenomena? Write down your ideas (150 words) and be ready to share them with your partners.

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch the movie *Red Lights* and be ready to speak about it in class.

Ex. 2. Read the article below. For questions 1—6, you must choose which of the paragraphs A—G fit into the numbered gaps in the following magazine article. There is one extra paragraph which does not fit in any of the gaps.

Text 11.6

DIGGING FOR DINOSAURS

Jack Horner's ideas about the dinosaur, Tyrannosaurus Rex have created some controversy. Lucy Winston meets him to discover why.

Jack Horner, one of the world's most prominent dinosaur experts, looks very North American, in a grey-blue, short-sleeved shirt and blue jeans. His bald crown is fringed by longish grey hair, and creases crinkle the corners of his eyes from years of squinting at the sun. He has a humorous, wry smile, but beneath this unassuming exterior is someone prepared to argue his point with conviction and intelligence.

1 ☐

He's talking about the controversial theory he's been working on for the last ten years — that Tyrannosaurus Rex, the predatory king of the prehistoric world, was in fact a scavenger more akin to a vulture; the big black bird that feeds on the dead flesh of larger wild animals. It's an idea that has met with considerable scepticism over the years, but it has recently been gathering momentum.

2 ☐

Jack Horner is not your typical academically gifted palaeontologist. Growing up with dyslexia, he struggled hard at school. "I liked digging in the dirt when I was a little kid, and discovering things," he remembers. "I came across my first piece of dinosaur bone sticking out of the rock when I was only eight, and I've kept it," he adds with a laugh. Much to his surprise, a high-school project on dinosaurs led to his being offered a place at university to study palaeontology. Yet, after persevering with his studies for four years, he decided he had taken all the courses he needed to be a palaeontologist, so left without a degree.

3 ☐

I challenge him, saying that Tyrannosaurus Rex does share certain characteristics with predatory reptiles, and he looks at me appraisingly. "Like what?" he questions. "Well, it's got a big mouth full of sharp teeth," I reply. "No, it hasn't," he counters. "It's got a mouth full of blunt teeth. There's a big difference."

I try again: "What about its big hind legs?"

"Yes, Tyrannosaurus Rex has big hind legs," he concedes. "So? That doesn't mean he can run fast." Humans and other animals that are adapted for walking have longer thigh bones and shorter shin bones. On the other hand, fast-running animals such as the cheetah have short thigh bones and long shin bones. Based on this, the leg bones of all known predatory dinosaurs seem to be designed for running after their prey. Tyrannosaurus Rex was, he believes, a walker.

4 ☐

"Scavengers are much more common than predators, but still less common than their prey" Horner explains. "If you look at how many meat eaters there were and how many prey animals, then you add up the huge numbers of Tyrannosaurus Rex, being the most common meat-eating dinosaur, compared with the scarcity of the herbivorous dinosaurs, the numerical proportions are similar to those you find in some African national parks where the flocks of vultures wait to feed on animals killed by hyenas."

5 ☐

"Each of these points is based on scientific data that can be falsified," he concedes. "Yes, one is a mammal and the other a bird, and somebody else could study this and find out that there's something weird going on. But nobody has done it yet."

6 ☐

"Just because Tyrannosaurus Rex had vicious-looking 60 teeth and looked intimidating, doesn't make it a lethal predator by default. This is the first hypothesis to be based on science. So I'm not going against the grain. Science is about evidence, not egos."

A

Horner frequently likens Tyrannosaurus Rex to these scavenging birds, and he recently scanned the brain of one in search of evidence to support his theory. He compared the size of its olfactory lobes, the parts used for scent detection, with those of a bloodhound. This dog has a highly sensitive localized sense of smell, but can't smell over large distances. Vultures, on the other hand, can sniff out a dead animal several miles away. He found the vulture had enormous olfactory lobes in its brain, as did the Tyrannosaurus Rex, but the bloodhound did not.

B

Ironically, Horner has now become one of the world's foremost dinosaur experts. He found the first dinosaur eggs in the world, and it was he who discovered the largest, oldest and most complete Tyrannosaurus Rex skeleton. Yet the more he has learned, the more he has become convinced that, far from hunting its own food, Tyrannosaurus Rex survived on the scavenged meat of animals killed by other predators.

C

As a result, he was later appointed as the scientific consultant for the Jurassic Park films, a position Horner views with amusement. The

whole theme of the blockbuster films seems contrary to his personal theory of Tyrannosaurus Rex as a scavenger, and I questioned his reaction. "I was glad that the lead character did not get eaten by the dinosaurs," is all he'd say.

D

"When you do historical science, you come up with a supposition," he says in a pleasant Montana drawl. "But each piece of information should be backed up by a body of evidence. You can't just overturn a hypothesis with one piece of information, when there exists a large body of data that supports something else."

E

"I admit that comparing only two different species is not the strongest possible hypothesis, and obviously it could be more rigorous, but in the absence of a more wide-reaching study, it's going to stand," he states firmly. His main argument for those who think Tyrannosaurus Rex could have been a predator is that you still need some evidence of this, and he remains adamant that there is none.

F

It has now reached the point where a leading natural history museum in the UK has put together an exhibition presenting evidence to support the argument and is inviting people to make up their minds. Tyrannosaurus Rex can now be viewed in a new light, as a scavenger, compared with the more popular view of it as a predator.

G

By far the most convincing evidence, however, Horner maintains, is what he terms the "biomass" of Tyrannosaurus Rex compared with that of other dinosaurs of its era. By calculating this biomass, or the proportion of dinosaurs over a given area, it's possible to work out how many of each type existed.

Ex. 3. Link to an online encyclopedia and find out more unsolved mysteries that have received, if lucky, a sort of scientific explanation. Share the information in class.

CLASS 3

SHOULD WE ALWAYS GO SCIENTIFIC?

Ex. 1. In pairs, discuss the notion of the supernatural and the paranormal. Can you make a list of at least three phenomena that can be classified as such?

Ex. 2. Watch an episode from the movie *The Rite*. In small groups, discuss the idea of giving "a lecture" on such a sensitive topic.

Ex. 3. Work in pairs. Do you believe that science and scientists can find an answer to all the questions? Or do we have to seek answers in religion?

Ex. 4. What does it take to make an important discovery? Do you have to be advanced in years and life-wise? The article below written by Julie Taboh may give you some clues.

Text 11.7

Last year, more than a quarter-million people worldwide died from pancreatic cancer. After losing a close family friend to the disease, Jack Andraka, 16, learned firsthand just how deadly it can be. That prompted the Maryland teen to create a simple test to detect pancreatic cancer at its earliest stage of development, a breakthrough that could save many lives.

The gifted young scientist, who was an invited guest of First Lady Michelle Obama at the president's State of the Union address Tuesday, is now working to bring his invention to market. Last year, Jack's pancreatic cancer test won him the grand prize at the Intel International Science and Engineering Fair, the largest high school science competition in the world.

He is the youngest-ever recipient of the $ 75,000 award, beating out more than 1,500 students from 70 countries. Former President Bill Clinton invited Jack Andraka to participate in an annual

meeting of the Clinton Global Initiative in September 2012. Jack's win follows a lifelong interest in science. It's a passion encouraged by his parents, inspired by his brother — a prize winner at the 2010 Intel Fair — and nurtured at his high school in Glen Burnie, near Washington. Jack began working on the simple and inexpensive test soon after his close family friend died of the disease. "I went on the Internet and I found that 85 percent of all pancreatic cancers are diagnosed late, when someone has less than a two percent chance of survival, and I was thinking, 'That's not right. We should be able to do something,'" Andraka said.

He also learned people with pancreatic cancer have elevated levels of a protein called mesothelin in their bloodstream, and that early detection is key to increasing the chances of surviving pancreatic cancer. After gaining permission to work in a lab at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Andraka developed a simple paper sensor -incorporating a novel mesh of tiny carbon nanotubes and antibodies- which can detect the mesothelin in a single drop of blood, signaling the presence of pancreatic cancer at its earliest stages.

His test has proven accurate 90 percent of the time and is 100 times more sensitive than current tests. "One of the most important things about this is that it's found in the earliest stage of the disease when you have close to 100 percent chance of survival," Jack says. "It costs three cents per test, only five minutes to run. The urine or blood sample requires one-sixth of a drop."

Jack's achievement would not have been possible without Dr. Anirban Maitra, professor of Pathology and Oncology at Johns Hopkins University, and the only person out of 200 researchers to respond favorably to Jack's emails describing his project.

"I have to admit I was very surprised that this was a 15-year-old writing this and I have to admit my curiosity was piqued," Maitra says. "I wanted to meet this gifted young man and see what he wanted to talk about and so I called him over for an interview. He's very impressive."

Maitra gave Andraka a corner of his lab, where he worked for seven months completing his project. "I think a lot of credit also goes to his parents, who throughout his childhood immersed him and his brother in scientific magazines and encouraged them to read," Maitra says.

Jack has patented his pancreatic cancer sensor, and is talking with companies about developing it into a simple, over-the-counter test, which could eventually provide life-saving early detection of other types of

cancer as well. Whatever happens, his mentor believes Jack Andraka's name is one we'll be hearing again over the next 10 to 20 years.

"If he's done what he's done at 15, who knows what he'll do when he's 25 or 35," Maitra says. "But wherever he'll end up, he'll have a positive impact. I have no doubts about that. He's a very special kid."

Ex. 5. Work in small groups. Jack Andraka definitely has the makings of a future great scientist. Discuss the young scholar's potential. What personal qualities does the young man possess to ensure that?

Ex. 6. This is one of the examples of how you can use such information in a senior English language class. Read the biographical story again and decide which choice (A—D) best fits each space.

Text 11.8

A NEW EDISON OF MEDICINE

Pancreatic cancer is one of the most deadly diseases. Jack Andraka, a 16-year-old high school student, inventor and cancer researcher, lost (1) … an uncle (2) … a family friend to the disease. That prompted the youth to create a simple test to detect pancreatic cancer at its earliest stage of development — a breakthrough (3) … could save many lives.

Jack began working on his simple and inexpensive test (4) … he had checked the existing data and found out that (5) … most cases the disease was diagnosed late (6) … the patient had very low chances of survival. (7) … early detection of the disease would greatly elevate the possibility to fight and defeat it.

The young scientist also learned (8) … people with pancreatic cancer have a higher level of a protein called mesothelin in their bloodstream (9) … gave him a clue. Having gained permission to work in a university lab, Andraka developed a simple paper sensor (10) …can detect mesothelin in a single drop of blood signaling the presence of the disease at its earliest stage.

The test is (11) … fast, (12) … extremely accurate. (13) … it takes about 5 minutes to run, (14) … the test is 100 times more accurate than current tests.

This amazing achievement wouldn't have been possible without Dr. Anirban Maitra, Professor of Pathology and Oncology at Johns

Hopkins University, who was the only person out of 200 researchers to respond favorably to Jack's emails describing his project.

Dr Maitra is positive about Jack's potential calling him the Edison of our times. A lot of credit also goes to the young man's family (15) … motivated him to read research journals and think about (16) … people had come up with their ideas and (17) … he would have done differently.

Jack's invention gained him first prize at the 2012 World High School Science Fair (18) … a 75,000 dollar award. He has patented his sensor and is talking with companies about manufacturing it. He also hopes to provide early detection for other types of cancer (19) … .

(20) … he ends up, he'll have a positive impact — a kid with an Edison touch.

	A	B	C	D
1	and	both	either	or
2	but	as	so	and
3	that	which	while	what
4	before	after	although	while
5	what	why	that	which
6	when	as soon as	because	though
7	although	because	whereas	however
8	why	that	what	which
9	what	while	that	which
10	which	what	that	although
11	only	though	not only	even
12	as	but also	so far	and
13	but	on the other hand	on the one hand	so far
14	on the other hand	on the one hand	while	therefore
15	who	which	what	that
16	why	how	when	what
17	how much	which	why	what
18	but	and	also	thus
19	too	also	as well	so far
20	wherever	whenever	where	how

Ex. 8. Work in mini-groups. Go online and prepare two exercises about other young scientists for a senior English language class. Exchange the finished product with your groupmates, do the exercises and evaluate each other's work.

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch the movie *Contamination* and be ready to speak about it in class.

Ex. 2. Practice your reading skills. The article below explores a phenomenon which is definitely supernatural — haunts and ghosts. For questions 1—7, you must choose which of the paragraphs A—H fit into the numbered gaps in the following magazine article. There is one extra paragraph which does not fit in any of the gaps.

Text 11.9

FAKING A GHOSTLY FEELING

Scientists want to put people in a scary situation, just to test their reactions. Nathan Booth finds out about a strange experiment in a purpose-built "haunted" house. The image of a haunted house inhabited by the ghosts of its former occupants is a familiar one from literature and horror movies. But do such places really exist? A team of scientists aims to find out.

Richard Wiseman, a psychologist, is building his own "haunted" house for the purposes of scientific research. He wants to be able to terrify visitors with spooky special effects that he's designed himself. By controlling where and when these effects appear, he hopes to find out much more about how and why people have spooky experiences. "We want to build our own haunted house, so that we're in total control," says Wiseman. "Then we might get significant scientific results."

1 ☐

Earlier this year, Wiseman and his team produced some well-documented scientific evidence to support this explanation. They recorded the experiences of hundreds of volunteers, visiting some of the best-known haunted spots in the UK.

2 ☐

Beforehand, Wiseman's team surveyed these sites, recording things such as air temperatures, magnetic fields and lighting levels. Then they asked visitors to report exactly where they felt or saw anything strange. To their astonishment, they found that people's scariest experiences were often in the precise spots reputed to be haunted. And these same spots were often those where subtle variations in temperature and magnetic fields had already been recorded.

3 ☐

As a result, Wiseman thinks he can discover even more through experiments in which he dictates exactly when people are exposed to subtle environmental effects. "The only way you know if something is causal is if you control the signal," he says. In addition, he wishes to prepare people psychologically before they visit a site.

4 ☐

He also intends to create the perfect environment for his research, where he would direct the lighting effects and other features within the rooms. And as spook-master general, he could play with the effects; introducing minor changes in temperature and perhaps wisps of a draught here and there. "It's the subtle things that count," says Wiseman. "Less is more." In earlier research, he discovered that people found the special effects less believable as they became more obvious.

5 ☐

What's more, such feelings become even stronger where they match instinctive reactions to natural hazards that date back to the days of the first humans. Poisonous insects can lurk in cramped, shadowy corners, for example. That's why Wiseman considers control over lighting and room size to be crucial. "I think many experiences are visually driven," he says. In a castle in Scotland, people often reported the strangest feelings when entering the darkest, tiniest rooms. Objects such as old furniture are also important for reinforcing expectations about where ghosts hide, and he expects his house to have an "Old World" feel.

6 ☐

So, at present, he is searching for disused buildings in the grounds of large aristocratic houses, which could be converted for the purpose, perhaps an old hunting lodge. Wiseman is contacting organizations that manage historic properties open to the public to see if they're interested, reminding them that his previous experiments at Hampton Court attracted a record number of visitors.

7 ☐

However, surely there's a fatal flaw in the plan? If they know it's all fake at the outset, won't people just laugh at any strange effects they experience? Wiseman is not discouraged. "We would tell people they were part of an experiment," he says. "But with genuinely strange effects, it will only add to the mystery."

A

Wiseman seems to have all the details worked out, but how likely is any of this to happen? He is optimistic because his house could pay for itself by becoming a tourist attraction in its own right, especially if it was associated with historic venues already full of ghostly folklore.

B

An equally practical way of controlling the temperature in the house would be with air-conditioning units hidden behind the walls. "People are very sensitive, so the temperature wouldn't have to drop much," says Wiseman. "You can feel a quarter of a degree change."

C

This provided Wiseman with a more earthly explanation for what some people feel. "We showed that people had odd experiences in the same places, and now we know that these are based on environmental factors," says Wiseman. He also found that it didn't matter whether volunteers knew beforehand where the most haunted spots were located. So, the idea that the experiences relied solely on prior knowledge was disproved.

D

Indeed, his experimental haunted house could prove to be a bargain. Even if the team were to buy the house, the cost could be recouped by selling it after the experiments are completed. "We could leave all the electrical equipment there so the owners could have the scariest house in the world," he says.

E

Yet surprisingly, for a man with such an unusual idea, Wiseman doesn't believe in ghosts. But he is sure that the sensations felt by people who have ghostly encounters, like fear and even nausea, result from a mixture of psychology and a spooky environment.

F

It's the same in everyday life, we are sensitive to very slight alterations in our environment especially in situations where we feel nervous. As Wiseman explains, whenever we have preconceptions about ghostly goings-on, our sense of unease is heightened.

G

One was Hampton Court, the former royal palace near London which is said to be haunted by the screaming ghost of Catherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII, the notorious 16th-century English king. Another was the South Bridge Vaults, a series of underground rooms and corridors in Edinburgh, Scotland.

H

Wiseman insists that he should be able to tell the volunteers beforehand whatever he wants: which spots may be haunted and so on. In other words, he's in total control. He is convinced this would make the results of the experiment more wide-reaching.

Ex. 3. What fields of science Richard Wiseman's survey would most likely benefit? Express your ideas in writing (200 words).

CLASS 4

LABORATORY WORK

Ex. 1. Organize free-style communication session based on the ideas, evaluations and impressions of Classes 1—3. You may choose from several options.

(1) Watch more episodes from the movies. Comment on them in various ways.

(2) Produce the results of Internet research based on outstanding young scientists.

(3) Share written work samples — read, evaluate, improve.

(4) Share your personal vocabulary notes with other students.

Ex. 2. In-class writing. Produce a summary view on the material of classes 1—4. The text should contain no less than 300 words, have a memorable title, and be finished in 30 minutes.

SUMMARY VIEW

Dear Student Teacher,

As a result of those three classes you are supposed to have become much more intelligent and profession-oriented.

(1) You may have watched *Contamination*, *Creation* and *Red Lights*, and have found them fascinating films. Tell your friends about them.

(2) You may have written down many of the nice phrases spoken by the characters in those movies, which must have improved your English. Share them with other students.

(3) You must have talked and written about the problems of modern science. Has it expanded your world outlook? We hope you'll say *yes, it has*.

12. RELIGION AND FAITH: BEST AGAINST ALL EVIL

CLASS 1
SEARCHING FOR HUMAN RITES

Ex. 1. Look at the movie poster on the right. What do you think this film is about? Why do you think so? Share ideas with a partner.

Ex. 2. In pairs, make sure you understand the difference between (A) *ceremony*, (B) *rite* and (C) *ritual*. Complete the word combinations below.

1. _____ of hospitality.
2. Marriage _____ .
3. _____ talk.
4. _____ rites.
5. Religious _____ (2 words possible).
6. Last _____ .
7. _____ of passage.
8. Formal _____ .

Ex. 3. Watch another episode from *Rite* (2011) and say what you think about the rite shown there. Do you think you believe all this to be true?

Ex. 4. Read the text below and choose the best answer to the following question.

What is the overall purpose of this text?

A. To demonstrate how religion and science are incompatible.
B. To suggest which forms of exorcism may be the most harmful.
C. To give a general overview of exorcism in practice today.

Text 12.1

SAVING SOULS

(A) Say the word exorcism and most people think of the 1973 Hollywood film *The Exorcist*, in which a Catholic priest attempts to drive out the demons from a young girl. Even if people don't remember the plot, they've never forgotten Regan's violent fits, the obscenities she shouted, and the way her head spun 360 degrees!

(B) Now jump forward to Romania, 2005, where a nun is gagged and tied to a cross, then left for three days in a cold room in the convent where she lives. She is said to have died through suffocation as a cloth had been stuffed in her mouth, but the priest who ordered the crucifixion as part of an exorcism claims she was saved from the devil. Unlike the film, this was an actual event and the priest was accused of murder by the police.

(C) The notion of driving out spirits from a person, place, or object may have originated in ancient shamanistic beliefs and we can see types of exorcism in several faiths. In Judaism, there are references to the dybbuk — the good or bad spirits of dead people who enter the bodies of the living in order to pursue their business on Earth. However, rabbis see exorcism as a form of healing for both possessor and possessed. In Islam, a person can free themselves of evil spirits, called jinn, by reciting parts of the Koran.

(D) However, it is the Roman Catholic Church that is most known for the practice of exorcism. There are biblical references to Jesus driving out demons and commanding his disciples to do the same. Nowadays, the signs that a person might be possessed include unusual physical strength and a severe aversion to God, the Virgin Mary, and images of the Christian faith, such as the cross.

(E) The Church reports that only one in 5,000 cases of possession are genuine. In most instances, they find that people are mentally or physically ill. When an exorcism does take place, it involves a series of prayers asking God to free the possessed person of the devil and a set of commands ordering the devil to leave. The priest also sprinkles holy water on any attendees present and makes the sign of the cross. He will also use a relic to touch the subject to drive evil away.

(F) Many people, including Christians, find it hard to reconcile rational thinking with notions of demonic possession. There is steady reportage of people being killed by the violent techniques of a growing

number of so-called professional exorcists, assisted by well-meaning family members who have gone along with their orders. Victims have been beaten, drowned, suffocated, and strangled.

(G) In some cases, the victims may have been suffering from undiagnosed psychological disorders. Tourette's Syndrome makes people use offensive language and may bring on involuntary movements. And it was schizophrenia that the Romanian nun was suffering from, according to a psychiatrist who had treated her before she'd entered the convent, causing her to hear voices in her head and have hallucinations. Epileptics suffering convulsions have also been exorcised in the past, as people believed this kind of violent shaking was evidence of an evil spirit.

(H) The Roman Catholic Church does not have a monopoly on exorcism, however. In the United States, televised live exorcisms are carried out simultaneously on audience members, and even whole families, by unofficial "celebrity" exorcists. The "cured" are encouraged to make donations, and most do, making this kind of "religious venture" extremely profitable. So, if there's a demon you want to get rid of, you can choose whether to go public and pay for it, or go private and get a priest to do it for free.

Ex. 5. Scan the text and say in which paragraph (A—H) you can find the following:

- the suggestion that the number of fatal exorcisms is increasing;
- reasons why people are mistakenly believed to be possessed;
- the description of a fictional exorcism;
- the financial gain that can be made from performing exorcism;
- a description of the way priests carry out exorcisms;
- examples of behavior that would indicate possession to a priest;
- an exorcism which resulted in criminal charges;
- a view that exorcism helps the spirit possessing a person's body.

Ex. 6. Complete the table on main ideas using words from the text (1—12). Use no more than two *key words* for each gap. Compare the results with your partners.

Roman Catholicism	Other faiths	Anti-exorcism opinion
History Exorcism of (1) _____ mentioned in Bible.	Exorcism goes back to (6) _____	Believers in (9) _____ cannot accept idea of possession by evil spirits.
Evidence of possession Subject has strong dislike of religious objects like (2) _____, as well as of God and the Virgin Mary.	Only in (7) _____ does exorcism benefit the person (8) _____ _____.	Some exorcists use (10) _____ and get families to help.
Ritual • (3) _____ recited to God; • (4) _____ sprinkled over observers; • Sign of cross; • (5) _____ used at final stage		Subjects could have (11) _____ such as schizophrenia. TV exorcists perform ritual exorcisms in return for (12)_____.

Ex. 7. Work in small groups. Discuss the problem put forward in the text. Do you think such *rites* can ever put things *right*? Give your reasons.

Ex. 8. Work together as a group. Debate the role of faith and religion in the modern world. Be polite and remember that the problem you are talking about is very sensitive.

Ex. 9. Work individually. Put your thoughts together on paper (120+ words).

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch the movie *Rite* and be ready to speak about it in class.

Ex. 2. Read an excerpt from a contemporary novel. Decide for yourself if you believe any such thing can happen for real in the world of today.

Text 12.2

From FULL OF GRACE by D. B. Frank

The admissions attendant opened the door and led us into Mirenda's office. The monsignor stood to greet his old friend and finally us. He seemed like a regular fellow and I wasn't afraid of being lectured in the least. You see, now that I had a priest for sort of a buddy, the whole army of them didn't scare me anymore.

"Please sit down. May I offer you something to drink? Coffee? Tea?"

"Anything cold would be great," I said.

The monsignor went to his closet, which held a small refrigerator, and returned to his desk with bottles of water and Cokes.

"Help yourselves," he said. "This time of day I like a Coke. Wakes me up.'"

"Me, too. These two are my latest challenge," Father John said with his trademark benevolent smile, opening a bottle of water and passing it to me. "Her in particular."

"What is that supposed to mean?" I said, feeling my nerve ends tingle and my shields start to rise.

"Now, now," Father John said. "Just hear my friend out. I'll even make you a little bet."

"What?"

"If you don't think your life is changed forever in the next thirty minutes, you will never have to listen to me about anything ever again. If it is changed — and I mean a profound change that causes you to question many things — then I expect you to act on that with your excellent mind."

I didn't know what he meant but I knew I was about to find out.

Monsignor Mirenda turned his focus to Michael. "Father John tells me you're a scientist, Michael."

"Yes, I am. I work at the Medical University of South Carolina."

"Well, they have certainly made great strides in research. But you have to watch out with this stem-cell business. It's a very slippery slope."

"It's one hot tamale," Michael said.

"Father John thought that both of you might find the science of Our Lady of Guadalupe to be interesting."

"Well, you know the story, don't you?" Father John said.

"Not really," I said. "I went to Catholic schools, but I don't remember if they covered saints and miracles. They talked more about social issues like prejudice and the environment. My grandmother is sort of the family resource for that stuff, but she's more focused on Italian martyrs."

"And you, Michael?"

"All-boys' private school."

"Well," Mirenda said, "I don't want to bore you with a long-winded talk but the miracle is important. You saw all the people out there, right?"

We nodded.

"We have thousands of visitors every day. In the summer months, I couldn't begin to tell you the numbers. It's shocking, even to me, and I used to be stationed at the Vatican. Anyway, Mexico, as you know, has a long and rich history that predates Cortes and Montezuma; but let's begin with them. When Cortes arrived here in 1519, Montezuma was the Aztec emperor in charge. He ruled all the various tribes and each year sacrificed anywhere up to twenty thousand Indians to appease his pagan gods."

"Not nice," I said.

"To say the least," Mirenda said, and cracked a little smile. "Anyway, Cortes and his army were Spaniards and therefore Christians. Basically, they went to war and whipped Montezuma's army. The priests were the next to arrive and continued the business of converting the Indians to Christianity. These were dark days, as I'm sure you know."

"Very," Michael said.

"Then, by 1531, after much fighting over Mexico City itself, Cortes was firmly rooted in the Mexican government, which was now loyal to Spain, and the Catholic faith was taking hold of the natives. Okay, enough boring history unless you want more?"

Monsignor Mirenda looked at us and then laughed.

"You two look like you're waiting to have your fingernails pulled out!"

"Sorry," I said, and elbowed Michael.

"Sorry," he said.

"Cut to the chase, Jimmy," Father John said, laughing, too. "These two have plans for dinner with a group of tourists from my parish!"

"Oh, all right!" Monsignor Mirenda said. "I know! Why don't we take a walk and go see the image and I'll tell you about it on the way."

"That sounds good," Michael said.

As we made our way through the church, Father John and Monsignor Mirenda told the story, one throwing in details the other had skipped. It seemed that a fellow named Juan Diego, a reasonably wealthy and educated member of the Chichimecca tribe, not a poor Aztec Indian as previously thought, had recently converted to Catholicism. He was on his way to Mass on December 9 in 1531. It was cold and he was walking the fourteen miles, which apparently was common among the people.

"If I had to walk fourteen miles to church, I'd never get there," I said.

"Yes, well, it would be a challenge for a modern woman," Father John said, shaking his head.

"Well, anyway, he's crossing a hill and hears music and a woman's voice calling him. Of course we know it was Mary, the Mother of God."

I winced a little and shot Michael a glance. It was odd to us to hear someone refer to Mary as the Mother of God. I mean, we had both grown up believing she was, but we didn't just throw her name around in conversation.

Monsignor Mirenda continued.

"She said, 'I am a merciful Mother to you and to all your fellow peoples on this earth who love me and invoke my help. I listen to their lamentations and solace all their sorrows and their sufferings.'"

I wondered if I prayed to her to ask Jesus to help Michael, she would hear me, and then I decided there was no reason that she would hear the prayers of a half-baked, sarcastic, cynical, fallen-away Catholic like me.

"She told him to go see the bishop and ask him to build a church in that spot. Not sure what was happening, he said, 'You know, you should probably get someone more important to do that for you.' But she said, 'No, I want you to do it.' So he goes and, after some difficulty, gets in to see the bishop. The bishop says something to the effect of 'Why should I believe you? Bring me a sign.' The very next day, on his way to Mass, Juan Diego sees her again. She says, 'The bishop wants a sign? Go and gather those roses.' Now remember, it is December and there is snow on the ground. But when Juan Diego

looks around, there are roses everywhere, including a Castilian variety that had yet to be introduced into Mexican horticulture."

I was beginning to get interested in the story at that point.

"No kidding?"

"No kidding," Father John said. "Wait, it gets better."

"So Juan Diego goes back to the bishop's office, and after some more difficulty, he gets in again. He drops the roses on the floor before the bishop and the bishop nearly faints in surprise because on Juan Diego's tilma — which is the garment we are about to see — is the image of Our Lady."

I shivered and so did Michael.

"And you believe this to be ... it's actually real? I mean, this is true?" Michael said.

"I know it for a fact," Father John said. "Here's where the science comes in. Come this way. We're going to take you on the altar."

Father John and Monsignor Mirenda genuflected as they came to the main altar. Bumbling around a little, Michael and I did the same. We were about ten feet away and I looked up to where the original image hung on the wall behind the altar. For a split second, her eyes looked alive. I don't know how else to say it except that if you had told me she was alive on that wall and in that garment, I would've said yes, she is.

Monsignor Mirenda was whispering now.

"The image is a codex," he said.

"What's a codex?" I said.

"It's a story in pictures that many illiterate Indians of the day would have understood. And then there are attributes that were not understood until centuries later. For example, the stars in her mantle are in the exact position of the celestial sky over Mexico City on December ninth, 1531."

"You've had that authenticated?" Michael said.

Father John shook his head, looked at his friend the monsignor and then back to Michael. He was a little irritated for the first time since I had met him. "What do you think? You are standing in front of a self-portrait of the Mother of God. Think about it, Michael, and you, too, Grace."

Monsignor Mirenda said, "This garment has been put to more rigorous tests than the Shroud of Turin and Veronica's Veil. Listen to this, Michael. Both eyes hold the reflection of Juan Diego. He is present in the pupils. Not only is he visible, but the reflections are accompanied by Purkinje-Sanson reflections."

Ex. 3. Are you intrigued or just curious? Read on, the story does get better. Can you predict what is going to happen?

"Needless to say, the Church has allowed ophthalmologists and all sorts of experts on various subjects from around the world to examine the image at different times, and every single time it is judged to be miraculous — the gold, the colors, the symbolism, the eyes ... Of course, the material itself should have disintegrated five hundred years ago, but there it is."

We were speechless. And finally Michael spoke. "Can we go back to the stars again?" he asked.

"Of course," Monsignor Mirenda replied.

"When did they figure out they were correct?"

"In the eighties. Computer technology."

"Wait!" I said. "Do we have to leave this minute?"

"No, of course not," Monsignor Mirenda said.

You have to understand that we stood there staring at the image of Mary, transfixed and perfectly still. I could not have known what was happening on my right or my left as my eyes were glued to the tilma.

"Michael? What do you think?"

"I don't know," he said, grabbing my arm. "I'm feeling very weird. I think I might need to sit down. My legs feel like rubber."

"Of course," Father John said. "Come sit here."

My adrenaline surged with alarm as we led a shaky Michael over to the area where the choir sang, and Michael slumped into a chair.

"Michael! Are you all right?" I felt his head. He was perspiring like crazy, but he was cool to the touch. He was breathing heavily, but I felt his pulse and it seemed normal to me. "What happened? Talk to me."

"Oh, my God," Michael said.

"Do you need a doctor?" Monsignor Mirenda said. "Water?"

"No, no. I'm okay." Michael leaned over and put his head between his knees.

"Do you feel faint?" I said.

Michael sat up slowly and looked at all of us. "No, I'm fine. I think I'm fine. I just felt this ... I don't know how to describe it… like an electrical charge run through my whole body. Seriously. It was a little like being electrocuted. But I feel perfectly fine now.

There was a loud buzzing in my ears ... it was crazy. I've never felt anything like it."

I saw Father John whisper to Monsignor Mirenda and the monsignor nodded in agreement.

"What's the big secret?" I said.

"Michael has just received a spontaneous healing. I'd bet my reputation on it," Father John said.

"Yes," Monsignor Mirenda said. "I agree. I saw one years ago. It was exactly as you describe."

"Oh, please," Michael said. "Come on. I'm absolutely fine. There's nothing wrong with me."

Father John and Monsignor Mirenda stepped away and began babbling to each other. I looked back at Michael.

"Oh, Michael! Oh! I just..." I put my head in his lap and he stroked my hair. For what seemed like the billionth time, we began to sob almost uncontrollably. Michael pulled me to my feet, and after we found some tissues and blew our noses, we walked back to the center of the altar and looked up. There was Mary, smiling as sweetly as you would imagine. Her head was dipped to one side in what seemed to be a modest gesture of piety.

"Grace?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Grace, something just happened that I'm not sure I understand at all."

"I know. How could this be? But if it's true, then ..."

"If it's true, we have a really heavy responsibility."

"If it's true, then it changes everything, doesn't it?"

When we all got outside, squinting in the light, Michael turned to Father John.

"Look, Father John, I mean this in the nicest possible way. I don't believe in all this miracle stuff. I just don't."

"Well, Michael, just because you don't believe in the power of God does not mean that God's power doesn't exist."

"That's true," Michael said. "And I feel very different."

"Something happened in there. Something happened to you," Monsignor Mirenda said. "I saw it with my own eyes."

"Yes, it did," he said.

"So what do you think it was, Michael?" I asked.

"I don't know," Michael said. "You really think I'm healed, don't you?"

"Your doctor can answer that, Michael, but here's what I think. If you are indeed completely healed, I'm wondering how much longer do you think the Lord will seek you out if you don't respond?"

The rest of our visit to Mexico City was spent in a state of wonder. From the moment we returned to the hotel and met the group for dinner, the story traveled like wildfire. We were still in shock and unsure of how to answer the many questions.

We called Michael's doctor and left a message with his service to arrange another MRI as soon as possible and let him think Michael was a nut job. I already knew that the doctor was going to tell Michael he needed more radiation. But how stunning would it be to compare a new MRI to the most recent one and see that the cancer had disappeared?

That night Michael got philosophical.

"Why would Mary single me out to save? In the eyes of the Church, I am a fornicating sinner who does stem-cell research and completely unworthy for any recognition, much less this. That is, if it's true that I am okay."

"Well, maybe in Mary's eyes you aren't. Maybe she sees you going on to do great things. Maybe she wants you to live for another reason. I don't know. I just know I hope it's all true."

"You want it to be true? How do you think I feel?"

"I think you feel perfect."

Dr. Christian Papenburg was a practical man. He dutifully returned Michael's call and listened to what Michael had to say. He became intrigued and then very curious.

"I've heard of this sort of thing, but I've never been a witness to it myself."

"Well, let's hope those two priests are correct."

"Like an electrical shock to the body, you say?"

"Yes. It was like nothing else I have ever felt."

"Well, when can you be here? Let's get to the bottom of this immediately."

The next day, we left our fingernails in the tarmac of the airport in Mexico City. We dreaded knowing the truth as much as we couldn't wait to find out. The flight was long, but to us time had stopped. It could've been an hour or it could've taken a day. But the next thing I knew we were falling into our bed and we were scheduled to see Papenburg the next morning.

I waited in the outer office while Michael went through the MRI and finally it was over. Papenburg's radiologist had agreed to read it right then. We went out for coffee to help Michael shake off the sedative he had been given for the procedure. I was holding my breath, but my sleepy Michael was guardedly confident. He wasn't making
a lot of sense to me as he spoke and I wrote it off to the drugs.

"This is going to change us, Grace. You'll see. Everything is going to change."

"Yes, sweetheart. I know it will."

"Our whole world is going to change."

"Of course it will. Now drink up!"

I patted the back of his hand and said a prayer. I just asked God if it was okay if I came back to the Church if Michael was healed. And then I asked God what we should do with our lives if Michael was healed. In fact, I had a lot of questions.

When we returned to Papenburg's office at four that afternoon, we were ushered straight inside by a smiling nurse.

"I've never seen anything like it in my entire career," Papenburg said, grinning from ear to ear, which did a lot to put us immediately at ease and in a mood of anticipatory celebration. "I made the radiologist go over it three times."

"What?" we said.

"It' gone."

"Gone?"

"Gone. As in G-O-N-E."

"Oh, my God," Michael said in a quiet voice. We fell into each other's arms and began to weep tears of joy. Tears of thanks. Tears of humility.

"Precisely," Papenburg said, choking on his own tears, "because there is no earthly explanation."

Ex. 4. Share your impression of the events described in the extract with your groupmates.

Ex. 5. Do the tone and the atmosphere remain the same throughout the extract? How are they conveyed? What coloring do they give to the extract?

Ex. 6. What is the author's message? In what way is it achieved? Did it change your viewpoint on miracles?

CLASS 2
WHERE DOES GOD BELONG, TODAY?

Ex. 1. Share ideas on the following question. When do people desperately seek for God?

Ex. 2. Watch an episode from the movie about the events of *September 11, 2001*. Pay attention to what people are talking about. Why do you think they talk that way?

Ex. 3. In small groups, answer the question: Why do British educators insist on having no material about religion in their foreign-language textbooks?

Ex. 4. Read an extract from a contemporary novel by Jodi Picoult, an American novelist and find the clues that lead Dr. Keller to her astonishing conclusion.

Text 12.3

From KEEPING FAITH by Jodi Picoult

"Do your eyes hurt, Faith?" Dr. Keller asks now.

"No, everyone just thinks they do."

"Yes. Your mom told me about school yesterday."

Faith blinks, squinting into the fluorescent lamps. "I wasn't sick."

"No."

"I just like doing it. I see things." She tips up her chin. "Try it," she challenges.

To her surprise, Dr. Keller actually takes off her glasses and rubs her eyes the way Faith has been doing. "I can see something white. It looks like the moon."

"It's the inside of your eye."

"Is it?" Dr. Keller puts her glasses back on. "Do you know this for sure?"

"Well, no," Faith admits. "But don't you think maybe your eyes are still looking around even when the lids are down?"

"I don't see why not. Do you see your friend when your eyes are closed like that?"

Faith doesn't like talking about her guard. But then again, Dr. Keller took off her glasses and rubbed her eyes, something Faith never imagined she would do. "Sometimes," Faith says in the tiniest voice she can manage.

Dr. Keller looks at her carefully, which hardly anyone else ever bothers to do. Usually when Faith talks, her mother just says "Uhhuh" and "Really?" but she's actually thinking of a gazillion other things while Faith is trying to tell her something. And Mrs Grenaldi, her teacher, doesn't look anyone in the eye. She stares just over the top of the kids' heads, as if they all have bugs crawling through the parts of their hair.

"Have you had your friend a long time?"

"Which friend?" Faith asks, although she knows she can't fool Dr. Keller.

The psychiatrist leans forward. "Do you have other friends, Faith?"

"Sure. I play with Elsa and Sarah and with Gary, when my mother makes me, but Gary wipes his snot on my clothes when he thinks I'm not looking."

"I mean other friends like your guard."

"No." Faith considers. "I don't know anyone else like her."

"Is she here with us now?"

Faith glances around, uncomfortable. "No."

"Does your guard talk to you?"

"Yes."

"Does she ever say scary things to you?"

Faith shakes her head. "She makes me feel better."

"Does she touch you?"

"Sometimes." Faith closes her eyes and jams her thumbs into them. "She shakes me at night to wake me up. And she hugs me a lot."

"That sounds nice," Dr. Keller says. "I bet you like that."

Примечание [A1]: закрывающая кавычка

Embarrassed, Faith nods. "She says she loves me best."

"Then she's only *your* friend? Not anyone else's?"

"Oh, no," Faith says. "She has other friends. She just doesn't see them so much right now. It's like how I used to go over to Brianna's

house all the time, but now she goes to a different school so I don't get to play with her a lot."

"Does your guard tell you about her other friends?"

Faith repeats several names. "She played with them a long time ago, not anymore."

Dr. Keller has become very quiet. This is strange; usually she asks Faith questions, questions, questions until Faith is ready to cover her ears. Faith watches the doctor's hands, which are shaking just a little bit, like the way her mother's did when she was taking pills.

"Faith," Dr. Keller says finally, "does it... do you like —" she takes a deep breath and continues. "Did you ever pray to have a friend like this?"

Faith wrinkles her nose. "What's praying?"

From the light in her eyes Mariah knows that Dr. Keller is on the verge of a breakthrough. Or maybe it has already happened: it is difficult to tell, since Faith is playing so nicely on the other side of the observation window. Dr. Keller sits down at her desk and gestures for Mariah to do the same. "Faith mentioned some names to me today: Herman Joseph, from Steinfeld. Elizabeth, from Schonau. Juliana Falconieri." Dr. Keller glances up.

Mariah shrugs. "I don't think we know any Hermans. And is Schonau close to here?"

"No, Mrs White," Dr. Keller says softly. "It's not."

Mariah laughs nervously. "Well, maybe she's making those names up. I mean, if she managed to create an imaginary friend ... ?" She lets her voice trail off, and she feels her palms begin to sweat, although she does not know why she's nervous.

Dr. Keller rubs her temples. "Those are very complicated names for a seven-year-old to spontaneously invent. And they aren't fabricated. They are, or were, people who existed."

More confused, Mariah nods. "Maybe it's something they're learning in class. Last year Faith was an expert on the rain forest."

"Does she attend parochial school?"

"Oh no. We're not Catholic." Mariah smiles hesitantly. "Why?"

Dr. Keller sits on the edge of the desk, across from Mariah. "Before I married and became a psychiatrist, I was Mary Margaret O'Sullivan from Evanston, Illinois. I received communion every Sunday and had a big party for my confirmation and went to parochial school until I was accepted at Yale. In my school, I *did*

learn about Herman Joseph. And Elizabeth, and Juliana. They're Catholic saints, Mrs. White."

Mariah is speechless. "Well," she says, because she does not know what is expected.

Dr. Keller begins pacing. "I don't think we've been hearing Faith just right. Her guard. . . the words . . . they sound alike."

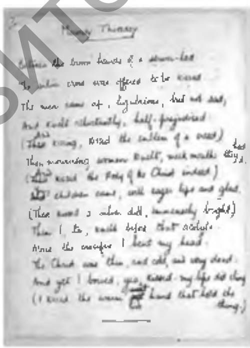
"What do you mean?"

"Your daughter," Dr. Keller says flatly. "I think she's seeing God."

Ex. 5. Work in small groups. Discuss the story you have just finished reading. What do you think of it? Is there a possibility of all this being true? Why do you think there is (or there isn't)? And, by the way, discuss the author's choice of the girl's *name*. The title of the novel goes like "Keeping Faith". Catchy, isn't it?

Ex. 6. Work in small groups. Share your experiences, if any, of being part of something that can hardly be explained rationally. If not you, your friends' or acquaintances' stories will do. Don't try to analyze, just share.

Ex. 7. Work individually. Study the manuscript of the poem below. It is almost 100 years old as it was written during World War I by Wilfred Owen. What sort of religious sentiment does the poem evoke? Give reasons for the feelings a reader might experience.



P. S. In case there is difficulty reading the manuscript. Here's the full text.

Between the brown hands of a server-lad / The silver cross was offered to be kissed. / The men came up, lugubrious, but not sad, / And knelt reluctantly, half-prejudiced. / (And kissing, kissed the emblem of a creed.) / Then mourning women knelt; meek mouths they had, / (And kissed the Body of the Christ indeed.) / Young children came, with eager lips and glad. / (These kissed a silver doll, immensely bright.) / Then I, too, knelt before that acolyte. / Above the crucifix I bent my head: / The Christ was thin, and cold, and very dead: / And yet I bowed, yea, kissed — my lips did cling. / (I kissed the warm live hand that held the thing.)

Ex. 8. Express your ideas in writing (100 words).

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch the documentary *9/11* and be ready to speak about it in class.

Ex. 2. Even love can be studied and classified. Read the article below and say whether you accept the idea of categorized love.

Text 12.4

THE SIX STYLES OF LOVE

Everyone admits that love
is wonderful and necessary, yet
no one agrees on just what it is.

Diane Ackerman

"All you need is love", the Beatles sang back in the 1960s. A bit overstated, perhaps, but people generally agree that love is one of the most important things in life. However, just exactly what love is may depend on whom you ask, as psychologists have found that love means different things to different people.

Psychologist John Alan Lee identified six love style categories in the early 1970s, each representing a different purpose and attitude about love that most people have. Building on Lee's work, psychology professors Susan and Clyde Hendrick created the Love Attitudes Scale: a survey which helps people identify their love style. They claim that understanding which style of love you most closely match can increase the odds of you finding your own Mr or Mrs Right.

THE PASSIONATE EROS

The Eros-type lover is the passionate lover often written about in romance novels. People with a high degree of the Eros style have an intense focus on their partner that can last for years and years. Eros lovers have a very definite image of what they want for a partner and, once they find this person, they go all out to win his or her love. If you find yourself only attracted to a specific kind of person, then you might have some aspects of Eros in you.

THE PLAYER LUDUS

Ludus are the type of lovers your mother warned you about. They look at love as a game and often cannot limit themselves to just one partner at a time. The Ludus does not have any specific preferences and flirts with almost everyone. Ludus lovers have a problem with commitment and often end relationships when things are going "too well". Though Ludus-style lovers are often looked down on, the Hendricks point out that most just want to have a good time and rarely intend to hurt anyone.

THE STABLE AND SAFE STORGE

To the Storge-type lover, friendship, commitment, and security are more important than heated romance and physical attraction. For Storges, love is a safe, comfortable relationship with a person who shares similar goals and outlooks on life. Their relationships usually begin as friends and slowly develop into deeper feelings of love.

Physical intimacy and wild passion are often lacking in Storge relationships, yet their relationships are the most likely to endure.

THE PRACTICAL PRAGMA

Pragma-style lovers are very practical when it comes to love and relationships. Pragmas have a clear image of what kind of life they want and look for a partner who will help them attain it. Pragmas have a "shopping list" approach to relationships and "shop" for mates with specific qualities such as type of occupation, family background, and personality. It may seem cold and calculating, but Pragmas consider this approach simply realistic. They are similar to Storges in that they put less emphasis on passion and romance, but Pragma lovers have pre-conditions for relationships, while Storges often find love comes naturally from friendships.

THE SELF-DESTRUCTIVE MANIC

As the name suggests, this type of lover is a bit unstable emotionally. "A Manic lover yearns for love, but somehow it always becomes painful," says Susan. "This lover is jealous and full of doubts about his or her partner's commitment. They also experience dramatic physical symptoms, like the inability to eat and sleep." Manic lovers often push away partners by their possessive behaviour, and are unable to relax and allow the relationship to evolve naturally. Thus, often the Manic's own actions make their worst fear, that their lover will leave them, become reality.

THE SAINTLY AGAPE

The rarest of love styles is the Agapic lover. "The Agapic lover is the closest thing the romantic world has to a saint," says Susan. Agapic lovers are able to put the needs of their lover before their own. They ask for little from their partner, seeking only to give as much as they can. Agape lovers can sometimes sacrifice too much, however, and may feel unappreciated by their partners.

Couples with similar love styles do tend to form longer-lasting relationships, as they often share the same ideals and goals. "Essentially, the more similar two people are on most relevant variables, the more likely the relationship is to be satisfying and stable. One exception might be Mania, where a Manic partner might be better balanced by a partner higher in Storge or Agape," Susan explains. "A Manic lover might be fine as long as the partner is willing to give extra attention and reassurance to help him or her feel more secure."

However, couples with different love styles can still form successful unions. "Knowing that your partner has a different love style or sexual style than you do can enhance communication and understanding," Susan explains. The Hendricks also note that most people are a mix of love styles, and that love styles are not "fixed in the genes". "We proposed that love styles are attitudes, not personality. Thus there is always the potential for change."

Ex. 3. Identify the most likely love style of each of the people below.

- When Cynthia falls in love, she can't help but think about her boyfriend all the time. She often worries about how much he loves her.
- Even after three years of being together, John likes to treat his girlfriend to romantic dinners and surprise her with gifts.
- David is a very busy man. He is dating two girls right now and he is even considering asking out a third girl on a date.
- Eric's girlfriend does not treat him very well. He understands her, though, and knows that she needs his patience and love.
- Samantha just broke up with her new boyfriend. She found out that he wants to have more than one child someday, and that is not what she has in mind for her future family.
- Monica doesn't know exactly when she and her boyfriend fell in love. They just spent a lot of time with each other and, after a few years, realized they loved each other.

Ex. 4. Prepare to answer a very sensitive question — to scientifically analyse your ability to give and accept love. So to which category would you refer yourself (your spouse, your boyfriend/girlfriend)? Express your ideas in writing (100 words).

CLASS 3

RELIGION = FAITH: DO YOU AGREE?

Ex. 1. Watch an episode from the movie *The Body*. Pay attention to what the two people are talking about.

Ex. 2. In pairs, decide on what the *file* in the episode contains. Try to give as many details as possible.

Ex. 3. Work individually. Fill in the table below and explain why those words were spoken. Explain why the situation is 'delicate'.

The words spoken	Cardinal	Young priest
"A polite oxymoron"		
"So I've been told"		
"It has to be a joke"		
"Not many of our priests are ex combat soldiers"		
"It reads like tabloid journalism"		
"There is no 'what if', Father"		
"I have no qualification for something like this"		
"We are counting on your to protect the church"		
"You were called because of your military and investigative experience"		
"The ideal solution is to stop rumors and lies at their inception"		

Ex. 4. Study the title of the article published in *The New York Times* in February 2013. Share ideas that explain this *mysterious* title. Write down seven questions that this article might contain answers to.

BRAZIL: A LABORATORY FOR REVITALIZING CATHOLICISM

Ex. 5. Read the whole article and find answers to *all* of your own questions.

Text 12.5

From BRAZIL: A LABORATORY FOR REVITALIZING CATHOLICISM by Simon Romero

At one new megachurch in San Paulo, a Roman Catholic priest who was a personal trainer before joining the clergy energetically belts out songs, rock-star style, before 25,000 worshipers. Other Brazilian priests are donning cowboy hats and crooning country tunes at Mass or writing best-selling advice tomes emblazoned with heartthrob photographs on the cover.

If there is any place that captures the challenges facing Catholicism around the world it is Brazil, the country with the largest number of Catholics and a laboratory of sorts for the church's strategies for luring followers back into the fold. Reflecting the shifting religious landscape that Pope Benedict XVI's successor will contend with, Brazil rivals the United States as the nation with the most Pentecostals, as a Catholic monolith gives way amid a surge in evangelical Protestant churches.

Despite the iconic Christ the Redeemer statue that towers over this city, there is deep anxiety among some Catholics about the future of their faith, given rising secularization and indifference to religion here. Only 65 percent of Brazilians now say they are Catholic, down from more than 90 percent in 1970, according to the 2010 census. The decline has been so steep and continuous, especially in Rio de Janeiro, that one of Brazil's top Catholic leaders has remarked, "We wonder with anxiety: how long will Brazil remain a Catholic country?"

Before Benedict announced that he would vacate the papacy at the end of the month, he had been expected to visit Rio in July for World Youth Day, a gathering of millions aimed at bolstering new generations of Catholics. Many of Brazil's faithful were hoping that the trip would represent a new focus by the Vatican on the double-barreled threat of evangelical competition and growing secularism.

There is the array of singing priests who belong to what is called Brazil's Charismatic Catholic Renovation, a movement seeking to invigorate Catholic services with the kind of liveliness that parishioners often find at other churches. These priests have been embraced by the Vatican, but only to a point.

The most famous among them, the Rev. Marcelo Rossi, a 45-year-old former personal trainer, has sold more than 12 million CDs and has celebrated Mass in a soccer stadium filled with tens of thousands of worshipers. Still, he complained about feeling "humiliated" during Benedict's visit to Brazil in 2007 when Catholic leaders prevented him from even getting close to the pope.

In an extension of the charismatic practices, some Catholic priests now perform "liberation Masses" resembling group exorcisms and welcome congregants who speak in tongues. While such aspects may be frowned upon by some in the Roman Catholic establishment, the charismatic movement has clearly struck a chord among many worshipers.

Catholic priests' blending of new practices into their services is nothing new in Brazil. Many people, for instance, say they are Catholic while practicing African-derived religions like Candomble, which merges the identities of Roman Catholic saints and African deities. "Religious practice in Brazil is often highly hybridized," said Stephen Selka, an expert on African diaspora religions at Indiana University.

At the same time, exceptionally successful evangelical churches in Brazil are wielding more clout. Building on their influential voting bloc in the Brazilian Congress, they are expanding operations elsewhere in Latin America and in Africa and even securing Brazilian diplomatic passports for their top preachers, giving them a similar status here to the Vatican's envoys.

In competition with the charismatic priests, evangelicals are building their own megachurches. In San Paulo, the Universal Church of the Kingdom of God, a multinational Pentecostal organization founded in Brazil in 1977, is spending $ 200 million to build a 10,000-seat replica of Solomon's Temple.

However, a new shift threatens churches of all stripes: the rise of secularism. Andrew Chesnut, an expert on Latin American religions at Virginia Commonwealth University, said that the fastest-growing segment in Brazil's religious landscape may now be non-believers and people unaffiliated with any church, making up as much as 15 percent of the population.

For a country that as recently as 1980 had negligible levels of people saying they were atheists, this development points to big shifts in society. Compounding the problem for the Vatican, many people in Brazil who say they are Catholic rarely attend Mass, and practicing Catholics often express frustration with the Vatican's policies.

Across Latin America, growing numbers of people say they have no religious affiliation, a phenomenon similar to what has happened in Europe and the United States, but somewhat less pronounced, said Philip Jenkins, a history professor who teaches at the Institute for Studies of Religion at Baylor University. One sign of this, experts say, is the drastic drop in fertility rates, which for the church means fewer children to be baptized and confirmed, fewer young candidates to become priests and nuns, and diminishing ties for Catholic parents to the church.

Brazil's fertility rate, one of Latin America's lowest at about 1,83 children per woman, is below the level needed to keep the population stable. "If I were a Brazilian cardinal, I would be even more worried about family size and fertility rates, which are a very good augur of secularization, than Pentecostalism," Dr. Jenkins said.

Ex. 6. Discuss the article. If you wanted to write about the same issues in your home country, what would you say? Give ideas.

Ex. 7. Give a learned opinion on the once-unquestioned idea about the role of religion in society.

Religion is the opium of the masses.

Ex. 8. Look at another quote (by Harry Emerson Fosdick). In small groups decide on its meaning. Mind the fact that those words were spoken many years ago — so some might look not very politically correct.

Someone has said, "If we could get Religion like a Baptist, experience it like a Methodist, be positive about it like a Disciple, be proud of it like an Episcopalian, pay for it like a Presbyterian, propagate it like an Adventist, and enjoy it like a Negro — that would be some religion!"

Ex. 9. Write down your commentary to the above quote (120 + words).

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Read more about the scientific aspect of the movie *The Body*. Find the meanings of all the scientific terms in the story.

Text 12.6

Dr. Galban is much more meticulous in her work than many other film archaeologists are. She examines the bones found without removing them from the site, and is very careful not to compromise the remains or any other artifacts found. The small things at the site are not overlooked and looting is one of the problems she faces, which are both aspects of real *archaeology*. For instance, she uses several methods for dating the tomb such as *thermoluminesence dating* and relative dating techniques.

The clay jar that is found inside the tomb was brought to a lab for two kinds of testing: dating and composition of contents. Dr. Galban wanted to determine the age (and therefore date the tomb) and figure out what the jar was used for. Thermoluminescence dating is commonly used on ancient pottery and tools. This technique is used to determine the time passed since an object was fired (such as pottery). It has been found to be very accurate, to within ±1 to 10%. It works by thermally stimulating the object in question, thereby releasing the energy accumulated in the object during its preliminary excitation. In other words, when an object is fired, electrons are trapped within the object itself. Thermoluminescence releases the trapped electrons and uses the amount of energy released to determine the time since that initial firing (time "0").

To determine how the jar was used and what it contained, the lab performed Mass Spectrometry tests on it. They found that it was an anointing jar, which was one aspect of Jewish burial rituals.

Briefly in the film Father Matt Gutierrez and archaeologist Dr. Sharon Galban talk about the famous Shroud of Turin. This linen cloth is well known for its depiction of an image of a man that looks very similar to the description of Jesus Christ. The man on the shroud suffered from physical injuries very similar to those that someone would bear after being crucified such as Christ was which is described in the Bible. Father Matt mentions the Shroud of Turin when there is a questioning over the height of the body that is found

in the tomb. He says the bones in the tomb can't possibly be those of Jesus Christ because the height of the bones found does not fit with the height of the man believed to be Christ on the Shroud of Turin.

The bones in the tomb belong to a person that would stand at the height of approximately 5'5" whereas the body that is believed to be Christ's on the shroud is of a man that 5'11.5" to 6'2", for even the Bible references Jesus as being a tall man even though during the times of Christ that would be indeed a remarkable thing to see a man of such height. Dr. Sharon Galban responds with some animosity towards his comment because the Shroud of Turin has been proved through scientific testing to be a hoax and not the beardy image of Jesus Christ.

Ex. 2. Read more to understand how the language of science works. The author, Bernard Brown, gives important advice concerning longish scientific words. It might be of great interest to every linguist like you.

Text 12.7

LEARNING ABOUT *DIAZOTROPHIC*

I found this word in *Biological Sciences Review* together with many others. What strange-looking words they are, yet they are all logically built up. The secret of reading scientific words is to "divide and conquer". Split the word into its various parts, work out the meaning of each part, and then reassemble the parts to find what the whole word is saying. Where do we start? The easiest way to find out what a word is saying is to start at the end and gradually work your way towards the beginning. Read the word back to front!

DIAZOTROPH*IC*

The word ends in *-ic*. Does that tell us anything about what the word is saying? Leave diazotrophic for a moment and consider a more familiar example. You will no doubt know what a microscope is. The word microscope is a noun — the name of the instrument used for viewing small things. With microscopy (a noun), we move from an instrument to an entire field of study; with *micro-scopist* (another noun), we meet a person who uses the instrument; and with

microscopic (an adjective), we can describe something so small it can only be seen under a microscope. Back to diazotrophic; the *-ic* tells us that it is an adjective.

DIAZO*TROPH*IC

The next word-part we encounter in our backward reading is *troph*. This is a root. The root contains the crucial clue as to what the word is saying. Roots are usually derived from Greek or Latin. So what about *diazotrophic*? The root *troph* means food, nutrition, so the word is saying something about feeding.

DI*AZO*TROPHIC

Moving further along the word we come to *azo*, referring to nitrogen. This term has an interesting origin. Two hundred years ago chemists found that mice would die if kept in a jar of air from which the life-giving oxygen had been removed. This lifeless gas was named *azote* (a = without, zo = life). Although the gas is now called nitrogen, the term *azo* is still used for nitrogen in many chemical and biological words. We've almost deciphered diazotrophic — the word is an adjective applied to something that feeds on nitrogen.

*DI*AZOTROPHIC

At the beginning of the word is the prefix *di-*. Prefixes do not change the grammatical function of words, but they do increase their information content. It can add information about colour (chloro- = green); about direction (dextro = right); about time (ante- = before); about degree (hyper- = more than usual); about size (micro- = small); about number (*di-* = two). The *di-* means two. Two what? Two nitrogens. So the whole word describes an organism that feeds on "two nitrogens".

Finding the meaning of biological words is eased by the fact that many of the word-parts occur, with the same meanings, in everyday words: antidote, bicycle, chiropodist, democracy, economics,

factory, generation, helicopter, international, junction, kilometre, lithography, narcotic, optician, photograph, rhinoceros, sarcastic, television, umbrella, vaccinate, xerox, zoological... the list goes on.

Now that you've seen how easy it is, why not try translate other long scientific words? Look through the table below and try to remember international words derived from these Greek roots.

GREEK ROOTS FOR EVERY OCCASION

amphi = both	anthro = man	aster = star
bio = life	calor = heat	cani = dog
crypt = hidden	dino = terrible	eco = house
feli = cat	hippo = horse	morph = form
neo = new	ornith = bird	phil = love
phot = light	pneu = air	pseud = false
radi = root	sect = cut	zo = animal

CLASS 4

LABORATORY WORK

Ex. 1. Organize free-style communication session based on the ideas, evaluations and impressions of Classes 1—3. You may choose from several options.

(1) Watch more episodes from the movies. Comment on them in various ways.

(2) Share the favorite passages from the books mentioned (and more).

(3)Share written work samples — read, evaluate, improve.

(4)Share your personal vocabulary notes with other students.

Ex. 2. In-class writing. Produce a summary view on the material of classes 1—4. The text should contain no less than 300 words, have a memorable title, and be finished in 30 minutes.

SUMMARY VIEW

Dear Student Teacher,

As a result of those three classes you are supposed to have become much more intelligent and profession-oriented.

(1) You may have watched *The Body, Rite,* and *9/11*, and have found them fascinating films. Tell your friends about them.

(2) You may have written down many of the nice phrases spoken by the characters in those movies, which must have improved your English. Share them with other students.

(3) You learned about several books worth reading such as *Keeping Faith and Full of Grace*. Find them or borrow them.

(4) You must have talked and written about the problems of modern science. Has it expanded your world outlook? We hope you'll say *yes, it has*.

SELF-STUDY CLASS GUIDELINES

Ex. 1. Do some online research. Find out more about scientists whose discoveries were genuine scientific breakthroughs. Prepare their personal and scientific profiles. The scholars in question are the following:

- Albert Einstein *(Theory of Relativity)*;
- Charles Darwin *(Origin of Species and Evolution)*;
- Peter W. Higgs and Francois Englert *(Higgs 'Boson)*;
- Peter G. Neumann *(computer science)*;
- Jack Andraka *(medicine)*.

Ex. 2. Produce a compact portfolio and submit it to your teacher. At some time, organize an exhibition of the portfolios in the group.

Ex. 3. Do a small quiz. Guess who is portrayed in the text below. Prepare 3-4 similar descriptions for your partners to read and guess.

Currently residing and working in Russia he is the only (so far) Nobel Prize winner who comes from Belarus. The scholar got the prestigious award in 2000 for his achievements in the field of

experimental physics and electronics. His chief invention is the hetero-transistor which plays a major role in the host of devices such as LEDs, barcodereaders, CDs and cell phones. Now, despite his advanced years, the scientist is actively involved both in research work and politics.

This 105-year-old scholar is an honorable resident of Novogrudok and the pride of its citizens. Former principal of the Belarusian-language gymnasium in this small Belarusian town in the 1930s, he went on to become a major American rocket scientist and a creator of the first ever rocket textbook. A member of various academies, he has always remained a conscious Belarusian.

_____ (your description)

_____ (your description)

_____ (your description)

13. FAMILY IS WHERE WE ALL COME FROM

CLASS 1
THE ROOT OF ALL CONFLICT, FAMILY

Ex. 1. In pairs, peruse the problem of family conflicts. Try to name as many causes for such conflicts as you can. Compare your list with those of your partners.

Ex. 2. Look at the movie poster on the right. Think of the kind of conflict the movie might portray. And remember that it still is highly unusual — thank Lord God — for today's world.

Ex. 3. Read the beginning of the plot summary of the above movie and say if you were right in your predictions. How do you think the movie will end?

PLOT SUMMARY

Conceived by means of in vitro fertilization, Anna Fitzgerald was brought into the world as a savior sister at the informal suggestion of Kate's doctor, Dr. Chance (a formal suggestion from the doctor would have been a violation of legal and medical ethics). Anna is conceived to be a genetic match for her older sister, Kate, who suffers from acute promyelocytic leukemia, to donate compatible organs, blood and tissue in order to keep her sister alive. When Kate turns 15, she goes into renal failure. Eleven-year-old Anna knows that she will be forced by her parents to donate one of her kidneys. She also realizes that she may not be able to live the life she will want to lead — she may be unable to cheer-lead, play soccer, or be a mother. Anna tells her parents that she does not want any of this, and proceeds to sue them for medical emancipation and the rights to her own body. Attorney Campbell Alexander agrees to work for Anna as her guardian ad litem, suing for partial termination of parental rights. (…)

Ex. 4. Watch the episode from the above movie and comment on Attorney Campbell Alexander's reaction to what he learns from the young girl. Do you think it is right to agree to help the girl sue her own parents? Give your arguments.

Ex. 5. Read the description of the same episode in the actual book, *My Sister's Keeper* by Jodi Picoult. Does the movie follow the book faithfully enough? Mark the similarities and / or differences.

Text 13.1

From MY SISTER'S KEEPER by Jodi Picoult

The girl sitting across from me waits for an answer, one I'm deliberately withholding. She says she wants to sue her parents, like every other teenager on the planet. But she wants to sue for the rights to her own body. It is exactly the kind of case I avoid like the Black Plague — one which requires far too much effort and client baby-sitting. With a sigh, I get up. "What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't." She sits a little straighter. "It's Anna Fitzgerald." I open the door and bellow for my secretary. "Kerri! Can you get the Planned Parenthood number for Ms Fitzgerald?"

'What?' When I turn around, the kid is standing. 'Planned Parenthood?'

"Look, Anna, here's a little advice. Instigating a lawsuit because your parents won't let you get birth control pills or go to an abortion clinic is like using a sledgehammer to kill a mosquito. You can save your allowance money and go to Planned Parenthood; they're far better equipped to deal with your problem."

For the first time since I've entered my office, I really, truly look at her. Anger glows around this kid like electricity. "My sister is dying, and my mother wants me to donate one of my kidneys to her," she says hotly. "Somehow I don't think a handful of free condoms is going to take care of that.'"

Kerri approaches, holding out a strip of paper with the number I've asked for, but I close the door without taking it and walk back to my desk. "No one can make you donate an organ if you don't want to."

"Oh, really?" She leans forward, counting off on her fingers. "The first time I gave something to my sister, it was cord blood, and I was a newborn. She has leukemia and my cells put her into remission. The next time she relapsed, I was five and I had lymphocytes drawn from

me, three times over, because the doctors never seemed to get enough of them the first time around. When that stopped working, they took bone marrow for a transplant. When Kate got infections, I had to donate granulocytes. When she relapsed again, I had to donate peripheral blood stem cells."

This girl's medical vocabulary would put some of my paid experts to shame. I pull a legal pad out of a drawer. "Obviously, you've agreed to be a donor for your sister before."

She hesitates, then shakes her head. "Nobody ever asked."

"Did you tell your parents you don't want to donate a kidney?"

"They don't listen to me."

"They might, if you mentioned this."

She looks down, so that her hair covers her face. "They don't really pay attention to me, except when they need my blood or something. I wouldn't even be alive, if it wasn't for Kate being sick."

An heir and a spare: this was a custom that went back to my ancestors in England. It sounded callous — having a subsequent child just in case the first one happens to die — yet it had been eminently practical once. Being an afterthought might not sit well with this kid, but the truth is that children are conceived for less than admirable reasons every single day: to glue a bad marriage together; to keep the family name alive; to mold in a parent's own image. "They had me so that I could save Kate," the girl explains. "They went to special doctors and everything, and picked the embryo that would be a perfect genetic match."

There had been ethics courses in law school, but they were generally regarded as either a gut or an oxymoron, and I usually skipped them. Still, anyone who tuned in periodically to CNN would know about the controversies of stem cell research. Spare-parts babies, designer infants, the science of tomorrow to save the children of today.

I tap my pen on the desk, and Judge — my dog — sidles closer. "What happens if you don't give your sister a kidney?"

"She'll die."

"And you're okay with that?"

Anna's mouth sets in a thin line, "I'm here, aren't I?"

"Yes, you are. I'm just trying to figure out what made you want to put your foot down, after all this time."

She looks over at the bookshelf. "Because," she says simply, "it never stops."

Suddenly, something seems to jog her memory. She reaches into her pocket and puts a wad of crumpled bills and change onto my desk. "You don't have to worry about getting paid, either. That's $ 136,87. I know it's not enough, but I'll figure out a way to get more."

"I charge two hundred an hour."

"Dollars?"

"Wampum doesn't fit in the ATM deposit slot," I say.

"Maybe I could walk your dog, or something."

"Service dogs get walked by their owners." I shrug. "We'll work something out."

"You can't be my lawyer for free," she insists.

"Fine, then. You can polish my doorknobs." It's not that I'm a particularly charitable man, but rather that legally, this case is a lock: she doesn't want to give a kidney; no court in its right mind would force her to give up a kidney; I don't have to do any legal research; the parents will cave in before we go to trial, and that will be that. Plus, the case will generate a ton of publicity for me, and will jack up my pro bono for the whole damn decade. "I'm going to file a petition for you in family court: legal emancipation for medical purposes," I say.

"Then what?"

"There will be a hearing, and the judge will appoint a guardian ad litem, which is …"

"…a person trained to work with kids in the family court, who determines what's in the child's best interests," Anna recites. "Or in other words, just another grown-up deciding what happens to me."

"Well, that's the way the law works, and you can't get around it. But a GAL is theoretically only looking out for you, not your sister or your parents."

She watches me take out a legal pad and scrawl a few notes. "Does it bother you that your name is backward?"

"What?" I stop writing, and stare at her.

"Campbell Alexander. Your last name is a first name, and your first name is a last name." She pauses. "Or a soup."

"And how does that have any bearing on your case?"

"It doesn't," Anna admits, "except that it was a pretty bad decision your parents made for you."

I reach across my desk to hand her a card. "If you have any questions, call me."

She takes it, and runs her fingers over the raised lettering of my name. My backward name. For the love of God. Then she leans across the desk, grabs my pad, and tears the bottom off the page. Borrowing my pen, she writes something down and hands it back to me. I glance down at the note in my hand: Anna 555-32111 ♥ if you have any questions,' she says.

Ex. 6. Work in small groups. Discuss Anna's decision. Do you think she was absolutely right in doing what she was doing? Why (not)?

Ex. 7. Watch another episode from the movie. Do you think it was right for the family to discuss the issue openly?

Ex. 8. Work in pairs. Recollect some moments in your earlier life when you had to confront your parents. Was it always a conflict — or both parties involved applied conflict resolution skills competently?

Ex. 9. In the group, brainstorm *FIVE* most important *conflict resolution skills* that might be of use in family/business life. Do you agree that number 5 should be there?

1 _____
2 _____
3 _____
4 _____
5 A keen sense of humor

Ex. 10. Work individually. Evaluate your level of competence in conflict resolution (150 words). Compare your self-assessment with those of your group mates. Which of them is the most skillful in this area? Give reasons, please.

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch the movie *My Sister's Keeper* and get ready to speak about it in class.

Ex. 2. Study the following essay. Take notes and turn the 910-word material into a 190-word synopsis.

Text 13.2

ON CONFLICT RESOLUTION

Identifying conflict in our lives and overcoming it can be highly beneficial to our happiness and well being. There are many different areas of conflict that we encounter throughout the course of an average day. We might experience conflict with our friends and family members or we may see conflict situations arise in our work environment. At work, the conflict may be in a small group or it may be a conflict issue with the company as a whole. Often times, our areas of conflict might overlap and we allow personal issues to influence our work environment and vice-versa. Once we have identified our areas of conflict, it becomes vital that we challenge them and are able to overcome them in a constructive way.

Most people feel uncomfortable about conflict. Some people may think that all conflict is non-productive. However, research has shown that the certain forms of conflict can stimulate thinking and viewpoints and is often an important part of the teaming process. There are two main categories of conflict, constructive and destructive. Even the most innocent forms of conflict, if not checked, can quickly escalate to higher levels causing a negative impact to a team's performance and success.

Destructive conflict; also known as Affective or A-type conflict, is personal, defensive, and resentful in nature. A-type conflict causes the person to lose focus of team goals and issues while closing the mind to new ideas and opinions. Its negative personal nature causes emotions to run high and anger to swell leaving no room for seeing other viewpoints, open-mindedness, compromise or reconciliation. Other effects of A-type conflict may cause witnesses to the negative behavior to limit their future views, ideas, and suggestions. This will further reduce the team's effectiveness in the future.

Productive conflict; also known as Cognitive or C-type conflict, originates from differences of opinion and is largely depersonalized. If team members are educated on how to recognize and handle this type of conflict, C-type conflict can help stimulate creative thinking, causing people to think in different ways and arrive at different solutions while not being afraid to express those viewpoints and opinions to team members. To get the best result often means looking

at a situation from several different points of view. Making an atmosphere that is conducive to "out of the box thinking", and the sharing of those ideas is the problem and the answer. The key to C-type conflict is to keeping it impersonal.

Nothing good can come from A-conflict and there is much to be gained from C-type conflict. How do you discourage one and encourage the other is the question.

There are many misconceptions about conflict. The first being, conflict is abnormal. Whenever there are multiple individuals striving to solve a problem or interpret a message, or define a goal, there is going to be a difference of opinions that will lead to conflict. When people understand that conflict exists and resolution is perused, then unity can replace conflict.

Another misconception is that conflicts and difference of opinions are the same. A difference of opinion is usually temporary and usually a result of misunderstandings, which can be resolved by clarification. Conflict is more severe and not as easily defined or clarified.

Many people think conflict is a result of differences in personality. Personality differences themselves do not cause conflict. People with different types of personalities tend to bring different perspectives and points of views. If team members can recognize this as a positive attribute for the team, these differences can stimulate thinking and possible solutions. It is when those differences are played out through behavior and emotion that conflict can occur.

Anger is often mistaken for conflict. Because conflict and emotions are involved in most conflict situations, people tend to associate all anger with conflict. However, anger is just one type of emotion and people have a choice as which type of emotion they will use.

Ideally, the only conflict in a team/group would be constructive conflict. If this were the case, there would be no need for a solution process. A well-constructed, functioning team should try to avoid destructive conflict. If it should arise anyway, and there is a good chance it will, the conflict needs to be first identified and then dealt with before total destruction occurs.

The two kinds of conflict are constructive and destructive. Constructive conflict should be encouraged as it allows growth through creative thinking. By encouraging constructive conflict, a group or team becomes more unified and productivity increases. Destructive conflict is negative and stems from a lack of agreement, which results in a division

of the group or team. Constructive conflict is necessary in accomplishing team goals but negative conflict needs to be resolved or avoided.

When conflict resolution is considered necessary, there are phases, which can help in resolving conflict. These phases are: collect data, probe, save face, discover common interests, reinforce, negotiate, and solidify adjustments. Then there are strategies, which can help in resolving conflicts. A strategy that best suits the situation should be used. These strategies are: avoidance, accommodation, compromise, competition, and collaboration.

Negative conflict will always arise where people are working together. Some of these conflicts might require outside mediation. People who work together every day, even if they're not part of the conflict, may still be too close to the persons involved to objectively mediate the situation. Insight and empathy are absolutely necessary, along with a good sense of humor.

Ex. 3. Read a fragment of a letter from a friend and write back, giving feedback and advice.

12 November 2014

Dear Friends,

The last two years have been difficult for me and much of my energy has gone to my family and my writing with very little left over. My son who is 15 and my daughter, 17, are in the middle of a rebellious, authority defying stage when they are not sure who they are, but they are sure they don't want to be like their parents. Some weeks everything is lovely and other weeks, not pleasant at all. I tell my daughter that she is turning my hair grey. I wonder if Belarusian parents of teenagers have as many problems as Americans…

CLASS 2
GENERATION GAP IS NOT FOREVER

Ex. 1. In pairs, think of the problems families with *teenage female children* might have. Which problem do you think is the most horrible for parents?

Ex. 2. Look at the movie poster on the right. The main character, a young girl named Juno, gets into a tight fix, literally speaking. What do you think the problem is?

Ex. 3. Watch an episode from the movie and comment on both the girl's and her parents' wisdom of judgment. On whose side does your sympathy lie?

Ex. 4. Read the blurb and say if you would rather read this kind of book.

No writer captures the tender rewards and unique challenges of family life better than Barbara Delinsky. Raising provocative questions about motherhood, *Not My Daughter* marks new heights of captivating storytelling for Delinsky. In the novel's opening pages, school principal Susan Tate confronts a devastating secret. Her seventeen-year-old daughter, Lily, has revealed that she is expecting a baby — and that this is not an accidental pregnancy. Susan soon learns that some of Lily's friends are pregnant too: they've made a pact to become moms in high school, intentionally having unprotected sex. Naive but determined, they yearn to raise their babies on their own, wanting to keep the fathers away for as long as possible. For Susan, the news threatens to destroy her career. […] Then Lily makes a frightening discovery about the baby she is carrying, and she and Susan begin to see their future in a new way. Gripping and heartwarming, *Not My Daughter* will keep you enthralled on every page.

Ex. 5. Read the blurb again and guess why the news is such a threat for Susan Tate. There is one sentence missing in the text above. Make your predictions.

Ex. 6. Read the beginning of the book by Barbara Delinsky. Try to figure out how the mother feels about her daughter's decision.

Text 13.3

From NOT MY DAUGHTER by Barbara Delinsky

Susan Tate never saw it coming. She only knew that her daughter was different. The girl who had always been spontaneous and open had suddenly grown opaque.

Lily was seventeen. Maybe that said it. A senior in high school, she had a loaded course schedule, played field hockey and volleyball, sang in an a cappella group. And, yes, Susan was spoiled by the close relationship she and Lily had always had. They were a family of two, fully comfortable with that and each other.

Inevitably, Lily had to test her wings. Susan knew that. But she also had a right to worry. Lily was the love of her life, the very best thing that had happened in all of her thirty- five years. As achievements in life went, being a good mother was the one she most prized.

That meant communicating, and with dinner too often interrupted by email or texts eating out was warranted. At a restaurant Susan would have Lily captive while they waited to order, waited for food, waited to pay — all quality time.

She suggested the Steak Place, definitely a splurge, but lined with quiet oak booths. Susan wanted privacy and quiet, yet Lily opted for Carlino's which was public and loud.

But she wanted to please Lily, so she gave in and, determined to be a good sport, smilingly hustled her daughter out of the November chill into a hive of warmth and sound. When they finally finished greeting friends and were seated, they shared hummus on toasted crostini. More friends stopped by, and, in fairness, it wasn't only Lily's fault. As principal of the high school, Susan was well known in town. Another time, she would have enjoyed seeing everyone.

But she was on a mission this night. As soon as she was alone with Lily again, she leaned forward and quietly talked about her day at school. Most staff issues were too sensitive to be shared with her seventeen-year-old daughter, but when it came to new course offerings and technology, the girl was a worthy sounding board.

Susan's motive actually went deeper, to the very heart of mothering. She believed that sharing adult issues encouraged Lily to think. She also believed that her daughter was insightful, and this night was no exception. Momentarily focused, Lily asked good

questions. However, her brightness seemed forced. She picked at her food, eating little.

More worried than ever, Susan searched her daughter's face. It was heart-shaped, as sweet as always, and was framed by long, shiny, sable hair. The hair was a gift from her father, while her eyes — Susan's eyes — were hazel and clear, her skin creamy and smooth.

She didn't look sick, Susan decided. Vulnerable, perhaps. Maybe haunted. But not sick. Even when Lily crinkled her nose and complained about the restaurant's heavy garlic smell, Susan didn't guess. She was too busy assuring herself that those clear eyes ruled out drug use and, as for alcohol, she had never seen bottles, empty or otherwise, in Lily's room. She didn't actively search, as in checking behind clutter on the highest shelves. But when she returned clean laundry to drawers or hung jeans in the closet, she saw nothing amiss.

"Mom?"

Susan blinked. "Yes, sweetheart?"

"Look who's distracted. What are you thinking about?"

"You. Are you feeling all right?"

There was a flash of annoyance. "You keep asking me that."

"Because I worry," Susan said and, reaching across, laced her fingers through Lily's. "You haven't been the same since summer. So here I am, loving you to bits, and because you won't say anything, I'm left to wonder whether it's just being seventeen and needing your own space. Do I crowd you?"

Lily sputtered. "No. You're the best mom that way."

"Is it school? You're stressed."

"Yes," the girl said, but her tone implied there was more, and her fingers held Susan's tightly.

Susan jiggled Lily's fingers. "If I were to pinpoint it, I'd say the change came this summer. I've been racking my brain, but from everything you told me, you loved your job. I know, I know, you were at the beach, but watching ten kids under the age of eight is hard, and summer families can be the worst."

Lily scooped back her hair. "I love kids. Besides, I was with Mary Kate, Abby, and Jess." Her three best friends. Daughters of Susan's best friends, all three girls were responsible. Abby occasionally lacked direction, like her mom Pam, and Jessica had a touch of the rebel, as Sunny did not. But Mary Kate was as steady as her mom Kate, who was like a sister to Susan. With Mary Kate along, Lily couldn't go wrong.

Not that Lily wasn't steady herself, but Susan knew about peer pressure. If she had learned one thing as a teacher it was that the key to a child's success lay in no small part with the friends she kept.

"But has Kate said anything about Mary Kate? Is she worried about her like you're worried about me?"

Susan thought for a minute, than answered honestly. "She's more sad than worried. Mary Kate is her youngest. Kate feels like she's growing away from her, too. But Mary Kate isn't my concern. You are." A burst of laughter came from several tables down. Annoyed by the intrusion, Susan shot the group a glance. When she turned back, Lily's eyes held a frightened look.

Susan had seen that look a lot lately. It terrified her.

Desperate now, she held Lily's hand even tighter and, in a low, frantic voice, said, "What is wrong? I'm supposed to know what girls your age are feeling and thinking, but lately with you, I just don't. There are so many times when your mind is somewhere else — somewhere you won't allow me to be. Maybe that's the way it should be at your age," she acknowledged, "and it wouldn't bother me if you were happy, but you don't seem happy. You seem preoccupied. You seem afraid."

"I'm pregnant."

Susan gasped. Freeing her hand, she sat straighter. She waited for a teasing smile, but there was none. And of course not. Lily wouldn't joke about something like this.

Her thoughts raced. "But — but that's impossible. I mean, it's not physically impossible, but it wouldn't happen." When Lily said nothing, Susan pressed a hand to her chest and whispered, "Would it?"

"I am," Lily whispered back.

"What makes you think it?"

"Six home tests, all positive."

"You're late?"

"Not late. Missed. Three times."

"Three? Omigod, why didn't you tell me?" Susan cried, thinking of all the other things a missed period could mean. Being pregnant didn't make sense, not with Lily. But the child didn't lie. If she said she was pregnant, she believed it herself — not that it was true. "Home tests can be totally misleading."

"Nausea, tiredness, bloating?"

“I don’t see bloating,” Susan said defensively, because if her daughter was three months pregnant, she would have seen it.

“When was the last time you saw me naked?”

“In the hot tub at the spa,” she replied without missing a beat.

“That was in June, Mom.”

Susan did miss a beat then, but only one. “It must be something else. You don’t even have a boyfriend.” She caught her breath. “Do you?” Had she really missed something? “Who is he?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Doesn’t matter? Lily, if you are —” She couldn’t say the word aloud. The idea that her daughter was sexually active was totally new. Sure, she knew the statistics. How could she not, given her job? But this was her daughter, her daughter. They had agreed — Lily had promised — she would tell Susan if she wanted birth control. It was a conversation they’d had too many times to count. “Who is he?” she asked again.

Lily remained silent.

“But if he’s involved —”

“I’m not telling him.”

“Did he force you?”

“No,” Lily replied. Her eyes were steady not with fear now, but something Susan couldn’t quite name. “It was the other way around,” she said. “I seduced him.”

Susan sat back. If she didn’t know better, she might have said Lily looked excited. And suddenly nothing about the discussion was right — not the subject, not that look, certainly not the place.

“How long were you planning to wait?”

“Just a little longer — maybe till the end of my first trimester.”

“Lily, I’m your mother.”

“But this is my baby,” the girl said softly, “so I get to make the decisions, and I wasn’t ready to tell you, not even tonight, which is why I chose this place. But even here, it’s like you can see inside me.”

Susan was beyond hurt. Getting pregnant was everything she had taught Lily not to do. She sat back, let out a breath. “I can’t grasp this. Are you sure?” Lily’s body didn’t look different, but what could be seen when she wore the same layered tops that her friends did, and the days when Susan bathed her each night were long gone.

“Three missed periods?” she whispered. “Then this happened...?”

“Eleven weeks ago.”

Susan was beside herself. “When did you do the tests?”

“As soon as I missed my first period.”

And not a word spoken? It was definitely a statement, but of what? Defiance? Independence? Stupidity? Lily might be gentle, often vulnerable — but she also had a stubborn streak.

But this was different. Stubbornness was not a reason for silence when it came to pregnancy, certainly not when the prospective mother was seventeen.

Unable to order her thoughts, Susan grasped at loose threads. “Do the others know?” It went without saying that she meant Mary Kate, Abby and Jess.

“Yes, but no moms.”

Ex. 7. Work in small groups. Think of several possible paths along which the plot may develop. What is going to happen next in the book? Try to predict whether the family conflict you have just read about can turn into a bigger conflict or conflicts, involving other people besides Susan and Lily. Share your predictions with your group mates. What ways of conflict resolution would you opt for?

Ex. 8. Work in small groups. Think over the following questions.

1. How would you have responded to Lily if she were your daughter?
2. Would you have wanted her to have the baby?
3. Would you have advised her to give up the child for adoption?
4. Would you have offered to raise your children’s children?

Ex. 9. Though *Not My Daughter* is entirely a work of fiction, in the summer of 2008, there was media coverage over a group of teenage girls in Massachusetts, who allegedly made a pact to become pregnant and raise their babies together. What does this say about the way ideas of motherhood have changed over generations? Do pregnancy and parenting mean something different to modern women, compared to our grandmothers’ generation? Write down your ideas (100 words) and be ready to share them with your group mates.

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Read the following excerpt from a contemporary novel and pay attention to the stylistic means used to convey the emotions that the protagonist experiences. Which means seem to be prevailing?

Text 13.4

From STARTING OVER by Tony Parsons

I waited for my son to come home.

I watched the late news and turned it off. I flicked through the paper and tossed it aside. I went to the back door and smoked a cigarette with one foot in the kitchen and the other in the garden, watching the smoke disappear into the night sky, waving it on its way, destroying the evidence.

But all the while I was waiting.

My head ached with all the things that can go wrong at seventeen. The wrecked car. The knife pulled. The powder cut with poison. Beyond my window there were children killing children, and my boy was out there among them.

And all I could do was wait.

Rufus was a smart kid but he was raw. That was his problem. Not his recklessness, or his stupidity, but his youth. I trusted him but I didn't trust the world. You need a bit of luck at that age, I thought, and I waited at the window, and still he did not come home.

My son at seventeen. Most nights he went out in an old Beetle bought with his own money from a summer job. We didn't know where he went. We didn't have a clue. You lose them after a certain age and they never come back. They start out as a part of you, indistinguishable from yourself for years and years, and they end up as people that you hardly recognize. I could see it coming.

My son and I were not quite strangers yet — I could still glimpse the same father and son who went to the park on a bike that had stabilizers. But it was a big thing between us, this not knowing, this unknown other life, the Grand Canyon of ignorance, and it felt like it was growing bigger every time he went out the front door.

And when midnight came and went I suddenly knew that I would never see him again. I knew it with a total certainty that choked my throat and tightened my chest. And I knew exactly how it would be when I told his mother and sister, and I could see the look on the faces of his grandparents, and I could imagine his dumbstruck friends and schoolmates, attending their first funeral, far too young to be wearing all that black. And I knew exactly what it would be like. It would be like the end of the world.

Then I heard his car coming up the drive.

There were lights in the window, the engine dying, a door slamming — boys do not have a light touch at seventeen — and suddenly there he was, towering above me, eye contact not easy, and as always I was both relieved and uneasy at his physical presence. Glad to have him back in one piece, yet baffled by this oversized man-child.

Who was he? Where did he come from? What was his connection to the little boy with the blond Beatle-cut? On tiptoes — and I am six foot nothing — I kissed him on the fuzzy cheek he shaved once a week, and when he gave me a sort of half-hearted sideways squeeze in response, I felt the sharp bones of my only son.

We had always kissed each other, but for a while now there had been self-consciousness and shyness in our embrace. Somehow I knew that Rufus would prefer it if the ritual, long since drained of all real meaning, would stop. But stopping it would feel like we were making too big a thing of it. So we continued with our manly kisses, even though they made both of us uncomfortable.

I felt him pull away.

"So," I said, as lightly as I could manage, "what have you been up to?"

"Just driving around," he said in his deep, booming voice — that big man's voice coming out of my little boy! — and I felt myself flinch at the voice, at the words, at the blatant and obvious lie.

Whatever my son did at night, I knew it was not just driving around.

"Okay," I said evenly, and I reached for the AlcoHawk Pro that was waiting on the coffee table.

"I didn't drink anything," Rufus said in his defensive baritone, although I could smell the contents of a small brewery on him.

"Good," I said flatly. "Then it will be clear."

I pressed the power switch and on the AlcoHawk Pro's circular screen the red digits quickly counted down from 200 to zero. Then I handed it to Rufus. He took a breath, and blew into the mouthpiece until there was a sharp beep. He gave it back to me and we waited, saying nothing, not looking at each other, just the ambient noise of the city between us. Then there was a series of little beeps and the reading was displayed.

Three zeroes, it said; 000 — like the winning line on a fruit machine. Strange, I thought. I knew I smelled booze. I shook the AlcoHawk Pro and looked at it again. But it still said 000, and that meant there was no alcohol in the bloodstream of my son. At least he was telling me the truth about one thing in his life.

I showed the reading to Rufus and when he nodded politely I felt like hugging him. It was such a gracious gesture, that polite little nod. There was a real sweetness about my boy, even now, a sweetness that had everything to do with his mother and nothing to do with me. I felt like hugging the kid. But I didn't hug him. And the moment passed.

We said goodnight without risking any more embraces, and as I climbed the stairs I could hear him clumping noisily around the kitchen, foraging for food. My wife was sleeping. But when I slid into my side of the bed, I felt her stir.

"Is he back?" she murmured, her voice foggy with sleep, her face pointing away from me.

"He's back," I said. "I listened to her breathing for a bit. That was enough for her. The fact that he was back. That was all Lara cared about."

"But where does he go?" I said, all despairing.

She exhaled in the darkness, a sound that was half-yawn, half-sigh. "He's a good boy, George," she said, already sliding back into sleep. "And he's fine. And he's home. And he's safe."

"Does it matter where he goes?" Then she thought of something and half sat up. "You didn't breathalyze him again, did you?"

"I just wonder where he goes," I said.

"And I just don't want him to get hurt," I said, very quietly, although she was sleeping by then.

And I knew that there was something more that I wanted for our son, something more than good sense and safety first, and cool heads to prevail, and the bit of the luck you need at seventeen, and perhaps less lies once in a while, just for a change.

And it was this — what every parent wants for the gawky teenage boy who they suddenly see accelerating towards the grown-up world without a crash helmet or a safety belt, imagining that everything is completely under control.

The silent prayer of the terrified parent.

I wanted to stop the clock.

Ex. 2. Explain what idea lies behind the following digression, "You lose them after a certain age and they never come back…"

Ex. 3. Pay attention to the final phrase. What does the author want to say? How is this sentence supposed to affect the reader?

Ex. 4. Make a detailed interpretation of the extract in written form (300 words). State the theme and the message of the extract. Determine the tone, atmosphere and style. Focus on characterizations and its means. Dwell on the impression the extract has produced on you.

CLASS 3
WHAT IT TAKES TO HAVE A DIFFICULT CHILD

Ex. 1. In pairs, discuss the problem of working parents and their kids who do not get enough attention. Do you think it is a very common problem these days?

Ex. 2. Look at the movie poster on the right. It is not just another film about family life. Think of the kind of conflict the movie might portray.

Ex. 3. Watch an episode from *The Weather Man* and figure out the differences and similarities between the three generations of one family. What idea is hidden behind the words, "There's always looking after… You have time"?

Ex. 4. Children can be difficult for various reasons. Christy Brown, an outstanding Irish author and painter, was difficult since birth, a result of nature's cruel joke. Yet his is the story of achievement and kindness. Read an excerpt from his autobiography and say what strikes you most.

Text 13.5

From MY LEFT FOOT by Christy Brown

At this time my mother had five other children to look after besides the "difficult one". There were my brothers, Jim, Tony, and Paddy, and my two sisters, Lily and Mona, all of them very young, just a year or so between each of them, so that they were almost exactly like steps of stairs. I was now five, and still as helpless as a newly-born baby. While my father was out at bricklaying earning our bread and butter for us, mother was slowly, patiently pulling down the wall, brick by brick, that seemed to thrust itself between me and the other children, slowly, patiently penetrating beyond the thick

curtain that hung over my mind, separating it from theirs. It was hard, heartbreaking work, for often all she got from me in return was a vague smile and perhaps a faint gurgle. I could not speak or even mumble, nor could I sit up without support on my own, let alone take steps. But I wasn't inert or motionless. I seemed indeed to be convulsed with movement, wild, stiff, snakelike movement that never left me, except in sleep. My fingers twisted and twitched continually, my arms twined backwards and would often shoot out suddenly this way and that, and my head lolled and sagged sideways. I was a queer, crooked little fellow.

Mother tells me how one day she had been sitting with me for hours in an upstairs room, showing me pictures out of a great big storybook and telling me the names of the different animals and flowers that were in them, trying without success to get me to repeat them. This had gone on for hours while she talked and laughed with me. Then at the end of it she leaned over me and said gently into my ear:

"Did you like it, Chris? Did you like the bears and the monkeys and all the lovely flowers? Nod your head for yes, like a good boy."

But I could make no sign that I had understood her. Her face was bent over mine, hopefully. Suddenly, involuntarily, my queer hand reached up and grasped one of the dark curls that fell in a thick cluster about her neck. Gently she loosened the clenched fingers, though some dark strands were still clutched between them.

Then she turned away from my curious stare and left the room, crying. The door closed behind her. It all seemed hopeless. It looked as though there was some justification for my relatives' contention that I was an idiot and beyond help.

They now spoke of an institution.

"Never!" said my mother almost fiercely, when this was suggested to her. "I know my boy is not an idiot. It is his body that is shattered, not his mind. I'm sure of that."

I was now five, and still I showed no real sign of intelligence. I showed no apparent interest in things except with my toes — more especially those of my left foot. I used to lie on my back all the time in the kitchen or, on bright warm days, out in the garden, a little bundle of crooked muscles and twisted nerves, surrounded by a family that loved me and hoped for me and that made me part of their own warmth and humanity. I was lonely, imprisoned in a world of my own, unable to communicate with others, cut off, separated from them as though a glass wall stood between my existence and

theirs. I longed to run about and play with the rest, but I was unable to break loose from my bondage.

Then, suddenly, it happened! In a moment everything was changed, my future life molded into a definite shape, my mother's faith in me rewarded and her secret fear changed into open triumph. It happened so quickly, so simply after all the years of waiting and uncertainty that I can see and feel the whole scene as if it had happened last week. It was the afternoon of a cold, gray December day. Inside, all the family were gathered around the big kitchen fire that lit up the little room with a warm glow and made giant shadows dance on the walls and ceiling.

In a corner Mona and Paddy were sitting huddled together, a few torn school primers before them. They were writing down little sums onto an old chipped slate, using a bright piece of yellow chalk. I was close to them, propped up by a few pillows against the wall, watching. It was the chalk that attracted me so much. It was a long slender stick of vivid yellow. I had never seen anything like it before.

Suddenly I wanted desperately to do what my sister was doing. Then — without thinking or knowing exactly what I was doing, I reached out and took the stick of chalk out of my sister's hand — with my left foot.

I do not know why I used my left foot to do this. It is a puzzle to many people as well as to myself, for, although I had displayed a curious interest in my toes at an early age, I had never attempted before this to use either of my feet in any way. They could have been as useless to me as were my hands. That day, however, my left foot, apparently on its own volition, reached out and very impolitely took the chalk out of my sister's hand.

I held it tightly between my toes, and, acting on an impulse, made a wild sort of scribble with it on the slate. Next moment I stopped, a bit dazed, surprised, looking down at the stick of yellow chalk stuck between my toes, not knowing what to do with it next, hardly knowing how it got there. Then I looked up and became aware that everyone had stopped talking and were staring at me silently. Nobody stirred. My mother came in from the pantry with a steaming pot in her hand. She stopped midway between the table and the fire, feeling the tension flowing through the room. She followed their stare and saw me, in the corner. Her eyes looked from my face down to my foot, with the chalk gripped between my toes. She put down the pot. Then she crossed over to me and knelt down beside me, as she had done so many times before.

"I'll show you what do to with it, Chris," she said, very slowly and in a queer, jerky way, her face flushed as if with some inner excitement. Taking another piece of chalk from Mona, she hesitated, then very deliberately drew, on the floor in front of me, the single letter "A".

"Copy that," she said, looking steadily at me. "Copy it, Christy."

I couldn't. I looked about me, looked around at the faces that were turned toward me, tense, excited faces that were at that moment frozen, immobile, eager, waiting for a miracle in their midst. I tried again. I put out my foot and made a wild jerking stab with the chalk which produced a very crooked line and nothing more. Mother held the slate steady for me.

"Try again, Chris," she whispered in my ear. "Again."

I did. I stiffened my body and put my left foot out again, for the third time. I drew one side of the letter. I drew half the other side. Then the stick of chalk broke and I was left with a stump. I wanted to fling it away and give up. Then I felt my mother's hand on my shoulder. I tried once more. I shook, I sweated and strained every muscle. My hands were so tightly clenched that my fingernails bit into the flesh. I set my teeth so hard that I nearly pierced my lower lip. Everything in the room swam till the faces around me were mere patches of white. But — I drew it — the letter "A." There it was on the floor before me.

Shaky, with awkward, wobbly sides and a very uneven center line. But it was the letter "A." I looked up. I saw my mother's face for a moment, tears on her cheeks. Then my father stooped down and hoisted me onto his shoulder.

I had done it! It had started — the thing that was to give my mind its chance of expressing itself. True, I couldn't speak with my lips, but now I would speak through something more lasting than spoken words — written words.

That one letter, scrawled on the floor with a broken bit of yellow chalk gripped between my toes, was my road to a new world, my key to mental freedom.

Ex. 5. Work in pairs. Discuss the problem of having a difficult child in the family. What is necessary to solve all the family problems effectively?

Ex. 6. Remember the stories you know (or heard) about families that coped with all their many problems successfully. Share the stories with your group mates.

Ex. 7. Visualize your own future. Think about ways and means you are going to employ to solve all the family problems. Share some with your group mates.

Ex. 8. Work in mini-groups. Do the quiz.

Text 13.6

THEY ARE STARS AND MOTHERS. CAN YOU GUESS THEIR NAMES?

1. I know we had two boys for a reason. We were the only people in the family to have two boys. The rest of the family had a boy and a girl and we were the first to change and I know fate played a hand there — Harry's "a backup" in the nicest possible way. William may be in his position much earlier than people think now. I wanted to bring them up with security, not to anticipate things because they would be disappointed. That had made my own life so much easier. I used to hug my children to death. I would get into bed with them at night, hug them and say "Who loves them most in the whole world?" and they say "Mummy". I always fed them love and affection — it's so important. They are both grown men now, a credit to the family.

2. I have a blue beehive hairdo, a husband named after a Greek story-teller, and three odd-looking kids — a son who's a troublemaker and two daughters. The elder girl is a talented saxophonist; as for the baby, she's just not ready to give up her pacifier.

3. I may be a romantic, but I like to get things done. That's how I've been able to raise seven kids and two step kids, grind out 58 romantic best-sellers on an old Olympia typewriter, and marry and divorce a number of husbands.

4. Everyone writes about my amazingly well-toned body and my young boyfriends and the fact that I make a lot of money, even though I perform in bomb after bomb. Nobody mentions what's really important to me — my three daughters. Believe it or not I am a better Mom for them, than my own Mom used to be for me.

5. I simply don't know how I was able to have so many children. After all, our family's humble abode is built not from bricks and mortar, but leather and laces. Yet, like so many other mothers, I managed.

6. As one of the richest women in the world, my life should be wonderful, but the last several decades have been the opposite. Two of my four children have gone through very messy divorces, one of

my homes suffered extensive fire damage and my eldest son has publicly complained of his lonely upbringing. Nevertheless, I carry on. And my grandchildren and great-grandchildren are a joy to me.

Key to the quiz

Demi Moore. Mrs. Simpson. Danielle Steel. Princess Diana. Queen Elizabeth II. An old woman who lived in a shoe.

Ex. 9. Work in mini-groups. Think of some famous Moms. Prepare the descriptions and check if your group mates can guess it right.

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Read the above movie's plot summary and explain, to the best of your ability, the *message* of the title, which is also the title of the book (1970) by Glendon Swarthout.

BLESS THE BEASTS AND THE CHILDREN

The story follows a group of six teenage boys, who share a cabin at a residential summer camp in the western mountains. Each of the boys is a misfit in one way or another; the group is ostracized by the other boys at the camp, and form a bond based, in part, on this broader social isolation. After being taken on a field trip to see a herd of bison selected for culling by local hunters, the boys resolve to sneak away from the camp and set the penned bison free.

Ex. 2. Read three descriptions presenting flashbacks from three boys' earlier lives. Do their life stories explain why they have become social "misfits" — the group of *Bedwetters* in that mountain camp? Express your ideas in writing (150 words).

Text 13.7 (A)

From BLESS THE BEASTS AND THE CHILDREN
by Glendon Swarthout

Cotton's generation grew up with a war in the house. For them, games of cops and robbers and cowboys and Indians no longer satisfied the senses. A boy had but to turn a control to be totally involved in the violent distension of experience that was Vietnam on television. Cotton became addicted to it. Vietnam was even a portable war. A boy had but to move his personal set to have air strikes in the living room, search-and-destroy operations in the bedroom, naval bombardment in the bathroom — napalm before school, body bags before dinner.

Cotton carried a battle map in his brain. His imagination bristled with an arsenal of advanced weaponry. Dak To and Khe Sanh were more real to him than Anzio or the Little Big Horn. His former fantasies, being the first man on the moon or connecting with a touchdown pass in the Super Bowl, he put away as childish, preferring instead to slog through a rice paddy with a decimated platoon, to exhort it to victory, to have a leg lopped off and be decorated in the White House. His only fear was that Vietnam might be over before he could get there.

They lived on the lake in Rocky River, a suburb of Cleveland, his mother and he. One evening after the news, switching channels between the networks to catch the complete war coverage, he slogged into her bedroom and lay in the prone firing position on her bed as she prepared herself at her dressing table for a party. She applied a makeup base, brushed and mascaraed her eyes, then fastened on false lashes. He remembered how, after only one day's fishing in Quebec, she had demanded to be flown out to civilization, she was bored. She lined her eyelids with a pencil, and penciled a dot at the inner corner of each eye. Her tennis game was slipping, he had noticed. She was no longer a tigress at the net. With a brush and color from a silver paintbox she shadowed each lid. She indulged him one day, disciplined him the next. On each cheekbone she dabbed cream rouge, then smoothed it in. It occurred to John how frightened she must be, of middle age and loneliness and social insecurity and, underneath, even of him, because he would soon be a man. She blended two tones of lipstick on her mouth, overlaying the blend with white and kissing Kleenex to blot. To

remain a girl, he realized, she had to keep her son a boy. Putting perfume behind her ears she smiled at him in the mirror.

"Isn't your mother simply fabulous?" she asked.

"What're you scared of?" he asked. "Getting old?"

"Don't be nasty."

"I'm not," he said. "I'm fifteen. Try gooping that over. In one year and ten months I'll be seventeen. You want to know what I'm gonna do on my seventeenth birthday?"

"I'm listening."

"Join the Marines. You can if your parent signs the papers."

"Which I won't of course."

"Which you will. You'll be on the booze to celebrate my birthday — you won't even know what you're signing. But if you won't, I'll make a big sign and walk up and down in front of the Cleveland Yacht Club. 'My mother is forty-two years old,' that's what'll be on it."

"I'd kill you," she said.

And then, glaring into the mirror, she went white under her makeup. Behind her, elbows propped on the velvet bedspread, John Cotton sighted her in as though over the barrel of an M-16.

Text 13.8 (B)
(continued Text A)

Lawrence Teft, III, was the loudest tooth-grinder of the lot. Cotton listened to him many a night, surprised he did not abrade them from their sockets, wondering what savage inner strife the habit manifested. Teft cried out much, too, in his sleep, the protestations vehement and garbled. When he was twelve he stole his mother's purse. It wasn't money, he had a liberal allowance. He could or would give no reason. Last year, when he was thirteen, he went one night for a jaunt in his father's Imperial, driving from Mamaroneck to White Plains, where, at an interchange on the Westchester Expressway, he collided with two other cars. Again he could or would not explain his motive, standing mute, hands in pockets, smiling that oblique, tilted smile. His father paid the damages and was at pains to see that his cars were thereafter garaged without keys.

Two months later Lawrence Teft, III, hotwired and stole a neighbor's car. When it ran out of gas in Queens, he stole another. The police picked him up in a third car on the New Jersey Turnpike

near Elizabeth at noon the next day. He was booked for speeding, reckless driving, driving without a license, and grand theft, vehicle, the latter charge reduced to joyriding. To unravel the escapade and keep it out of the newspapers and juvenile courts required three weeks and considerable expense, but his father was a general partner in an investment house in Wall Street.

Perfection was required of Lawrence Teft, III. It was expected, too, that he would attend Exeter and Dartmouth, his father's schools. Since his grammar school record was one of under achievement, his father took him to New Hampshire in March to petition the headmaster personally. Through sleet they strode across the quad to the Administration Building, known to students as the Kremlin. They met the headmaster, were seated, and in the midst of his father's peroration on the justice of shaving admission standards for sons of contributing alumni, Lawrence interrupted with a vivid account of his car theft career, adding that so far as he was concerned, Exeter could shove itself up its own anal orifice. In the respiratory silence which ensued, the headmaster asked the boy to step outside so that the two men might confer. Politely he did. There he found the bowl of apples provided for students by the Principal's Fund. He ate one and fired the remainder out a window. In his absence, the headmaster advised his father to send the boy to a military school or a summer camp far from home. What was needed, in his opinion, was discipline — that and the maturation which would one day enable him to compromise, and hence to adjust to the realities o f his environment. He recommended a camp near Prescott, Arizona. That was why, in June, his family put Lawrence Teft, III, aboard the plane at Kennedy like a prisoner.

Text 13.9 (C)
(continued Text B)

Lally 2 was twelve years old and not talking. Of the sixteen rooms in his home in Kenilworth, Illinois, his favorite was the seventeenth, the Oom room. It wasn't really a room at all, but a sauna his father had built into the house and forgotten to use. His father and mother were young and beautiful people and had inherited "old money," third-generation wealth. Every year they separated once or twice, began divorce proceedings, then reconciled and jetted off to ski at Chamonix or somewhere or to yacht in the Virgin Islands or somewhere. It gave them

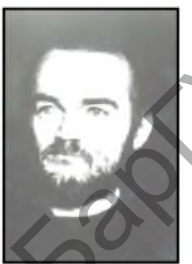
a game to play. But while they were gone, the house, except for his older brother and the governess and maids and butler and chauffeur and cook, seemed lonely and empty. When he would have a bad dream and wake in the lonely, empty house, Billy Lally would take his foamrubber pillow and creep downstairs into the sauna and turn the temperature to 160 degrees and curl up on the wooden bench with his head on the pillow. Soon the Ooms, little people who lived under the flat rocks and made steam, would come out, hundreds and hundreds of them, and snuggle with him and help him to sleep safe and warm till a maid or the butler found him in the morning. Frequently he caught a cold from sleeping in the sauna, but to be warm and safe in the night was worth a cold. Billy Lally had never told anyone about his friends, the Ooms.

Against a transient parental environment, which was overstimulating and unpredictable as well, Billy Lally's defense was to withdraw into a world of fantasy, self-created, into an isolation to which he admitted no one. His case was complicated by his discovery that the more completely he regressed, the greater advantage this gave him over Stephen, his older brother, so that withdrawal became for him both a necessity and a device. It was habitual now, with attendant infantile practices. Besides wetting his bed and sucking his thumb he had bad dreams and suffered night terrors. His parents twice enrolled him in special schools, only to take him out to travel with them. At various times he began treatment with four different therapists, one of them in Switzerland, only to have his father and mother reconcile and pack their suitcases. At twelve he was the youngest camper, and underage by restrictions, but his parents could not have gone to Kenya without disposing of both sons somewhere and the Director was persuaded to make an exception. Cotton's cabin was his second. When, in the first, he withdrew under his bed with the foamrubber pillow from home and curled into a ball in his sleeping bag, the other boys hauled him out, screaming as though ripped from the womb. He burrowed back in. They hauled him out again. The sport went on till Cotton came by and offered to take Billy Lally in with him. With him, Cotton asserted, he could hide under his bed whenever he needed to, or up a tree, or in a cave for all he cared, or any damn where.

Ex. 3. Dwell on the tone the extracts are written in. Which of them is written in a sarcastic, humorous, ironic, sympathetic, gentle tone or a combination of tones? Find evidence in the text to prove your judgement.

CLASS 4

LABORATORY WORK



Ex. 1. Organize free-style communication session based on the ideas, evaluations and impressions of Classes 1—3. Use the poem by Christy Brown as your starting point. In small groups, discuss its message and literary merits.

SUNDAY VISIT

By Christy Brown

We finally found him
curled up in the chair like a many —
wrinkled shell
staring blindly out at nothing
among a gathering of imbecilic fossils
his one good eye fastening fiercely onto life
the hair still sturdy though silver under the old cloth cap.
We finally found him
through all that terrible labyrinth of grey concrete cells
quietly rounding out his days
alone in a morass of moronic camaraderie
his doomed cellmates snoozing and snoring all around
and he with his one good eye defying the shadows.
The tears came then
not soft, but real
the tears of a real man broken by life
groping wildly with gnarled fingers at the straws of life
in that awful room of no life
and the television set blaring forth its banalities
drowning whatever words of comfort our futile tongues could offer.
I had no words for him
no words to span the heartbreak of years
when Samson-like he had stood between us and chaos
bringing to us the small rare trinkets of his love.
I had for him only whiskey
the old bitter gift
the poor tribute of one poorer in spirit
than that jaded near-blind half-deaf soul reclining so tamely
in a wicker chair
in a ward of fearful paralysing resignation
a ward full of already dead people

sleeping as the television blared.
Yet the hand that gripped mine spelled out love
and the raw lovely courage of that old landscaped face
put my feeble pity to shame.

Ex. 2. In-class writing. Produce a summary view on the material of classes 1—4. The text should contain no less than 300 words, have a memorable title, and be finished in 30 minutes.

SUMMARY VIEW

Dear Student Teacher,

As a result of those three classes you are supposed to have become much more intelligent and profession-oriented.

(1) You may have watched *My Sister's Keeper*, *Juno, Weatherman* and have found them fascinating films. Tell your friends about them.

(2) You may have written down many of the nice phrases spoken by the characters in those movies, which must have improved your English. Share them with other students.

(3) You learned about several books worth reading such as *Not My Daughter, Bless the Beasts and the Children, My Sister's Keeper* and *Starting Over*. Find them or borrow them.

14. CHILDREN OF TODAY, ADULTS OF TOMORROW

CLASS 1
THEIR FAMILY AND SOME ANIMALS

Ex. 1. In pairs, discuss the problem of having an "extended" family — extended by pets. Do you think a pet is a true child's friend?

Ex. 2. Look at the movie poster on the right. Decide what kind of story the movie might tell.

Ex. 3. Watch an episode from *We Bought a Zoo* and try to find proof that care for the animals was beneficial for the family relationship. Share your viewpoints with your group mates.

Ex. 4. Read a magazine article and interpret its title. Is it just the smiles that the place described is famous for? Give your reasons.

Text 14.1

From THE RANCH OF A THOUSAND SMILES
by Marjorie Rosen

At first glance, Marilyn and Pal Greene's riding stable in Talladega, Alabama, looks like any other. Three barns, eighteen horses, a heated indoor arena and an outdoor paddock. But look closer and you'll find seating for over a thousand people, a concession stand, a physical therapy room, and wheelchair accessibility everywhere. On any given day children as young as four ride around the arena. Children who can't hear or see participate. Many are autistic, have cerebral palsy, or are severely disabled in other ways; almost all are students at the highly regarded Alabama Institute for Deaf and Blind,

a nearby residential school for more than 1,000 sensory-impaired students. On one particular morning, a little girl on horseback giggles as she pulls a Hula-Hoop over her horse's head; a small boy rides to a bucket, pulls out a ball, and throws it.

These young riders are among more than 250 a year who benefit, at no charge from the Marianna Greene Henry Special Equestrians Program that Marilyn and Pat set up a decade ago in memory of their daughter Marianna, who died at the age of 31.

The extent of the children's involvement and skills depends, of course, on the severity of their disabilities. Both blind and deaf kids work in the barn and learn how to groom and saddle the horses, as well. Some get to the point where they even do dressage, a precise English system of riding, and participate in competition for riders with disabilities. During the most recent competition, several students ranked first and second. One teenager from the program, who is deaf and has cerebral palsy, was the high-point overall winner.

Marie Gaskin, whose 17-year-old son, Brian, has been blind and deaf from birth, has volunteered at the equestrian center for seven years. She has seen, close-up, how riding affects these children. "One special-needs little girl came in a year ago and was so afraid, I had to sit on the saddle behind her," says Gaskin. "But this morning we put her on the horse, and she was smiling broadly and rocking back and forth, which was her way of saying, 'Horse, walk!' Riding gives the children incredible confidence."

Jennifer Oldenburg, a teacher in a pilot program for sensory-impaired, multi-handicapped children, is equally enthusiastic about the six children she teaches, and what they can learn interacting with the horses. "My students use the program for occupational therapy, physical therapy, and daily communication," says Oldenburg. "I have one 7-year-old girl. At the beginning of the year, she could say 'Hey,' and 'Mama,' which are not action verbs. She wasn't controlling anything. Now she says 'Go' to the horse, which means she can control her environment a little more. She has learned cause-and-effect. Back in the classroom, she knows that when she asks for something, she can get it."

Oldenburg points out that hippotherapy is also beneficial to single-disability students, like the blind. The technique was developed by Liz Hartel, a polio victim who went on to earn an Olympic medal in dressage, and who used horseback riding instruction as a way to help disabled students increase their physical fitness, coordination, balance, and communication.

The equestrian center program is a testament to the Greenes and their ability to transform tragedy into useful and healing action. The couple was inspired by Marianna, their daughter, who had always had a special affection for the disabled. As a student who majored in special education at university, she learned about hippotherapy as a volunteer in a special-education program for disabled children. Marianna was so struck by her young students' progress that she started lobbying her parents to create a similar program on their vacation property. But before the Greenes could get around to it, Marianna became sick. A flu virus severely damaged her heart and she didn't survive a heart-transplant operation. The suddenness of their daughter's decline and death left the Greenes crushed.

As therapy, the family decided to pay tribute to Marianna by implementing her dream. "Since she had been encouraging us, we thought, 'Now's the time to do it,'" says Pat. The family registered the program as a nonprofit organization, donated the land, and started raising funds. "Now we've evolved into a program where we handle some 100 children a week," he continues. "Some ride every week; others, twice a week." As he and Marilyn threw themselves into setting up the equestrian center, they never imagined that they would be tested again so soon.

When Marianna's daughter Natalie turned 9, she was diagnosed with a seriously enlarged heart. Despite the doctors' efforts the girl died two months short of 16. "At the teenager's request, her organs were donated to the needy. Physicians harvested her kidneys and liver, and transplanted them into three young people. 'And as far as I know,' says Marilyn, 'they are all living and doing well.'"

The family now actively campaigns on behalf of the Organ Transplant Center, but the equestrian program, which has mushroomed into an enterprise with a permanent staff of 5 and a rotation of

10 volunteers, remains the Greenes' primary concern. "I think it's the only thing that has kept us going," says Pat.

The tremendous effort is worth it on many counts. "If we have a conflict and miss a day, I can see the effect on my students," says Oldenburg. "You take away the sensory stimulation they get here, and they become frustrated. We do all sorts of things with them. We let them ride on their tummies while we hold onto them. Or they ride backward and feel the sensation. Or we let them put their arms on the horse's back, and the sensory stimulation comes up through the arms and shoulders. Some have autistic tendencies and just completely change when we go horse-riding." Oldenburg recalls one little boy with "self-abusive" tendencies who has never hit himself on the horse. "Other children, she says, who don't like to hug and cuddle love to do so after having ridden." "I just hope," she says, "that people will learn from this that there are nontraditional ways to get such children to communicate."

Примечание [П2]: Кавычки

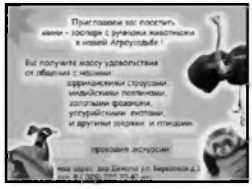
Marie Gaskin agrees. "I'll never forget the first time I took my son riding," she says. "We walked into the stall, and the horse's name was Buttercup. And Brian, who can neither see nor hear, touched Buttercup's nose and felt the warm air going through her nostrils, and he grinned from ear to ear. Then he reached with the other hand to pet the horse, so I knew it was a hit right there." The deaf and disabled students who ride share their enthusiasm, sometimes simply through big smiles. The blind students can communicate their feelings more clearly. "I've been riding for four and a half years, and I'm getting pretty good," says Christopher Willis, who is 8 and totally blind. "Now I'm using the reins and stirrups, and I walk and trot. And I play Simon Says. That's the most fun." Matthew Murphree, 17 and totally blind, has been riding for four years. "People have to direct me and tell me which way to go, but I ride by myself, and it feels pretty good," he says. "I'm well-balanced, too. Last year, I rode in a horse show and got first place in one event and third place in the other. I put all my trust in the horse because I know he's not going to let me down; he's going to lead me where I need to go."

Seeing how the children in this program flourish and grow has been incredibly satisfying for the Greenes.

"For us, Natalie's death was especially hard to deal with," says Pat. "But you don't have a choice but to accept these things and try to make the best of them. And we've found that focusing on the activities at the equestrian center, and being around these children, is the way to do it."

Ex. 5. Work in groups of three. Role-play an interview conducted by a journalist with the Greenes.

Ex. 6. Work in mini-groups. The pictures below illustrate the life of one family who created a private zoo on their farm in the village of Dekoly, Baranovichi district. The zoo is based on interaction between visitors and animals. One can talk to the animals, feed them, pet them and even take some of them for a walk. Look at the photos and express an opinion on what you see.





Ex. 6. Work individually. Read the passage below and continue it in writing (10—15 sentences).

Are you familiar with the term "zootherapy"? It can be defined as the use of animals for both diagnosing and treating various medical conditions and illnesses. It can be subdivided into feline therapy, dog therapy, hippotherapy and so on. It has been scientifically proved that zootherapy relieves anxiety and depressing thoughts, lowers blood pressure and enhances the release of oxytocine — the hormone responsible for the feeling of happiness. And it is not only people with disabilities and serious medical conditions that can benefit from zootherapy. In fact, ...

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Work individually. Do on-line research about similar facilities and services for children with special needs provided in Belarus. Make a short presentation to share your findings in class.

Ex. 2. Read an extract from a book by a famous British author and naturalist. Does this piece of prose make you smile or laugh? Focus on the author's peculiar sense of humor and the means he uses to create a humorous atmosphere.

Text 14.2

From MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS
by Gerald Durrell

Scarcely had we settled into the Strawberry-pink Villa before Mother decided that I was running wild, and that it was necessary for me to have some sort of education. But where to find this on a remote Greek island? As usual when a problem arose, the entire family flung itself with enthusiasm into the task of solving it. Each member had his or her own idea of what was best for me, and each argued with such fervor that any discussion about my future generally resulted in an uproar. Sitting under the open window in the twilight, with my arm round Roger's shaggy neck, I had listened with interest, not unmixed with indignation, to the family discussion on my fate. Now it was settled, I wondered vaguely who George was, and why it was so necessary for me to have lessons. But the dusk was thick with flower-scents, and the olive-groves were dark, mysterious, and fascinating. I forgot about the imminent danger of being educated, and went off with Roger to hunt for glow-worms in the sprawling brambles.

I discovered that my future teacher, George, was an old friend of my eldest brother's who had come to Corfu to write. There was nothing very unusual about this, for all his acquaintances in those days were either authors or painters. It was George, moreover, who was really responsible for our presence in Corfu, for he had written such eulogistic letters about the place that our family had become convinced we could live nowhere else. Now George was to pay the penalty for his rashness. He came over to the villa to discuss my education with Mother, and we were introduced. We regarded each

other with suspicion. George was a very tall and extremely thin man who moved with the odd disjointed grace of a puppet. His lean, skull-like face was partially concealed by a finely pointed brown beard and a pair of large tortoise-shell spectacles. He had a deep, melancholy voice, a dry and sarcastic sense of humor. Having made a joke, he would smile in his beard with a sort of vulpine pleasure which was quite unaffected by anyone else's reactions.

Gravely George set about the task of teaching me. He was undeterred by the fact that there were no school-books available on the island; he simply ransacked his own library and appeared on the appointed day armed with a most unorthodox selection of tomes. Somberly and patiently he taught me the rudiments of geography from the maps in the back of an ancient copy of *Encyclopaedia*, English from books that ranged from Wilde to Gibbon, French from a fat and exciting book called *Le Petit Larousse*, and mathematics from memory. From my point of view, however, the most important thing was that we devoted some of our time to natural history, and George meticulously and carefully taught me how to observe and how to note down observations in a diary. At once my enthusiastic but haphazard interest in nature became focused, for I found that by writing things down I could learn and remember much more. The only mornings that I was ever on time for my lessons were those which were given up to natural history.

Every morning at nine George would come stalking through the olive-trees, clad in shorts, sandals, and an enormous straw hat, clutching a wedge of books under one arm, swinging a walking-stick vigorously.

"Good morning. The disciple awaits the master agog with anticipation, I trust?" he would greet me, with a saturnine smile.

In the little dining-room of the villa the shutters would be closed against the sun, and in the green twilight George would loom over the table, methodically arranging the books. Flies, heat-drugged, would crawl slowly on the walls or fly drunkenly about the room, buzzing sleepily. Outside the cicadas were greeting the new days with shrill enthusiasm.

"Let me see, let me see," George would murmur, running a long forefinger down our carefully prepared time-table; "Yes, yes, mathematics. If I remember rightly, we were involved in the Herculean task of discovering how long it would take six men to build a wall if three of them took a week. I seem to recall that we

have spent almost as much time on this problem as the men spent on the wall. Ah, well, let us gird our loins and do battle once again. Perhaps it's the shape of the problem that worries you, eh? Let us see if we can make it more exciting."

He would droop over the exercise-book pensively, pulling at his beard. Then in his large, clear writing he would set the problem out in a fresh way.

"If it took two caterpillars a week to eat eight leaves, how long would four caterpillars take to eat the same number? Now, apply yourself to that."

So I struggled with the apparently insoluble problem of the caterpillars' appetites but Mathematics was not one of our more successful subjects.

In geography we made better progress, for George was able to give a more zoological tinge to the lesson. We would draw giant maps, wrinkled with mountains, and then fill in the various places of interest, together with drawings of the more exciting fauna to be found there. Thus for me the chief products of Ceylon were tapirs and tea; of India tigers and rice; of Australia kangaroos and sheep, while the blue curves of currents we drew across the oceans carried whales, albatross, penguins, and walrus, as well as hurricanes, trade winds, fair weather and foul.

Our maps were works of art. The principal volcanoes belched such flames and sparks one feared they would set the paper continents alight; the mountain ranges of the world were so blue and white with ice and snow that it made one chilly to look at them. Our brown, sun-drenched deserts were lumpy with camel-humps and pyramids, and our tropical forests so tangled and luxuriant that it was only with difficulty that the slouching jaguars, lithe snakes, and morose gorillas managed to get through them, while on their outskirts emaciated natives hacked wearily at the painted trees, forming little clearings apparently for the purpose of writing "coffee" or perhaps "cereals" across them in unsteady capitals.

Our rivers were wide, and blue as forget-me-nots., freckled with canoes and crocodiles. Our oceans were anything but empty, for where they had not frothed themselves into a fury of storms or drawn themselves up into an awe-inspiring tidal wave that hung over some remote, palm-shaggy island, they were full of life. Good-natured whales allowed unseaworthy galleons, armed with a forest of harpoons, to pursue them relentlessly; bland and innocent-looking

octopi tenderly engulfed small boats in their arms; Chinese junks, with jaundiced crews, were followed by shoals of well-dentured sharks, while fur-clad Eskimos pursued obese herds of walrus through ice fields thickly populated by polar bears and penguins. They were maps that lived, maps that one could study, frown over and add to; maps, in short, that really *meant* something.

Our attempts at history were not, at first, conspicuously successful, until George discovered that by seasoning a series of unpalatable facts with a sprig of zoology and a sprinkle of completely irrelevant detail, he could get me interested. Thus I became conversant with some historical data which, to the best of my knowledge, have never been recorded before. Breathlessly, history lesson by history lesson, I followed Hannibal's progress over the Alps. His reason for attempting such a feat, and what he intended to do on the other side, were details that scarcely worried me. No, my interest in what I considered to be a very badly planned expedition lay in the fact that J *knew the name of each and every elephant.* I also knew that Hannibal had appointed a special man not only to feed and look after the elephants, *but to give them hot-water bottles when the weather got cold.* This interesting fact seems to have escaped most serious historians.

Another thing that most history books never seem to mention is that Columbus's first words on setting foot ashore in America were: "Great heavens, look... a jaguar." With such an introduction, how could one fail to take an interest in the continent's subsequent history? So George, hampered by inadequate books and a reluctant pupil, would strive to make his teaching interesting, so that the lessons did not drag.

Ex. 3. The extract contains some beautiful samples of descriptive prose. Choose a passage (15—20 lines) and prepare its written interpretation, concentrating on lexical stylistic devices and grammatical expressive means the author uses to create a vivid description (150 words).

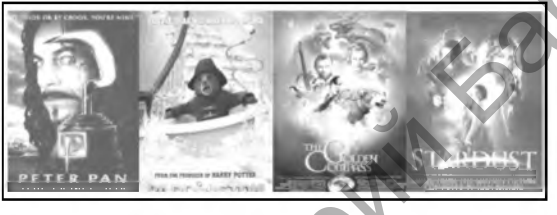
CLASS 2

WHAT OUR CHILDREN NEED

Ex. 1. In small groups, discuss the problem of providing a rich environment for growing children. What should this environment be rich in, primarily?

Ex. 2. Share your ideas with other group mates. Ask yourselves if books rate high on your list of riches.

Ex. 3. Watch a selection of episodes from four different movies. Decide what is in common between all these movies.



Ex. 4. Read the first part a lecture given by Neil Gaiman, a British writer, often referred to as the rock-star of contemporary fantasy fiction. Why does he insist on reading for pleasure?

Text 14.3 (A)

It's important for people to tell you what side they are on and why, and whether they might be biased. So, I am going to be talking to you about reading. I'm going to tell you that libraries are important. I'm going to suggest that reading fiction, that reading for pleasure, is one of the most important things one can do. I'm going to make an impassioned plea for people to understand what libraries and librarians are, and to preserve both of these things. And I am biased, obviously and enormously: I'm an author, often an

author of fiction. I write for children and for adults. For about thirty years I have been earning my living though my words, mostly by making things up and writing them down. It is obviously in my interest for people to read, for them to read fiction, for libraries and librarians to exist and help foster a love of reading and places in which reading can occur. So I'm biased as a writer. But I am much, much more biased as a reader.

Fiction has two uses. Firstly, it's a gateway drug to reading. The drive to know what happens next, to want to turn the page, the need to keep going, even if it's hard, because someone's in trouble and you have to know how it's all going to end … that's a very real drive. And it forces you to learn new words, to think new thoughts, to keep going. To discover that reading per se is pleasurable. Once you learn that, you're on the road to reading everything. And reading is key. There were noises made briefly, a few years ago, about the idea that we were living in a post-literate world, in which the ability to make sense out of written words was somehow redundant, but those days are gone: words are more important than they ever were: we navigate the world with words, and as the world slips onto the web, we need to follow, to communicate and to comprehend what we are reading. People who cannot understand each other cannot exchange ideas, cannot communicate, and translation programs only go so far.

The simplest way to make sure that we raise literate children is to teach them to read, and to show them that reading is a pleasurable activity. And that means, at its simplest, finding books that they enjoy, giving them access to those books, and letting them read them.

I don't think there is such a thing as a bad book for children. Every now and again it becomes fashionable among some adults to point at a subset of children's books, a genre, perhaps, or an author, and to declare them bad books, books that children should be stopped from reading. I've seen it happen over and over.

It's tosh. It's snobbery and it's foolishness. There are no bad authors for children, because every child is different. They can find the stories they need to, and they bring themselves to stories. A hackneyed, worn-out idea isn't hackneyed and worn out to them. This is the first time the child has encountered it. Do not discourage children from reading because you feel they are reading the wrong thing. Fiction you do not like is a route to other books you may prefer. And not everyone has the same taste as you.

Well-meaning adults can easily destroy a child's love of reading: stop them reading what they enjoy, or give them worthy-but-dull books that you like, the 21st-century equivalents of Victorian "improving" literature. You'll wind up with a generation convinced that reading is uncool and worse, unpleasant. We need our children to get onto the reading ladder: anything that they enjoy reading will move them up, rung by rung, into literacy.

And the second thing fiction does is to build empathy. When you watch TV or see a film, you are looking at things happening to other people. Prose fiction is something you build up from 26 letters and a handful of punctuation marks, and you, and you alone, using your imagination, create a world and people it and look out through other eyes. You get to feel things, visit places and worlds you would never otherwise know. You're being someone else, and when you return to your own world, you're going to be slightly changed. Empathy is a tool for building people into groups, for allowing us to function as more than self-obsessed individuals.

Fiction can show you a different world. It can take you somewhere you've never been. Once you've visited other worlds, like those who ate fairy fruit, you can never be entirely content with the world that you grew up in. Discontent is a good thing: discontented people can modify and improve their worlds, leave them better, leave them different.

Ex. 5. Read the lecture till the end and pay special attention to the role of the library in contemporary world. Do you accept the writer's viewpoint?

Text 14.4 (B)
(continued Text 14.3 (A))

Another way to destroy a child's love of reading, of course, is to make sure there are no books of any kind around. And to give them nowhere to read those books. I was lucky. I had an excellent local library growing up. I had the kind of parents who could be persuaded to drop me off in the library on their way to work in summer holidays, and the kind of librarians who did not mind a small, unaccompanied boy heading back into the children's library every morning and working his way through the card catalogue, looking for books with ghosts or magic or rockets in them, looking for vampires or detectives or witches or wonders. And when I had finished reading the children's'

library I began on the adult books. They were good librarians. They liked books and they liked the books being read. They taught me how to order books from other libraries on inter-library loans. They had no snobbery about anything I read. They just seemed to like that there was this wide-eyed little boy who loved to read, and would talk to me about the books I was reading, they would find me other books in a series, they would help. They treated me as another reader — nothing less or more — which meant they treated me with respect. I was not used to being treated with respect as an eight-year-old.

But libraries are about freedom. Freedom to read, freedom of ideas, freedom of communication. They are about education (which is not a process that finishes the day we leave school or university), about entertainment, about making safe spaces, and about access to information. I worry that here in the 21st century people misunderstand what libraries are and the purpose of them. If you perceive a library as a shelf of books, it may seem antiquated or outdated in a world in which most, but not all, books in print exist digitally. But that is to miss the point fundamentally.

I think it has to do with nature of information. Information has value, and the right information has enormous value. For all of human history, we have lived in a time of information scarcity, and having the needed information was always important, and always worth something: when to plant crops, where to find things, maps and histories and stories — they were always good for a meal and company. Information was a valuable thing, and those who had it or could obtain it could charge for that service.

In the last few years, we've moved from an information-scarce economy to one driven by an information glut. According to Google, every two days now the human race creates as much information as we did from the dawn of civilisation until 2003.The challenge becomes, not finding that scarce plant growing in the desert, but finding a specific plant growing in a jungle. We are going to need help navigating that information to find the thing we actually need. Libraries are places that people go to for information. Books are only the tip of the

information iceberg: they are there, and libraries can provide you freely and legally with books. More children are borrowing books from libraries than ever before — books of all kinds: paper and digital and audio.

I do not believe that all books will or should migrate onto screens. A physical book is like a shark. Sharks are old: there were sharks in the ocean before the dinosaurs. And the reason there are still sharks around is that sharks are better at being sharks than anything else is. Physical books are tough, hard to destroy, bath-resistant, solar-operated, feel good in your hand: they are good at being books, and there will always be a place for them. A library is a place that is a repository of all kinds of information and gives every citizen equal access to it. It's a community space. It's a place of safety, a haven from the world. It's a place with librarians in it. What the libraries of the future will be like is something we should be imagining now.

Literacy is more important than ever it was, in this world of text and email, a world of written information. We need to read and write, we need global citizens who can read comfortably, comprehend what they are reading, and make themselves understood.

Libraries really are the gates to the future. So it is unfortunate that, round the world, we observe local authorities seizing the opportunity to close libraries as an easy way to save money, without realizing that they are stealing from the future to pay for today. They are closing the gates that should be open. Books are the way that we communicate with the dead. The way that we learn lessons from those who are no longer with us, that humanity has built on itself, progressed. There are tales that are older than most countries, tales that have long outlasted the cultures and the buildings in which they were first told.

I think we have responsibilities to the future. Responsibilities and obligations to children, to the adults those children will become, to the world they will find themselves inhabiting. All of us – as readers, as writers, as citizens — have obligations. I thought I'd try and spell out some of these obligations here.

I believe we have an obligation to read for pleasure, in private and in public places. If we read for pleasure, if others see us reading, then we learn, we exercise our imaginations. We show others that reading is a good thing.

We have an obligation to support libraries. To use libraries, to encourage others to use libraries, to protest the closure of libraries. If you do not value libraries then you do not value information or

culture or wisdom. You are silencing the voices of the past and you are damaging the future.

We have an obligation to read aloud to our children. To read them things they enjoy. To read to them stories we are already tired of. To do the voices, to make it interesting, and not to stop reading to them just because they learn to read to themselves. Use reading-aloud time as bonding time, as time when no phones are being checked, when the distractions of the world are put aside.

We have an obligation to use the language. To push ourselves: to find out what words mean and how to deploy them, to communicate clearly, to say what we mean. We must not to attempt to freeze language but we should use it as a living thing, that flows, borrows words and allows meanings and pronunciations to change with time.

We, writers, have an obligation to our readers: it's the obligation to write true things, especially important when we are creating tales of people who do not exist in places that never were — to understand that truth is not in what happens but what it tells us about who we are. Fiction is the lie that tells the truth. We have an obligation not to bore our readers, but to make them need to turn the pages. One of the best cures for a reluctant reader, after all, is a tale they cannot stop themselves from reading. We have an obligation to understand and to acknowledge that as writers for children we are doing important work, because if we mess it up and write dull books that turn children away from reading and from books, we've lessened our own future and diminished theirs.

We all — adults and children, writers and readers — have an obligation to daydream. We have an obligation to imagine. It is easy to pretend that nobody can change anything, that we are in a world in which society is huge and the individual is less than nothing: an atom in a wall, a grain of rice in a rice field. But the truth is, individuals change their world over and over, individuals make the future, and they do it by imagining that things can be different.

We have an obligation to make things beautiful. Not to leave the world uglier than we found it, not to empty the oceans, not to leave our problems for the next generation. We have an obligation to clean up after ourselves, and not leave our children with a world we've shortsightedly messed up.

Albert Einstein was asked once how we could make our children intelligent. His reply was both simple and wise. "If you want your children to be intelligent," he said, "read them fairy tales. If you want them to be more intelligent, read them more fairy tales." He

understood the value of reading, and of imagining. I hope we can give our children a world in which they will read, and be read to, and imagine, and understand.

Ex. 6. Work individually. Choose one of Neil Gaiman's ideas about the advantages of reading and develop it in writing (100 words). Compare your ideas to those of your group mates. Are they similar on contrasting?

Ex. 7. Work in pairs. Study the list of obligations the celebrated author proposes and create the list of similar obligations for a teacher.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Work in mini-groups. Study the online page of the local library at *tavlay-library.by* and learn more about its various cultural, educational and fun projects and activities. Have you ever participated in them or is it a first for you? Create an advertisement poster for the library to be placed in schools and kindergartens.

Ex. 2. Watch a movie based on a good book for children. Prepare to tell a fascinating tale to your group mates. You can choose from the following list.

Bambi	The Wizard of Oz
Matilda	The Jungle Book
Witches	Winnie-the-Pooh
Stardust	Alice in Wonderland
Peter Pan	The Golden Compass
Paddington	The Princess' Diaries
Stuart Little	The Chronicles of Narnia
Harry Potter	Where the Wild Things Are
Mary Poppins	Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory
Charlotte's Web	

Ex. 2. Read the descriptions of two well-known books for children. Would you read them to your own children — or students?

Text 14.5

THE GIVING TREE

It has been said that the true example of love is being willing to give of one's self for the benefit of another. Shel Silverstein tells the story of love between a boy and a tree that is an example of this sacrificial love. From the time the boy is young and needs shade as he plays to growing up and being allowed to climb in her branches to the time when he is older and wants something that may mean the end of the tree, the tree keeps on giving to him- out of love. Though there are many ways to interpret this story, the true message of love shines through. Even when the boy is an old man and long after the tree has been cut down, what is left of the tree is still giving. The old man, once the little boy who played under the tree, now uses the stump of the tree to rest on.

Text 14.6

ANIMALIA

Graeme Base brings storytelling to a whole new level with puzzles made out of illustrated animals and different layers used to create illustrations that will draw the eye to find all the hidden treasures. This is like no other children's alphabet story, and it will amuse and entertain anyone from age 2 to 102. Colorful, exciting, and entertaining, the detail is a virtual eye feast. Each page of detailed puzzles is matched to a letter of the alphabet

and will encourage the reader to take their time finding all that is hiding within the pictures. Fun to share and even more fun to enjoy alone, this is one story that will keep you coming back.

Ex. 3. Do on-line search. Visit the site at http://childrensbooksguide.com/ and learn about top 100 best books for children in English. Find out if you heard about or read any of the books. Check on the two above books and find out how high they are on the list of top 100.

CLASS 3
THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GOOD STORY

Ex. 1. In pairs, share the stories you enjoyed listening to when you were very young. Are there any stories that you and your partner mutually liked?

Ex. 2. Watch an episode from *Jumanji* and say if it is a great story — or it isn't. Find arguments to prove your point of view.

Ex. 3. Read a description of the book that the movie was based on. Do you find it expressive? Working in pairs, rewrite it — to make it sound more expressive.

Chris Van Allsburg has created a story of fantasy, adventure and fun, with this book about two kids who get more than they bargained for with a board game that they find. Not only does it take them from boredom to excitement, but the trouble they encounter along the way will thrill you and be fun to share with your own children. Playing a game may never be the same again, once you find out what happens with this simple little board game. Magical, mystical and full of surprises, this is one story that will be a great addition to any day.

Ex. 4. Great Britain has always been the land of authors and story-tellers. Meet one of them and say what makes her creative work so appealing both to young readers and their parents.

Text 14.7

JUST ONE OF MANY

By Marina Maslove

Once upon a time there lived a little English girl called Linda. Her home place — Yorkshire — can be quite cold and gloomy in winter and Linda used to spend long wintry evenings reading book after book. And she loved retelling the stories she had read to anybody who would care to listen — her family, her friends, even her cats. But sometimes the stories didn't quite satisfy her so she would add an extra twist here, a new character there — and the story became her own story. At 7 Linda already knew what she would like to do in life — she wanted to be a professional author. But she had to walk a long way to achieve that.

Linda obtained a college degree, did secretarial work at a boys' prep school, played the piano for a ballet school and became a happy wife and mother. But the desire to write was always there — dozens of stories were filling her mind waiting for a chance to get out. And what charming, kind and funny stories they were!

The story of a persistent snail that brought two lonely old age pensioners together and the story of a little caterpillar that had a secret.

The story of a strange bird with a severe case of amnesia and the story of a beetle that was hurrying to a picnic.

She discovered she could see the world through the eyes of a frightened young boy with unconditional trust in his elder brother and through a single fiery eye of a horrible monster who was just a baby coming home to his Mummy.

When she was young she used to write serious poetry and though some of her poems were published, Linda soon realized that she was no poetic genius and besides her sense of humor always intervened in her thoughts. Instead of a heart-felt love ballad Linda would often come up with poems like this:

I used to be a vampire, but I wasn't very good,
I didn't care for nightwork, and I couldn't stand the blood.

So I went to see a dentist, and he took my teeth away,
And fangs to him, I am a vegetarian today.

The author switched to children's literature and was positive she had made the right choice. According to Linda Allen, one of the secrets of personal happiness is finding what you do best and sticking to it. So she started with humorous poems and articles and gradually worked her way to books for kids of all ages — from toddlers to young teenagers. Her stories were published in various children's periodicals, such as Cricket. They appeared in various forms: picture books, audio-books recited by outstanding recording artists and traditional books.

Although she never became what one might call a classic author, her books stand out in the vast sea of children's fiction. Humor, warmth, empathy, total lack of violence of any kind and love for nature — that's what makes readers turn to Linda Allen's books again and again. The author possesses a unique gift — to teach all the right values without extra- moralizing .Hers are the stories to be read aloud or to be told to eager listeners — just as little Linda did years ago.

Ex. 5. Work in pairs. Match the blurb to the book cover and try to predict the contents. Choose the book you would read with your family and give a well-grounded explanation.

(1) While travelling by train to visit his Uncle Richard. Lionel overhears two men plotting a murder — or so he thinks. The worst part of it is, his uncle is their target! Being a fast-thinking private investigator isn't as easy as Lionel had imagined. But then he

suddenly has a brilliant idea and, with the help of his uncle, 'the lone wolf cracks the mystery. A lively and thoroughly amusing story with an exciting finish.

(2) After Annabel s Uncle Nick is killed in a rock-climbing accident, she becomes caught-up in a chain of nerve-racking events. Helped by her friends, Simon and Julie, she discovers that Nick had led a secret double life — and been involved in some very unscrupulous activities...

(3) "Every Friday morning, at precisely eleven o'clock, Aunt Jane turned into a balloon. She had been doing it for as long as I could remember, so I was quite used to her little habit..." But Aunt Jane's little habit gets gradually out of control, until one Friday she turns into a large purple balloon to join in a balloon race. Last seen heading towards the coast, how will her family ever find her?

Ex. 6. Read the biographical material below. Explain the secrets of the ancient art of storytelling.

Text 14.8

SHE BREATHES LIFE INTO LITERATURE

By Amber Veverka

The storyteller walks to the center of the stage, looks up into the light, and begins her tale. "There was once a boy, an orphan, named Joseph. Life in his village was dreary and hard. Joseph knew this because the people in his village never laughed and they never danced. But oh, Joseph could feel in his bones the way the world danced! Every day when his work was done, Joseph would go down to the sea and he would dance the way the world danced. And Joseph had a dream. He dreamed that one day he would dance from village to village, all the way to the southernmost sea...."

"One day, he made his way down to the sea ... when suddenly, he saw coming toward him an old man. And as Joseph watched the old man put out his foot — a slow step and a quick step and a glide and a dip. The old man was dancing the waves! And the old man swept his had from his head and bowed low

and he said, 'Hello! I'm the dancing man! And I have a gift for you.' And with that, he took Joseph's hand and together they danced down the shore..."

One of the most important things in life, says Michale Gabriel, is "remembering the thing you love and doing it." And Gabriel, award-winning storyteller, is pursuing her love as she tells stories to audiences of all ages and cultures.

Gabriel's love affair with stories began when her mother read to her as a child, she says; it was nurtured years later when she came to Calvin as a senior. Gabriel earned a B. A. in speech and drama and went to work at Bethany Christian Services as a casework assistant. There children became an integral part of her world. But it soon became clear to Gabriel that her gifts in serving children — and adults — lay in other areas.

An interest in literature led her to take a position as children's librarian at the Grand Rapids Public Library — although at first, Gabriel could not see herself as a librarian, she says.

"I was asked to leave the library often as a child growing up because I talked too much," Gabriel laughs. But she relished the library job, developing "story hours" for children and discovering that she was "absolutely captivated by children's literature."

After earning her master's in library science from the University of Michigan, Gabriel was hired on as coordinator of children's services for Southfield Public Library in Southfield, Michigan.

Her creative talents came to the fore as she started preschool story hours, puppet shows, and directed a traveling "Storytelling Bus" which brought stories, plays, and songs to Southfield neighborhoods. But children weren't the only ones to benefit. Gabriel also made presentations to adults on the value of reading and, trying to pass on what she was learning — stories are important for people of all ages.

Gabriel demonstrated story's power to communicate to a wide variety of people when she returned to her native state of Alaska in 1975 and joined ALASCOM, the state's long-distance communications carrier. As a community-relations representative, Gabriel traveled to remote villages with a puppet show that explained how a telephone call travels by satellite. Despite the program's success, Gabriel didn't launch full-scale into storytelling until several years later.

"I began to look again at my life and say 'Now what?' And my own heart said very loudly and clearly that I was to tell stories," Gabriel says. She also knew that her stories could be more than entertainment — that they held real power. "An image came to me of a globe with a hand on one side and a hand on the other with fingers interlocked, with the words overhead: 'Peace through story,'" recalls Gabriel.

That idea led Gabriel to launch *Storytell International*, a non-profit corporation "dedicated to building bridges of friendship through storytelling internationally."

Beginning such an endeavor wasn't easy, but Gabriel explains that it was more than entrepreneurial fever that led her to start *Storytell*.

"When something comes to you that strongly, you have to follow it. Because if you don't it'll always be a piece of unfinished business in your life." And the business got off to a bang after one of Gabriel's first storytelling visits to a school. A reporter there wrote "a very thoughtful article" on the experience, Gabriel says, resulting in 700 calls to *Storytell*.

All of Gabriel's business comes by referral and she is committed to reaching adults, too. As an adjunct professor at five universities, Gabriel teaches storytelling for credit. "That has been very satisfying for me," she notes. "It's real important for me to leave teachers behind who are skilled to use story as a basic classroom strategy."

But perhaps the most dramatic use of Gabriel's gifts came in 1984 when she took her stories to the Soviet Union.

"I actually woke up from a dream one morning that said I was to go," says Gabriel. "I went in the spring of 1984 with a group going as citizen diplomats ... to read out to people, to let them know people in America cared about them. I tend to be mission-oriented and that appealed to me." Gabriel took with her letters and art work from American schoolchildren — and her stories.

"I story told at School No. 115 and afterward they wanted me to come back with children. That really was the beginning of the seed that was planted where I brought 27 children [through] the *Young Storytellers for Peace* exchange," says Gabriel. "I couldn't speak Russian, I had no organization and I just had a new fledgling business. But I made this promise and I felt I just had to do it."

"*Young Storytellers for Peace — US/USSR Exchange"* opened doors and hearts throughout Russia, Gabriel says. Joint storytelling performances, one-on-one sessions between students and an exchange of each culture's traditional stories broke new ground. The venture resulted in an invitation to Gabriel to create a film series on Soviet National

Television. Gabriel told her stories, with interpretation, on a Soviet program designed to help citizens learn English.

"English for You" carries an audience of 50 million, many of whom tune in to hear American stories and Russian folktales. "I was the first Western actress — which they refer to me as — that had been asked to do something on Soviet television that they exclusively produced," Gabriel says.

Having crossed the ocean to tell tales, Gabriel is planning new adventures for the next several years. Her former employer, ALASCOM, recently accepted a proposal she created calling on the telephone company to underwrite a literacy and story-promotion program in Alaska. Gabriel will conduct storytelling festivals, "how-to" workshops, and teacher in-services across the state. And one of the main goals of the effort, she says, is to leave behind teachers that can and will use storytelling in their teaching. This is a crucial step, she emphasizes.

"All the brain-mind research is proving and validating that we organize information in stories. If you teach a principle, you tell a story around it. Stories have, by definition, a beginning, middle, and end. And story is a structure by which we learn and think." Gabriel contrasts this form of learning with television viewing.

"Television is passive; it's watching many images on the screen. And we've got children coming into school that are language-deficient. They've been spending far too much time in front of the television," she says.

Even when Gabriel has appeared on television to tell her stories, she has resisted the pressure to conform to conventional TV techniques, preferring to simply storytell the way she does in front of a live audience: using only her body, her expression and her voice. "We can watch Bill Cosby do a monologue for 15 minutes and we think that's funny, but somehow we think we have to keep images flashing across the screen when someone tells a story," she says.

If anyone still doubts the importance of storytelling, Gabriel is quick to point to evidence to the contrary. "Story is the single unit of communication between cultures. Jesus knew it. He told everything in parable and story. The greatest truths must be told in story form," she says.

Gabriel has more plans for her future that continue to celebrate the truth-telling properties of stories. She has been working with children who are terminally ill. Her own mother passed away recently and storytelling played an important part of her transition process. "Stories, like music, have the power to penetrate the soul. They're a kind of

reconnection with one's past and one's memories. My calling, I think, is to help people be touched by the power of story" she says.

"...Finally, after many more years, Joseph was tired in his bones and so finally he climbed a hill, and there on the other side was the southernmost sea..." And then he remembered that small boy so many years before who had had a dream and who lived it. And Joseph knew there was one more thing he had to do. He looked down the shore and there, coming toward him, was a small child.... Joseph danced right up to that child and he swept his hat from his head and he bowed low and he said, "Hello! I'm the dancing man! And I have a gift for you."

The storyteller straightens, becoming herself once more, and, looking out over her rapt audience, smiles to them the tale's end.

Ex. 7. Work in mini-groups. Make a list of top 15 books every child should read and present it in class. Be ready to account for your choices. Compare your list with those of your group mates. Are there any similar choices? Why (not)?

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Can a story be told only with the help of words? Read a life story of our compatriot who chose to tell stories with the help of scents. What strikes you most in Sophia Grojsman?

Text 14.9

THE STORY OF SCENTS

By Marina Maslove

Meet Sophia Grojsman, the world-renowned perfume designer who is often called Picasso of perfumery. Out of the thirty most popular aromas in the world, more than twenty were created by her: *Trésor, Champagne, Eternity for Women, Magic, 360° for Women.*

She has even made the scent for the best-selling fabric softener Downy and created perfumes for the largest fragrance companies in the world, including *Calvin*

Klein, Kenzo, Ives Saint Laurent, Lancome and *Estee Lauder*. Four of the 25 fragrances included into the Fragrance Hall of Fame of the American Fragrance Foundation were created by Sophia Grojsman. Her classic female fragrance Tresor even beat the celebrated Chanel No.5 in sales. She has also invented aromas for many celebrities like Elizabeth Taylor, Laura Bush and others. Grossman-created fragrances are still the most popular all over the world, despite the economic crisis and changing culture. *Newsweek, the New York Times*, and other major newspapers and magazines have all published profiles of Sophia Grojsman and praised her work in the perfume industry, jokingly nicknaming her "The First Nose of America". She received numerous awards from the industry, winning many international contests among perfume designers from America and Europe. With all her accomplishments, Sophia is still a very nice, kind, sincere person, and a caring daughter, sister and mother. She loves her family so much that she talks and thinks about them more than about herself. She is also very modest and doesn't like compliments in public. Despite her obvious wealth she doesn't look like somebody with big money to their name favoring fashionable but simple clothing.

Sophia was born in Belarus, in the village of Ljubcha in Novogrudok region. The city of Novogrudok once belonged to Poland, where her family moved in hope of a better future for the two daughters. Some of her brightest memories of her homeland are nature and forest flowers. Sophia was an excellent student and attended a college in Poland, earning a Bachelor of Science degree in analytical inorganic chemistry.

Sophia's family was invited to the U. S. by a Jewish family her father saved during the Nazi occupation. Sophia has never forgotten that her family survived the Holocaust sponsoring the Belarusian edition of several books dedicated to those days of tragedy and courage.

She lost track of how many perfumes she created. In addition to well-known brands, she did many non-commercial, small and custom projects. She is certain about one thing — she worked with unconditional dedication in all of her projects, so the question of her

favorite perfume hardly makes any sense. In all of them, as with her children, she invested all her time and soul.

Sophia compares the creation of perfume to music. Her compositions draw from small pieces, or chords, one of which is the main chord. Her work on a perfume usually begins by figuring out the main chord. Her chords never include more than five to seven notes, and this is generally so because when one is trying to improve a scent by adding notes, it only becomes "dirtier".

A pretty base note is the main distinction of Sophia's style. "*The perfume has to live long on the skin, and create an aura around its wearer. This is only possible with a well-conceived base.*"

Sophia applied masterfully the fruits from which she draws a velvety, sensual and feminine warmth, and which characterize her style more than flowers, specifically the roses which became her trademark. Surprisingly among many Sophia's perfumes there are no male perfumes?

"*I was never interested in male fragrance, and if I would consider it, it would probably be too 'feminine.'*" Sophia adheres to the viewpoint that the perfume must be identified by gender. It is a condition for the perfume to avoid losing its personality.

Sophia is absolutely convinced that it makes no sense to revise a once-completed perfume and adjust it to the taste of new generations. Imagine doing the same to a painting? The Perfumer who created the most successful commercial perfumes is definitely against the commercialization of perfumery by the industry, which we experienced in the last decade. The compositions are easy to decipher by modern technical means, but such copies are devoid of souls, which the perfumers brings into the composition with their creative fervor. "When choosing fragrances look at yourself, don't be conservative, don't blindly follow fashion, but choose what suits your look and your inner peace," Sophia says. The master doesn't see any harm in making fine fragrances accessible to ordinary people. According to her high price does not always guarantee high quality. Super-pricey perfumes for rich people are an absolutely improper trend in perfumery. Fine quality and the right scents can be found also in the detergent.

Before she created perfumes, Sophia was making fragrances for soaps, fabric softeners, on which she prides herself as much as with her perfumes. *"People are satisfied with my products and it makes me happy. My goal is to enable women to smell nice without much cost."*

In 2013 the legendary perfumer presented her new scent, *Belaya Rus №. 5*, in Minsk. It is a fresh female fragrance with the notes of violet — Sophia's favourite flower since childhood and a sweet aftertaste. It is Sophia Grojsman's gift to her motherland — though she still has to find a catchy brand name for it.

"Scent has great power, not only to attract attention of others, but as a means of reconciliation with ourselves and others, as well as spiritual relaxation and cleansing of evil thoughts. I would call it the scent-prayer, and its goal is to serve the people," said Sophia, while meditating on her new projects.

Ex. 2. Practice story-telling skills. Write a short story (150 words) based on the information the article contains and tell it to your friends.

CLASS 4
LABORATORY WORK

Ex. 1. Organize free-style communication session based on the ideas, evaluations and impressions of Classes 1—3. You may choose from several options.

(1) Watch more episodes from the movies. Comment on them in various ways.

(2) Share written work samples — read, evaluate, improve.

(3) Share your personal vocabulary notes with other students.

Ex. 2. In-class writing. Produce a summary view on the material of classes 1—4. The text should contain no less than 300 words, have a memorable title, and be finished in 30 minutes.

SUMMARY VIEW

Dear Student Teacher,

As a result of those three classes you are supposed to have become much more intelligent and profession-oriented.

(1) You may have watched *Jumanji*, *Peter Pan, Paddington, The Golden Compass, Stardust, We Bought a Zoo* and have found them fascinating films. Tell your friends about them.

(2) You may have written down many of the nice phrases spoken by the characters in those movies, which must have improved your English. Share them with other students.

(3) You learned about several outstanding personalities — creative and charitable people. Learn more about them and present your findings in class.

(4) You must have talked and written about the problems of contemporary family values. Has it expanded your world outlook? We hope you'll say *yes, it has.*

SOME THINGS TO REMEMBER
(GENERAL OVERVIEW)

CLASS 1
STORIES PHOTOGRAPHS TELL

Ex. 1. In pairs, talk about your experiences of taking pictures of people and places. Recollect some of your favorite photos.

Ex. 2. Look at the movie poster on the right. Suggest ides on the kind of story the movie might tell.

Ex. 3. Watch an episode from *St. Vincent* and explain why the main character was raised to the "saintly" status by the young boy. Share your viewpoints with your group mates.

Ex. 4. Point out the role of "photographic evidence" in the young boy's presentation. Was it effective or not?

Ex. 5. Read a magazine article and interpret its title. Get as many clues as you can from the text to be able to explain the "hidden meaning".

Text 15.1

PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE

(1) I am never prepared to begin the New Year on January 1, and this year was no exception: it came charging into my life like a wild puppy, nipping at the heels of Christmas. If only I could have ***a few quiet hours to savor the old year*** before moving on into the new, some time to take stock of where our family had been and was headed. Those hours finally arrive on a cold, quiet morning in

February. I light a fire in the fireplace, open the bottom drawer of my desk, and step back into the year that is now gone.

(2) But as I sort through the stacks of snapshots, I am taken by surprise. Here is my husband in a picture taken a few weeks after he underwent heart surgery. He's smiling and clowning with our three-year-old son. But that isn't laughter in his eyes. It is shock and bewilderment, as if he has been witness to a mindless and violent assault. After several months of recovery, I know that the real victim of that assault was our unquestioning belief in our own immortality.

(3) Another envelope contains photos of our oldest son's graduation from high school in June. One shot shows the whole family clustered around Christopher as he holds up his diploma like a trophy. Everyone is grinning toward the camera except his mother: I am looking away, apparently distracted by something out of frame. Christopher has been away at college a whole semester now. He has become a frequent phone-caller and an infrequent visitor He has become an adult. And I have been blindsided by feelings of grief and rejection. Why didn't I see these feelings coming? The answer is in this picture: I simply decided not to look ahead.

(4) From a stack of pictures taken at the seashore in August, I am captivated by one of our older daughter, Cait. As I stare at this picture, 25 years melt away and I am that 14-year-old on the beach, proud of and embarrassed by the changes in my form, needy and independent, girl and woman. I will remember this picture the next time I hear myself saying, "I just don't understand that kid!"

(5) In a pile of loose snapshots, I find one of our younger daughter, Conal, taken on the day before school opened last fall. She is getting a sneak preview of her first-grade classroom and poses at her desk, pretending that she can read from the primer. When I think of how much she has learned since September, I am humbled by the magnitude of her accomplishment and the magic wrought by her teacher.

(6) Now I have come to the last and most recent pictures, those taken at Christmas time. Here's one of the children performing their home version of the Nutcracker. Three-year-old Hugh has been transformed by his sisters into a sugar plum. I must treasure the candle-ends of his toddlerhood.

(7) As I place this final picture and close the album, I feel that I am ready, at last, to let the New Year come to a close well. Out in the world, the people I love are rushing to classes and meetings, growing and changing and hurrying on with their lives. But for this

few hours they have posed patiently while my heart brought them into sharper focus. The desk drawer is empty now, ready to begin collecting the family memories of another year.

Ex. 6. Work in pairs. Focus on the following phrases taken from the above article. Explain their "hidden meaning".

(Paragraph 2) He's smiling and clowning with our three-year-old son. But that isn't laughter in his eyes.

(Paragraph 3) And I have been blindsided by feelings of grief and rejection.

(Paragraph 4) I will remember this picture the next time I hear myself saying, "I just don't understand that kid!"

(Paragraph 5) When I think of how much she has learned since September, I am humbled by the magnitude of her accomplishment and the magic wrought by her teacher.

(Paragraph 6) I must treasure the candle-ends of his toddlerhood.

(Paragraph 7) But for this few hours they have posed patiently while my heart brought them into sharper focus.

Ex. 7. Work individually. In writing, describe a photo — real or imaginary — from your private collection. Prepare to "show" it to your friends. Use 150 words.

Ex. 8. Work in small groups. With the help of your stories, describe your favorite photo to your friends.

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Read an extract from a contemporary short story. Can you sum up its content in one word? So, what is it about?

Text 15.2

FLOWERS AND FRECKLE CREAM

By Elizabeth Ellis

When I was a kid about 12 years old, I was already as tall as I am now, and I had a lot of freckles. I had reached the age when I had begun to really look at myself in the mirror, and I was underwhelmed.

Apparently my mother was too, because sometimes she'd look at me and shake her head and say, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

I had a cousin whose name was Janette Elizabeth, and Janette Elizabeth looked exactly like her name sounds. She had a waist so small that men could put their hands around it. ... and they did. She had waist- length naturally curly blonde hair too, but to me her unforgivable sin was that she had a flawless peaches-and-cream complexion. I couldn't help comparing myself with her and thinking that my life would be a lot different if I had beautiful skin too — skin that was all one color.

And then, in the back pages of Janette Elizabeth's True Confessions magazine, I found the answer: an advertisement for freckle-remover cream. I knew that I could afford it if I saved my money, and I did. The ad assured me that product would arrive in a "plain brown wrapper". Plain brown freckle color.

For three weeks I went to the mailbox every day precisely at the time the mail was delivered. I knew that if someone else in my family got the mail, I would never hear the end of it. There was no way that they would let me open the box in private. Finally, after three weeks of scheduling my entire day around the mail truck's arrival, my package came.

I went to my room with it, sat on the edge of my bed, and opened it. I was sure that I was looking at a miracle. But I had gotten so worked up about the magical package that I couldn't bring myself to put the cream on. What if it didn't work? What would I do then?

I fell asleep that night without even trying the stuff. And when I got up the next morning and looked at my freckles in the mirror, I said, "Elizabeth, this is silly. You have to do it now!" I smeared the cream all over my body. There wasn't as much of it as I had thought there would be, and I could see that I was going to need a part-time job to keep me in freckle remover.

Later that day I took my hoe and went with my brother and cousins to the head of the holler to hoe tobacco, as we did nearly every day in the summer. Of course, when you stay out hoeing tobacco all day, you're not working in the shade. And there was something important I hadn't realized about freckle remover: if you wear it in the sun, it seems to have a reverse effect. Instead of developing a peaches-and-cream complexion, you just get more and darker freckles.

By the end of the day I looked as though I had leopard blood in my veins, although I didn't realize it yet. When I came back to the house, my

family, knowing nothing about the freckle-remover cream, began to say things like, "I've never seen you with that many freckles before." When I saw myself in the mirror, I dissolved into tears and hid in the bathroom.

My mother called me to the dinner table, but I ignored her. Then she came to the bathroom door and demanded that I come out and eat, I burst out the door and ran by her, crying I ran out to the well house and threw myself down, and I was still sobbing when my grandfather came out to see what was wrong with me. I told him about how I'd sent for the freckle remover, and he didn't laugh — though he did suggest that one might get equally good results from burying a dead black cat when the moon was full.

It was clear that Grandpa didn't understand, so I tried to explain why I didn't want to have freckles and why I felt so inadequate when I compared my appearance with Janette Elizabeth's. He looked at me in stunned surprise, shook his head, and said, "But child, there are all kinds of flowers, and they are all beautiful." I said, "I've never seen a flower with freckles!" and ran back to my room, slamming the door.

When my mother came and knocked, I told her to go away. She started to say the kinds of things that parents say at times like that, but my grandfather said, "Nancy, leave the child alone." She was a grown-up, but he was her father. So she left me alone.

I don't know where Grandpa found it. It isn't at all common in the mountains where we lived then. But I know he put it in my room because my mother told me later. I had cried myself to sleep that night, and when I opened my swollen, sticky eyes the next morning, the first thing I saw, lying on the pillow next to my head, was a tiger lily.

Ex.2. Identify the theme and message of the story. What means does the author employ to convey the message? How can you interpret the sentence "… there are all kinds of flowers, and they are all beautiful."?

Ex.3. Despite being touching, the story does have its share of humorous lines. Can you quote some of them and explain how the humorous effect is achieved.

Ex.4. By using symbols, authors can say a lot in brief. Can a tiger lily be considered a symbol? What kind of symbol?

CLASS 2

FAMOUS PHOTOS GALLERY

Ex. 1. Look at the image on the right. Share your opinions on why this photograph has become an iconic image.

Ex. 2. Recollect some other photographs that have become world famous. Share your ideas about them.

Ex. 3. Work in small groups. Create a top ten list of world famous photos — off the top of your head.

Ex. 4. Describing photographs is as difficult as telling a good story. Look through the following guidelines. Ask your partners to make sure that everything is clearly understood.

The ability to tell a good story is a highly regarded talent, probably in all cultures. Not everyone is an accomplished storyteller. However, some things can be observed and taught and practiced in relation to storytelling and to narrative skills. Discourse analysts describe what all narratives have in common. They specify elements that are commonly found in normal narratives.

Setting

In this part, the main characters are introduced and the time, and location of the story are stored.

Theme

The theme represents the objective the main characters want to achieve.

Episodes

The episodes are the plot of the story. Each story may have an indefinite number of episodes. Each episode consists of: sub-goals or attempts to attain the main objective; problem or obstacles to achieve the objective; steps to solve the problem: set of actions taken; outcome is the final result of the episode.

Resolution

It's the final result of the story in relation to the theme. It can be stated as an event or action, a state of being (feelings) or a moral, as in the case of fables.

Ex. 5. Study the following linking words and phrases. Prepare to use them extensively in your own stories.

Narrating	Contrasting	Adding
At first At the beginning Afterwards Immediately As soon as No sooner than Finally Eventually At last At the end	However Although Despite In spite of Nevertheless On the contrary On the one hand On the other hand Whereas For one thing In contrast	As well Besides Moreover Furthermore What is more In addition Not only but also

Expressing cause and effect	Expressing purpose	Summing up / Concluding
Since Therefore As a result Consequently For this reason Due to	So as to In order to So that	All in all Overall Generally In conclusion On the whole

Ex. 6. Every story, true or imaginary, is always based on some factual material. Read the information about a natural disaster and prepare to tell a story about the famous photograph reflecting it.

Text 15.3

BLACK SATURDAY BUSHFIRES

The Black Saturday bushfires were a series of bushfires that ignited or were burning across the Australian state of Victoria on and

around Saturday, 7 February 2009 and were Australia's worst ever natural disaster. The fires occurred during extreme bushfire-weather conditions and resulted in Australia's highest ever loss of life from a bushfire. 173 people died and 414 were injured as a result of the fires.

As many as 400 individual fires were recorded on 7 February. Following the events of 7 February 2009 and its aftermath, that day has become widely referred to as Black Saturday.

A week before the fires, an exceptional heat wave affected southeastern Australia. From 28—30 January, Melbourne broke records by sweltering through three consecutive days above 43°C, with the temperature peaking at 45.1°C on 30 January, the third hottest day in the city's history.

The heat wave was caused by a slow moving high-pressure system that settled over the Tasman Sea, with a combination of an intense tropical low located off the North West Australian coast and a monsoon trough over northern Australia, which produced ideal conditions for hot tropical air to be directed down over southeastern Australia.

The February fires commenced on a day when several localities across the state, including Melbourne, recorded their highest temperatures since records began in 1859. On 6 February 2009 — the day before the fires started — the Premier of Victoria John Brumby issued a warning about the extreme weather conditions expected on 7 February: "It's just as bad a day as you can imagine and on top of that the state is just tinder-dry. People need to exercise real common sense tomorrow". The Premier went on to state that it was expected to be the "worst day [of fires conditions] in the history of the state".

A total of 3,582 firefighting personnel, mainly from the Country Fire Authority (CFA) and Department of Sustainability and Environment (DSE), were deployed across the state on the morning of 7 February in anticipation of the extreme conditions. By mid-morning, hot northwesterly winds in excess of 100 kilometres per hour hit the state, accompanied by extremely high temperatures and extremely low humidity; a total fire ban was declared for the entire state.

As the day progressed, all-time record temperatures were being reached. Melbourne hit 46.4°C, the hottest temperature ever recorded in an Australian capital city, and humidity levels dropped to as low as six percent. The McArthur Forest Fire Danger Index reached unprecedented levels, ranging from 120 to over 200. This was higher than the fire weather conditions experienced on Black Friday in 1939 and Ash Wednesday in 1983.

Ex. 7. Work in small groups. Look at the famous photograph taken on 7 February 2009 in Australia and produce a story. Try to be expressive and impressive. Have a mini-contest of storytellers in class.

Ex. 8. Read the information about a human tragedy and prepare to tell a story about one the famous photographs reflecting it.

Text 15.4

Nancy Writebol's story — how she contracted and somehow beat Ebola — illustrates some of the mysteries of the disease. It also offers insight into the motivations of thousands of aid workers and religious missionaries who take great risks to toil in the third world, saving strangers' lives. Both she and her husband David are deeply religious people who believe in doing good and self-sacrifice for the greater goal. So when their two boys were in their late teens, the couple, then living in North Carolina, began exploring options to do mission work. David, a software specialist, and Nancy, a college counselor, agreed to abandon the security of their home for lives of service in virtual poverty. The couple sold their four-bedroom house and all their possessions except clothes, scrapbooks and computers and took up volunteer posts in Ecuador and then Zambia.

In August 2013, they decided to join the Christian group in Monrovia, Liberia, the fourth-poorest country in the world and a nation recently wracked by civil war. Nancy and David lived in a small bungalow next to a hospital, a Christian school and the first Christian radio station in Africa. David worked as the technical manager of the hospital, and Nancy served as a nurse's assistant. In their spare time the pair delighted in getting to know the locals and strolling the beach nearby. When the first Ebola patient arrived at

hospital, soon followed by dozens more, Nancy was charged with overseeing health workers as they donned personal protective equipment, and spraying them with a bleach solution after they'd been in contact with patients. During 16-hour workdays, she also spent time with patients' family members and trained a young Liberian to help her.

Nancy began feeling achy and feverish in early July. Assuming she was suffering a recurrence of the malaria she'd contracted earlier, she started a second course of treatment. As a precaution, a doctor tested Nancy for Ebola. The next day, David entered their bedroom with news that a close friend who worked with the couple at the hospital, had Ebola. So did Nancy. He reached out to put his arms around her, but Nancy held up her hands to stop him. She didn't want him to get infected, too. There are five strains of the Ebola virus; Nancy had the deadliest one.

For the next two weeks, Nancy was treated in her bungalow. David visited outside their bedroom window as his wife's symptoms steadily worsened. Nancy developed neurologic problems, including memory lapses, due to a loss of electrolytes. Like many Ebola patients, she also began suffering from internal bleeding. The hospital obtained small quantities of an experimental antivirus serum which was given to Nancy, yet Nancy was still declining. In August a specially designed aircraft with an isolation pod transported her to the Infectious Disease Unit at Emory University Hospital in Atlanta. David, astonishingly, avoided contracting Ebola and returned to the U. S. on a charter plane. At Emory, Nancy received aggressive supportive care, serum, blood and electrolyte infusions and gradually began to sense that she would beat the virus. The turning point seemed to come when she walked into the shower and stood under the spray. Finally, on August 19, tests indicated that Nancy was free of the virus. Experts don't know exactly what saved her — whether it was the vaccine, the blood transfusions or simply the supportive care she received in the USA. But the Writebols attribute their good fortune to the prayers of their many loved ones, and most of all "the grace of God". They are planning to continue their missionary work in Africa.

Ex. 9. Study the two photographs both taken recently. Compare them and decide on the kind of stories that can be created on their basis.

Ex. 10. Write a brief commentary on the two pictures (100 words). Compare your ideas with those of your friends.

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch an extract from a modern movie about a daring photographer. What emotions does it evoke? Why does the main character do it? Express your ideas in writing (100 words). Hopefully the proverb "A picture is worth a thousand words" can help you.

Ex. 2. Read an article from an English-language newspaper and share your impressions in writing (150 words).

Text 15.5

BRINGING A DAUGHTER BACK FROM THE BRINK WITH POEMS

By Betsy MacWhinney

When George W. Bush was re-elected in 2004, my 13-year-old daughter, Marisa, was so angry, that she stopped wearing shoes. She chose the most ineffective rebellion imaginable — two little bare feet

against the world. She declared that she wouldn't wear shoes again until we had a new president.

I had learnt early in motherhood that it's not worth fighting with your children about clothes, so I watched silently as she strode off barefoot each morning, walking down the long gravel driveway in the cold, rainy darkness to wait for the bus. The principal called me a few times, declaring that Marisa had to start wearing shoes or she would be suspended. I passed the messages on, but my daughter continued her barefoot march. After four months, she donned shoes without commenting. I didn't ask why. I wasn't sure if wearing shoes was a sign of failure or maturity, asking her seemed like it could add unnecessary insult to injury.

But all of her rebellion that year wasn't quite so harmless. I feared she was acting out in dangerous ways. As we walked through a grocery store one day, she reached out for an avocado, causing her sleeve to fall back, revealing a scary-looking scab on her wrist along the meridian where a watchband would be. I grabbed her hand," Oh, Marisa. You must be in a lot of pain." She looked away, saying nothing. I tried to squelch a wave of nausea, chilled by the knowledge that my daughter was harming herself.

I did what parents do: I engaged with professionals and took their advice. Marisa went to a counselor alone, and we went to a different one together. I felt a pit of horror in my stomach as a psychiatrist told me, in front of Marisa: "She shouldn't be left alone, and she shouldn't be allowed to handle anything dangerous. No knives. If you have any medication in the home, keep it locked up and away from her."

Later that evening we were unloading the dishwasher together, her on one side, me on the other. I unconsciously passed her a sharp knife to put away. "Mom, are you sure you can trust me with this?" she said jokingly. I had held it together pretty well up to that point, at least in front of her, but started sobbing uncontrollably when she said that. She looked surprised, and gave me a hug. "I'll be O.K.," she promised.

I started Tuesday night dinners, to which I'd invite everyone we knew who would be fine with the chaotic scene of weekly family dinner. Sometimes three people would show, sometimes twenty, and we would eat the kind of simple food that a working mother can throw together between getting home at 5 p.m. and having people arrive at 5.30. The parents of her friends would come with their teenagers, and at least for that one evening the house was lively with people. I wanted life to come to her. I wanted her to float on the current of rich connections.

Other evenings were filled with sullen, delicate silences punctuated by minor conflicts: me resisting the urge to ask how she was doing, because I was afraid of what I might learn, and her courageously struggling to understand teenage-hood. As she played the guitar in her bedroom, I tried not to lurk outside the closed door, but when the music stopped, I had to breathe through my panic, wondering if she was still safe. It wasn't clear to her if she should bother growing up. She would ask me if I liked my life. Her tone implied judgment of my life without her having to spell it out: you drive, work in a cubicle, do chores and are terminally single.

What's the point? One day my son came home from school talking about vandalism that had occurred at the elementary school. "Someone spray-painted stuff all over the schoolyard," he said. "Things like, "Too many Bushes, not enough trees." I glanced sideways at Marisa. She met my eyes and looked down, confirming my suspicions. I am no fan of vandalism, but I was actually glad to learn she cared that much about something. It turns out she did the deed with a boy, who was caught and required to pay a fine. I asked my daughter to call the boy's family and confess, which she did, and offered to pay half the fine, which they accepted.

I started leaving poems in her shoes in the morning. She had used the shoes as a form of quiet protest, so I decided I would use them to make a quiet stand for hope. When one of your primary strategies as a parent involves leaving Wendell Berry's "Mad Farmer Liberation Front" in your child's shoe, it's clear things aren't going well. What I wanted her to know is: people have been in pain before, struggled to find hope, and look what they have done with it. They made poetry that landed right in your shoe, the same shoe you didn't wear for four months because of your despair.

Before she went to school in the morning, I wanted her to read the poem "Wild Geese" by Mary Oliver who talks about not having to be good and not having to walk on your knees for miles, repenting. As Ms. Oliver writes, "You only have to let the soft animal of your body to love what it loves." Or this, from Mr. Berry: "Be joyful, though you have considered all the facts." Would that matter to her? Would she get my message that the world loved her and she should really try to start loving it back? I wasn't going to talk her out of how dire things were on the planet, but could she, even so, find reasons to put shoes on every day? Raising a child who had no hope for the future seemed like my biggest failure ever.

I normally don't invite poetry into my daily life. As an ecologist, I embrace science. But all I had to offer her at that point were the thoughts of others who struggled to make a meaningful life and had put those thoughts into the best, sparest words they could. It suddenly struck me — I the one who loves science, data, facts and reason — that when the push comes to shove, it was poetry I could count on. Poetry knew where hope lived and could elicit that lump in the throat that reminds me it's all worth it. Science couldn't do that. I believed, inexplicably, that it was urgent to deliver the perfect words in her shoe every day. It felt like her life depended on it. One day I called in late to work so I could purchase scissors and a glue stick from a gas station minimart. I took the supplies and a stack of discarded magazines into a cheap Mexican restaurant to drink bad coffee and assemble poems in the form of a ransom note, as if my daughter had been kidnapped and I had to disguise the writing to get her back. I hoped no one would ask why I was late because I had no idea where to begin, how to explain.

For a few weeks she didn't comment on the poems. She had to know I was doing it because she had to remove the poems from her shoe before putting them on in the morning. I felt encouraged, though, when I would find a well-worn, many-times-folded poem in her pocket as I did laundry. As the days grew longer, she became more involved in life. She made plans, took up running, planted seeds, decorated her room. I could see that her putting on the shoes was not defeat, but maturity. At some point, I knew she had come out of a long dark tunnel. I also knew it wouldn't be her last tunnel.

The most optimistic people often fight the hardest. They can't quite square what is going on in the world with their beliefs, and the disparity is alarming. So my poetry project was a harmless sideline that kept me out of my daughter's way as she struggled not just to see the horizon but to bravely march toward it.

A few years ago, she was interviewed to join a group of students on a long trip to Sierra Leone. The professor explained that it was likely to be a very difficult time, far from home, with physical and mental hardship. "What would you do," he asked Marisa, "if you get to the abyss, and it begins talking?'

"Well," she replied, "I would have a lot of questions for the abyss, indeed."

Ex. 3. Focus on between-the-lines reading. How well do you understand some of the metaphorical expressions the author has used? Choose one example and express your ideas in writing (50 words).

- I wanted life to come to her. I wanted her to float on the current of rich connections.
- … her courageously struggling to understand teenage-hood.
- … when the music stopped, I had to breathe through my panic
- Would she get my message that the world loved her and she should really try to start loving it back?
- I normally don't invite poetry into my daily life. As an ecologist, I embrace science.
- At some point, I knew she had come out of a long dark tunnel. I also knew it wouldn't be her last tunnel.
- … as she struggled not just to see the horizon but to bravely march toward it.

Ex. 4. Read one of the poems the main character of the article chose to put in her daughter's shoe. Are you impressed? Which lines do you consider the most powerful? Would the poem work for you in time of need?

WILD GEESE

By Mary Oliver

Tell me about your despair,
yours, and I will tell you mine...

You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
For a hundred miles through the desert,
repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your body
love what it loves.
Tell me about your despair, yours, and
I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain
are moving across the landscapes,
over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.

Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,
are heading home again.
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting —
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.

Ex. 5. Is there a work of prose or/and poetry that has helped you see the world and yourself? When and how did it happen (we hope it did)? Prepare a mini-presentation to acquaint your group mates with this literary work.

CLASS 3
WHAT POLITICAL PHOTOS REMIND US OF

Ex. 1. In pairs, look at the photo and suggest ideas on its message. What do you think the photo reflects?

Ex. 2. Read the brief information. Comment on it.

The photo shows the famous 1968 Olympics Black Power Salute. African American athletes Tommie Smith and John Carlos raised their fists in a gesture of solidarity at the 1968 Olympic Games. Australian Silver medalist Peter Norman wore an Olympic Project for Human Rights badge in support of their protest. Both Americans were expelled from the games as a result.

Ex. 3. Work in small groups. Recollect the facts from the history of civil rights movement in the USA. What kind of protest movement was that?

Ex. 4. Read the brief biography of a famous athlete. Do you think this life is good material for a screen story? Give your reasons.

Jack Roosevelt "Jackie" Robinson (1919—1972) was an American baseball player who became the first African American to play in Major League Baseball (MLB) in the modern era. Robinson

broke the baseball color line when the Brooklyn Dodgers started him at first base on April 15, 1947. As the first major league team to play a black man since the 1880s, the Dodgers ended racial segregation that had relegated black players to the Negro leagues for six decades. The example of Robinson's character and unquestionable talent challenged the traditional basis of segregation, which then marked many other aspects of American life and contributed to the Civil Rights Movement. In addition to his cultural impact, Robinson had an exceptional baseball career. Over ten seasons, Robinson played in six World Series and contributed to the Dodgers' 1955 World Championship. In 1997, Major League Baseball "universally" retired his uniform number, **42**, across all major league teams; he was the first pro athlete in any sport to be so honored. Initiated for the first time on April 15, 2004, Major League Baseball has adopted a new annual tradition, *Jackie Robinson Day*, on which every player on every team wears # 42.

Ex. 5. Look at the movie poster on the right. Suggest ideas on what the movie is about. Watch an episode and describe the conflict that the movie portrays.

Ex. 6. Read a magazine article about one of the most outstanding African American athletes of the 20th century. Define the 'lessons'.

Text 15.6

LESSONS FROM A NOBLE LIFE

In his ten-year career as a professional tennis player and during a lifetime of social activism, Arthur Ashe had never faced a phalanx of reporters like the one that stood before him on April, 1992.

With his wife Jeanne, by his side, and his five-year-old daughter, Camera, in his thoughts, Ashe announced to the media and the world that he had tested positive for HIV, the virus that causes AIDS. His admission was provoked by the threat that *USA Today* was going to publish a story revealing his illness. In his deliberate style, he

explained how he had contracted HIV from a transfusion of tainted blood during a heart bypass operation, and how, when he later underwent brain surgery, blood tests had revealed the presence of HIV.

He referred to his friends who'd known and kept his secret as "a silent and generous conspiracy to assist me in maintaining my privacy."

Less than a year later, Ashe would be gone, but in that brief span, he became the world's most visible spokesman in the battle against AIDS. And since his death, his name continues to be invoked, not simply in connection with the last phase of his public life as an AIDS sufferer, but for the enormous contributions he made as a tennis player and, more important, as a "world citizen".

Tennis was the platform from which he was able to exert the greatest influence, and so the United States Tennis Association honored the athlete's spirit by christening its new stadium with his name: The centerpiece of the U. S. Open site in Flushing Meadows, New York, is now the *Arthur Ashe Stadium*. The USTA has also taken steps to promote greater diversity in the game, as Ashe sought to do with his inner-city tennis programs. The success of African-American players like MaliVai Washington, who made the Wimbledon men's final in 1996, and the Williams sisters, who stunned everyone by reaching and winning numerous women's finals, has kindled hopes that another African-American may soon follow in Ashe's footsteps to win a major tournament.

All the initiatives, programs, and honors may yet produce another player of Ashe's caliber on the court, but the impact of his life will be harder to replicate by any athlete in any sport. Like baseball's Jackie Robinson, Arthur Ashe was a sports pioneer who bore racial insults with great dignity. Like boxing's Muhammad Ali, he was outspoken about causes he believed in. Like basketball's Magic Johnson, he fought his disease head-on, helping to mitigate the stigma of AIDS. Even so, Ashe was more than the sum of these comparisons. "Nobody simultaneously used and transcended his sport to break out of the athlete mold and to be able to reach people through his athletics as effectively as Arthur Ashe," says Peter Bodo, a writer for *Tennis Magazine* and veteran tennis reporter. "Nobody brought greater honor to a sport than Arthur Ashe."

While Robinson was a fiery fighter, Ali an outrageous self-promoter, and Johnson a likable showman, Ashe was a contemplative, bookish, and self-contained person. Across the arc of his life, even when the world around him was out of joint — tantrum-throwing opponents, ranting protesters, unbending governments, or prying media — Ashe remained calm, reasonable, and diplomatic. Praising Ashe's remarkable qualities of mind that allowed him to effect social change without strident actions, Kenny Moore wrote, "Enlightened disinterest is rare. To find it in a champion athlete is almost beyond what is given to human nature."

It all began with a game. Arthur Robert Ashe, Jr., was born on July 10, I 1943, in Richmond, Virginia, the former capital of the Confederacy. The house where he grew up was literally ten yards from a tennis court. His father, Arthur Ashe, Sr., worked as a special policeman for the city and ran the Brookfield Playground, the segregated community's largest recreational facility for African-Americans, which adjoined the Ashes' house. The playground had four tennis courts, and it was there in 1950 that the young Ashe was asked if he would like to learn to play tennis. "As casually as that," Ashe wrote in his best-selling 1993 autobiography "Days of Grace", "my life was transformed."

Though it seemed as if the racquet was almost as big as he was, the slightly built Ashe showed great promise, and at age ten he was given an opportunity to study the game further with Dr. Robert Walter Johnson. Johnson, a physician and one of the leaders of the American Tennis Association (the governing body for black tennis players in America) ran a summer tennis clinic for African-American youths in Lynchburg, Virginia. Johnson emphasized good conduct and sportsmanship. He instructed his players always to remain in control, to be unfailingly polite, even to play balls that were an inch or two out as if they were good, so their judgment would never be questioned.

On court, Ashe exhibited an imperturbable facade throughout his career — in junior tournaments; at the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA), where he earned an athletic scholarship, won the NCAA singles and doubles championships in 1965, and graduated with a bachelor's

degree in business administration in 1966; and during a ten-year career on the professional tour. Very early in his career, Ashe recognized his role as a pioneer and accepted its responsibilities with good humor and grace. "One of the things about Arthur that people have forgotten," remembers one of his friends, "is what great company he was, what a great sense of humor he had. He's been turned into this legend, which he deserves, but he was also very human and an awful lot of fun."

Ashe's style of play could not have been more different from his demeanor on court. He had an attacking, confrontational game, highlighted by a hard serve and a tendency to take chances despite low odds for success. His personality off the court was measured and low-key, but his tennis game was positively flamboyant. Though he won 33 singles titles overall, including the 1968 U. S. Open and the 1970 Australian Open, the crowning moment of Ashe's tennis career was his 1975 victory over Jimmy Connors in the final at Wimbledon, where Ashe's resourcefulness was put to the ultimate test.

The wider world, with its own share of rebellion and revolution, was always of interest to Ashe. As early as 1968, he had learned about conditions of apartheid in South Africa from South African players on the pro tour such, and was shocked to learn that he would not be granted a visa should he apply to play in the South African Open tournament.

He applied for four years before he was finally granted a visa, and traveled there to play in 1973. When he arrived in South Africa, the "Whites Only" signs he saw reminded him of the segregated world of his Richmond childhood. He'd made it a condition of his playing that the stands for spectators not be segregated, but more important than his matches were his appearances among the people. His presence created a stir.

When he returned the following year, he noticed a 14-year-old boy who was trailing him around the grounds, simply looking at him. Finally, Ashe stopped the boy and asked him,

"Why are you following me?" The boy answered, "Because you are the first truly free black man I have ever seen." Ashe later wrote in Days of Grace. "Nothing anyone else said or wrote during my stay captured as poignantly for me the abyss of inhumanity that was South African apartheid. The major aim of the system was to prepare, to program, and to destine young blacks like this boy for a lifetime of servitude." Inspired by Ashe's example, that boy, Mark Mathabane,

went on to become the author of Kaffir Boy, an acclaimed memoir about growing up under apartheid. Remembering those days, Mathabane wrote, "How could a black man play such excellent tennis, move about the court with such self-confidence, trash a white man, and be cheered by white people?"

Some blacks criticized Ashe for even going to South Africa claiming that his participation legitimized the government, just as some militant black activists had criticized him for his reluctance to be more involved in U. S. civil rights protests. But Ashe's way was to get the facts for himself first, then develop a principled, logical response. After seeing for himself the toll apartheid had taken in the slums of Soweto, Ashe took up the cause of the anti-apartheid movement well before it became fashionable to do so. It became clear to him that sanctions were the best way to pressure the South African government to change, and he led the way. Ashe and singer Harry Belafonte formed *Artists and Athletes against Apartheid* to convince performers and athletes not to participate in events in South Africa.

Ashe's attention to social issues was not exclusively directed overseas. His most tangible and potentially most lasting work is his three-volume history of the African-American athlete, *A Hard Road to Glory*. Preparing to teach a course on the black athlete at a college in Florida in 1983, he found only outdated and incomplete books on the topic. Over the next six years, spending some $ 300,000 of his own money, he completed the definitive work on the subject, now a staple of most every library.

His own entry in the work would have to be revised after subsequent events. His private battle with AIDS was about to become his most public one. When Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe took over the podium at Ashe's press conference to announce he had AIDS, it was a touching example of Ashe's trust in and dependency on her. Since the day they were married in 1977, with Ashe on crutches after an operation, Jeanne had been at his side to support him.

Over the last ten months of his life, from the time of the announcement to his death on February 6, 1993, Ashe worked tirelessly and without self-pity in the fight against AIDS. "There was never any, 'Why me?'" recall his friends. "He just somehow accepted his fate, and did it with a kind of equanimity and graciousness that taught us all something."

Ashe established the Arthur Ashe Foundation for the Defeat of AIDS, stepped up his speaking engagements to help educate people

about the nature of the disease, and was the featured speaker at the United Nations on World AIDS Day in December 1992. He called his speech there "one of the most significant of my life." In his presentation, he told the representatives of the world's nations that one day, when AIDS was eradicated, "We want to be able to look back and say to all concerned that we did what we had to do, when we had to do it, and with all the resources required."

We can certainly say this of Arthur Ashe himself.

Ex. 7. Work in small groups. Discuss the problems related to the content of the material you have read in this class. Create a list of societal problems — and their solutions — that the articles touch upon.

Ex. 8. Work in mini-groups. In writing, compress the article about Arthur Ashe into a brief story about a great athlete (150 words).

HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Read the following selection and say what emotions it evokes. Which of the ideas do you find the most stunning?

Text 15.7

FATHERLY ADVICE

In *My Dear Camera*, the last chapter of his autobiography, Ashe leaves his daughter and thousands of readers with some valuable life lessons.

"By the time you read this letter from me to you for the first time, I may not be around to discuss with you what I have written here. You will doubtless be sad that I am gone, and remember me clearly for a while. Then I will exist only as a memory already beginning to fade in your mind. I would like to remain a part of your life, Camera, for as long as you live.

Many people in the world are not color-blind. Unlike you, I grew up

under the laws of segregation. My classmates and I were reminded every day that we had to resist the worst temptation facing us: despair. If racism was so pervasive, why should we try to do our best at anything? Why study hard? I tell you, Camera, racism and sexism must never be an excuse for not doing your best. Racism and sexism will probably always exist, but you must always try to rise above them.

You must learn to feel comfortable in any company, as long as those people are good people. Traveling the world as a tennis player, I discovered that deep friendships with an infinite variety of people are not only possible but can definitely enrich one's life beyond measure. Do not hem yourself in, or allow others to do so.

The United States of America is your country, Camera. Some people will tell you that it is theirs alone, not yours to share. Don't believe them. When the right-wing demagogue Patrick Buchanan stood up at the 1992 Republican National Convention and implored those assembled to 'take back our country' from people who look like you and me, I became more determined than ever that he should not succeed. And he will not. America is not his country.

In addition, black demagogues, spawned by the poor conditions under which many African-Americans are still forced to live, will try to advance their own narrow political careers by fomenting artificially deeper and deeper schisms among ethnic minorities of goodwill. As much as you can, Camera, see people as humans and as individuals first who have been socialized into their cultural claims. As a young boy, I was well aware that whites judged me not as an individual but according to what they believed about blacks in general. You must not do the same to others.

Use money; do not let money use you. Spend wisely. Your income and wealth should provide for these basics: a comfortable home, the best education you can afford, health insurance for your family, charitable donations to those in need, and a sum of money saved and never touched except for emergencies. However much you have or make, beware of living beyond your means.

Don't be angry with me if I am not there in person, alive and well, when you need me. I would like nothing more than to be with you always. Do not feel sorry for me if I am gone. When we were together, I loved you deeply and you gave me so much happiness I can never repay you. Camera, wherever I am when you feel sick at heart and weary of life, or when you stumble and fall and don't know if you can get up again, think of me. I will be watching and smiling and cheering you on."

Ex. 2. This letter was written over a decade ago. Are the ideas expressed in the letter still acute? In what way can they be applied to our modern lifestyle? Express your opinion in writing (150 words).

Ex. 3. You are going to be a parent one day. What sort of advice would you give to your children? Express your ideas in writing (100 words).

CLASS 4
LABORATORY WORK

Ex. 1. Organize free-style communication session based on the ideas, evaluations and impressions of Classes 1—3. You may choose from several options.

(1) Watch more episodes from the movies. Comment on them in various ways.

(2)Share written work samples – read, evaluate, improve.

(3)Share your personal vocabulary notes with other students.

Ex. 2. In-class writing. Produce a summary view on the material of classes 1—4. The text should contain no less than 300 words, have a memorable title, and be finished in 30 minutes.

SUMMARY VIEW

Dear Student Teacher,

As a result of those three classes you are supposed to have become much more intelligent and profession-oriented.

(1) You may have watched *St.Vincent and 42* and have found them fascinating films. Tell your friends about them.

(2) You may have written down many of the nice phrases spoken by the characters in those movies, which must have improved your English. Share them with other students.

(3) You learned about several outstanding personalities – creative and charitable people. Learn more about them and present your findings in class.

(4) You must have talked and written about all kinds of problems Has it expanded your world outlook? We hope you'll say *yes, it has*.

SELF-STUDY CLASS GUIDELINES

Ex. 1. Do some on-line research. Find out more about people who have earned their right to truly be role models inspiring us to never settle for less.The individuals in question are listed below.

- Arthur Ashe *(athlete, public figure)*;
- Jackie Robinson *(athlete)*;
- Mary Oliver *(poet)*;
- Sophia Grojsman *(perfumer)*;
- Christy Brown *(author)*;
- Neil Gaiman *(author, public figure)*.

Ex. 2. Produce a compact portfolio and submit it to your teacher. At some time, organize an exhibition of the portfolios in the group.

Ex. 3. Do a small quiz. Guess *who* is portrayed in the text below. Prepare 3-4 descriptions for your partners to read and guess.

1. He was one of Britain's most popular XXth century authors, who mostly wrote in the style of comic and horror fantasy. Having written two books almost every year of his long creative career, he left an impressive literary heritage. His major achievement is the Discworld Series, embracing over 40 novels and hundreds of characters. A man of unparalleled wisdom and imagination, he used to say that in order to write well one must read a lot.

2. He was a British conservationist, author, wildlife conservationist, collector and TV presenter. He also founded the Wildlife Conservation Trust and the Jersey Zoo both of which now bear his name. But the man is best known and remembered as the author of numerous travel and wildlife stories, full of wit and humour.

3. _____

(your description)

4. _____
(your description)

5. _____
(your description)

Ex. 4. Read the celebrated children's story. Enjoy reading it pointing out all the stylistic and lexical devices used by the author. Learn the story by heart and storytell it in class — and/or to another audience.

Text 15.8

LOVE YOU FOREVER

By Robert Munsch

A mother held her new baby and very slowly rocked him back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. And while she held him, she sang:

I love you forever,
I'll like you for always,
As long as I'm living
My baby you'll be.

The baby grew. He grew and grew and grew. He grew until he was two years old, and he ran all around the house. He pulled all the food out of the refrigerator and he took his mother's watch and flushed it down the toilet. Sometimes his mother would say, *"This kid is driving me CRAZY!"*

But at night time, when that two-year-old was quiet, she opened the door to his room, crawled across the floor, looked up over the side of his bed; and if he was really asleep she picked him up and rocked him back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. While she rocked him she sang:

I love you forever,
I'll like you for always,
As long as I'm living
My baby you'll be.

The little boy grew. He grew and he grew and he grew. He grew until he was nine years old. And he never wanted to come in for dinner, he never wanted to take a bath, and when grandma visited he always said bad words. Sometimes his mother wanted to sell him to the zoo!

But at night time, when he was asleep, the mother quietly opened the door to his room, crawled across the floor and looked up over the side of the bed. If he was really asleep, she picked up that nine-year-old boy and rocked him back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. And while she rocked him she sang:

I love you forever,
I'll like you for always,
As long as I'm living
My baby you'll be.

The boy grew. He grew and he grew and he grew. He grew until he was a teenager. He had strange friends and wore strange clothes and he listened to strange music. Sometimes the mother felt like she was in a zoo!

But at night time, when that teenager was asleep, the mother opened the door to his room, crawled across the floor and looked up over the side of the bed. If he was really asleep, she picked up that great big boy and rocked him back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. While she rocked him she sang:

I love you forever,
I'll like you for always,
As long as I'm living
My baby you'll be.

That teenager grew. He grew and he grew and he grew. He grew until he *was* a grown-up man. He left home and got a house across town.

But sometimes on dark nights the mother got into her car and drove across town. If all the lights in her son's house were out, she opened his bedroom window, crawled across the floor and looked up over the side of the bed. If that great man was really asleep, she

picked him up and rocked him back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. And while she rocked him she sang:

I'll love you forever,
I'll like you for always,
As long as I'm living
My baby you'll be.

Well, that mother, she got older. She got older and older and older. One day she called up her son and said, ***"You'd better come to see me because I'm very old and sick."*** So her son came to see her. When he came in the door she tried to sing the song. She sang: ***"I love you forever, I'll like you for always..."***

But she couldn't finish because she was too old and sick. The son went to his mother. He picked her up and rocked her back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. And he sang a song:

I love you forever,
I'll like you for always,
As long as I'm living
My Mommy you'll be.

When the son came home that night, he stood for a long time at the top of the stairs.

Then he went into the room where his new baby daughter was sleeping. He picked her up and very slowly rocked her back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. And while he rocked her he sang:

I'll love you forever,
I'll like you for always,
As long as I'm living
My baby you'll be.

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