

Министерство образования Республики Беларусь

Учреждение образования «Барановичский государственный университет»

Ю. В. Маслов, М. Е. Маслова

# PROFESSIONALLY ORIENTED COMMUNICATION

## ПРОФЕССИОНАЛЬНОЕ ОБЩЕНИЕ

В двух частях

Часть 1

*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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М31

Авторы: Ю. В. Маслов, М. Е. Маслова

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кафедра стилистики английского языка учреждения образования «Минский государственный лингвистический университет», кандидат филологических наук, доцент кафедры английского языка экономических специальностей факультета международных отношений Белорусского государственного университета Е. И. Маркосян

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Материал пособия позволяет организовывать профессионально ориентированное иноязычное общение. Тематика общения включает вопросы, связанные с деятельностью преподавания иностранного языка в учреждениях образования разного типа, а также некоторые глобальные проблемы современного мира: социальное неравенство, терроризм, локальные военные конфликты.

Предназначено для студентов лингвистических специальностей старших курсов факультетов иностранных языков.

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*Учебное издание*

**Маслов** Юрий Всеволодович  
**Маслова** Марина Едовна

PROFESSIONALLY ORIENTED  
COMMUNICATION

ПРОФЕССИОНАЛЬНОЕ  
ОБЩЕНИЕ

В двух частях  
Часть 1

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## INTRODUCTION

This book was conceived and realized as a two-part course book for the university discipline “Professionally Oriented Communication”.

The authors designed this book with several aims in mind.

Firstly, it is supposed to become a solid piece of teaching material developed in compliance with the existing syllabus of a university discipline “Professionally Oriented Communication” for students 1-02 03 06 specializing in foreign languages (specify language), 1-02 03 07 foreign language (specify language) and additional specialty, confirmed by science and methodology council of Baranovichi State University, protocol 8 dated 30 april 2012, registered as 162/12. It is divided into 9 discussion areas, 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.

Secondly, the book is 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”. As the material is vast, the book will come out in two parts. Organic to the material is the DVD containing movie episodes mentioned in the book.

Lastly, the contents 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* — right into the realms of educational professionalism!

*Authors*

## ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Данное пособие задумано и реализовано как своего рода «учебник» по дисциплине «Профессиональное общение», состоящее из двух частей.

Первая часть пособия создавалась авторами с несколькими целями.

Во-первых, это учебный материал, разработанный в соответствии с учебной программой по дисциплине «Профессиональное общение» для студентов специальности 1-20 03 06 Иностранные языки (с указанием языков), 1-02 03 07 Иностранный язык (с указанием языка). Дополнительная специальность, утверждённой научно-методическим советом БарГУ от 30 апреля 2012 г. (протокол № 8 № УД-162/12-уч.). В пособии содержится материал по 9 темам, которые отражают различные аспекты преподавания. Изучение каждой темы проходит на трех аудиторных занятиях. Четвертое занятие каждой темы (Laboratory Work) представляет собой материал для организации управляемой самостоятельной работы студентов.

Во-вторых, это собрание идей, текстов и визуального материала, основанное на практическом подходе к обучению английскому языку как специальности. Например, каждое занятие начинается с демонстрации эпизода из знаменитого кинофильма, что даёт студентам не только возможность активно развивать навыки критического мышления, но и расширять свою «территорию культуры». Так как материал подобран довольно обширный, пособие издается в двух книгах. Электронный диск с видеоматериалами является частью учебного комплекта.

И наконец, выполнение заданий, помещённых в книге, является стартовой точкой для множества других видов деятельности, которые могут выходить далеко за пределы университетской аудитории. Авторам остается сказать лишь одно: эта книга не скучная серия заданий, а увлекательное путешествие в мир профессиональной культуры.

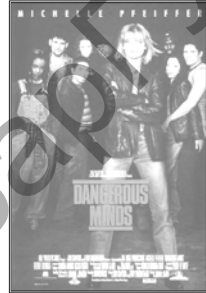
В добрый путь — в страну учительского профессионализма!

*Авторы*

# 1. TEACHER, PREACHER...

## CLASS 1 LIVING DANGEROUSLY

**Ex. 1.** Watch an episode from a movie based on a book written by an amateur teacher. The movie title is *Dangerous Minds* (1995). Watch and say whether this looks like a typical beginning for a movie about a rookie teacher. Will the teacher find her feet? What means does she resort to in order to get to her students?



**Ex. 2.** Share ideas about greenhorn teachers with your group mates.

Greenhorn teachers are ...	Greenhorn teachers are not ...

**Ex. 3.** Describe the place where you'd prefer to start your professional career.

- \_\_\_\_\_ at a kindergarten school.
- \_\_\_\_\_ at a primary school.
- \_\_\_\_\_ at middle school.
- \_\_\_\_\_ at high school.
- \_\_\_\_\_ at a private prep school (if any).
- \_\_\_\_\_ at a technical college.
- \_\_\_\_\_ at university.
- \_\_\_\_\_ at a teacher training establishment.
- \_\_\_\_\_ at any place where the paycheck is good.

**Ex. 4.** Work in pairs. Read the following sentences borrowed from the beginning of a novel. Put them in the logical order (as seems appropriate to you). Explain your choice.

(1) Evidently, humans lost interest in the humanities. (2) In the door strolled Vice Dean James McConnell, Faculty Vampire. (3) The

History of Justice wasn't only a bad course. It was a bad date. (4) All teachers needed a pet, even lousy teachers. Especially lousy teachers. (5) She was like Goldilocks and all the beds were futons (=quilt on the floor for bedding). (6) Teachers didn't stand a chance against sex.com.

**Ex. 5. Work in small groups. Describe the teaching situation presented by the author at the beginning of her book.**

**Ex. 6. Read the excerpt and decide whether your description (Exercise 5) was correct. While reading, mark THREE other sentences that might as well be placed in Exercise 4 selection.**

### Text 1.1

From DADDY'S GIRL by Lisa Scottoline

Nat Greco felt like an A cup in a double-D bra. She couldn't understand why her tiny class was held in such a huge lecture hall, unless it was a cruel joke of the registrar's. The sun burned through the windows like a failure spotlight, illuminating two hundred empty seats. This class filled only nine of them, and last week the flu and job interviews had left Nat with one very uncomfortable male student. The History of Justice wasn't only a bad course. It was a bad date.

"Justice and the law," she pressed on, "are themes that run through William Shakespeare's plays, because they were central to his life. When he was growing up, his father, John, held a number of legal positions, serving as a chamberlain, bailiff, and chief alderman."

As she spoke, the law students typed on their black laptops, but she suspected they were checking their email, instant-messaging their friends, or cruising the Internet. The classrooms at Penn Law were wireless, but not all technology was progress. Teachers didn't stand a chance against sex.com.

"When the playwright turned thirteen, his father fell on hard times. He sold his wife's property and began lending money. He was hauled into court twice for being usurious, or charging too much interest. Shakespeare poured his empathy for moneylenders into Shylock, in *The Merchant of Venice*. It's one of his most complex characters, and the play gives us a historical perspective on justice."

Nat stepped away from the lectern to draw the students' attention, but no luck. They were all in their third year, and 3Ls had one foot out the door. Still, as much as she loved teaching, she was beginning

to think she wasn't very good at it. Could she really suck at her passion? Women's magazines never admitted this as a possibility.

"Let's turn to the scene in which Antonio asks Shylock to lend him money," she continued. "They agree that if Antonio can't pay it back, the penalty is a pound of his flesh. By the way, future lawyers, is that a valid contract under modern law?"

Only one student raised her hand, and, as usual, it was Melanie Anderson, whose suburban coif and high-waisted Mom jeans stood out in this clutch of scruffy twentysomethings. Anderson was a forty-year-old who had decided to become a lawyer after a career as a pediatric oncology nurse. She loved this class, but only because it was better than watching babies die.

"Yes, Ms Anderson? Contract or no?" Nat smiled at her in gratitude. All teachers needed a pet, even lousy teachers. Especially lousy teachers.

"No, it's not a contract."

Good girl ... er, woman. "Why not? There's offer and acceptance, and the money supports the bargain."

"The contract would be against public policy." Anderson spoke with quiet authority, and her French-manicured fingertips rested on an open copy of the play, its sentences striped like a highlighter rainbow. "Antonio essentially consents to being murdered, but murder is a crime. Contracts that are illegal are not enforceable."

Right. "Anybody agree or disagree with Ms Anderson?"

Nobody stopped typing emoticons to answer, and Nat began second-guessing herself, wondering if the assignment had been too literary for these students. Their undergraduate majors were finance, accounting, and political science. Evidently, humans had lost interest in the humanities.

"Let's ask some different questions." She switched tacks. "Isn't the hate that drives Shylock the result of the discrimination he's suffered? Do you see the difference between law and justice in the play? Doesn't the law lead to injustice, first in permitting enforcement of the contract, then in bringing Shylock to his knees? Can there be true justice in a world without equality?" She paused for an answer that didn't come. "Okay, everyone, stop typing right now and look at me."

The students lifted their heads, their vision coming slowly into focus as their brains left cyberspace and reentered Earth's atmosphere. Their fingers remained poised over their keyboards like spiders about to pounce.

“Okay, I’ll call on people.” Nat turned to Wendy Chu in the front row, who’d earned a Harvard degree with honors in Working Too Hard. Chu had a lovely face and glossy hair that covered her shoulders. “Ms Chu, what do you think? Is Shylock a victim, a victimizer, or both?”

“I’m sorry, Professor Greco. I didn’t read the play.”

“You didn’t?” Nat asked, stung. “But you always do the reading.”

“I was working all night on law review.” Chu swallowed visibly. “I had to cite-check an article by Professor Monterosso, and it went to press this morning.”

Rats. “Well, you know the rules. If you don’t do the reading, I have to take you down half a grade.” Nat hated being a hardass, but she’d been too easy her first year of teaching, and it hadn’t worked. She’d been too strict her second year, and that hadn’t worked either. She couldn’t get it just right. She was like Goldilocks and all the beds were futons.

“Sorry,” Chu whispered. Nat skipped Melanie Anderson for the student sitting next to her, class hottie Josh Carling. Carling was a tall twenty-six-year-old out of UCLA, with unusual green eyes, a killer smile, and a brownish soul patch on his square chin. A Hollywood kid, he’d worked as an A.D. on the set of a TV sitcom and he always wore an Ashton Kutcher knit cap, though it never snowed indoors.

“Mr Carling, did you do the reading?” Nat knew Josh’s answer because he looked down sheepishly.

“I didn’t have time. I had a massive finance exam to study for. Sorry, for reals.”

Damn. “Then you’re a half-grade down, too,” she said, though her heart went out to him. Carling was in the joint-degree program, so he’d graduate with diplomas from the law school and the business school, which guaranteed him a lucrative job in entertainment law and a spastic colon.

Nat eyed the second row. “Mr Bischoff? How about you?”

“I would have done the reading but I was sick.” Max Bischoff looked the part, with credibly puffy eyes, a chapped ring around his nostrils, and his library pallor paler than usual. “Yesterday, I ralphed all over my...”

“Enough.” Nat silenced him with a palm and quizzed the rest of the second row, Marilyn Krug and Elizabeth Warren. They hadn’t done the reading either, and neither had Adele McIlhargey, San Gupta, or Charles Wykoff IV.

“So no one else in the entire class has done the reading?” Nat blurted out in dismay, and just when she thought things couldn’t get any worse, in the door strolled Vice Dean James McConnell, Faculty Vampire.



**Ex. 7. With your desk mate, share your list of three additional phrases that could be placed in Exercise 4 selection.**

**Ex. 8. Work in small groups. List the problems the young Assistant Professor faces in her class. Rate them as (A) very pressing; (B) not very important; (C) better to be ignored. Reach a consensus on most of your choices.**

List of Problems	A	B	C
1. The class is largely unprepared.	+		
2.			
3.			
4.			
5.			
6.			
7.			
8.			
9.			
10.			

**Ex. 9. Work together. Think of ways to solve the A-listed problems quickly and efficiently. What would you do in such a situation?**

**Ex. 10. Individually, write a continuation of the episode described by the author of the novel. 150 words will be more than good, for a greenhorn writer.**

And just when she thought things couldn't get any worse, in the door strolled Vice Dean James McConnell, Faculty Vampire. ... .

### HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Read the continuation of the novel. Compare it with your own version. Prepare to give a professional evaluation of Nat Greco's class.**

**Text 1.2  
(continued text 1.1)**

From DADDY'S GIRL by Lisa Scottoline

Nat stiffened. She wasn't sure what McConnell did except hire and fire people, and she had already been hired.

McConnell was in his sixties, with a silvery wave of hair that rolled sideways across his head. Today he was dressed in a dark wool suit with a bloodred tie, unusually formal for this school's faculty.

Everybody here dressed academic casual, which was like business casual only with footnotes.

McConnell entered the lecture hall, took a seat, and crossed one leg over the other, scrutinizing Nat from behind his tortoise-shell bifocals. Nat imagined how he saw her. She was thirty years old but looked thirteen because she was only five foot one, with her mother's sparrow-thin bones. Her features were nice in a forgettable way; large brown eyes, a slightly upturned nose, and a small mouth. She had thick, straight hair, a deep red brown, which she wore shoulder length in an overpriced cut. Today she had on a tailored black pantsuit, but nevertheless came off more middle school than law school. Her childhood nickname was Gnat for a reason.

She saw her career flash before her eyes. She was only an assistant professor and was up for tenure next year, and McConnell must have come to evaluate her. Did he hear her say that nobody had done the reading? For a minute, she didn't know what to do. She didn't want to lower the grades of the entire class, especially for the students without job offers. But she couldn't let them get away with it, not in front of McConnell. The vice dean watched her, puckering his lined mouth in appraisal.

Do something, Gnat! She squared her shoulder pads to show that she deserved her job, despite all evidence to the contrary, and said, "Well, then, class, you leave me no alternative."

The students gulped collectively. McConnell half smiled and folded his arms.

"Mr Carling?" Nat pointed to him. "Please come up here and bring your book."

"Uh, okay." Carling rose, slid his paperback from his desktop, and climbed the steps to the stage with a too-cool-for-school smile.

"Come here, please," Nat said, motioning him over to where she was standing.

Carling crossed the stage, scanning the high-tech lectern, with its touch-screen controls and multicolored display. "This is sick up here."

When Carling was beside her, Nat reached up and took the wool hat from his head. "May I borrow this?"

"Sure." Carling reuffled the layers of his sandy hair, looking at the class from the stage. "I could get used to this, yo."

"Now stay there, please." Nat scanned the lecture hall. "Mr Wykoff?" She pointed to Charles Wykoff IV, an all-Ivy lineman from a Main Line family, via Dartmouth. Wykoff had a big baby face, a fringe of crayon-

yellow bangs, and guileless blue eyes that telegraphed Legacy Admission. “Please come up and bring your book. And Ms Anderson, please come with him.”

“Sure.” Anderson happily made her way to the steps. Wykoff followed her, mystified.

“Hurry up, guys.” Nat hustled over as the students made their way to her. She positioned Wykoff by his shoulders, solid as bowling balls under a faded Patagonia fleece. “Good. Now, Mr Wykoff, you be Bassanio.”

“Ba-what-io?”

“Bassanio. He’s the hunky boyfriend in the play you didn’t read. Open your book. You’ve got lines.” Nat turned to Anderson. “Lady, you’re Shylock.”

“Terrific!” Anderson grinned.

“Whoa, we’re putting on a skit, in law school?” Carling asked in disbelief.

“Not a skit, a play,” Nat answered. “It’s William Shakespeare, not David Letterman.”

“Pssh. What’s next? Milk and cookies? Nap time?”

Wykoff guffawed. “Damn, I left my protractor at home.”

“Guys, would you rather I lowered your grades?” Nat didn’t wait for an answer. “You’ll read this play, one way or another. By the way, Carling, you’re Antonio.”

“But he’s gay!”

“So what?” Nat turned on her heel. “And how do you know that, if you didn’t read the play?”

“I saw the movie. Jeremy Irons borrows the money from Al Pacino because he’s in love with a dude.”

“Way to miss the point, Mr Carling. Don’t discriminate in the class about discrimination.”

The students laughed, and Nat startled at the unaccustomed sound. They’d never laughed at any of her jokes before. In fact, all nine of them were paying attention for the first time ever. Behind them, McConnell leaned back in his seat, but she couldn’t stop now. She took her place downstage.

“Everybody,” Nat said, “please turn to act one, scene two, the big courtroom scene. I’m playing Portia, one of Shakespeare’s best female characters, except that she fell for the wrong guy. She’s about to save the day, and in this scene, she disguises herself as a man, like this.” She shoved Carling’s wool hat on her head and hurried to the lectern for her purse.

“You look hot, Professor Greco!” Elizabeth Warren hollered, and the class laughed.

“You ain’t seen nothing yet.” Nat rummaged through her makeup bag, found her eye pencil, and drew a crude mustache on her face with two quick strokes, courtesy of Clinique.

“Awesome, professor!” San Gupta shouted, making a megaphone of his hands. The class broke into applause that echoed in the cavernous hall. Somebody in the back of the room wolf-whistled, and Nat looked toward the sound. It was Angus Holt, whose blond beard and ponytail qualified him as Faculty Freak. Angus taught in this room after Nat’s class, but she didn’t know him except to say hello and goodbye. She smiled, then caught sight of McConnell in the foreground, which gave her an idea.

“We need a judge.” Nat rubbed her hands together.

“I’ll do it!” Max Bischoff volunteered, forgetting he had typhus.

“Pick me! It should be a woman judge!” Marilyn Krug shouted, and Adele McIlhargey chimed in, in an unprecedented traffic jam of class participation.

“Wait a minute, gang.” Nat waved them off. “Vice Dean McConnell, would you please be our judge this morning?”

The students turned around, surprised to see McConnell sitting in the back. The vice dean frowned at the sudden attention, cupping his earlobe as if he hadn’t heard, but Nat wasn’t buying.

“Vice Dean McConnell, we’d love for you to play the Duke of Venice. Right, class?”

“Yes!” Everybody shouted, smiling, and Nat started a cheer.

“McConnell! McConnell! McConnell!”

The students joined her, and as if on cue, Angus Holt lumbered down the sloped aisle of the lecture hall. He scooped up McConnell on the way and escorted him to the stage, amid laughter and clapping.

“Special delivery, Professor Greco!” Angus handed over a slightly winded vice dean.

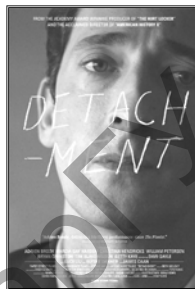
“If it pleases Your Grace.” Nat extended her arm to McConnell with an Elizabethan flourish. Gotcha.

**Ex. 2. Decide what helped the teacher to find a way out of a difficult teaching situation. Write down your opinion (200 words).**

**Ex. 3. Watch the movie *Dangerous Minds*. Get ready to talk about it in class a while later (Class 3).**

CLASS 2  
YOU CAN'T BE TOO DETACHED

Ex. 1. Look at the poster of a recent (2011) movie about school. The movie title is *Detachment*. What do you expect to see in this movie?



Ex. 2. Watch an episode from *Detachment*. What ideas about teaching does this episode convey? Do you share the teacher's idea about "having no feelings"? What is behind this phrase?

Ex. 3. Teachers always assign homework. Student seldom bother to do it. Was it the same story with you when you were young? Talk about it in pairs.

Ex. 4. Read the following paragraph from the novel by Frank McCourt. What kind of "samples" do you think the author describes? Why does he call it "high school writing at its best"? Do you think the author has got a sense of humor?

The drawer was filled with samples of American talent never mentioned in song, story or scholarly study. How could I have ignored this treasure trove, these gems of fiction, fantasy, creativity, craw-thumping, self-pity, family problems, boilers exploding, ceilings collapsing, fires sweeping whole blocks, babies and pets pissing on homework, unexpected births, heart attacks, strokes, miscarriages, robberies? Here was American high school writing at its best — raw, real, urgent, lucid, brief...

Ex. 5. Read the first sentence of the excerpt. It contains the word you probably can't quite understand. Choose the correct meaning of the word according to the context.

*Epiphany*: (1) The manifestation of a supernatural or divine reality. (2) Any moment of great or sudden revelation.

Ex. 6. Read the following excerpt from the novel about school and teaching. Decide why the teacher experiences an epiphany. What do you especially like about his approach?

From TEACHER MAN by Frank McCourt

I was having an epiphany. I always wondered what an epiphany would be like and now I knew. I wondered also why I'd never had this particular epiphany before.

Isn't it remarkable, I thought, how they resist any kind of writing assignment in class or at home. They whine and say they're busy and it's hard putting two hundred words together on any subject. But when they forge these excuse notes they're brilliant. Why? I have a drawer full of excuse notes that could be turned into an anthology of Great American Excuses or Great American Lies.

The drawer was filled with samples of American talent never mentioned in song, story or scholarly study. How could I have ignored this treasure trove, these gems of fiction, fantasy, creativity, crawl-thumping, self-pity, family problems, boilers exploding, ceilings collapsing, fires sweeping whole blocks, babies and pets pissing on homework, unexpected births, heart attacks, strokes, miscarriages, robberies? Here was American high school writing at its best—raw, real, urgent, lucid, brief, lying:

*The stove caught fire and the wallpaper went up and the fire department kept us out of the house all night.*

*The toilet was blocked and we had to go down the street to the Kilkenny Bar where my cousin works to use their toilet but that was blocked too from the night before and you can imagine how hard it was for my Ronnie to get ready for school. I hope you'll excuse him this one time and it won't happen again. The man at the Kilkenny Bar was very nice on account of how he knows your brother, Mr McCord.*

*Arnold doesn't have his work today because he was getting off the train yesterday and the door closed on his school bag and the train took it away. He yelled to the conductor who said very vulgar things as the train drove away. Something should be done.*

*His sister's dog ate his homework and I hope it chokes him.*

*Her baby brother peed on her story when she was in the bathroom this morning.*

*A man died in the bathtub upstairs and it overflowed and messed up all Roberta's homework on the table.*

*Her big brother got mad at her and threw her essay out the window and it flew away all over Staten Island which is not a good thing*

*because people will read it and get the wrong impression unless they read the ending which explains everything.*

*He had the composition you told him to write but he was going over it on the ferry and a big wind came and blowed it away.*

*We were evicted from our apartment and the mean sheriff said if my son kept yelling for his notebook he'd have us all arrested.*

I imagined the writers of excuse notes on buses, trains, ferries, in coffee shops, on park benches, trying to discover new and logical excuses, trying to write as they thought their parents would.

They didn't know that honest excuse notes from parents were usually dull. "Peter was late because the alarm clock did not go off." A note like that didn't even merit a place in the trash can.

Toward the end of the term I typed a dozen excuse notes on a stencil and distributed them to my two senior classes. They read, silently and intently.

Yo, Mr McCourt, what's this?

Excuse notes.

Whaddya mean, excuse notes? Who wrote them?

You did, or some of you did. I omitted the names to protect the guilty. They're supposed to be written by parents, but you and I know the real authors. Yes, Mikey?

So, what are we supposed to do with these excuse notes?

We'll read them aloud. I want you to realize this is the first class in the world ever to study the art of the excuse note, the first class, ever, to practice writing them. You are so lucky to have a teacher like me who has taken your best writing, the excuse note, and turned it into a subject worthy of study.

They're smiling. They know. We're in this together. Sinners.

Some of the notes on that sheet were written by people in this class. You know who you are. You used your imagination and didn't settle for the old alarm-clock story. You'll be making excuses the rest of your life and you'll want them to be believable and original. You might even wind up writing excuses for your own children when they're late or absent or up to some devilment. Try it now. Imagine you have a fifteen-year-old son or daughter who needs an excuse for falling behind in English. Let it rip.

They didn't look around. They didn't chew on their pens. They didn't dawdle. They were eager, desperate to make up excuses for their fifteen-year-old sons and daughters. It was an act of loyalty and love and, you never know, some day they might need these notes.

They produced a rhapsody of excuses, ranging from a family epidemic of diarrhea to a sixteen-wheeler truck crashing into a house, to a severe case of food poisoning blamed on the McKee High School cafeteria.

They said, “More, more. Could we do more?”

I was taken aback. How do I handle this enthusiasm?

There was another epiphany or a flash of inspiration or illumination or something. I went to the board and wrote: “For Homework Tonight.”

That was a mistake. The word homework carries negative connotations. I erased it and they said, Yeah, yeah.

I told them, “You can start it here in class and continue at home or on the other side of the moon. What I’d like you to write is ...”

I wrote it on the board: “An Excuse Note from Adam to God” or “An Excuse Note from Eve to God.”

The heads went down. Pens raced across paper. They could do this with one hand tied behind their backs. With their eyes closed. Secret smiles around the room. Oh, this is a good one, baby, and we know what’s coming, don’t we? Adam blames Eve. Eve blames Adam. They both blame God or Lucifer. Blame all around except for God, who has the upper hand and kicks them out of Eden so that their descendants wind up in McKee Vocational and Technical High School writing excuse notes for the first man and woman, and maybe God Himself needs an excuse note for some of His big mistakes.

The bell rang, and for the first time in my three and a half years of teaching, I saw high school students so immersed they had to be urged out of the room by friends hungry for lunch.

Yo, Lenny. Come on. Finish it in the cafeteria.

**Ex. 7. Go over the excuse notes again. Which one is your favorite? Please, explain.**

**Ex. 8. Work in pairs. Come up with five solid reasons why “the word homework has negative connotations?”. Does it, really?**

**Ex. 9. Work in small groups. Work out three effective ways of giving home assignments (no negative connotations attached). You can, can’t you?**



**Ex. 10. Enjoy reading a piece of poetry about school. Does the teacher (or the author) have a great sense of humor?**

APRIL THE FIRST

*by Clare Bevan*

One Literacy Hour  
Our Teacher, Miss Telling,  
Said, "Write down these words.  
I am testing your spelling."

(1) *Aardvark.*

(2) *Proboscis.*

(3) *Rhododendron.*

(4) *Iridescent.*

(5) *Lexicographer.*

(6) *Fahrenheit.*

(7) *Orchid.*

(8) *Onomatopoeia.*

(9) *Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogoch.*

But when we all groaned  
And we all cursed our fate,  
Miss Telling just smiled  
And said,  
"Now add the date."

**Ex. 11. Here's a special task for special students. Do you know what the nine words in the poem mean?**

### HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Read another excerpt from the novel by Frank McCourt. Analyze the description of adolescents in the book. List the things you agree with and the things you don't.**

#### Text 1.4

From TEACHER MAN by Frank McCourt

Long after my teaching days I scribble numbers on pieces of paper, and I'm impressed by what they mean. In New York I taught in five different high schools and one college: McKee Vocational and Technical High School, Staten Island; the High School of Fashion

Industries in Manhattan; Seward Park High School in Manhattan; Stuyvesant High School in Manhattan; night classes at Washington Irving High School in Manhattan; New York Community College in Brooklyn. I taught by day, by night, and in summer school. My arithmetic tells me that about twelve thousand boys and girls, men and women, sat at desks and listened to me lecture, chant, encourage, ramble, sing, declaim, recite, preach, dry up. I think of the twelve thousand and wonder what I did for them. Then I think of what they did for me.

The arithmetic tells me I conducted at least thirty-three thousand classes.

Thirty-three thousand classes in thirty years: days, nights, summers.

In universities you can lecture from your old crumbling notes. In public high schools you'd never get away with it. American teenagers are experts in the tricks of teachers, and if you try to hoodwink them they'll bring you down.

So, yo, teacher man, what else happened in Ireland?

I can't talk about that now. We have to cover the vocabulary chapter in the textbook. Open to page seventy-two.

Aw, man, you tell the other classes stories. Can't you tell us just one little thing?

OK, one little thing. When I was a boy in Limerick I never thought I'd grow up to be a teacher in New York. We were poor. Oh, yeah. We heard you didn't have no refrigerator. Right, and we had no toilet paper.

What? No toilet paper? Everybody has toilet paper. Even in China where everybody's starving they have toilet paper. Even in Africa.

They think I'm exaggerating and they don't like it. There's a limit to hard-luck stories.

You tryin' to tell us you'd go an "pull up your pants and not wipe yourself?"

Nancy Castigliano raises her hand. Excuse me, Mr McCourt. It's nearly lunchtime, and I don't wanna hear no more about people having no toilet paper.

OK, Nancy, we'll move on.

Facing dozens of teenagers every day brings you down to earth. At eight a.m. they don't care how you feel. You think of the day ahead: five classes, up to one hundred and seventy-five American adolescents; moody, hungry, in love, anxious, horny, energetic, challenging. No escape. There they are and there you are with your headache, your indigestion, echoes of your quarrel with your spouse, lover, landlord, your pain-in-the-ass son who wants to be Elvis, who appreciates nothing

you do for him. You couldn't sleep last night. You still have that bag filled with the papers of the one hundred and seventy-five students, their so-called compositions, careless scrawls. Oh, mister, did you read my paper? Not that they care. Writing compositions is not how they intend to spend the rest of their lives. That's something you do only in this boring class. They're looking at you. You cannot hide. They're waiting. What are we doing today, teacher? The paragraph? Oh, yeah. Hey, everybody, we gonna study the paragraph, the structure, topic sentence an' all. Can't wait to tell my mom tonight. She's always asking how was school today. Paragraphs, Mom. Teacher has a thing about paragraphs. Mom'll say, Very nice, and go back to her soap opera.

They straggle in from auto mechanics shop, the real world, where they break down and reassemble everything from Volkswagens to Cadillacs, and here's this teacher going on about the parts of a paragraph. Jesus, man. You don't need paragraphs in an auto shop.

If you bark or snap, you lose them. That's what they get from parents and the schools in general, the bark and the snap. If they strike back with the silent treatment, you're finished in the classroom. Their faces change and they have a way of deadening their eyes. Tell them open their notebooks. They stare. They take their time. Yeah, they'll open their notebooks. Yes, sir, here we go opening our notebooks nice and easy so nothing falls out. Tell them copy what's on the board. They stare. Oh, yeah, they tell one another. He wants us to copy what's on the board. Look at that. Man wrote something on the board and wants us to copy it. They shake their heads in slow motion. You ask, Are there any questions? and all around the room there is the innocent look. You stand and wait. They know it's a forty-minute showdown, you versus them, thirty-four New York teenagers, the future mechanics and craftsmen of America.

You're just another teacher, man, so what are you gonna do? Stare down the whole class? Fail the whole class? Get with it, baby. You created the situation, man. You didn't have to talk to them like that. They don't care about your mood, your headache, your troubles. They have their own problems, and you are one of them.

Watch your step, teacher. Don't make yourself a problem. They'll cut you down.

Rain changes the mood of the school, mutes everything. The first class comes in silently. One or two say good morning. They shake drops from their jackets. They're in a dream state. They sit and wait. No one talks. No requests for the pass. No complaints, no challenges, no back talk. Rain is magic. Rain is king. Go with it, teacher man. Take your

time. Lower your voice. Don't even think about teaching English. Forget about taking attendance. This is the mood of a house after a funeral. No harsh headlines today, no cruel news from Vietnam. Outside the room a footfall, a laugh from a teacher. Rain clatters against windows.

Sit at your desk and let the hour slip by. A girl raises her hand. She says, Aw, Mr McCourt, you ever in love? You're new but you know already when they ask questions like that they're thinking of themselves. You say, Yes.

Did she give you up or did you give her up?

Both.

Oh, yeah? You mean you were in love more than once?

Yes.

Wow.

A boy raises his hand. He says, "Why can't teachers treat us like human beings?"

You don't know. Well, man, if you don't know, tell them, I don't know. Tell them about school in Ireland. You went to school in a state of terror. You hated it and dreamed of being fourteen and getting a job. You never thought about your own school days like this before, never talked about it. You wish this rain would never stop. They're in their seats. No one had to tell them hang up their jackets. They're looking at you as if they had just discovered you.

It should rain every day.

Or there are spring days when heavy clothing is discarded and each class is a vista of breasts and biceps. Little zephyrs wafting through the windows caress the cheeks of teachers and students, send smiles from desk to desk, from row to row till the room is all adazzle. Pigeon coo and sparrow chirp tell us be of good cheer, summer is a-comin' in. Those shameless pigeons, indifferent to the teen throb in my room, copulate on the windowsill and that is more seductive than the best lesson by the greatest teacher in the world.

On days like this I feel I could teach the toughest of the tough, the brightest of the bright. I could hug and cocker the saddest of the sad.

On days like this there is background music with hints of zephyr, breast, biceps, smile and summer.

**Ex. 2. There is a phrase in the above excerpt: *It should rain every day*. Write an extended commentary on its meaning (200 words).**

CLASS 3  
THEY CAN LEAN ON YOU

**Ex. 1. In the group, quickly poll your fellow students. Find out who watched any of the three films about school and how they liked them.**



**Ex. 2. Study a piece of additional information borrowed from the Internet. What do we learn about two of the above films? Is this information curious in any way?**

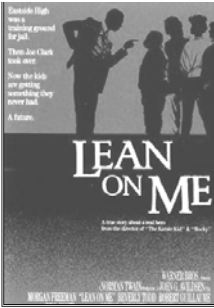
Several real-life teachers have been portrayed in popular films. One of them is the high school principal Joe Louis Clark who was portrayed in the movie *Lean on Me*. LouAnne Johnson, teacher and retired United States Marine, was portrayed in the film *Dangerous Minds*. Another is Ken Carter, education activist and former high school basketball coach portrayed in the 2005 film, *Coach Carter*. Still another high school teacher, Erin Gruwell, appears to be the character in the movie *The Freedom Writers*.

**Ex. 3. Read the biography of a teacher. Decide if the title of the story is good enough. Suggest a better title, if any on your mind (not dangerous, right?)**

**Text 1.5**

ONE COULD LEAN ON HIM

Joe Louis Clark was born on May 7, 1938 in Rochelle, Georgia. He is the former principal of Esatside High Scholl in Paterson, one of New Jersey's toughest inner city schools. He is also the subject of the 1989 film *Lean on Me*, starring Morgan Freeman.



Clark gained public attention in the 1980s for his unconventional and controversial disciplinary measures. He also partly inspired Denzel Washington's character in the film *Hard Lessons* about contemporary Los Angeles high school head George McKenna.

*Time* magazine's cover article notes that Clark's style as principal was primarily disciplinarian in nature, focused on encouraging school pride and good behavior,

although Clark was also portrayed as a former social activist in the film *Lean on Me*. "Clark's use of force may rid the school of unwanted students," commented Boston principal Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., "but he also may be losing kids who might succeed."

George McKenna, former principal of Washington Preparatory High School in Los Angeles, often cited as a contemporary of Joe Clark as a school reformer with a similarly outgoing approach, was also critical. "Our role is to rescue and to be responsible," McKenna told *Time*. "If the students were not poor black children, Joe Clark would not be tolerated."

Other educators defended and praised Clark. "You cannot use a democratic and collaborative style when crisis is rampant and disorder reigns," said Kenneth Tewel, a former principal. "You need an autocrat to bring things under control." Some critics focused on the fact that while Clark had reestablished cleanliness and order, education scores had not substantially improved, which resulted in Eastside High being taken over by the state one year after Clark's departure in 1991.

Separate criticism focused on the social impact of expelling delinquent students to improve test scores, claiming that "tossing out the troublesome low achievers" simply moved the problems from the school onto the street (Clark defended the practice, saying teachers should not have to waste their time on students who do not want to learn).

However, *Time* noted that the national dropout rate for such students remained high across the country, with few alternatives available, and that each inner city school which had been able to reverse the trend had done so through "a bold, enduring principal" such as Joe Clark who is "able to maintain or restore order without abandoning the students who are in trouble."

**Ex. 4. If you knew one more fact about Clark, would your opinion of him change? Read the sentence below and answer the question.**

Clark is also the father of the Olympic track athletes Joetta Clark Diggs and Hazel Clark Riley, and the father-in-law of Olympic track athlete Jearl Miles Clark.

**Ex. 5. Watch an episode from the movie *Lean on Me*. Does the movie portrayal of Joe Clark coincide with what you thought he was like? Give your reasons.**

**Ex. 6. Read the information below and explain why the author thinks that LouAnne Johnson is a “teacher in every sense of the word”.**

**Text 1.6**

### LOUANNE JOHNSON RESPONDS TO “DANGEROUS MINDS” QUESTIONS

*By Kathleen Cross*

I did some research and found that LouAnne Johnson has a website where she posts articles and answers questions about her current work as a teacher and her past experiences writing the book “My Posse Don’t Do Homework,” which the movie *Dangerous Minds* is (loosely, according to Johnson) based on.

At that website, Johnson provides a link to a downloadable letter she wrote to a grad student who contacted her via email in 2007 with similar questions my post raised. I love her responses to that student’s query. And, though I’ve never met, spoken or corresponded with her, I love her. LouAnne Johnson speaks her truth about her experiences in a way that is informed, inclusive and non-judgmental. After a visit to her website you may come to the same conclusion I have: She is a teacher in every sense of the word. Here is her letter.

“Thank you for contacting me for input instead of just using what you find on the Internet or other resources. Let me be clear: I think *Dangerous Minds* has its good points – it inspired a lot of kids to stay in school, it inspired many people to pursue their dreams of becoming teachers, and it inspired the brilliant song, “Gangsta’s Paradise.” I just wish that people would realize it’s a movie and not real life when they write about me.

I had very little input to the movie and much of it is fiction, at times so far removed from fact as to be ridiculous. My students never called me “white bread” for example — I had only one rule in my classroom and that was: respect yourself and the others in this room. I didn’t disrespect my students and they didn’t disrespect me. The producers couldn’t believe it could be so simple — that if you treat kids with genuine respect, they may not love you immediately, but they will learn to respect you.

I used rap lyrics to initiate lessons about poetry (not a Dylan-Dylan contest). Instead of a silly contest, we learned to write and analyze various forms of poetry, beginning with songs and ending with Shakespearean sonnets. Yep, they actually liked them, too. I never threw candy bars at my students to motivate them — I encouraged them to eat healthy foods. I didn’t fight with my administrators all the time — it was my principal who gave me the support and encouragement I needed to become an effective teacher. So, I would simply ask that you view the movie as a movie and not as a reflection of my personality, teaching techniques, teaching philosophy, and definitely not as a reflection of my attitude toward students.

I didn’t teach for one semester and then try to quit — I taught in the at-risk program for five years, starting as a part-time teacher and ending as a full-time teacher and department chair — and then I went back to grad school.

I agree that the movie industry seems to think that white middle-class people can walk into a ghetto and ‘save the children.’ That’s a very simplified version of the existing theory. But I would argue that whether the maverick teacher is middle-class, white or black, male or female — the key is in that person’s motivation. If you believe you are superior to somebody and you are going to save them, they will resist you, even if they are drowning, if they didn’t ask for your help. But if you truly respect and accept other people as they are, and your motivation is to encourage them to develop their talents and skills to pursue whatever goals THEY have set (or encourage them to set goals if they have none), then they will be interested in what you have to say.

People focus far too much on race, gender and money when they should focus on heart, soul and intention. It’s been my experience that when you have self-destructive or apathetic students, instead of trying to teach them lessons, you will make much more progress if you try to find out what they think of themselves. And when they have negative perceptions, you tell them what you see — a new



perspective that they can't see themselves. If this is an honest communication, it will change the way they think of themselves. Instead of thinking of themselves as hopeless, powerless, stupid, lazy, or whatever they have been taught or told to think — they begin to see themselves as human beings, separate from the school system labels, human beings with talents and abilities that will be valued by the world, if they can just survive school.

There's one more thing. I don't think the Hollywood film makers are intentionally perpetuating stereotypes and simplistic plot lines. I think in some cases they genuinely believe their stories, in some cases they are trying to create a feel-good story to attract an audience, and in some cases they just don't have a clue because they never attended public schools and their worlds are so insulated that they believe whatever expert they have hired. I was told, for example, when I protested the racial stereotypes in *Dangerous Minds* that the "gangologist" on their staff assured them that their movie was an accurate depiction. I laughed myself silly before I cried.

That's enough. I'm writing you a book! Sorry for being so long-winded".

**Ex. 7. Together, have a short debate on ways in which school and school teachers are portrayed in contemporary American films. Do you think school is worth portraying in the movies anyway?**

**Ex. 8. Write a brief note giving an answer to one question: Do you think a teacher's experience can be portrayed truthfully in a movie?**

### HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Read another excerpt from the novel by Frank McCourt. Analyze the description of adolescents in the book. List the things you agree with and the things you don't.**

**Text 1.7**

From TEACHER MAN by Frank McCourt

Twice a year at McKee we had Open School Day and Open School Night, when parents visited the school to see how their children were faring. Teachers sat in classrooms talking to parents or

listening to their complaints. Most visiting parents were mothers because that was the job of the woman. If the mother found her son or daughter was misbehaving or not performing well then it would be up to the father to take steps. Of course the father would take steps only with the son. The daughter was a matter for the mother. It wouldn't be right for a father to knock his daughter around the kitchen or tell her she was grounded for a month. Certain problems belonged to the mother. Also, they had to decide on how much information to give the father. If the son was doing poorly and she had a violent husband she might soften her story so that her boy would not wind up on the floor with blood streaming from his nose.

Sometimes a whole family might come to visit the teacher and the room would be packed with fathers and mothers and small children running up and down the aisles. The women talked to one another in a friendly way, but the men sat quietly at desks that could barely accommodate their size.

No one ever told me how to handle parents on Open School Day. My first time at McKee, I had a student monitor, Norma, who gave out numbers so that parents would know who was next.

First, I had to deal with the problem of my accent, especially with the women. As soon as I opened my mouth they'd say, Oh, my God, what a cute brogue. Then they'd tell me how their grandparents came from the Old Country, how they came here with nothing and now owned their own gas station out in New Jersey. They wanted to know how long I was in this country and how I got into teaching. They said it was wonderful I was a teacher because most of our people were cops and priests and they'd whisper there were too many Jews in the school. They'd send their kids to Catholic schools except that Catholic schools were not known for vocational or technical training. It was all history and prayers, which was all right for the next world, but their kids had to think about this world. No disrespect intended. Finally, they'd ask how was he doing, their little Harry?

I had to be careful if the dad was sitting there. If I made negative comments about Harry the dad might go home and punch him and word would get out to my other students that I was not to be trusted. I was learning that teachers and kids have to stick together in the face of parents, supervisors and the world in general.

I said positive things about all my students. They were attentive, punctual, considerate, eager to learn and every one of them had a bright future and the parents should be proud. Dad and Mom would

look at each other and smile and say, See? or they'd be puzzled and say, You talkin' about our kid? Our Harry?

Oh, yes. Harry.

Does he behave himself in class? Is he respectful?

Oh, yes. He contributes to all our discussions.

Oh, yeah? That's not the Harry we know. He must be different in school because at home he's a regular little shit, excuse the language. Home we can't get a word out of him. Can't get him to do nothing. All he wants is to sit an' listen to that goddamn rock Yi' roll day an' night, day an' goddamn night.

The dad was vehement. It's the worst thing ever happened to this country with that Elvis shakin' his ass all over television, excuse the language. I'd hate to have a daughter in this day and age watching that crap. Got a good mind to throw that phonograph in the garbage. I'd dump the TV, too, but I gotta have a little relaxation the end of a day on the piers, know what I mean?

Other parents became impatient and inquired, sarcastically polite, if there was a possibility I could get away from discussions of Elvis Presley and talk to them about their sons and daughters. Harry's parents informed them it was their turn to see about their kid. It was a free country, last they'd heard, and they weren't gonna be cut off .

The next day everyone had excuse notes, not only from Adam and Eve but from God and Lucifer, some compassionate, some nasty. On behalf of Eve, Lisa Quinn defended her seduction of Adam on the grounds that she was tired of lying around Paradise doing nothing day in, day out. She was also tired of God sticking His nose into their business and never allowing them a moment of privacy. It was all right for Him. He could go off and hide behind a cloud somewhere and roar from time to time if He saw her or Adam go near his precious apple tree.

There are heated discussions about the relative guilt and sinfulness of Adam and Eve. It is agreed, unanimously, that Lucifer the Snake is a bastard, a son of a bitch and no good. No one is so brave as to say anything negative about God although there are hints and suggestions He could have been a little more understanding of the plight of the First Man and the First Woman.

Mikey Dolan says you could never talk like this in Catholic schools. Jesus (sorry), the nuns would pull you out of your seat by the ears and have your parents in to explain where you got ideas that were pure blasphemy.

Other boys in the class, non-Catholics, brag they'd never put up with that bullshit. They'd knock the nuns on their ass and how come all them Catholic boys were such sissies?

The discussion was drifting and I worried that details might get back to Catholic parents who would object to a mention of nuns being treated roughly. I asked them to think about anyone in the world at present or in history who could use a good excuse note.

I wrote the suggestions on the blackboard:

Eva Braun, Hitler's girlfriend.

I asked, How about Hitler himself?

Naw, naw, never. No excuses there.

But maybe he had a miserable childhood.

They wouldn't agree. An excuse note for Hitler might be a great challenge for a writer but the excuse would never come from this class.

On the board: *Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, executed in 1953 for treason.*

How about excuse notes for draft dodgers?

Oh, yeah, Mr McCourt. These guys have big excuse notes. They don't wanna fight for their country but that's not us.

On the board: Judas, Attila the Hun, Lee Harvey Oswald, Al Capone, all the politicians in America.

Yo, Mr McCourt, could you put teachers up there? Not you but all these pain-in-the-ass teachers that be giving us tests every other day. Oh, I couldn't do that. They're my colleagues. OK. OK, we can write excuse notes for them explaining why they have to be like that.

**Ex. 2. Work individually. On the basis of what you have read, write a brief professional evaluation (200+ words) of the teacher's qualifications as an educator. Point out his achievements and areas where he needs to improve his skills.**

**Ex. 3. Watch *Lean on Me* and enjoy every minute of it. It's good stuff.**

#### 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 (choose from 12 episodes). Comment on them in various ways.

- (2) Produce the results of Internet research based on the teachers in question and their work.
- (3) Share the favorite passages from the books mentioned (and more).
- (4) Share written work samples — read, evaluate, improve.
- (5) Share your personal vocabulary notes with other students.
- (6) Produce extra pieces of poetry about school and teaching.

**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 *Dangerous Minds*, *Detachment*, and *Lean on Me* and have found them great 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.

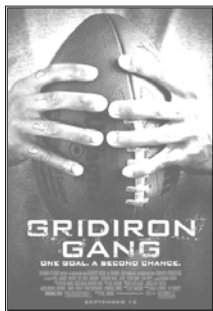
(3) You learned about several good books worth reading such as *My Posse Don't Do Homework* by LouAnne Johnson, *Teacher Man* by Frank McCourt, and *Daddy's Girl* by Lisa Scottoline. Find them or borrow them from someone else and read them.

(4) You must have talked and written about the problem of establishing communication in the classroom, which is central to the teachers' job. This may have helped you to become a somewhat better communicator, right?

(5) You might have had an *epiphany*. Or two. Is that so? If yes, we are happy for you. If not yet, go on working. It will come to you.

## 2. CARER, KEEPER...

### CLASS 1 EVEN IF IT LOOKS BAD



Ex. 1. Watch an episode from a movie based on a real biography of a distinguished teacher. The movie title is *Gridiron Gang*. Watch and say what the main aim of the coach's talk is. Does he mean just to install discipline or something more than that?

Ex. 2. List the qualities needed by a teacher who would like to establish rapport and understanding with his/her students.

Ex. 3. Work in pairs. Discuss the term "children with special needs". What kind of needs are those?

Ex. 4. Read the title of the excerpt below. Suggest ideas on what the title might mean and what kind of character the novel might describe.

Ex. 5. Read the excerpt and pay special attention to the description of the boy's behavior. Make a list of details that strike you most.

#### Text 2.1

From SILENT BOY by Torey Hayden

We were coloring. Kevin had a thing about coloring, and I didn't mind it because it was relaxing and it was the mindless sort of activity I found best for allowing us to talk without its being apparent that was what we were doing.

I had brought us one of those huge posters from the discount store which one colors in with felt-tipped markers. This poster depicted a spaceship out among the stars.

Kevin was coloring the crew at the window of the rocket and I was doing the sky because it was large and boring to color, so Kevin didn't like it. I was not especially enamored of it myself.

“You know,” I said after what seemed like an interminable amount of coloring, “I’m not so keen on doing this either. I wish I had a broad-tipped marker instead of this one.”

“Well,” replied Kevin matter-of-factly, “you have to do it”.

“We could split it,” I suggested, looking at all that was left.

There was a long, long silence as Kevin stared at the poster. I saw his knuckles go white as he gripped the pen harder. His breathing tightened. They were the same old signs, and I glanced around the room quickly to see what could possibly be frightening him.

“No, you have to do it,” Kevin said. His voice was low. The muscles along his jaw tensed.

I stared at him because I could see his fear coming up on him but I didn’t know what was causing it. Then I looked back at the poster, thinking perhaps I could distract him from the fear.

“Why don’t we just leave it blank? There’s too much coloring. I could do the stars instead and outline them in black. Then they’d stand out good.”

“No,” he said very quietly.

I looked at him. He looked squarely back at me. Fear had dilated his pupils but there was an intensity behind them that I did not recognize.

“What’s going on, Kevin? What’s wrong?”

“You have to do it. You have to color that sky.”

“Why?”

He began to tremble. His whole body arched away from me slightly. “You have to do it.” I watched him.

His voice was only a whisper. “You have to. Because I’ve told you to, do you hear?”

I shifted positions. I’d been sitting on my feet and the circulation was going, so I moved them.

“Awk!” Kevin screamed when I did. His marker flew out of his hand. Abruptly, he dived for the safety of the table.

“Kev?”

“I didn’t mean it!” he shrieked and covered his head, as he rolled into a ball. “I didn’t mean it, I didn’t mean it. You don’t have to!”

Stunned, I only gaped at him.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it!” He was in tears already, rocking and sobbing. “Please, please, please, I didn’t mean it. Honest I didn’t. Please. I’m sorry.”

“Kevin, I don’t mind. It’s not that big a deal. Don’t be frightened. I’m not angry. You want me to do the sky? I don’t mind. I’ll do the sky. Okay?”

“Please, please, please, please, please,” he begged. “Oh please don’t think I meant it. I didn’t. Please, I’m sorry.”

“Kevin?”

He was beside himself, rocking and weeping, crying for me to forget and absolve him. I was too astonished at having caused such a furor to really think about what was going on. On my hands and knees I crawled across the carpet to try and talk him down from his hysteria. WHAM!

Leaping to his feet when I approached, he threw the table off over his back. “Get away from me!” he shouted. His face grew red, terror glazed his eyes. “Get away! Get away!”

Before I could gather my senses, he had picked up one of the chairs. He hurled it at me with keen precision and it didn’t really miss. Painfully, I staggered to my feet.

The room was too small for Kevin to be able to elude me to his satisfaction, and clearly it was I who terrified him. He reacted to me as if I were the Devil Incarnate.

Because the room was so small and he could not get away from me, Kevin felt obliged to keep me at bay by throwing things at me. He needn’t have. I was quite sufficiently panic-stricken myself and was perfectly willing to stay out of his way. This frightened, I knew he was dangerous. And looming up to his nearly six-foot height, he made an awesome sight when he held a chair aloft.

**Ex. 6. In pairs now, share ideas on how the situation will unfold. Do you think Kevin will calm down as suddenly as he exploded? Will the teacher succeed in controlling him?**

**Ex. 7. Finish reading the excerpt and say if your predictions were correct.**

**Text 2.2  
(continued text 2.1)**

From SILENT BOY by Torey Hayden

There wasn’t much for me to do. I ducked. A lot. Kevin threw anything and everything he could get his hands on. Chairs, pens, the poster, my box, its contents, even the table. His terror gave him improbable strength. And I, like a circus performer, jumped and ducked and dodged. The most painful things turned out to be the numerous small wooden blocks I had had in my box. They were two-



inch square colored counting cubes with surprisingly sharp edges, and Kevin fired them like missiles.

Frantically I looked around for a call button or some other method of summoning help. There was none. I did have a key to the door, which the stupid aide persisted in locking. Still, with Kevin in this state, I did not want to chance turning my back on him for long, especially in front of an exit. But what else to do? Through my mind whirred all the alternatives I could think of. Would I be able to talk him down from this? Would he wear himself out before he splattered me? Should I just keep dodging and hope my strength held out longer than his? I don't think he was dead serious on really hurting me. All he wanted was to keep me away from him. But that made him plenty dangerous. Every move I made was interpreted as an attack and provoked another frenzy of panic and missiles. But it was a vicious cycle. When I moved, he threw things. When he threw things, I had to move again to avoid being hit.

Around and around and around we went. He was screaming now, ripping at his clothes and throwing himself against the walls in an attempt to escape me. When he came to the door, he jerked at it violently, but of course it was locked.

In the end, I confined myself to the two bare walls and stayed away from the windows and the door so that he would not think I was blocking any exits from him. I held a wooden chair in one hand and fended off what he threw the best I could. He began to scream when I kept the chair in hand because I think he thought I was planning to attack him with it. He screamed and screamed and screamed.

That did the trick. They heard us. Within moments a crowd of faces pressed against the small door window, frightening Kevin even further. Next came the frantic rattling of a key in the lock. Kevin tried to run from the door and fell face forward over the table. His hysteria mounted as he scrambled to his feet and threw himself against the windows.

The door burst open. People spilled in. Relieved to be rescued, I slumped back against the far wall and slid down to the floor. They swarmed over Kevin and tried to pull him from the window. He shrieked louder and fought like a wounded tiger. The Marines were there and they had his legs and his pants. They pulled his shoes off as they tugged him down from the sill. I heard the sound of cloth tearing as they struggled to lift him. There were six of them this time, six big burly men with tattooed arms and muscles rippling under their shirts. Still they could not maneuver Kevin. They got him down from the windows but now he was on the floor, wiggling and squirming. Kevin

escaped their grasp and, like a caged bird, battered himself against the window again. Two more men came and then a nurse. Dana was there too. So was the psychologist and two people in business suits whom I did not recognize. I stayed away from them all, clear over to the far side because I was still afraid I would only add fuel to Kevin's delirium, if I approached. In the end, it took nine men to defeat that one cornstalk of a boy and bear him out. All the way down the corridor I could hear him screaming, the pitch of it high and hysterical.

Dana came over to me, righting chairs and the table as she came. Of all the people in the room, she was the only one to come to me in the aftermath of the commotion. I was rolling up the sleeve of my shirt to look at my arm.

All of me hurt. There was no point in denying that. Now that Kevin had been borne away, I was feeling sorely in need of a little comfort myself.

The chair had hit my arm, and already a red-and-purple bruise stretched out along the upper half. Dana touched it gently.

"They'll have a doctor in for Kevin," she said. "You ought to have him look at that before he goes. Does it hurt?"

I nodded. "You've got a scratch on your nose too." She fingered it and then refocused her gaze on me. "What happened?"

"I wish I knew for sure. I don't."

"He just went off?"

I shrugged.

**Ex. 8. In small groups, discuss the last phrase of the excerpt, *I shrugged*. Choose the statement that you think suggests the teacher's attitude towards Kevin.**

- (1) The teacher doesn't seem to care about the boy.
- (2) The teacher is not competent enough to comprehend the reason.
- (3) The teacher is ready to give up on the child.
- (4) The teacher wishes to forget the unpleasant incident.
- (5) The teacher prefers not to talk about it for a while.
- (6) \_\_\_\_\_ (your explanation).

**Ex. 9. In small groups, discuss the problem of whether the author sympathizes with the boy. Find proof in the above text to make your point, loud and clear.**

**Ex. 10. In small groups, talk about the situation as if it was *you* in that room. What sort of reaction would yours be, under the circumstances?**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Watch the movie *Gridiron Gang*. Prepare to talk about it in class a while later.**

**Ex. 2. Read the article below and do the task the follows.**

### Text 2.3

#### PROBLEM STUDENT — NO SUCH THING!

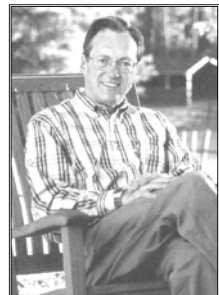
*By Christina Frank*

Spend time in any elementary-school classroom and you're likely to spot at least one of the following: a kid who can't sit still, a kid who practically crawls under her desk to avoid being called on, and a kid who never remembers to do his homework — along with a motley assortment of other types who stray from the model of the ideal student. In the past, such children might have been punished, been sent for extensive tutoring, or been written off as hopeless; these days, they'd probably be labeled with one of the ubiquitous "D's" — like ADD (attention deficit disorder), ADHD (attention deficit hyperactivity disorder), LD (learning disorder), or BD (behavioral disorder).

But pediatrician Mel Levine would just call these kids normal. Sure, they may not respond well to a standard, one-size-fits-all teaching approach, but in his mind it's the teachers who need to change, not the students. Embracing the notion that all children are wired to learn in subtly different ways, Levine has created a program called Schools Attuned, which trains teachers how to tailor their methods to each student's specific strengths and weaknesses.

Levine, 60, has synthesized years of brain research and come up with eight types of brain function (such as attention, memory, and language), which are then broken down into a number of subcategories.

Each subcategory can be translated into specific, comprehensible learning issues. "Saliency determination," for example, which falls under memory, refers to a child's ability to extract what is most meaningful in a passage of



text. “Sequential output” is the ability to follow steps in a specific order. A child may be perfectly intelligent, but fail to do well in school because his brain shortchanges him in one of these small, but significant areas.

By targeting a child’s weakness so specifically, Levine’s assessment avoids broadly labeling children with assorted “disorder” initials.

Though he acknowledges that the labels served a purpose for a while, he feels it’s time to move forward. “The labels are too global, too inaccurate, too vague, and too pessimistic,” he says. “We can help these kids so much more effectively if we label the phenomena and not the child.”

He’d also like to replace the word disorder with dysfunction. “Dysfunction is where something’s adjusted in a way that doesn’t quite work,” he explains. “If your TV set wasn’t working and all you had to do was turn the right knob, it doesn’t mean the whole TV is broken.”

So instead of diagnosing a child with LD (learning disorder), for example, you might say she struggles with her active working memory, which means she has a hard time holding several things in her mind at once. This may make it hard for her to absorb reading material or to write papers.

“By specifically identifying a child’s problem like this, you can begin to help her,” says Levine. “Then she doesn’t feel retarded and teachers can come up with a whole bunch of strategies to help deal with it.”

Plus, warns Levine, one of the major hazards of reducing children to learning-disabled status is low self-esteem, which in turn correlates with drug use and delinquency.

Some of Levine’s solutions are so simple, it’s amazing no one ever thought of them before. For fidgety students, he recommends that teachers keep a bowl of spongy balls on their desks, so that instead of noisily tapping a pencil, a kid can go up and get a ball to squeeze quietly. Stopping a student from fidgeting altogether is not necessary because fidgeting may actually serve a purpose for a child by keeping him alert and focused. He just needs a nondisruptive way of doing it. For a child who dreads being called on, the fear usually has to do with having to respond immediately.

“Some children’s memories don’t work that fast,” explains Levine. “A teacher can give that child a warning that she’ll be called on tomorrow, say, about the causes of the War of 1812. This way she has 23 hours to get ready instead of 3 seconds.”

Some argue that this amounts to favoritism. Levine disagrees. “We don’t treat any two kids the same because some children need flexibility in one area, some in other areas,” he points out. And in fact, “to treat everybody the same is not to treat them equally, because it will favor certain kids.”

Many teachers who use the program say Levine’s approach saves time in the classroom because it cuts down on time spent disciplining. And often the interventions designed for one child become something that’s useful for the entire class.

Danette Lipten, who teaches 6- and 7-year-olds at the Bank Street School for Children in New York City, took the week-long Schools Attuned workshop four years ago. “I am so much more thorough in my understanding of kids and of how they learn,” she says. “And I am able to communicate so much better with parents. The value of the program is immeasurable.”

Schools Attuned is meant to be a collaboration between teachers, parents, and the children themselves. Parents are given techniques for helping their children at home and the kids themselves are “demystified,” as Levine calls it.

“As soon as we figure out what the issue is, we explain it to the child and give him the words for the things he needs to work on.”

He also promotes the idea that it’s as important to develop students’ particular strengths as it is to help them remedy their weaknesses.

Levine has a soft spot for offbeat kids because he himself fit into that category. He describes himself as “a kid who ran around with his nose running, his fly open, and most of the time carrying a snake or a turtle.”

He was a good student, but lousy at sports. “Kids would fight to not have me on their team,” he recalls.

Raised on Long Island by parents who worked in the garment industry, Levine decided at a young age that he wanted to be a doctor. After graduating from Brown University in 1961, he won a Rhodes Scholarship which took him to Oxford; he then enrolled at Harvard Medical School. But it was his service during the Vietnam War that had a major impact on his thinking. As the school doctor at an Air Force base in the Philippines, he became fascinated with the potential relationship between pediatrics and education. “It just seemed we had so much to teach each other and that by combining perspectives we could get an in-depth sense of how a kid was wired.”

Schools Attuned was born in 1987. It has flourished especially in recent years, thanks to generous financial backing from such high-

profile investors as Charles Schwab (who himself was dyslexic) and the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation. Levine and his colleagues have established 10 Schools Attuned regional training centers, as well as a broader, nonprofit institute called *All Kinds of Minds*. In the works is a PBS series along with a video library that he hopes to make available to every school in the country. At the moment, over 5,000 education professionals have gone through the program. He dreams of creating actual Schools Attuned schools.

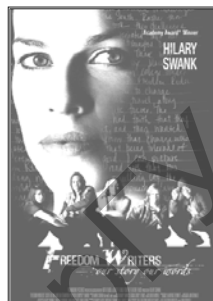
But reforming American education is just one of Levine's passions. He is a fanatic animal lover who, with his wife Bambi (to whom he has been married for more than 30 years), lives on a farm in rural Rougemont, North Carolina. They have no children, but are surrogate parents to 240 geese, along with numerous peacocks, swans, pheasants, cats, dogs, and donkeys. When he's not fulfilling his role as Professor of Pediatrics at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill or on the road promoting Schools Attuned, he is likely to be holding a meeting of The Carolina-Virginia Pheasant and Waterfowl Society, which he founded. "I've never done anything without overdoing it," says Levine. "I try to do absolutely everything in excess."

Perhaps because of his own eccentricities (his other interests include Oriental porcelain, metal sculpture, Robert Frost poetry, and gourmet food), Levine appreciates that which makes people unique — and believes it is highly valuable. "Our society desperately needs all kinds of minds," he says. "So let's make sure that every child is getting his or her strengths strengthened. Let's not punish kids for the way they're wired, but let's celebrate and encourage that diversity. I'm trying to propagate a generation of optimistic kids, who will feel that they've made a contribution, that they are successful in their own ways. If you can show people how to believe in themselves when they're young, then it becomes a lifelong process."

**Ex. 3. Prepare a summary evaluation of Mel Levine's accomplishments (100+ words).**

CLASS 2  
CASTING BREAD UPON THE WATERS

**Ex. 1. Look at the poster of a movie about school. The movie title is *Freedom Writers* (2007). What do you think this movie is about, specifically?**



**Ex. 2. Watch an episode from *Freedom Writers*. Do you understand now where the title of the film comes from? Why does the title really work?**

**Ex. 3. Teachers should care about their students' growth, that's true. But to what lengths should they go? Talk about it in pairs.**

**Ex. 4. Read the following verse from the Holy Bible (Ecclesiastes XI:I). In small groups, interpret its meaning from different perspectives.**

Cast thy bread upon the waters:  
For thou shalt find it after many days.

**Ex. 5. The excerpt you are going to read today is taken from an American novel, the title of which was borrowed from the Bible. The protagonist of the novel is a history teacher. What do you think the conflict of the novel might be like?**

**Ex. 6. Read through the following passages (A—C) taken from the excerpt and make an educated guess about the characters' personalities.**

*Passage A*

"I said you were promising," Strand said. "I'm not making any promises," Romero said sullenly.

*Passage B*

"What I meant was that of all the students in my classes who might not otherwise go on to a college, on their own, that is, you showed the most original intelligence."

"You're kidding, ain't you, professor?" Romero said, smirking. "What'd you really say – that you got a kid in your class who proves that Puerto Ricans're all some kind of nuts? What's the game?"

*Passage C*

"I still don't get it, professor," Romero said stubbornly.

"Don't call me professor. I'm not a professor."

“Okay — Mr Strand — I mean, like what’s in it for him? Some guy I don’t even know.”

“There’s nothing in it for him,” Strand said, “except perhaps some personal satisfaction if you do well and embark on a successful career later on.”

**Ex. 7. Read the excerpt now and make sure you expectations of the characters prove correct.**

### **Text 2.4**

From BREAD UPON THE WATERS by Irwin Shaw

“I don’t get it”, the boy was saying in Strand’s little office. Strand had told Romero that he would like to see him for a moment after classes were over and had been a little surprised when the boy actually appeared.

“I explained to you,” Strand said, “that I mentioned you to a ... a friend of mine, a new friend, who happens to be an influential man, and he said that if you were interested in continuing your education he would try to get you a scholarship ...”

“Yeah, yeah,” Romero said impatiently. “I heard all that. I mean, man, why’s he picking on me?”

“I said you were promising,” Strand said.

“I’m not making any promises,” Romero said sullenly.

“I wasn’t using the word in that sense,” said Strand. He found it difficult, after the long day, to keep his patience with the short, ragged boy, his face hard and suspicious under his tangled hair. Dressed in shapeless blue jeans, dirty sneakers, and a faded football jersey that was much too large for him and had probably been stolen from some locker room seasons ago, Romero lounged carelessly against the desk, impudently fingering an unlit cigarette. The number on the jersey was “17”. The boy wore it to school every day and sometimes in Strand’s dreams, the number 17 crossed against a confused cloudy background. “What I meant was that of all the students in my classes who might not otherwise go on to a college, on their own, that is, you showed the most original intelligence.”

“You’re kidding, ain’t you, professor?” Romero said, smirking. “What’d you really say — that you got a kid in your class who proves that Puerto Ricans’re all some kind of nuts? What’s the game?”



“It isn’t any game,” Strand said shortly, regretting that he had ever said anything to Hazen about the boy. “And leave the Puerto Ricans out of it, please. My friend is interested in education, he has useful connections, he feels that out-of-the-ordinary students should be given a chance. ...”

“I still don’t get it, professor,” Romero said stubbornly.

“Don’t call me professor. I’m not a professor.”

“Okay — Mr Strand — I mean, like what’s in it for him? Some guy I don’t even know.”

“There’s nothing in it for him,” Strand said, “except perhaps some personal satisfaction if you do well and embark on a successful career later on.”

“What do I have to do — sign a contract or something giving him half of what I make for ten years?” Romero took a battered zippo lighter out of his pocket, then thought better of it and put it back.

Strand shook his head sorrowfully. The boy obviously did not confine his reading to books on history and science. The gossip columns about Hollywood and show business and agents clearly had not been neglected in his choice of reading matter. “Romero,” he said, “did you ever hear of charity?”

“Charity.” The boy laughed, meanly. “I sure have heard of charity. My old lady’s on Welfare.”

“This has nothing to do with Welfare. I’m not going to sit here and argue with you all day. If you want to devote a year or two of your life to really studying hard — there’s a good possibility you can get a scholarship for a college. I think you can make it, if that means anything to you. I suggest you go home and talk it over with your mother and father.”

“My father.” The boy laughed again, his teeth gleaming white in the dark, smudged face. “That man’s long gone. I ain’t seen him since I was nine years old.”

“Your mother, then.”

“She won’t believe me. She’ll beat the shit out of me for making up stories.”

“Then consult with yourself, Romero,” Strand said angrily. He stood up. “If you decide you want to make something of yourself, come and tell me. If you want to be a bum all your life, forget it.” He collected some papers and stuffed them into his brief case. “I’ve got a lot of work to do at home. I have to leave. I’m sure you have many important things to do yourself this afternoon,” he said sardonically, “and I won’t keep you any longer.”

Romero looked at him, smiling, as though making the teacher angry gave him some points in a secret competition with his classmates.

“Get out of here, get out of here,” Strand said and then was ashamed because he had spoken so loudly.

“Whatever you say, professor,” Romero said and went to the door. He stopped there and turned. “I can take care of myself, understand?” he said harshly. “Nobody has to lose any sleep about Jesus Romero.”

Strand went over to the door and closed it, hard. Then he went to his desk and sat down and put his head in his hands.

**Ex. 8. In pairs, talk about the impression the final paragraph produced on you. What does the author mean to say here?**

- (1) The teacher is helpless.
- (2) The teacher experiences a complete failure.
- (3) The teacher is furious.
- (4) \_\_\_\_\_ (anything else?).

**Ex. 9. In small groups, talk about problem kids and fill in the table. Compare your tables — and ideas — with other groups.**

Problem kids most definitely are ...	Problem kids are surely not ...

**Ex. 10. Work in small groups. Recollect the moment when you had a face-to-face talk with a problem kid / school student. Describe how it went. Did the student...**

(1) confide in you? (2) reject you? (3) patronize you? (4) mock at your effort? (5) appreciate your attempts to help? (6) complain about life and how it treats him/her?

**Ex. 11. Work in small groups. Talk about Mr Strand’s attitude to the boy. Will the teacher lose a night’s sleep over his unruly but promising student?**

**Ex. 12. Work individually. Write a continuation to the excerpt (100 words). Start with the following phrase.**

When Strand approached the school building the next morning, he saw Romero leaning against the wall. The boy was obviously waiting for someone.

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1.** Watch the movie *Freedom Writers*. Prepare to talk about it in class a while later.

**Ex. 2.** Read the excerpt from the novel *Bleachers* by John Grisham. Formulate your impression of the character — Coach Rake — whose funeral is described in the story. What kind of man — and teacher, if coaches are teachers — was he?

### Text 2.5

From BLEACHERS by John Grisham

Ellen Rake Young, the eldest daughter, walked to the podium when the choir was finished and unfolded a sheet of paper. Like her sisters, she had wisely fled Messina after high school, and returned only when family matters required. Her father's shadow was too mammoth for his children to survive in such a small place. She was in her mid-forties, a psychiatrist in Boston, and had the air of someone who was out of place.

“On behalf of our family, I thank you for your prayers and support during these last weeks. My father died with a great deal of courage and dignity. Though his last years here were not some of his best, he loved this town and its people, and he especially loved his players.”

Love was not a word any of the players had ever heard their Coach use. If he'd loved them, he'd had a strange way of showing it.

“My father has written a short note that he asked me to read.”

She adjusted her reading glasses, cleared her throat, and focused on the sheet of paper.

“This is Eddie Rake, speaking from the grave. If you are crying, please stop.”

This brought scattered laughter from the crowd, which was anxious for a light moment.

“I've never had any use for tears. My life is now complete, so don't cry for me. And don't cry for the memories. Never look back, there's too much left to do. I'm a lucky man who lived a wonderful life. I had the good sense to marry Lila as soon as I could talk her into it, and God blessed us with three beautiful daughters, and, at last count, eight perfect grandchildren. This alone is enough for any man. But God had many blessings in store for me. He led me to football,

and to Messina, my home. And there I met you, my friends, and my players. Though I was emotionally unable to convey my feelings, I want my players to know that I cherished every one of them. Why would any sane person coach high school football for thirty-four years? For me it was easy. I loved my players. I wish I had been able to say so, but it was simply not my nature. We accomplished much, but I will not dwell on the victories and the championships. Instead, I choose this moment to offer two regrets.” Ellen paused here and cleared her throat again. The crowd appeared to hold its collective breath. “Only two regrets in thirty-four years. As I said, I’m a lucky man. The first is Scotty Reardon. I never dreamed I would be responsible for the death of one of my players, but I accept the blame for his death. Holding him in my arms as he passed away is something I have wept over every day since. I have expressed these feelings to his parents, and, with time, I think they have forgiven me. I cling to their forgiveness and take it to my death. I am with Scotty now, and for eternity, and as we look down together at this moment we have reconciled our past.”

Another pause as Ellen took a sip of water.

“The second involves the state title game in 1987. At halftime, in a fit of rage, I physically assaulted a player, our quarterback. It was a criminal act, one that should have had me banned from the game forever. I am sorry for my actions. As I watched that team rally against enormous odds, I have never felt such pride, and such pain. That victory was my finest hour. Please forgive me, boys.”

Neely glanced around him. All heads were low, most eyes were closed. Silo was wiping his face.

“Enough of the negative. My love to Lila and the girls and the grandkids. We’ll all meet very soon across the river, in the promised land. May God be with you.”

The choir sang “Just a Closer Walk with Thee,” and the tears were flowing.

**Ex. 3. Do some research on John Grisham and his books about sport and athletes’ lives. Why do you think the celebrated author is so keen on writing them?**

CLASS 3  
IF YOU SAY IT, SAY IT WELL

Ex. 1. Look at the photo featuring a teacher with his students. What do you think they are doing?



Ex. 2. Watch an episode from *The Great Debaters*. Say why the teacher could be proud of his students.

Ex. 3. Watch again and analyze the arguments put forward by the debaters. What makes them strong (or not so)?

Ex. 4. Read an article telling the story of Wiley College described in the movie *The Great Debaters*. Was Mr Tolson really an outstanding teacher? Please, explain.

Text 2.6

FOR STRUGGLING BLACK COLLEGE,  
HOPES OF A REVIVAL

By *Laura Beil*

Marshall, Tex.

When the light at University Avenue is green, drivers can pass Wiley College without a glance. There was a time, however, when this small black liberal arts college here caught the attention of a nation: in

the 1930s, Wiley's polished team of debaters amassed a series of victories over white competitors that stunned the Jim Crow South.

The 1935 debate team at Wiley College won the national championship, but the victory was not officially acknowledged.

The college would go on to groom civil rights leaders like James Farmer Jr. and Heman Sweatt, whose lawsuit against the University of Texas Law School in the 1940s helped pave the way for public school integration. Yet Wiley itself, like many black colleges, has struggled for survival ever since, and even reached the brink of collapse. This year, professors and staff members accepted unpaid furloughs. One employee could not share a recent report with trustees because his department could not afford copy paper.

Now Wiley is looking for a Hollywood ending.

On Dec. 25, "The Great Debaters" will appear in theaters with Denzel Washington as its director and star, and Oprah Winfrey as producer. The film depicts Wiley's most glorious chapter: 1935, when the black poet and professor Melvin B. Tolson coached his debating team to a national championship.

No one knows whether the story will raise the college's fortunes, but Wiley, which has not been able to support a debate team for decades, is suddenly feeling the glow of celebrity. Enrollment has soared past 900 for the first time in at least 40 years. The administration building was given a face-lift, compliments of the moviemakers, who also manicured the campus with new greenery. There are hopes to revive the debate program, and in a movie tie-in, Wal-Mart is to endow a Melvin B. Tolson Scholarship Fund with \$ 100,000.

Today, callers to the institution are greeted with a cheery recorded reminder: "Home of the Great Debaters." Jamecia Murray, a junior from Logansport, La., has joked to prospective students that "you could wake up in the morning and see Denzel Washington out your window."

Movies can have an impact on schools that lingers for years. Garfield High School in Los Angeles, made famous by "Stand and Deliver" in 1988, was able to recoup quickly when its auditorium burned last May. By October, the school had received more than \$ 100,000 in donations, largely from those who remembered the film. "Garfield itself has become synonymous with the movie," Nadia Gonzales, a school district spokeswoman, said.

In many respects, Wiley's story is the larger narrative of historically black institutions whose graduates lived to see landmark achievements in the 1960s, including passage of the 1964 Civil Rights

Act. But after securing the opportunity for bright young students to attend any institution they wanted, many black colleges stalled.

Texas had 11 black colleges in 1954. Three are now gone, another is on probation for academic and other problems, and a fifth operated during most of the 1990s without accreditation.

Wiley's woes reflect 130 years of racial and economic tumult. The Methodist Church founded Wiley in Marshall, in the northeast corner of the state, which has always aligned with the Deep South more than the Old West. Harrison County, home to Wiley, once held the largest slave population in the state, and antebellum culture cast a shadow on race relations well into the 20th century.

By the time Mr Tolson arrived in 1923, Wiley had emerged as an elite institution for the black middle class. The son of a Missouri preacher, Mr Tolson had a soul fed by the Harlem Renaissance. He was both feared and loved, inspiring, as one biographer wrote, "devotion bordering on adulation in many who knew him well." He remained at Wiley 24 years, publishing his most heralded work of poetry a year before his death in 1966.

Wiley's 1935 victory over the University of Southern California (the opponents in the film are from Harvard) inspired people long denied dignity in white society. But the film omits one reality: even though they beat the reigning champions, the Great Debaters were not allowed to call themselves victors because they did not belong to the debate society, which did not allow blacks until after World War II.

The most renowned member of the debate team was a teenage James Farmer Jr., who would go on to found the Congress of Racial Equality in 1942. He would later use his Wiley-honed skills in debates against Malcolm X, an unflinching orator. "I debated Malcolm X four times and beat him," Mr Farmer told an interviewer in 1997. "I'd think, 'Come off it, Malcolm, you can't win. You didn't come up under Tolson.'"

**Ex. 5. Work in small groups. Find out what the following phrases from the article mean and who the people are. There is one concept not mentioned in the article but used in the movie. Does this knowledge help understand the article better?**

Melvin Tolson  
Liberal arts college  
The Jim Crow South  
Civil disobedience  
A Hollywood ending

Antebellum culture  
James Farmer, Jr.  
The Deep South  
The Harlem Renaissance  
Malcolm X

Ex. 6. Work in pairs. Debate the problem of whether it is absolutely necessary, for a teacher, to obtain a perfect command of the language, both native and foreign.

Ex. 7. Write a brief self-evaluation of your skills as an orator. Point out your strengths and mention some weaknesses (if any). What would you need to improve in this department?

As far as I am concerned \_\_\_\_\_

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In sum, \_\_\_\_\_

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### HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Watch the movie *The Great Debaters* and write a 350-word review.

Ex. 2. Read the two reviews written by viewers who had watched a new film back in 2007. Compare your impressions with theirs.

#### Review A (2.7)

#### EXCEPTIONAL FILM, EXTREMELY TALENTED CAST

Although *The Great Debaters* does not open until Christmas, I had the good fortune of seeing it at a preview — and I can recommend it without reservation. It is a great story, based on real events that most of us never heard of, about a debating team from Wiley College, a small black institution in rural Texas.

The team performs extraordinary feats because the kids are good and the team is taught by Mel Tolson, a real person, acted by Denzel Washington, who also directs the film. Forest Whitaker, like Washington an academy award winner, plays James Farmer Sr., the school president and the father of one of the debaters, James Farmer Jr. (yes, *that* James Farmer Jr.). The participation in this enterprise of



Washington, Whitaker, Oprah Winfrey and the Weinstein brothers should draw crowds (provided the film isn't cursed by being described as "uplifting," though it is).

The revelation in this film are the performances of the three principal debaters: Jurnee Smollett as Samatha Booke (with an "e", as she proclaims when she tries out for the debate team), Nate Parker as Henry Lowe (also with an "e" as he announces in response to Samantha's declaration) and Denzel Whitaker as James Farmer Jr. You may have seen Jurnee Smollett earlier in her career when she was a "cute kid" and a promising actress. This film could be her portal to stardom. In addition to being a gorgeous young woman, she's also an accomplished actress, ready for bigger parts in the future.

You'll also be impressed with her colleagues, people whose names you may never have heard. You don't have to be black to find this film engrossing; I'm not. All you need to be is (a) a human being and (b) someone who appreciates a good movie. I hope it makes a ton of money at the box office but it is, above all, a quality film. It just happens to be about a difficult period in American history, the rural South in the 1930s. It just happens to be inspirational and uplifting. But it's better than uplifting. It's GOOD and it's REAL. (354 words)

17 December 2007

**Review B (2.8)**

### THE GREAT DENZELS

In his sophomore effort, actor-director Denzel Washington has created one of the best films of the year, *The Great Debaters*. The film takes a high road to transform its narrative into a beautiful canvas for Washington to paint on like forgotten masterpieces like *Stand and Deliver* and *Dead Poet's Society*. Adapted from a Tony Scherman article by Robert Eisele and Jeffrey Porro, the film follows an astonishing pace and never forcing anything down the audience's throat rather, uses images and manifestations for its armor.

Washington's achievement here is pulling the performances of new, unknown young actors. Denzel Whitaker as the innocent, curious James Jr. is wonderful in exposition of character and gives the best child performance of the year. Nate Parker in a momentous breakthrough performance indulges the audience as Henry, the angry

young college student dealing with the inequalities of African-Americans in the South. In the end it's the tenacious performance by the beautiful Jurnee Smollett that holds the emotional premise of the film together. Not only dealing the racial barrier, but the barrier of being a woman, a woman running away from her past and trying to settle into a world dominated by the differences of her own. Smollett's debate speeches are felt with every word, every expression, and every influential command.

Not expecting too much from last year's Oscar winner Forest Whitaker probably helped him in watching the film. This is a true superior work on the actor's resume. So how Denzel Washington do in directing himself? Not glossing as much as Clint Eastwood and Kevin Costner past works, Washington does an admirable effort and takes the supporting role (yes it's supporting) and acts as the film's right hand man. Adding his charisma, potency, and veteran thespian persona, the film is a success.

In terms of Oscar's chances, costume designer Sharen Davis is worthy of citation. David J. Bomba's production design is quite easy on the eye and captures the era of tyranny and persecution. With the Academy Awards potential, *The Great Debaters* delivers on every level encompassing the richness of love, the evil of oppression, and the beauty of triumph. (354 words)

28 December 2007

**Ex. 3. Post your review on the Internet and wait for some cinema lover's response, from Rio, Brazil or Ivenets, Belarus.**

#### 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 (choose from 12 episodes). Comment on them in various ways.

(2) Produce the results of Internet research based on the teachers in question and their work.

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

- (4) Share written work samples – read, evaluate, improve.
- (5) Share your personal vocabulary notes with other students.
- (6) Produce extra pieces of poetry about school and teaching.

**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 four classes you are supposed to have become much more intelligent and profession-oriented.

(1) You may have watched *Gridiron Gang*, *Freedom Writers*, and *The Great Debaters* and have found them great 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 *Bleachers* by John Grisham, *Bread upon the Waters* by Irwin Shaw, and *Silent Boy* by Torey Hayden. Find them or borrow them from someone else and read them.

(4) You must have talked and written about the problem of being a carer in the classroom and outside it, which is quite important. This may have helped you to become a better carer, right?

(5) You could have improved your socio-cultural knowledge as you have learned about a number of crucial events in the history of civil rights movement. This can obviously be to your great advantage, right?

### 3. TOUGH GIRL, FUNNY BOY ...

#### CLASS 1 FIRST TIME IS ALWAYS HARD



**Ex. 1.** Watch an episode from a movie based on a biography of an outstanding teacher. The movie title is *Stand and Deliver* (1988). What is the aim of the teacher's act? Is he making a fool of himself, or what?

**Ex. 2.** In pairs, discuss the problem of choosing the most appropriate style of teacher behavior. Is it easy or difficult to find one?

**Ex. 3.** In small groups, recollect your experiences of conducting classes for the first time ever. Was it easy or difficult for you to find the "right" language with your students?

**Ex. 4.** Read the beginning of the excerpt from *Letters to a Young Teacher* (2007) by Jonathan Kozol. Please, explain what the word *chemistry* means here. Why is it necessary to establish one?

#### ESTABLISHING THE CHEMISTRY

*Dear Francesca,*

*You asked me how I felt the first day that I ever taught within a public school.*

*The truthful answer is that I was terrified, even more than you were, I suspect, because I'd had no preparation as a teacher. <...>*

**Ex. 5.** Read the excerpt to the end now. Describe the 1964 public school situation in Boston, MA.

#### Text 3.1

#### From LETTERS TO A YOUNG TEACHER by Jonathan Kozol

<...> I had gone to Harvard College, where I was a literature major, then had studied briefly as a Rhodes Scholar in England and

had lived in Paris, where I'd studied writing in the company of older writers who were living there.

When I came back to the United States in 1964 and decided I would like to teach in public school, I knew nothing about teaching and had never had a class in education. But my lack of qualifications didn't seem to matter to officials in the Boston Public Schools, who were so desperate to hire almost anyone who would agree to teach in one of Boston's poorest neighborhoods that my application was approved without much questioning.

I found myself, within three weeks, assigned to teach a fourth grade class in Roxbury, the section of the city where the black community of Boston was confined to live, a pattern of confinement, as you've noted, that exists unaltered to the present day.

My school was in a ghostly looking, badly overcrowded, and physically decrepit building where my students couldn't even be provided with a classroom of their own. We had to share an undivided auditorium with 35 other children in another fourth grade class, and with a choral group, and sewing class (fifth grade girls, all black, were taken out of academic classes for an hour every day to learn to sew on old machines like those my grandmothers had used), and with a group rehearsing almost all fall for a Christmas play that somehow never was produced.

One windy afternoon that fall, a rotted frame of windows in our make-shift class collapsed. I was standing close enough to catch the frame before the glass could shatter on the children sitting just beneath it.

Some of the children seemed to have accepted these conditions or, at least, did not appear to feel they had the right to question them. Others did not suffer these indignities so passively but seemed to simmer with hostility toward many of the teachers and the principal. When the anger of these kids erupted, they were taken to the basement of the school, where whippings were administered by an older teacher who employed a rattan whip which he first dipped in vinegar in order to intensify the pain that it inflicted on a child's outstretched hands. The year before, one of the students in my class landed in the hospital after one of several whippings he'd received. His right forefinger had been permanently distorted as a consequence.

In the spring, the principal assigned me to another fourth grade class that had a classroom of its own but was in an even worse condition than the class in which I had begun, because the children in

that room had had a string of substitute teachers almost the entire year. In the course of the preceding months, twelve different teachers had appeared and disappeared.

One of the most unhappy of these teachers, an emotionally unstable person who had no experience in teaching and an oddly frenzied look within his eyes, seemed to be a kindly man, but he could not control the pent-up anger of the children. One very cold day he made the bad mistake of stepping outside on the platform of the fire escape to clap the chalk erasers. One of the children slammed the door shut while he was outside. He banged on the door and shouted warnings at the children, but they wouldn't let him in. A teacher, alerted by the noise, who came into the room at last, said that he was red in the face and stamping his feet until she opened the door to rescue him.

That was his last day at the school. Seven additional substitute teachers came and went during the next ten days. At that point, the principal told me this would be my class for the remainder of the year.

As you can imagine, I began my first day with those children with the deepest trepidation. I knew how angry and distrustful they'd become — rightfully so, in view of all the damage that the school had done to them by now. But I also knew it was essential for me to suppress the self-doubts I was feeling and do something, anything I could contrive, to give the kids the confidence that a new beginning had been made.

It wasn't easy at the start. I literally had to shout the children down during the first few days in order to be heard. I think they were shocked by this, because I'd worked with some of them in small groups earlier that year, and they'd never heard me raise my voice like that before.

Once the class calmed down a bit, I sat on my desk and made a promise to the children: I told them that they would not be abandoned. I told them I was there to stay. I don't know why it is that they believed me. They had no reason to accept such promises from yet another teacher. I do know that, from that point on, I did my damndest to exploit every bit of personal theatricality I had at my disposal in order to infuse that room with energy and, as best I could, with the exhilaration that might bring some smiles to the very sullen faces that had come to be their adaptation to conditions that most children, rich or poor, in any school or district would have found unbearable.

Francesca, I don't want you to imagine that I was immediately successful. There are too many stories about "super-teachers" who walk into hopeless situations and work instant miracles. Those stories make good movies but don't often happen in real life; and I know that, in my own case anyway, I did not work any miracles that spring. Some of the kids remained resistant to me for a long, long time, and there were two or three who never really opened up to me until the last weeks of the year. But I did discover — and I still don't understand the chemistry that made this happen — that most of the children seemed to trust me, and one reason for this, I believe, is that they could see that I did not condemn them for the chaos and confusion they'd been through, because I told them flatly that they had been treated in a way that I thought unforgivable.

Then, too, because I've always had a tendency to say exactly what I think to children, but to do it in a way that isn't too discouraging and gloomy, trying always to extract some kind of humor or sense of absurdity out of a situation that appears like an impossible calamity, I think most of the children actually got to like me, which, as in the case of almost any first-year teacher, is the kind of *unexpected blessing* that we pray for.

**Ex. 6. Work in small groups. Decide where the teacher's unexpected blessing came from. What was the main reason for it?**

**Ex. 7. Work in small groups. The word *anger* is recurrent in the above excerpt. Brainstorm the problem whether it is typical for adolescent kids to be angry. What are the reasons for it? Do they exist, "teen anger management techniques"?**

**Ex. 8. Work individually. Write 100+ words giving recommendations to a young-teacher-just-starting-a-glorious-career-at-school. Share ideas. Choose the best written pieces.**

**Ex. 9. Discuss the problem of teachers' writing skills. Do you think it's worthwhile for a teacher to be able to write well?**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Finish reading Chapter 2 from *Letters to a Young Teacher*. Summarize the novel approach to teaching Jonathan was able to effect.

Text 3.2  
(continued text 3.1)

### From LETTERS TO A YOUNG TEACHER by Jonathan Kozol

In the Boston schools in those days, there was a prescribed curriculum, not unlike those lists of standards, lesson plans, and day-by-day instructions that are given to the teachers in most inner-city schools today. Obedience to rules and orders was a constant emphasis in all of these materials. Teachers were provided with a list of notable quotations which we were to post on bulletin boards, or read aloud, or have our students memorize: “He who would command others must first learn to obey ... The first law that ever God gave to man was a law of obedience ... True obedience is true liberty ... Every day in every way it is our duty to obey ... Obedience sums up our entire duty.”

The phonics text I was supposed to use was a basal reader in which there were no black characters. There were a couple of illustrations in the book in which the faces of the characters were lightly tanned, which may have been a timid nod to racial sensibilities, but the stories in the book had no connection to the lives of anyone who was not white and middle class. The antiquated social studies textbook I was given by a woman who was called “the master teacher” for the fourth grade classes in the school, an overtly racist publication, portrayed the people of Africa as “savage and uncivilized ... Their skins are of so dark a brown color that they almost look black. Their noses are large and flat. Their lips are thick. Their eyes are black and shining ... Their hair is so curly that it seems like wool. They are Negroes and they belong to the black race.” Of the children of Switzerland, by comparison, the textbook said, “These children are handsome. Their eyes are blue. Their hair is golden yellow. Their white skins are clear, and their cheeks are as red as ripe, red apples.”

The first thing I did was to rip down from the walls and blackboards all of these materials — “obedience” quotations and the rest — and to stash the social studies textbooks in a box and seal it



shut and stuff it in the closet. Then, drawing mostly on my own delights and memories, I tacked up prints of paintings by Joan Miro and Paul Klee and brought in some records of French children's songs, and some calming music by Schuman, Ravel, and Brahms.

Again, drawing on my own experience from college days and from the years I'd spent in Europe, I introduced a few familiar poems of Robert Frost, some early lyrical poems of William Butler Yeats, and some beautiful posters of the streets of Paris and its skyline, and a map of Paris too, which became of special interest to the children when I told them I had lived there and showed them the street on which I'd lived.

I ultimately ditched a set of horrible lesson plans in social studies I'd been given and did a unit about Paris, which included measuring distances, calculating costs of buying food at small cafes, and other elements of daily life within a city I knew well enough to make it something of a geographical adventure for the children.

As I said, I can't pretend that all of this was magically successful. I certainly would not propose that any of these amateurish efforts on my part ought to be considered "innovative models" for another generation of beginning teachers. I simply wanted to begin by teaching things I knew and loved and felt that I could talk about with genuine excitement, since I thought — and this turned out to be the case — that my own enthusiasm might well prove to be contagious.

The children, to be honest, never took to Miro, but one of the paintings of Paul Klee, which is called "Bird Garden," was an instant favorite and it caused a pile-up of bodies every time the children had a chance to file past it on the way to recess or when they were lining up before dismissal. The art instructor at the school told me that she thought a painter like Paul Klee was too sophisticated for the children of this neighborhood. I didn't argue with her, but I think the children in my classroom proved her expectations to be incorrect.

I won't go into any greater detail now about the various changes that I made to try to bring some optimism about learning to those 35 fourth graders whose achievement levels had been knocked flat by the time I came into their room. (Only seven were reading and writing at grade level when I came into the class. Nearly a third were still at second grade level. I had to figure out a way to deal with this as an immediate emergency.) The point for now is not to give a breakdown of the strategies I tried but to respond to the familiar questions — "What do you do? How do you break through the lethargy you find?" — that

teachers ask me when they come into a classroom where the spirits of the children seem to have been bludgeoned into dull passivity by previous months or years of instability.

Most teachers, fortunately, do not come into situations quite as awful as the one that I encountered, but many have described to me conditions that are only slightly less horrendous. They also tell me — and this is the case not only with those teachers who have entered education on a “fast-track” program that sends them into urban schools with only a few weeks of preparation, but also with those teachers who’ve attended schools of education — that they have been given almost no advice at all on strategies for breaking through that first and frozen moment of encounter with a class that has already undergone the kind of pedagogic battering my students had experienced before I was assigned to them.

“Start out tough and stick to the prescribed curriculum,” new teachers are too frequently advised. This, in my belief, is the worst possible advice. Establishing a chemistry of trust between the children and ourselves is a great deal more important than to charge into the next three chapters of the social studies text or packaged reading system we have been provided: the same one that was used without success by previous instructors and to which the children are anesthetized by now. Entrap them first in fascination. Entrap them in a sense of merriment and hopeful expectations. Entrap them in “Bird Gardens.”

Even if teachers are obliged to use those scripted lessons that are commonly believed to be essential instruments of intellectual control for students in the inner-city schools, I still would urge them, if they’re given any choice at all, not to start with these materials until they’ve built a sense of trust and of good-natured camaraderie between the children and themselves. This may require leveling with the kids, even in some rather subtle ways, about the teacher’s own opinion of these mandated materials. It may also call for some discussion of the rules and regulations in the school with which the teacher needs the children to comply in order to protect her, and the class, from undue scrutiny.

One of the first things that I told the children in my class was that, if they wanted me to have the freedom to keep on with certain things they seemed to like, they would have to do a really good job in the one specific area I knew was of particular importance to the principal. As you might have guessed, Francesca, this had no connection to the lessons that I taught or, indeed, to anything that took place once I closed the classroom door. It had to do with keeping perfect order when we left the room to file downstairs to the bathrooms or to recess.

The children got the point of this without my needing to explain it further. They already knew what mattered most within the school and proved themselves to be adept at what amounted to a kind of co-conspiracy between us. When we had to go downstairs or file to another room for whatever purpose, they behaved like little soldiers, walking quietly in line, staying on the right side of the stairway, stopping when I told them to, and scarcely whispering a word.

We were soon rewarded by a visit from the principal. “Mr Kozol,” she announced as she stood there in the doorway, “I have a compliment to give your class. The entire school is talking about how these children have been filing in the stairways.” She said that this was evidence of how “mature” and “cultured” they’d become. “You can be very proud of them,” she said.

One of the children gave me a big “V” for victory the minute that she left the room. For the next six weeks I didn’t have a single visit from the principal or anybody else in the administration.

**Ex. 2. Work individually. Write down your summary (200 words).**

**Ex. 3. Watch the movie *Stand and Deliver*. Prepare to talk about the teacher’s style of teaching.**

## CLASS 2 UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE

**Ex. 1. Look at the photo below made in May 2011. This lady’s name is Bel Kaufman, and she celebrated her 100th anniversary that month. Look at her attentively. Isn’t she quite a character? Give your reasons.**



**Ex. 2. Prepare 10 questions on Ms Kaufman's life and activities. Interview your teacher (or a fellow student who is knowledgeable) about Bel Kaufman's many accomplishments.**

**Ex. 3. Read the magazine article about Bel Kaufman. Explain the unusual and catchy title.**

### **Text 3.3**

## **AT 100, STILL A TEACHER, AND QUITE A CHARACTER**

*By Joseph Berger*

When Bel Kaufman sits you down on her sofa and asks, "Are you comfortable?" the right answer, she reminds you, requires a Yiddish inflection, a shrug and the words, "I make a living."

At 100 years old, Ms Kaufman is still firing jokes, Jewish and otherwise, which is in her genes. Her grandfather was the great Yiddish storyteller Sholom Aleichem, a writer who was able to squeeze heartbreaking humor out of the most threadbare deprivation and wove the bittersweet Tevye stories that became the source for "Fiddler on the Roof."

This year, Ms Kaufman did something more than tell jokes. She became one of the few adjunct professors in her age cohort and taught a course on Jewish humor at Hunter College, her alma mater. One of the jokes the class dissected:

The Frenchman says: "I'm tired and thirsty. I must have wine."  
The German says: "I'm tired and thirsty. I must have beer."  
The Jew says: "I'm tired and thirsty. I must have diabetes."

"We were not just telling jokes," Ms Kaufman said in her book-lined Park Avenue study, her eyes glinting mischievously. "We were investigating why so many comedians are Jewish and so many Jewish jokes are so self-accusing."

"It goes back to immigration from the shtetl, from that poverty, and because the Jew was the object of so much opprobrium and hatred," she said. "The jokes were a defense mechanism: 'We're going to talk about ourselves in a more damaging way than you could.'"

Her first triple-digit birthday party was Tuesday, and Ms Kaufman was honored by Hunter, with a medley of playfully reconstructed songs from "Fiddler," and other honors coming from the National Yiddish Theater.

Ms Kaufman was 5 when her grandfather died, on May 13, 1916, and she believes she is the last person alive who remembers him and his impish humor.

“I remember his laugh; I remember his hand when we walked,” she said. “He used to say the tighter I hold on to his hand, the better he will write. He wrote me a letter which I treasure: “I’m writing you this letter to ask you to hurry and grow up and learn to write so you can write me a letter. In order to grow up, it is necessary to drink milk and eat soup and vegetables and fewer candies.”

Ms Kaufman graduated from Hunter in 1934, just 11 years after emigrating from the Soviet Union as a 12-year-old and being forced to start in first grade. Born in Berlin, she was raised in Odessa and Kiev, and the Russian Revolution was the background music of her childhood.

“Dead bodies were frozen in peculiar positions on the street,” she recalled. “People ate bread made of the shells of peas because there was no flour. But a child has no basis for comparison. Doesn’t every child step over dead bodies? I didn’t know any different.”

Ms Kaufman’s hard work and the watchful eye of a demanding father led to a master’s degree in literature from Columbia and teaching jobs at a series of public high schools. Her 20-year odyssey became the springboard out of her grandfather’s shadow. In 1965, she published *Up the Down Staircase*, a novel about a new teacher very much like Ms Kaufman who struggles to keep up her spirits in a school crowded with more than a few hopeful but ornery students and where memo-happy principals issue rules like not walking “up the down staircase.”

It spent 64 weeks on *The New York Times* best-seller list and led to Ms Kaufman’s second career as a speaker.

Ms Kaufman, who is recovering from a broken rib, refused to have her photograph taken until she changed into a more elegant turquoise blouse, scarf and earrings. But, “without vanity,” she described herself as having been a “wonderful teacher.”

Yet she recalled how difficult it was to get fully certified by a byzantine school bureaucracy. The examiners had her explain a sonnet by Edna St Vincent Millay, and told her afterward she had given “a poor interpretation.” She had been blocked once before because of some trace of a greenhorn accent, so she refused to be stopped a second time. So she did what any true aspirant would have done: she wrote a letter to Ms Millay and had her evaluate her interpretation.

“You gave a much better explanation of it than I myself should have,” the poet wrote back, and the chastened examiners saved face by urging Ms Kaufman to try for the license again.

She now meets former students who are grandparents. Indeed, she cannot believe that she has a son, Jonathan Goldstine, 69, who is a retired professor of computer science, and a daughter, Thea, a psychologist, who is 67. Ms Kaufman lives with her second husband, Sidney J. Gluck, 94, who runs the Sholom Aleichem Memorial Foundation.

“He likes older women,” Ms Kaufman said with a chuckle.

Now that her rib is healing, Ms Kaufman intends to resume her hobby — dancing mambos and tangos at a local school. Her determination helps explain how she made it to 100, though she does not think it is such a big deal.

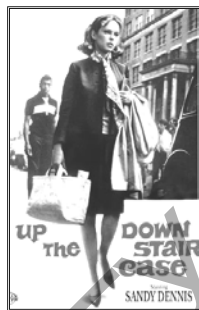
“It must have happened gradually, while I wasn’t looking,” she said. “I feel no different than I felt at 99, 98 or 97. Just because you live a long time, you get all this attention. Just because you survived? Of course, I survived a lot.”

**Ex. 4. In small groups, discuss the message of the article. How can this text help us understand the true image of a Teacher? Give your reasons, please.**

**Ex. 5. In small groups, experience being in Kaufman’s shoes years and years ago. Here’s a sonnet by Edna Millay for your interpretation.**

I shall forget you presently, my dear,  
So make the most of this, your little day,  
Your little month, your little half a year,  
Ere I forget, or die, or move away,  
And we are done forever; by and by  
I shall forget you, as I said, but now,  
If you entreat me with your loveliest lie  
I will protest you with my favorite vow.  
I would indeed that love were longer-lived,  
And oaths were not so brittle as they are,  
But so it is, and nature has contrived  
To struggle on without a break thus far, —  
Whether or not we find what we are seeking  
Is idle, biologically speaking.

Ex. 6. Watch an episode from a movie based on Bel Kaufman's book, *Up the Down Staircase*. How does the young teacher, Miss Sylvia Barrett, look to you? How does she look to her students? Make your point, please.



Ex. 7. Work in small groups. Discuss the problem of how to *make the most of this, your little day, your little month, your little half a year, your little two years as an English teacher*. Which qualities and skill might help you survive in the blackboard jungle?

Ex. 8. Work individually. Write down some of the best ideas put forward by your group while doing Exercise 7.

### HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Read the beginning the novel *Up the Down Staircase*. It certainly looks unusual on the printed page. Sort out the phrases spoken by the teacher and those spoken by the children.

#### Text 3.4

HI, TEACH

Hi, teach!

Looka her! She's a teacher?

Who she?

Is this 304? Are you Mr Barringer?

No. I'm Miss Barrett.

I'm supposed to have Mr Barringer.

I'm Miss Barrett.

You the teacher? You so young.

Hey she's cute! Hey, teach, can I be in your class?

Please don't block the doorway. Please come in.

Good afternoon, Miss Barnet.

Miss Barrett. My name is on the blackboard. Good morning.

O, no! A dame for homeroom?

You want I should slug him, teach?

Is this homeroom period?

Yes. Sit down, please.

I don't belong here.

We gonna have you all term? Are you a regular or a sub?  
There's not enough chairs!  
Take any seat at all.  
Hey, where do we sit?  
Is this 309?  
Someone swiped the pass. Can I have a pass?  
What's your name?  
My name is on the board.  
I can't read your writing.  
I gotta go to the nurse. I'm dying.  
Don't believe him, teach. He ain't dying!  
Can I sharpen my pencil in the office?  
Why don't you leave the teacher alone, you bums?  
Can we sit on the radiator? That's what we did last term.  
Hi, teach! You the homeroom?  
Pipe down, your morons! Don't you see the teacher's trying to say something?  
Please sit down. I'd like to —  
Hey, the bell just rung!  
How come Mrs Singer's not here? She was in this room last term.  
When do we go home?  
The first day of school, he wants to go home already!  
That bell is your signal to come to order. Will you please —  
Can I have a pass to a drink of water?  
You want me to alphabetize for you?  
What room is this?  
This is room 304. My name is on the board: Miss Barrett. I'll have you for homeroom all term, and I hope to meet some of you in my English classes. Now, someone once said that first impressions —  
English! No wonder!  
Who needs it?  
You give homework?  
First impressions, they say, are lasting. What do we base our first —  
Yes? Do you belong in this class?  
No. Mr McHabe wants Ferone right away.  
Who?  
McHabe.  
Whom does he want?  
Joe Ferone.



Is Joe Ferone here?  
Him? That's a laugh!  
He'll show up when he feels like it.  
Put down that window-pole, please. We all know that first impressions — Yes?  
Is this 304?  
Yes. You're late.  
I'm not late. I'm absent.  
You are?  
I was absent all last term.  
Well — sit down.  
I can't. I'm dropping out. You're supposed to sign my Book Clearance from last term.  
Do you owe any books?  
I'm not on the Blacklist! That's a yellow slip. This here is a green!  
Hey, isn't the pass back yet?  
Quit your shoving!  
He started it, teach!  
I'd like you to come to order, please. I'm afraid we won't have time for the discussion on first impressions I had planned. I'm passing out —  
Hey, she's passing out!  
Give her air!  
Delaney cards. You are to fill them out at once while I take attendance from the Roll Book. Standees — line up in back of the room; you may lean on the wall to write. Print, in ink, your last name first, your parent's name, your date of birth, your address, my name — it's on the board — and the same upside down. I'll make out a seating plan in the Delaney Book. Any questions?  
In ink or pencil?  
I got no ink — can I use pencil? Who's got a pencil to loan me?  
I don't remember when I was born.  
Don't mind him — he's a comic.  
Print or write?  
When do we go to lunch?  
I can't write upside down!  
Ha-ha. He kills me laughing!  
What do you need my address for? My father can't come.  
Someone robbed my ball-point!  
I can't do it — I lost my glasses.  
Are these going to be our regular seats—the radiator?

I don't know my address — we're moving.  
Where are you moving?  
I don't know where.  
Where do you live?  
I don't live no place.  
Any place. You, young man, why are you late?  
I'm not even here. I'm in Mr Loomis. My uncle's in this class. He forgot his lunch. Hi, Tony — catch!  
Please don't throw — Yes, what is it?  
This Mrs Singer's room?  
Yes. No. Not anymore.  
Anyone find a sneaker from last term?  
Hey, teach, can we use a pencil?  
You want these filled out now?  
There's chewing gum on my seat!  
First name last or last name first?  
I gotta have a pass to the Men's Room. I know my rights; this is a democracy, ain't it?  
Isn't. What's the trouble now?  
There's glass all over my desk from the window.  
Please don't do that. Don't touch that broken window. It should be reported to the custodian. Does anyone —  
I'll go!  
Me! Let me go! That's Mr Grayson — I know where he is in the basement!  
All right. Tell him it's urgent. And who are you?  
I'm sorry I'm late. I was in Detention.  
The what?  
The Late Room. Where they make you sit to make up your lateness when you come late.  
All right, sit down. I mean, stand up — over there, against the wall.  
For parent's name, can I use my aunt?  
Put down your mother's name.  
I got no mother.  
Well — do the best you can. Yes, young lady?  
The office sent me. Read this to your class and sign here.  
May I have your attention, please. Please, class!  
There's been a change in today's assembly schedule, listen carefully:  
**PLEASE IGNORE PREVIOUS INSTRUCTIONS IN CIRCULAR #3, PARAGRAPHS 5 AND 6, AND FOLLOW THE FOLLOWING:**

THIS MORNING THERE WILL BE A LONG HOMEROOM PERIOD EXTENDING INTO THE FIRST HALF OF THE SECOND PERIOD. ALL X2 SECTIONS ARE TO REPORT TO ASSEMBLY THE SECOND HALF OF THE SECOND PERIOD. FIRST PERIOD CLASSES WILL BEGIN THE FOURTH PERIOD, SECOND PERIOD CLASSES WILL BEGIN THE FIFTH PERIOD, THIRD PERIOD CLASSES WILL BEGIN THE SIXTH PERIOD, AND SO ON, SUBJECT CLASSES BEING SHORTENED TO 23 MINUTES IN LENGTH, EXCEPT LUNCH, WHICH WILL BE NORMAL.

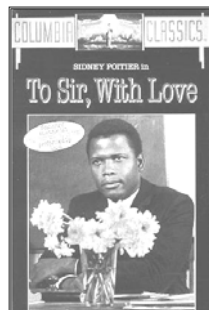
I can't hear you—what did you say?

Ex. 2. Watch the movie *Up the Down Staircase* (1967) and prepare to talk about it in class a while later.

### CLASS 3 SO MANY LESSONS TO LEARN

Ex. 1. In small groups, discuss the problem of *school problems*. Let me explain. Do you think that school problems are universal — the same in every country and in every age? Give your reasons.

Ex. 2. Watch an episode from a movie based on an autobiographical book written by an outstanding teacher. The movie title is *To Sir, With Love*. In which country do you think the scene is laid?



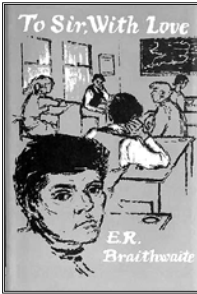
Ex. 3. Watch another episode and try to guess what exactly the main character did at the end of the film? Why did he do that?

Ex. 4. Read an excerpt from the book *To Sir, with Love* (1959) by E. R. Braithwaite. What aspects of teaching — and life in general — does this text evoke?

### Text 3.5

From TO SIR, WITH LOVE  
by E. R. Braithwaite

They now accepted the things I said completely, unquestioningly, because they had accepted me, and no one seemed disposed to query the authenticity of anything which bore the seal “Sir said”.



Back at school the children scattered towards the dining hall or home and Gillian and I went off to the staffroom. I had seen very little of her on the way back, and now as we settled down to our sandwiches she told me how much she had enjoyed the visit.

“It was so much nicer than I expected, Rick, I mean being with them off the school premises.”

“I know what you mean. They’re really nice people, as Mrs Drew says.”

“It’s more than that. On the way back I was talking with Moira Joseph and Effie Crook; they spoke to me as equals, and I had the odd feeling that they knew more about life than I did.”

“That’s not surprising. Moira’s mother has been in a convalescent home for nine weeks, tuberculosis I think, and Moira has to mother the family. Two younger ones are at junior school nearby; she’s allowed to leave school early each afternoon to collect them”.

“God, how dreadful!”

“I don’t think she minds in the least; rather enjoys it, I suppose. She told me about the way her father praises her cooking. I do think we often make the mistake of lumping them all together as ‘kids’ ”.

“Oh, I wouldn’t call them that, not all of them anyway. The Dare girl has quite a crush on you, I’ve noticed.”

I sat looking at her, completely lost for words; women say the damndest things. “Well, you have noticed it, haven’t you?” The smile did not detract from the serious note in her voice.

“No, I haven’t. I treat her no differently from any of the others.”

“Now don’t be silly, Rick. I’m sure you don’t, but that would make no difference. It’s quite the usual thing, you know; I’m sure some of the smaller boys in my class are dying for love of me.”

Her silvery laughter rang through the room; and I found it impossible to be annoyed with her. She gave me a long searching look.

“Rick, I think you’re the one who’s treating them like kids. But don’t make that mistake with the Dare girl; she’s a woman in every sense of the word.”

“Now, wait a moment, Gillian; there’s nothing significant in Pamela’s action in the train, at least, not to me.”

“Have it your own way. Not that I really blame the girl a bit — you are rather overpowering, you know.”

Immediately I felt a change in the atmosphere. Out of nowhere something had entered into our relationship, a new element which at

once excited, delighted and sobered me. I suddenly felt agitated and confused; and, making some hasty and rather silly excuses, I left her and went down to my classroom to sort myself out. This thing had somehow caught me by surprise. Yet, as I sat there, I wondered whether I was being foolishly premature, reading too much into a simple remark. I liked Gillian immensely; there had sprung up between us a very delightful camaraderie which I cherished and wished above all else to preserve.

Sitting with Gillian in the safe comfort of the staffroom was one thing; exposing her to those hard stares and vindictive faces was another. How long would our happy association survive the malignity of stares which were deliberately intended to make the woman feel unclean, as if she had abjectly degraded not merely herself but all womanhood? Only the strongest women could survive such treatment.

It seems as though there were some unwritten law in Britain which required any healthy, able-bodied negro, resident there to be either celibate by inclination, or else a master of the art of ublimation. Utterly, inhumanly unreasonable! We were to be men, but without manhood.

My mind was full of these thoughts as Gillian walked into my classroom. Her usually gentle face was grave and set. I stood up as she approached my table.

“What’s the matter, Rick?”

“Oh, nothing really. I wanted to think about something for a while.”

“Couldn’t it have waited until later?” Her dark eyes were glowing wonderfully in a face made pale by agitation.

“I suppose so. It was rather stupid of me. I’m sorry.”

“Was it because of what I said?” Her lips were quivering slightly, and I wanted only to take her in my arms.

“Partly. It was something I suddenly realized while you were speaking.”

“Something about me, about us?”

“Yes, about us.”

“I felt it too, Rick.”

I stared at her, feeling helplessly out of my depth. Things were happening so quickly I could hardly keep pace with them.

“Are you angry with me, Rick?”

“Angry? How could I be?”

“That’s good.” The smile was back on her face. I was always fascinated by that smile. It began with a faint twitching near the

corners of her mouth, then flashed quickly, like a streak of lightning, to illuminate the depths of her eyes.

“See you after school.” And she was gone, leaving me confused, bewildered, but gloriously happy.

The following morning I was a bit late for school. Those damned trains were becoming more and more unpredictable; they always managed to get held up just outside a station, so that there was no alternative to waiting. The children were all in their places when I arrived, and as I stepped into the room they greeted me as with one voice, “Good morning, Sir.”

I was so surprised I must have gaped at them for a moment before returning their greeting. This had never happened before. Usually I greeted them first just before registration and would receive a reply from those who felt like it. This was overwhelmingly different. I recovered myself and walked towards my table, and there it was. In the centre of my table was a large vase in which was neatly arranged a bunch of flowers. Some were slightly bedraggled; all had evidently been collected from the tiny backyards and window boxes of their homes. For me this was the most wonderful bouquet in the world; it was an accolade bestowed collectively by them on me. I turned to look at their pleased, smiling faces and said, with a full heart, “Thank you, all of you.”

**Ex. 5. In small groups, discuss the possible merits of the book in question. Prove that it could have been a great piece of work that made an impact on teachers and not them only.**

**Ex. 6. In small groups, discuss another aspect of the narrative. It's multiculturalism. Do you think it's becoming more and more of a problem today, even for teachers? Please, explain why or why not.**

**Ex. 7. Work in small groups. Discuss the following statements.**

(1) The above story proves effectively that even the best of the best teachers are just human. Do you agree with this idea?

(2) Every teacher should get a pet, preferably a pet student. How true do you think it is — or should be?

(3) Good teachers always — *almost* always — share an idealistic view on life. Do you think it's a curse – or a blessing?

(4) The flowers that the protagonist gets in the above episode are definitely symbolic. Why do you think it looked like “the most wonderful bouquet in the world”?

**Ex. 8. In your group, share the results of your mini-discussions. Agree — or disagree — on a grander scale.**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Watch the movie *To Sir, With Love* and prepare to talk about it in class a while later.**

**Ex. 2. Study the reviews of the above movie by viewers from the UK and France. Do you agree with any of their opinions?**

## Review A (3.6)

### SO MANY LESSONS ABOUT LEARNING AND TEACHING

Set in the mid 1960s Mark Thackeray has arrived in the UK, as a black British Citizen. He is from a poor background, and has a degree in engineering. He cannot find a job, and decides to work as a teacher in the East End of London. He has had no training to teach. His class is in its final term, before the pupils move out into the world. The pupils are an interesting range of characters, initially defiant and challenging. The degree of antipathy and disruptive behavior look mild compared with today’s images of classroom life in deprived areas, however the characteristics are the same.

Mr Thackeray illustrates and teaches dignity and self respect, and one by one wins the class over, with his charismatic steadiness, honesty and personal morality. His is not the extrovert “all together now” leadership of the teachers in “Dead Poet’s Society” and “School of Rock”, which tends to result in an “in crowd” and “out crowd”. Mr Thackeray sets the pupils free to be true to themselves, to be in his words “adults”. One of the female pupils tries to “stand too close”, and he stands off, but in the ultimate scene, she has grown up and they can dance together in secure distance. Sidney Poitier fills the film with characteristic handsome dignity. The themes around racial prejudice are handled subtly rather than head on. Britain in the 1960s

is portrayed as a tolerant welcoming society, with the humor of humanity drawing people together. Comments about color and race are made out of inexperience, not out of prejudice. The main characters see through each others colors to their personalities. I could sense that Thackeray had experienced prejudice and grown through it, to his full character.

Of course the film is “romantic” and idealized, but that is partly how film has its impact, to over-emphasize the messages to ensure they get through. Definitely one of my top films!

There are some memorable quotes there.

“I don’t know what you know, read from your workbooks” — a teacher must find out what the learner already knows.

“What they need is a good hiding” — the unsuccessful teacher recommends the bullying approach to class control.

He approaches the head about a class excursion “I would like to try...” demonstrating calm reasoned leadership.

“What would you like to talk about today?” — teacher gives control of the learning to the class, and this leads into discussion about marriage.

“I think marriage is no way of life for the weak, the selfish, or insecure.” Just a brilliant quote!

“So long as we learn it does not matter who teaches us.” Another wonderful quote.

“If you apologize because you are afraid, you are a child not a man.” Another amazing quote.

“People make mistakes – everyone deserves a second chance.”

*12 November 2005, Great Britain*

### **Review B (3.7)**

#### **TO SIDNEY POITIER, WITH RESPECT**

I love “To Sir, With Love” and this applies to both James Clavell’s film and Lulu’s song. You can’t imagine the effect this beautiful melody has on me ... making me wish to go “back” to 1967, 15 years before I was even born.

1967: If one actor ever exemplifies the groundbreaking aspect of this year, it certainly is Sidney Poitier, by starring in three films that paved the way for a new depiction of African-American people:



“Guess Who’s Coming for Dinner”, Best Picture nominee and “In the Heat of the Night”, Best Picture Winner; and if not in the same vein, “To Sir, With Love” conveys the same kind of inspirational message through the struggle of a man facing alone a hostile group and ultimately defeating intolerance and prejudices.

I will never say that Sidney Poitier plays the “same character” as a reproach but as a tribute to his talent and his brilliance for never having fallen in the trap of stereotypes, to play elegant, distinguished and soft-spoken middle-aged men. He might not be the most versatile actor in the world, but like such stars as Humphrey Bogart or James Stewart, he’s perfect within his personal range.

So, after playing a doctor and a police officer, two noble professions to say the least, it’s almost natural that Poitier embodies the noblest and most idealistic of all the vocations in “To Sir, With Love” as Mark Thackeray, a teacher and engineer-trainee affected in a high school located in the slums of London’s East End, facing a classroom of white students whose racism can be forgiven in the name of ignorance and because it’s obviously a wall that can be broken with some efforts.

It’s up to Thackeray to educate them before their entrance in the adult world. As I said, Thackeray reminds so much of the characters Poitier played in 1967 that the film can be regarded as the third of an unofficial trilogy, whose only theme would be the eye-opening experience of a black man, victim of prejudices, and the ultimate triumph of tolerance and human spirit. I’m not a fan of “big words” but put in their context, these films were not only significant but necessary to educate some viewers, and it’s quite fitting that Poitier incarnates here, a teacher.

Before “To Sir, With Love”, only two movies impacted the spirits about the value of an exceptional teacher, “Goodbye, Mr Chips” and “Blackboard Jungle”, starring Poitier too as a good-hearted hoodlum, there where other films of course but “To Sir, With Love” can still be regarded as a pioneer on the subject even more interesting because it was made in 1967, a year where the baby-boom generation stood up against the establishment and the system, holding the red, the green or the rainbow flag.

But what struck me in “To Sir, With Love” is that the film avoids these clichés and portrays a group of kid who’re too practical to be just rebels without a cause. Ultimately, they are not kids learning about discipline, but about life, sex, marriage, employment, being a man and being a woman. Thackeray can appear as old-fashioned but he addresses

a youth that can respond to his lessons, especially because he reflects the very attitudes and behavior he “preaches” to his students.

There’s no room for clichés in “To Sir, With Love”, it’s not the chronicles about rebellion as a sickness that can be cured by education, only the journey of a teacher who’ll reconcile a bunch of misfits with society. Of course, Thackeray’s struggles will earn him the hostility of some elements, but inculcating trust, understanding and communication is a process that demands patience, and a moral strength to overcome the most difficult obstacles with calm and empathy.

The key is respect, politeness, a capability for admitting faults or reacting in extreme situations. Three pivotal moments will punctuate Thackeray’s journey, the culminating incident where he’ll finally understand what matters the most for these kids is less theory and more practicality, a visit in the museum, and the ultimate confrontation with one of them. From all these situations, Thackeray will turn out to be one hell of a teacher, too perfect to be believable if Sidney Poitier didn’t play him.

Despite some obvious subplots, like the cute girl having a crush on him or some clumsy displays of racism by a colleague, the film keeps a certain complexity in Poitier’s character, who disorients his own students. “You’re like us, and not like us”, says one of them, which is probably the greatest compliment a teacher could receive, above the students enough to teach them but not too much, so he also can understand them. And through his experience, even Thackeray learns one thing or two about teaching, and about his very purpose in life. And I wouldn’t be surprised to know that “To Sir, With Love” encouraged many vocations.

Now, the film is not perfect, some details like the students wearing the same clothes every day betray its low budget, but I was in fact touched by the film’s modesty and I guess the film was counting on the emotional pay-off of the ending that redeemed all these little things that didn’t work, and I reckon the sight of Poitier almost bursting to tears after hearing one of the most beautiful cinematic farewell songs cut straight to my heart.

*10 April 2012, France*

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 (choose from 12 episodes). Comment on them in various ways.

(2) Produce the results of Internet research based on the teachers in question and their work.

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

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

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

(6) Produce extra pieces of poetry about school and teaching.

**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 *Stand and Deliver*, *Up the Down Staircase*, and *To Sir, With Love* and have found them great 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 *Letters to a Young Teacher* by Jonathan Kozol, *Up the Down Staircase* by Bel Kaufman, and *To Sir, With Love* by E.R. Braithwaite. Find them or borrow them from someone else and read them.

(4) You must have talked and written about the problem of maintaining the proper image in the classroom, which is not unimportant in teachers' job. This may have helped you to find your own image, right?

## SELF-STUDY CLASS GUIDELINES

**Ex. 1. Do some online research. Find out more about teachers who made it to Hollywood movies. Prepare their professional portfolios. The teachers in question are the following:**

- LouAnne Johnson (*Dangerous Minds*);
- Joe Loius Clark (*Lean on Me*);
- Ken Carter (*Coach Carter*);
- Erin Gruwell (*Freedom Writers*);
- Jamie Escalante (*Stand and Deliver*);
- Sean Porter (*Gridiron Gang*);
- Mel Tolson (*The Great Debaters*);
- Edward Ricardo Braithwaite (*To Sir, With Love*).

**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. And just a little quiz. Guess *who* is portrayed in the text below.**

“The teacher came into the national spotlight thirty years ago when 18 of his students passed the challenging calculus exam. The testing service found these scores to be suspicious, because all of the students made exactly the same math error, and also used the same unusual variable names. 14 of those who passed were asked to take the exam again. 12 of the 14 agreed to retake the test and all 12 did well enough to have their scores reinstated. Next year, the number of students enrolling and passing the calculus test more than doubled. A book was written about the teacher, and then a movie released. The teacher received visits from political leaders and celebrities, including then President Ronald Reagan and actor Arnold Schwarzenegger. The teacher was always modest saying that the key to the success with youngsters is a very simple and time-honored tradition: hard work for teacher and student alike”.

## 4. HOW TO WORK

### MIRACLES IN EDUCATION

#### CLASS 1

#### BUBBLE REPUTATIONS WON'T WORK

**Ex. 1. Work in pairs. Study the expressions in the box. Can we use them when talking about (1) foreign language teachers, (2) famous people, or (3) students of English? Think of several convincing examples to prove your choice and share them with your group mates.**

beyond comparison	of the first water
make the most of	second to none
make noise in the world	lead the way
be worth one's salt	not to be overlooked
be at the top of the scale	never to be forgotten
leave one's mark on	do a world of good to
hand one's name down to posterity	the "bubble reputation"
turn over a new leaf	pay regard to
know no bounds	sing praises to
view in a new light	be in the front rank

**Ex. 2. In small groups, recollect your experiences of being a student of English. Was it easy or difficult for you to find the *right* language with your teacher?**

**Ex. 3. Read the poem and say what it has to do with an EFL teacher's *professional competence*.**

#### TIDDLE-TADDLE

*By Eve Merriam*

Riddle me no, riddle me yes,  
what is the secret of sweet success?  
Said the razor, "Be keen."  
"String along," said the bean.  
"Push," said the door.  
"Be polished," said the floor.  
Said the piano, "Stand upright and grand."  
"Be on the watch," said the second hand.

“Cool,” said the ice cube.  
“Bright,” said the TV tube.  
“Bounce back,” said the yo-yo.  
“Be well bred,” said the dough.  
“Plug,” said the stopper.  
“Shine,” said the copper.  
“Be game,” said the quail.  
“Make your point,” said the nail.  
“Have patience,” said the M. D.  
“Look spruce,” said the tree.  
“Press on,” said the stamp.  
“Shed some light,” said the lamp.  
“Oh, just have a good head,” the cabbage said.

**Ex. 4. Work in pairs. Choose *three* pieces of advice from the above poem that are your favorite. Explain your choice to your partner.**

**Ex. 5. Work in small groups. Read a student response to the above poem. Do you accept all the ideas put forward in the mini-essay? Find weighty arguments to support your judgment.**

#### STUDENT RESPONSE

I want to say that this poem is very good and very pleasant for reading. The author shows us an ordinary teacher, his behavior and his attitude to pupils. Through different things he shows us a typical teacher, his own qualities. This poem teaches us to be a real teacher. It should be understood that qualities and competencies in teaching are related to performance and productivity. The qualities and competencies that a professional teacher should have are those that promote effective teaching and learning.

Teachers should be dependable, honest, and authentic in working with others. A good teacher works with them in an open, honest and forthright manner. Also he should be organized, compassionate, creative, patient and should have a sense of humor. They should be able to help each child reach the highest possible degree of personal development. Teachers need to be learners for the same reason that the students of those teachers need, in turn to be learners. They have both the right and the responsibility to develop a climate in the classroom which supports effective learning.

Teaching is an art in the sense that teachers like painters, composers, actresses, and dancers, make judgments based largely on qualities that unfold during the course of action. Qualitative forms of intelligence are used to select, control, and organize classroom qualities, such as tempo, tone, climate, pace of discussion and forward movement.

**Ex. 6. Work in small groups. Decide what the greatest difficulties of university-level teaching might be. Share your ideas with your teacher.**

**Ex. 7. Watch the episode from the romantic comedy *The Five-Year Engagement*. The moment is not comic at all — it's a lecture in psychology. But you might want to tell your partners why what you've watched can be called *effective teaching*. Which means does the lecturer employ to gain his students' attention?**

***P. S.* Do you approve of slight pedagogical theatricality in the episode? Why (not)?**



**Ex. 8. Read a scientific article dealing with facilitating EFL teaching process and say whoever might be its potential readership. Have you come up with only one choice?**

## Text 4.1

### HOW CAN I BE A GOOD FACILITATOR?

Dr. Rita Silver shares some advice on how to be a good facilitator and create a student-centred environment in the classroom. In the article *Closing the Gap Between Learning and Instruction* by David Nunan (1995), he suggests that there is a continuum of learner-centredness, where a class cannot be defined as “learner-centred” or “not learner-centred” but more or less learner-centred. He also proposes that, along with the academic content, we need to teach learners how to learn so that they can make better choices in their learning.

While Nunan is speaking specifically about English as a Second Language teaching, I believe that he has some useful pointers for all of us. His main point is that students sometimes don't learn what we are trying to teach them because they have their own ideas and their own agendas. This means they are sometimes busy learning something other than what we have in mind. So, our class might be

more or less learner-centred but we still have to deal with this potential gap between what we and our learners expect.

So what does a good facilitator need to do to be more learner-centred without creating chaos in the classroom? Here are a few tips from Nunan.

*Make learners aware* of your goals for the class, the unit, the lesson. This can simply mean that you tell them your objectives for the lesson. This can be both useful and motivating to students. However, sometimes the language of objectives doesn't resonate with students so try rephrasing them in a more conversational manner. You can put these statements on the board or somewhere visible throughout the lesson/unit so that students are reminded of them.

*Find out about the students' goals* and try to address those. You can find out about your students goals and interests informally by talking with them and observing them, or more formally by using questionnaires. You can even build this into classroom activities by having them interview each other, having them survey their textbook to see if the topics match with what they expect, etc. You can refer to their goals and expectations when you talk about your own goals and expectations for the class. Yes, this includes noting when their expectations don't match yours and can't be met. The students might be disappointed but at least it helps them reconcile their expectations with the realities of the syllabus or the course requirements.

*Involve your students.* Syllabus requirements are a given and many of our teaching materials are pre-set. Nevertheless, you can also involve students in making decisions sometimes. For example, you can sometimes ask if they prefer to do an activity in class or at home, together or individually, in writing or through conversation with a partner. These are small adjustments to your teaching but they involve the students on a regular basis.

*Go beyond classroom.* Most importantly, there is certainly a mentality among our students that they are only doing things because "it is necessary for the exam" or "because my teacher told me to". That is sometimes the case and we can't get around it, but how sad if all of our teaching is reduced to that! Linking our classroom learning to the real world can help students see the relevance of what they are learning. Likewise, bringing the world into our classrooms can be very motivating. This can, of course, include field trips and research projects that involve students in observation, interviews and sourcing for their own information, but these are very time-consuming and not feasible for our everyday teaching.



What I've written so far are fairly general guidelines. I suspect you'd like more specific answers as well. So let me present the primary attributes for a good facilitator.

*Be a good observer.* Watch carefully to see how your students are responding, which students are responding, who is speaking and how they are doing things. Pay attention not only to the product but also to the process. Not only what they get done but how they are getting it done.

*Be a good listener.* This means you must listen not only to hear if students give you the answer you want but also to hear how they give their answers and in what ways they do or do not understand. Sometimes, this means pretending to not pay attention when in fact you are. Try standing next to a group of students so that you are at an angle rather than "face on". Turn your eyes away but turn your ears toward your students. You can discover quite a bit about what your students are or are not learning by paying close attention to what happens while they are working.

There are simple but effective techniques to help you be a good observer and a good listener.

*Come closer.* Move away from the front of the class, away from the computer, and away from all of the other teacher paraphernalia. Get closer to where your students are working and find out what is going on. Put yourself at their eye level: kneel down or sit with them rather than always making them look up at you.

I know one teacher who used to carry a big bucket to class. It was a container for his teaching supplies going to and from class, but during class he emptied it out, turned it upside down, and used it as a seat so he could sit with individuals or groups while they were working!

*Move farther.* Sometimes, you can get a better idea of how students are working when you watch them from the back. Likewise, there is sometimes a tendency, especially during group work, for the teacher to hop from group to group, without pause, depending on who is loudest. In that case, you never get an overview of the class. It might be better to stop a moment, stand back, and look at what is going on throughout the class.

*Provide timely intervention.* This requires that you allow things to happen in class. Sometimes, this means letting students be temporarily confused rather than trying to ensure that everything goes exactly to (your) plan. As the facilitator, you intervene as and when needed. Intervention can include giving direct feedback to let students know they are on the wrong track, but it especially means asking and answering questions.

Asking questions can be particularly useful if they are open-ended questions which encourage thinking rather than questions that have only one right/wrong answer. Another very useful type of question is the one that “turns it back” to the students. Rather than answering immediately, you can ask if someone else in the group or in the class has an idea.

Timely intervention can also mean giving compliments which not only makes the students “feel good” but also lets them know they are meeting the lesson goals. In this case, positive reinforcement is not only motivating but it also has a classroom management function.

*Plan and prepare well.* Lastly, planning and preparing as a facilitator is essential. This means you must think about the learning activities and materials in new ways – not in terms of how you can “deliver” them but in terms of how the students can appropriate them and what you need to do to help make that happen.

**Ex. 9. In pairs, go through the useful tips offered by David Nunan and work out some additional strategies to implement them into practice. Which ones would you use in your EFL classroom? Explain your choices.**

**Ex. 10. In small groups discuss the necessity of being a good observer and a good listener for an EFL teacher. Which of the two primary attributes seems the more important to you? Are these attributes essential only for school teachers?**

**Ex. 11. Work individually. Write a summary to the above article (200 words will be enough).**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Study the article abstract below. Does it give a comprehensible idea of the article’s content? Pay attention to the words given in bold type and choose the most meaningful one. Be ready to comment on your choice in class.**

### *Abstract*

Over the past eighty years or so, some education theorists have repudiated the notion that it is the teacher’s role to act as an authority in the classroom, transmitting knowledge to students “who do not know.” In English as a second or foreign language education, a notion

of the teacher as “facilitator” is considered to be more compatible with students’ felt needs and autonomy. This paper argues that there are epistemological flaws in prominent rejections of transmission theories of learning. Drawing on British philosopher Michael Oakeshott’s distinction between technical and practical knowledge, it argues for a modified understanding of the English teacher both as an authority capable of transmitting these types of knowledge in language, and as a facilitator of cooperative language learning.

**Ex. 2. Read the first part of the article and write out pluses and minuses of the traditional teacher-centered approach to teaching English.**

#### **Text 4.2**

##### *Introduction*

In the teaching of English as a second or foreign language today, the old pedagogical ideal of the teacher as an authority transmitting knowledge to students “who do not know” is in disrepute. The ideal now is for a more democratic, student-centered approach, in which the teacher facilitates communicative educational activities with students. This model reflects in part the influence of communication-based theories of language acquisition. But it also reflects, in large part, the influence of different pragmatist and progressive education theorists ranging from John Dewey (1916) to Malcolm Knowles (1970). Such an approach stresses the importance of learner autonomy and responsibility for the learning process, and attributes greater value to the learner’s experience and knowledge in the classroom.

However, there are good reasons for thinking that a student-centered approach should not completely displace a teacher-centered, authoritative approach to English teaching.

##### *Some Flaws in the Epistemology of Student-Centered Learning Theory*

Learner-centered education methods and criticisms of teacher authority have a long history in educational thought. John Dewey’s inquiry-based philosophy of education conceptualized the learning process as a “shared activity” in which “the teacher is a learner, and the learner is, without knowing it, a teacher”.

In more recent times, Paulo Freire’s pedagogy rejected what he called the “banking concept” of education, “in which the students are the depositaries and the teacher is the depositor in which the scope of action allowed to the students only extends as far as receiving, filing and storing

the deposits” of knowledge bestowed upon them by teachers. This relationship negates the creative and critical powers of students.

Finally, and under Dewey’s influence, constructivist psychologists, such as George Kelly, stressed the cognitive powers of ordinary human beings to build up their own, autonomous understandings or “constructs” of their world.

Critics of the traditional concept of teacher authority typically develop the following argument: If we believe that the knowledge the teacher possesses is infallible, and if we believe education takes place only by way of a transmission of such knowledge from teachers to students *who initially have no knowledge*, then the teacher must be vested with a great deal of power over students for education to take place at all. The result of accepting such beliefs about teacher authority is an unacceptably passive and unequal role in learning for students, who are left with very limited opportunities for creative expression in the classroom.

For some education theorists, the path to a more student-centered, democratic style of learning is clear. One of these theorists, Malcolm Knowles, argued for a distinctive approach in adult education called “andragogy.” The three following assumptions characterize his theory of adult education.

Older models of education that emphasize the transmission of knowledge from teachers to passive recipients need to be rejected.

The transmission model needs to be replaced with a problem-solving model of learning involving cooperation between students and teachers and utilizing the students’ own experience as educational resources.

Students should be treated as autonomous individuals capable of assuming responsibility for their learning process within this cooperative model of learning.

In the view of an education theorist such as Knowles, the increasing pace of scientific and technological change over the past two hundred years or so has undercut the traditional ideal of pedagogical practice. This ideal, practiced by generations of pedagogues, proceeds from the following assumption: knowledge, as a store of customarily validated beliefs accumulated by previous generations, can only be acquired through a knowledgeable person instilling it into the minds of novices.

The problem with this ideal, according to Knowles, is that the lifespan of knowledge has been getting shorter since the Industrial

Revolution. In such changed circumstances the ideal of imparting knowledge that is intended to prepare a person for a lifetime has ceased to be relevant. Since knowledge often becomes obsolete within a single lifetime, there is little relevant knowledge that a teacher can pass on to students in the course of her career. Without that, the teacher has little intellectual authority; and so there is no basis for the sort of political authority that demands uncritical deference and obedience from students.

There are two reasons for thinking that this epistemic rationale for student-centered learning is mistaken, in spite of its appeal. Firstly, Knowles's claim that established knowledge and skills have a shorter life span than in the pre-industrial past is overstated. It also ignores the continuity in skills and knowledge that arguably occurs through the development of even modern practices. It certainly does not apply to many of the arts — say, to music, dance or painting, all of which exhibit a long continuity in the content of skills that students have learnt throughout their history.

Secondly, Knowles's idea gives much greater emphasis to innovation and the generation of new knowledge over the acquisition of traditional knowledge. This assumption is ultimately counterintuitive in the context of language learning. Before any new knowledge is created, there must be *something* out there to be discovered and experimented with. The everyday language students encounter in or out of the classroom seems to be appropriate, and there is much that is traditional in it.

Moreover, without a teacher or skilled language speaker who can present the knowledge to be experimented with, such a process of discovery is often haphazard. Finally, without a teacher or other skilled speaker who can serve as a linguistic exemplar, a learner is likely to miss out on important nuances in language that can only be communicated from person to person.

**Ex. 3. Read the second part of the article and be ready to comment on its subtitle.**

**Text 4.3**

### THE ENGLISH TEACHER AS FACILITATOR AND AS AUTHORITY

One of the responsibilities of the language teacher is to foster a practice-based language study environment, with orientation towards

what Knowles terms “more participatory experiential” techniques. These include planning group work activities in discussions, games and role-plays, preparing listening, reading and writing activities that connect meaningfully with students’ felt needs *and* with pedagogical aims, as well as allowing more spontaneous conversations to take place. In all of these interactions students have opportunities to discover and fine-tune linguistic habits.

In this sort of classroom practice, there is scope for mutually undertaken evaluation with the teacher devoting her “energy to helping the students get evidence for themselves about the progress they are making towards their learning goals”.

A second, related responsibility for teachers is to help “the students exploit their own experiences as sources for learning” in the planning and conduct of lessons. Insights from past experiences of English language and inter-cultural communication can make positive contributions to lesson content, in the form of students’ anecdotes, observations, and role play and discussion suggestions. Finally, students’ growing knowledge of a language can help them contribute to discussions about problem areas in grammar and practice. All of these contributions can influence the direction lessons take and give added significance to their content, often in ways that teachers cannot anticipate.

Yet, the following qualification is in order. An appropriate balance must be struck between what the individual experience and knowledge of students has to offer and what the experience embodied in the traditional, practical knowledge of a language has to contribute to the education process. This experience is richly funded by accretions deposited over hundreds of years, as anonymous practitioners, poets, writers and grammarians have made their successive contributions. When language learners interact with native speaker or skilled second language speaker friends, mentors or teachers, they discover this funded experience *and* have it passed on to them. Talented learners may eventually become innovative practitioners in their new language, contributing new knowledge to its fund. To be able to do so, they first need to have served an apprenticeship of sorts in the traditional knowledge of that language.

**Ex. 4. Write a summary of the above article (200+ words).**

CLASS 2  
LOOKING FOR NEW IDEAS

**Ex. 1. Work in pairs. Look at the poster of the movie *Red Lights* and say what you think it might be about.**

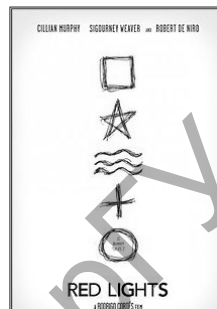
**Ex. 2. Watch the episode from *Red Lights*. What might the subject matter of the lecture be? Is the lecturer convincing enough?**

**Ex. 3. In pairs try to come up with meaningful answers to the following questions:**

(1) What do you think of the lecturer? (2) What do you think of the students? (3) What do you think of the rapport? (4) What do you think of the problem?

**Ex. 4. In small groups, recollect your experiences of being a university student. Share ideas on how effectively you studied this or that subject. Point out the strengths (and weaknesses, no doubt) of the educational practices in question.**

**Ex. 5. Teacher's creativity: ideas — read and add more! Are these ideas good enough for university level teaching?**



**Text 4.4**

TEN GREAT IDEAS THAT MIGHT  
WORK MIRACLES IN CLASS

(1) Alter the pacing of your class. If you rush through your class at full speed, slow things down and take time to ask your students personal questions based on the materials you are using. If you tend to proceed at a snail's pace, prepare some additional activities and push yourself to accomplish more than you usually do.

(2) Ask a student to demonstrate a dance, and assist the student in explaining the movements in English.

(3) Ask students to name as many objects in the classroom as they can while you write them on the board.

(4) Ask your students if there are any songs running through their heads today. If anyone says yes, encourage the student to sing or hum a little bit, and ask the others if they can identify it.

(5) Assign students to take a conversation from their course book that they are familiar with and reduce each line to only one word.

(6) At the end of class, erase the board and challenge students to recall everything you wrote on the board during the class period. Write the expressions on the board once again as your students call them out.

(7) Begin by telling your students about an internal struggle between two sides of your personality (bold side vs. timid side OR hardworking side vs. lazy side), providing a brief example of what each side says to you. After a few minutes of preparation in pairs, have students present their struggles to the class.

(8) Bring a cellular phone (real or toy) to class, and pretend to receive calls throughout the class. As the students can only hear one side of the conversation, they must guess who is calling you and why. Make the initial conversation very brief, and gradually add clues with each conversation. The student who guesses correctly wins a prize.

(9) Bring a fork, knife, spoon, bowl, plate and chopsticks (if you have them) to class, and mime eating some different dishes, letting students guess what they are. Then let your students take a turn.

(10) Collaborate with your students on a list of famous people, including movie stars, politicians, athletes, and artists. Have every student choose a famous person, and put them in pairs to interview each other.

(11) \_\_\_\_\_ (your own suggestions).

**Ex. 6. Read the article below and explain the meaning of its title.**

**Text 4.5**

### THE MIRACLE OF JEAN AND BROOKE ELLISON

*By Rita Beamish*

When Brooke Ellison arrived at Harvard University, she was like many campus newcomers — accompanied by parents who helped her move in. But unlike the other students, Brooke had a mother who never left. Four years later, when Brooke received her Harvard degree in cognitive neuroscience, Jean Ellison was still there with her. Mother and daughter were inseparable. It was Jean who turned the pages when Brooke studied. It



was Jean who brushed Brooke's long, chestnut hair and fed her meals in the dining hall. When Brooke's head itched, her mom scratched it. When she got depressed, Jean dried her tears. And in those terrifying moments when the breathing apparatus that kept Brooke alive unhooked itself, Jean was there to reconnect it. In 2000, Brooke Ellison became the first quadriplegic to graduate from Harvard. She did it *magna cum laude*. When she was chosen to deliver a Class Day speech, her mother was at her side.

The story of Brooke and Jean Ellison at Harvard was like the rest of their lives — a partnership of incomparable achievement, a never-give-up triumph over the physical limitations that Brooke suffered after an automobile accident at age 11.

"I look at them and I marvel at what they're able to accomplish together," said Ed Ellison, who is the chief support system for his wife and daughter, and also father to Brooke's brother, Reed, and sister, Kysten.

The accident left Brooke with no feeling below her neck — an injury similar to that of actor Christopher Reeve. It transformed her physically active life into one of acute mental discipline. The child who lived for ballet, tap, and jazz classes dances today only inside her mind. But Brooke vowed even as a child that she would do what no one expected of her. She returned to school in a cumbersome motorized wheelchair, accompanied by her mother. She emerged with top grades, then graduated from Ward Melville High School with honors and poetry awards, and ultimately won a scholarship to Harvard.

At 23, she has published a poignant memoir with her mother, *Miracles Happen*, and embarked on motivational speaking. Next on her agenda is a master's degree in public policy from Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, where she will begin studying this fall, her mother again at her side. Brooke also is on the board of the National Organization on Disability, seeking to educate others about the disabled. There is even talk of a movie about her life.

"Very few people have survived injuries at that level," said Mike Deland, chairman of the National Organization on Disability. "Not only has she survived, but her accomplishments have been absolutely extraordinary — disability aside — when you factor in that she hasn't taken a breath since age 11 other than on a respirator."

For Brooke Ellison, achievement has always been a part of life. "The nature of my situation has only served to strengthen my resolve to continue with my life and excel in anyway that I could," she explains, her firm words offset by a quiet warmth. "I know that I still

have my cognitive abilities and I'm not going to squander that. And that's really what's kept me very driven."

Propped into her 600-pound black wheelchair in her family's Stony Brook, New York, home, she speaks in a quiet, raspy voice, her respirator protruding over a pink sweater and directing breaths onto her vocal cords so she can talk. Her mother, at 50, a youthful, smiling woman with thick dark hair pulled up in a clip, is within earshot, popping into the sunny family room to hold a water bottle to Brooke's mouth.

Brooke wheels to her adjacent bedroom. She uses an electronic keypad in the palate of her mouth to move her wheelchair, and also to operate her computer mouse. Harvard mementos adorn her walls, along with a collection of Snow White figures, pictures of her friends — mostly handsome young men — and a photo of herself with President Clinton after her speech commemorating the Americans with Disabilities Act. At her computer with its New York Mets screen-saver — she has season tickets — Brooke prints out a school speech she recently delivered.

"No one has the ability to change the way we feel about ourselves," she told the youngsters. "No one can crush the dreams that we have and no one can keep us from reaching them. With a little bit of determination and confidence we can all be much more powerful and achieve much more than others may expect."

Brooke was born on October 20, 1978. Her father worked as a Social Security Administration field supervisor while Jean rode herd on a weekly schedule of dance lessons, karate, and sports for the three Ellison offspring. "My mother would have breakfast the night before if she thought it would save her time in the morning," Brooke laughs.

As a child Brooke doted on her little brother, and her Barbies and Cabbage Patch dolls. "She was always very affectionate, always ready to give a hug, ready to receive a hug," her father recalled. She sang in a church choir and played baseball, soccer, and cello. Dance was her passion. The sound of music sent her sailing about the house.

Everything changed on her first day at junior high, located near a tree-lined road where 60-mile-an-hour traffic betrays the suburban calm. On that day, Brooke inexplicably passed up her school bus ride to walk home with friends. They raced across the road's four lanes of furious traffic. A car smashed into Brooke. Her spinal injury was so severe that it seemed doubtful she would live. She pulled through, but during months of rehabilitation wept silently through long nights, terrified at her new helplessness.

Life turned upside down for the Ellisons. The community rallied to help Ed renovate their house and buy a wheelchair-access van. But the school board refused to hire a nurse for Brooke. So Jean jumped into the role, even though it meant giving up her own budding teaching career. Later on it was also tough moving to Harvard, away from Ed, her high-school sweetheart, and their other two children. But Jean shrugs off questions about sacrifice. “Taking care of my children was a natural thing. It didn’t seem out of the ordinary that I would be caring for her when she needed me most.” She still gets misty watching a tape of Brooke’s Class Day speech, “one of the best days of my life.”

Despite time-consuming logistical challenges at Harvard, Brooke and Jean “managed a remarkable degree of normalcy,” surrounded by friends, said Barbara Graham, who with her husband William was housemaster in the Harvard residence hall where the Ellisons lived. Of Jean, Graham said, “We were all really touched by her level of devotion. She seemed to be able to make herself almost invisible so that Brooke could carry on conversations and friendships.” At the same time, the mother-daughter relationship matured. “She had become my closest companion and my dearest friend,” Brooke wrote in her memoir. “I thought about all the joys and the sorrows we had been through together and I realized that the two of us were really just one.”

Amid the intense whirl of academics and late-night Scrabble and socializing at Harvard, Brooke would catch herself thinking, “This is really great. People are not just seeing me on the outside but are seeing me for who I am on the inside.”

One high point was her date with the class Adonis to a formal dance. She smiles broadly at the memory. She longs for a boyfriend and marriage, and sometimes gets morose about it. “I don’t want to paint myself as anything more than human,” she says. But she retains hope. “I understand it would take a really exceptional person, a real insightful person who can see beyond the physical circumstances and I know that there are people like that out there.” Hope, after all, was the topic of her Harvard senior thesis.

In the meantime, she says, “It’s a matter of changing my focus to what I know that I do have, and I have so much, and I’m thankful.” She wants to educate others about the disabled and believes perhaps there was a purpose to her accident. “If that’s not the case, I’ll do my best to make it the case, to make a life for myself that is meaningful and purposeful and can have an impact on other people’s lives.”

**Ex. 7. Work in small groups. Discuss the article. What do you think of the student in question? What do you think it took her teachers to do their job effectively?**

**Ex. 8. Work in pairs. Share what you know about Harvard University, its history and its place in American education. Why is winning a scholarship to Harvard not only very prestigious but also next to impossible?**

**Ex. 9. Work in small groups. There are some socio-cultural phenomena mentioned in the article. Find out what they mean and who the people are. How does this knowledge facilitate your general understanding of the article?**

Scrabble  
a senior thesis  
Barbie dolls  
*New York Mets*  
Christopher Reeve

Harvard University  
Harvard mementos  
Class Day speech  
*magna cum laude*  
class Adonis

**Ex. 10. In your group, discuss the big question below. Give various interpretations of your understanding of the question.**

How can education become a miracle?

### HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. There is one striking life-story behind the articles below. Read the English-language article and say which of Jessica's accomplishments is most impressive. Which of her numerous victories matters most?**

#### Text A

Jessica Long (born February 29, 1992) is a Russian-born United States Paralympic swimmer from Baltimore, Maryland. She is the current world record holder in 13 Paralympic events, including one as part of a relay team.

Long was born in Siberia and was adopted from a Russian orphanage at the age of 13 months. Because of fibular hemimelia, her lower legs were amputated when she was 18 months old. She learned to walk with prostheses. Long has been involved in many sports including gymnastics, cheerleading, ice skating, biking, trampoline, and rock climbing. She began swimming in her grandparents' pool

before joining her first competitive team in 2002. The next year, Long was selected as Maryland Swimming's 2003 Female Swimmer of the Year with a Disability.

Jessica was born Tatiana Kirillova in the city of Bratsk; her biological father is Oleg Valyshev. At the time she was born, her biological parents were unwed 17 and 18 years old; according to Valyshev, doctors convinced them to give up their daughter for adoption. The couple went on to have daughter Anastasia and a pair of twins, one of whom has disabilities and is raised by the family.

Long entered the international stage at the 2004 Paralympic Games in Athens, Greece, winning three gold medals in swimming. Only 12 years old at the time, Long was the youngest competitor on the U. S. Paralympic Team.

Long had 18 world record-breaking performances in 2006. Her performance at the 2006 International Paralympic Committee (IPC) Swimming World Championships in Durban, South Africa — nine gold medals in nine events (seven individual, two relay) and five world records — drew attention from outside the world of Paralympic sport. In 2006, Long became the first Paralympic athlete selected as the AAU's James E. Sullivan Award winner, given to the best amateur athlete in the United States. She was honored as the U.S. Olympic Committee's 2006 Paralympian of the year and Swimming World Magazine's 2006 Disabled Swimmer of the Year.

In 2008, Long won six medals at the Paralympics, including four gold. In addition to her four gold medals, Long set three new world records. One of her gold medals was the 100-meter freestyle, which she swam just 0.19 seconds ahead of Paralympic-record-holder and world-record-holder Israeli Keren Leibovitch.

**Ex. 2. Read the Russian-language article and say in which way it differs from the English version. Render the article into English (300 words).**

### **Text B**

Американская звезда параолимпийского спорта, обладательница 18 мировых рекордов Джессика Лонг на завершившихся в Лондоне Параолимпийских играх получила 8 медалей по плаванию (из них 5 золотых и 2 серебряных) и установила новый мировой рекорд.

Мало кто знает, что Джессика родилась в России и при рождении её назвали Татьяной. 20 лет назад в роддоме города Братска от неё отказалась родная мать. У малышки были врождённые увечья — отсутствовали берцовые кости и кости стоп. Ноги пришлось ампутировать. Тогда врачи сказали, что девочка никогда не сможет ходить. Через год девочку удочерила семья из США — мама Бетт и папа Стив. Они дали Тане Кирилловой новое имя — Джессика Лонг. За эти годы Джессика стала всемирно известной спортсменкой, но всё время она мечтала найти свою родную маму из России.

Программе, которая выходит на телеканале Россия-1, удалось найти русскую семью Джессики. Как оказалось, родные спортсменки живут в маленькой деревушке за тысячи километров от Москвы. В эфире передачи выступила родная сестра параолимпийской чемпионки Анастасия Валтышева. Девушка рассказала: в 8 лет она узнала, что у неё есть родная сестра. По словам девушки, она лишь на днях узнала, кто её сестра и где она была все это время.

Выяснилось, что у Джессики Лонг кроме Анастасии есть ещё брат и сестра — двойняшки. Младшая из сестёр родилась инвалидом. По словам Анастасии Валтышевой, её мать ни минуты не сомневалась, оставить ли больного ребенка в семье или нет. Теперь уже она не смогла бросить девочку в роддоме.

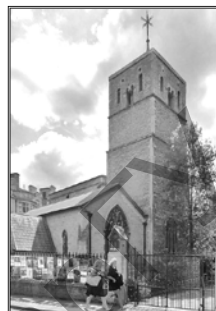
Родной отец Джессики Лонг Олег Валтышев рассказал, как они с женой приняли то судьбоносное для их первой дочери решение. Мужчина признался, что не был готов к рождению ребёнка-инвалида. Ему на тот момент было 17 лет, а его супруге — 18, они не были женаты. По словам Олега Валтышева, он видел девочку в роддоме и хотел забрать её домой. Но, видимо, повлияли уговоры врачей — совсем юным родителям было бы непросто воспитывать ребенка-инвалида в российской глубинке.

О своем желании найти родственников в России Джессика Лонг рассказала в интервью корреспонденту газеты «Советский спорт». Джессика призналась, что когда она была подростком, она не испытывала желания увидеть своих настоящих родителей. Она, возможно, таила какую-то обиду на семью, оставшуюся в России. Но теперь, по словам корреспондента, ей хочется приехать на родину и поделиться своими успехами с родными.

**Ex. 3. Write a short article for a teenage magazine. Give it a catchy title and choose the point of view you'd like to dwell upon (500 words).**

CLASS 3  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF COMPETITION

**Ex. 1.** Look at the photo on the right. Do you recognize the place? It has been around for many centuries, by the way. If need be, ask your teacher for more information.



**Ex. 2.** Watch an episode from a video guided tour of one of the most picturesque places of merry old England. Take notes. Would you love to visit the place? If yes, then in what capacity?

**Ex. 3.** Work in pairs. Share ideas on British education, especially old universities. What do you know about their reputation in the world?

**Ex. 4.** Read the beginning of a story written by a contemporary British writer. Say what made the two star students shine even brighter.

**Text 4.6**

From OLD LOVE by Jeffrey Archer

Some people, it is said, fall in love at first sight but that was not what happened to William Hatchard and Philippa Jameson. They hated each other from the moment they met. This mutual loathing commenced at the first tutorial of their freshmen terms. Both had come up in the early thirties with major scholarships to read English language and literature, William to Merton, Philippa to Somerville. Each had been reliably assured by their schoolteachers that they would be the star pupil of their year.

Their tutor, Simon Jakes of New College, was both bemused and amused by the ferocious competition that so quickly developed between his two brightest pupils, and he used their enmity skillfully to bring out the best in both of them without ever allowing either to indulge in outright abuse.

Philippa, an attractive, slim red-head with a rather high-pitched voice, was the same height as William so she conducted as many other arguments as possible standing in newly acquired high-heeled shoes, while William, whose deep voice had an air of authority,

would always try to expound his opinions from a sitting position. The more intense their rivalry became the harder the one tried to outdo the other. By the end of their first year they were far ahead of their contemporaries while remaining neck and neck with each other. Simon Jakes told the Merton Professor of Anglo-Saxon Studies that he had never had a brighter pair up in the same year and that it wouldn't be long before they were holding their own with him.

During the long vacation both worked to a gruelling timetable, always imagining the other would be doing a little more. They stripped bare Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and only went to bed with Keats. When they returned for the second year, they found that absence had made the heart grow even more hostile; and when they were both awarded alpha plus for their essays on Beowulf, it didn't help. Simon Jakes remarked at New College high table one night that if Philippa Jameson had been born a boy some of his tutorials would undoubtedly have ended in blows.

"Why don't you separate them?" asked the Warden, sleepily.

"What, and double my work-load?" said Jakes. "They teach each other most of the time: I merely act as referee."

Occasionally the adversaries would seek his adjudication as to who was ahead of whom, and so confident was each of being the favored pupil that one would always ask in the other's hearing. Jakes was far too canny to be drawn; instead he would remind them that the examiners would be the final arbiters. So they began their own subterfuge by referring to each other, just in earshot, as "that silly woman", and "that arrogant man". By the end of their second year they were almost unable to remain in the same room together.

In the long vacation William took a passing interest in Al Jolson and a girl called Ruby while Philippa flirted with the Charleston and a young naval lieutenant from Dartmouth. But when term started in earnest these interludes were never admitted and soon forgotten.

At the beginning of their third year they both, on Simon Jakes' advice, entered for the Charles Oldham Shakespeare prize along with every other student in the year who was considered likely to gain a first. The Charles Oldham was awarded for an essay on a set aspect of Shakespeare's work, and Philippa and William both realised that this would be the only time in their academic lives that they would be tested against each other in closed competition. Surreptitiously, they



worked their separate ways through the entire Shakespearian canon, from Henry VI to Henry VIII, and kept Jakes well over his appointed tutorial hours, demanding more and more refined discussion of more and more obscure points.

The chosen theme for the prize essay that year was “Satire in Shakespeare”. Troilus and Cressida clearly called for the most attention but both found there were nuances in virtually every one of the bard’s thirty-seven plays. “Not to mention a gross of sonnets,” wrote Philippa home to her father in a rare moment of self-doubt. As the year drew to a close it became obvious to all concerned that either William or Philippa had to win the prize while the other would undoubtedly come second. Nevertheless no one was willing to venture an opinion as to who the victor would be. The New College porter, an expert in these matters, opening his usual book for the Charles Oldham, made them both evens, ten to one the rest of the field.

Before the prize essay submission date was due, they both had to sit their final degree examinations. Philippa and William confronted the examination papers every morning and afternoon for two weeks with an appetite that bordered on the vulgar. It came as no surprise to anyone that they both achieved first-class degrees in the final honours school. Rumour spread around the University that the two rivals had been awarded alphas in every one of their nine papers.

I would be willing to believe that is the case, “Philippa”, told William. “But I feel I must point out to you that there is a considerable difference between an alpha plus and an alpha minus.”

“I couldn’t agree with you more,” said William. “And when you discover who has won the Charles Oldham, you will know who was awarded less.”

With only three weeks left before the prize essay had to be handed in they both worked twelve hours a day, falling asleep over open text books, dreaming that the other was still beavering away. When the appointed hour came they met in the marble-floored entrance hall of the Examination Schools.

“Good morning, William, I do hope your efforts will manage to secure a place in the first six.”

“Thank you, Philippa. If they don’t I shall look for the names C. S. Lewis, Nichol Smith, Nevil Coghill, Edmund Blunden, R. W. Chambers and H. W. Garrard ahead of me. There’s certainly no one else in the field to worry about.”

“I am only pleased,” said Philippa, as if she had not heard his reply, “that you were not seated next to me when I wrote my essay, thus ensuring for the first time in three years that you weren’t able to crib from my notes.”

“The only item I have ever cribbed from you, Philippa, was the Oxford to London timetable, and that I discovered later to be out-of-date, which was in keeping with the rest of your efforts.”

They both handed in their twenty-five-thousand-word essays to the collector’s office in the Examination Schools and left without a further word, returning to their respective colleges impatiently to await the result.

**Ex. 5. Work in small groups. Think of a continuation of the story line. According to the logic of the beginning, how should the story — almost fairy-tale-like — end? Have a competition in class for *BEST ENDING*.**

**Ex. 6. Work in small groups. There are some socio-cultural facts mentioned in the excerpt. Do you know what they are and who the people are? Does this knowledge contribute to the overall understanding of the excerpt?**

Merton

Keats

Shelley

Byron

Coleridge

Blake

Somerville

Wordsworth

the Charleston

St. Anne’s

New College

the Charles Oldham Prize

Al Jolson

the Warden

**Ex. 7. Speaking of names, one is very often remembered today, William Blake. Enjoy reading one of his poems. Do you think Oxford scholars might take profound interest in such texts?**

ETERNITY

*By William Blake*

He who binds to himself a joy  
Does the winged life destroy.  
He who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in eternity’s sunrise.

Ex. 8. Work in pairs. Study the excerpt and pick out all the words and phrases connected to education at Oxford. Pay special attention to the way classes and exams are held, papers graded and students stimulated. There is also a list of proper names which may seem less familiar save one. Which one? Who were those people and why are they mentioned here?

Ex. 9. Work in small groups. Discuss the phenomenon of competition in education? How healthy and unhealthy can it be? What consequences can it provoke?

Ex. 10. Work individually. Write down your ideas on the importance of having a little bit of competition in class (150 words).

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

Ex. 1. Read the article below recently published in the New York Times. Having read it, answer the question: Is technology going to work wonders in the twenty-first century classroom?

Text 4.7

### TECHNOLOGY CHANGING HOW STUDENTS LEARN, TEACHERS SAY

*By Matt Richtel*

There is a widespread belief among teachers that students' constant use of digital technology is hampering their attention spans and ability to persevere in the face of challenging tasks, according to two surveys of teachers being released on Thursday.



Hope Molina-Porter, an English teacher in Fullerton, Calif., worries that technology is deeply altering how students learn. The researchers note that their findings represent the subjective views of teachers and should not be seen as definitive proof that widespread use of computers, phones and video games affects students' capability to focus.

Even so, the researchers who performed the studies, as well as scholars who study technology's impact on behavior and the brain, say the studies are significant because of the vantage points of teachers, who spend hours a day observing students. The timing of the studies, from two well-regarded research organizations, appears to be coincidental.

One was conducted by the Pew Internet Project, a division of the Pew Research Center that focuses on technology-related research. The other comes from Common Sense Media, a nonprofit organization in San Francisco that advises parents on media use by children. It was conducted by Vicky Rideout, a researcher who has previously shown that media use among children and teenagers ages 8 to 18 has grown so fast that they on average spend twice as much time with screens each year as they spend in school.

Teachers who were not involved in the surveys echoed their findings in interviews, saying they felt they had to work harder to capture and hold students' attention.

"I'm an entertainer. I have to do a song and dance to capture their attention," said Hope Molina-Porter, 37, an English teacher at Troy High School in Fullerton, Calif., who has taught for 14 years. She teaches accelerated students, but has noted a marked decline in the depth and analysis of their written work.

She said she did not want to shrink from the challenge of engaging them, nor did other teachers interviewed, but she also worried that technology was causing a deeper shift in how students learned. She also wondered if teachers were adding to the problem by adjusting their lessons to accommodate shorter attention spans.

"Are we contributing to this?" Ms Molina-Porter said. "What's going to happen when they don't have constant entertainment?"

Scholars who study the role of media in society say no long-term studies have been done that adequately show how and if student attention span has changed because of the use of digital technology. But there is mounting indirect evidence that constant use of technology can affect behavior, particularly in developing brains, because of heavy stimulation and rapid shifts in attention.

Kristen Purcell, the associate director for research at Pew, acknowledged that the findings could be viewed from another perspective: that the education system must adjust to better accommodate the way students learn.

“What we’re labeling as “distraction,” some see as a failure of adults to see how these kids process information,” Ms Purcell said. “They’re not saying distraction is good but that the label of “distraction” is a judgment of this generation.”

The surveys also found that many teachers said technology could be a useful educational tool. In the Pew survey, which was done in conjunction with the College Board and the National Writing Project, roughly 75 percent of 2,462 teachers surveyed said that the Internet and search engines had a “mostly positive” impact on student research skills. And they said such tools had made students more self-sufficient researchers.

But nearly 90 percent said that digital technologies were creating “an easily distracted generation with short attention spans.”

Similarly, of the 685 teachers surveyed in the Common Sense project, 71 percent said they thought technology was hurting attention span “somewhat” or “a lot.” About 60 percent said it hindered students’ ability to write and communicate face to face, and almost half said it hurt critical thinking and their ability to do homework.

There was little difference in how younger and older teachers perceived the impact of technology.

“Boy, is this a clarion call for a healthy and balanced media diet,” said Jim Steyer, the chief executive of Common Sense Media. He added, “What you have to understand as a parent is that what happens in the home with media consumption can affect academic achievement.”

In interviews, teachers described what might be called a “Wikipedia problem,” in which students have grown so accustomed to getting quick answers with a few keystrokes that they are more likely to give up when an easy answer eludes them. The Pew research found that 76 percent of teachers believed students had been conditioned by the Internet to find quick answers.

“They need skills that are different than “Spit, spit, there’s the answer,”” said Lisa Baldwin, 48, a high school teacher in Great Barrington, Mass., who said students’ ability to focus and fight through academic challenges was suffering an “exponential decline.” She said she saw the decline most sharply in students

whose parents allowed unfettered access to television, phones, iPads and video games.

For her part, Ms Baldwin said she refused to lower her expectations or shift her teaching style to be more entertaining. But she does spend much more time in individual tutoring sessions, she added, coaching students on how to work through challenging assignments.

Other teachers said technology was as much a solution as a problem. Dave Mendell, 44, a fourth-grade teacher in Wallingford, Pa., said that educational video games and digital presentations were excellent ways to engage students on their terms. Teachers also said they were using more dynamic and flexible teaching styles.

He added that it was tougher to engage students, but that once they were engaged they were just as able to solve problems and be creative as they had been in the past.

While the Pew research explored how technology has affected attention span, it also looked at how the Internet has changed student research habits. By contrast, the Common Sense survey focused largely on how teachers saw the impact of entertainment media on a range of classroom skills.

The surveys include some findings that appear contradictory. In the Common Sense report, for instance, some teachers said that even as they saw attention spans wane, students were improving in subjects like math, science and reading.

But researchers said the conflicting views could be the result of subjectivity and bias. For example, teachers may perceive themselves facing both a more difficult challenge but also believe that they are overcoming the challenge through effective teaching.

Dr. Dimitri Christakis, who studies the impact of technology on the brain and is the director of the Center for Child Health, Behavior and Development at Seattle Children's Hospital, emphasized that teachers' views could be accurate. His own research shows what happens to attention and focus in mice when they undergo the equivalent of heavy digital stimulation. Students saturated by entertainment media, he said, were experiencing a "supernatural" stimulation that teachers might have to keep up with or simulate. The heavy technology use, Dr. Christakis said, "makes reality by comparison uninteresting."

**Ex. 2. Work individually. Are you *pro* or *con* extensive use of technology in educational practices. Write down your ideas (300 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 individual contributions of people mentioned in the material.

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

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

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

(6) Produce extra pieces of poetry by William Blake (or other poets).

**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 Five-Year Engagement* and *Red Lights* and have found them great films. Tell your friends about them.

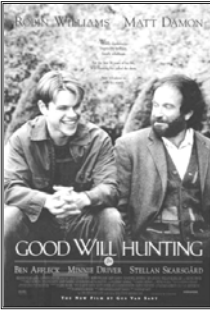
(2) You may have written down many of the nice phrases spoken by the lecturers in those movies, which must have improved your English. Share them with other students.

(3) You learned about several good stories worth reading such as *Old Love* by Jeffrey Archer. Find more stories by the author and read them for the sheer pleasure.

(4) You must have talked and written about the problem of working miracles in the classroom, which does not come easy. Have you been convinced that you can do it as well?

## 5. DO WE NEED TO KNOW ABOUT TEACHING?

### CLASS 1 HUNTING FOR YOUNG TALENT



**Ex. 1. Work in pairs. Watch the episode from *Good Will Hunting*. While watching, get to understand several things properly.**

(1) Which university does the episode take place at?

(2) What kind of personality does the professor possess?

(3) How does he choose to connect with his students?

(4) In which way does he try to encourage

and stimulate?

(5) What do you think might happen next if we consider the last moments of the episode?

**Ex. 2. Watch the episode again. In pairs, discuss the Professor's profile as you see him. Find out what he might think about things including (1) his job, (2) his status, (3) his students, (4) the science of mathematics, and (5) life in general.**

**Ex. 3. In small groups, recollect your memories of the people who used to be your teachers at various stages of your educational life. What sort of people were they?**

**Ex. 4. Work in small groups. Read the beginning of an extract from a contemporary novel. The protagonist here is a university lecturer. What do you think will follow the beginning like this? Share ideas with your group mates.**

It's easy to lose perspective and become cynical when you're close to a profession or a person for decades. You start focusing on the ugly parts, forgetting the overall beauty of what's up close to you.



**Ex. 5. Read the continuation of the extract and think if your expectations of what might follow have been met.**

## **Text 5.1**

### **SLOW WALTZ IN CEDAR BEND**

*By Robert J. Waller*

It's easy to lose perspective and become cynical when you're close to a profession or a person for decades. You start focusing on the ugly parts, forgetting the overall beauty of what's up close to you.

He'd begun graduate study with soaring thoughts of becoming a scholar and a teacher, indeed the highest calling as far as he could tell. In his early twenties he'd imagined bright students he would lead through the intricacies of advanced economic theory, maybe a Nobel Prize out there if the scholarship was diligent. But in some way he'd never been able to define, graduate school and his early years as a professor had taken the dreams away from him. Something to do with the emphasis on method, with plodding data collection and analysis. Something to do with social scientists trying to operate like physicists, as if the roiling complexities of social reality could be handled in the same way as the study of nature. And something to do with students who cared only for job preparation, who demanded what they called "relevance" and had no real interest in the abstractions he found so lovely, so much like a clear, cold mountain stream running through his brain. "Good theory is the most practical thing you can study," he told them. They didn't believe him.

He gave a little speech at a College of Business and Economics faculty meeting. "We are interested, it seems, not in creating, but only in maintaining — maintaining our comfortable, enviable life-style. If the taxpayers ever discover what's really going on around here, they'll march on us. We're like the goddamned students and the students are like us dumb bastards: it's come down to cooperate and graduate."

Two heads out of 137 nodded in agreement, 135 wished the dean would get on with the meeting and talk about next year's salary prospects. Michael didn't make any more speeches after that.

So the dreams eroded. And Michael Tillman began to turn inward, to follow only what made sense to him. He was trying to get back the old feelings, the awe he'd once experienced in contemplating the great sweep of time and space, wondering about

the peculiar evolutionary magic that had put him and not someone else here at this particular time in a universe still expanding.

People saw him as distant, and he was. People saw him as arrogant, but he wasn't, quite the opposite. He simply decided to go off by himself, go his own way. People mistake shyness and reclusiveness — both of those — for arrogance. It's a convenient label slapped on by those who see only the surface of things and nothing more. He understood as much and let them believe what they chose to believe.

As a teacher he was different, but effective. Good students liked him, the middling ones were afraid of him. The poorer students avoided his classes. He wasn't a kindly Mr Chips, and never would be, yet he respected grit and determination, spending long hours with those who had trouble in his classes. And he reserved a special disdain for the talented ones who lazed through their student years.

"Do what he asks and you're okay, dead meat otherwise," the graduate students said. "He walks around barefoot in the classroom sometimes, but he knows what he's talking about."

The undergraduates wrote good things and bad things on his evaluations:

"Tests are too hard. Needs to understand young kids and parental pressure better."

"He's a little scary but gives me a lot of help outside the classroom. This is a hard course."

"His ideas have caused me to reevaluate my life."

"Seems arrogant at times, self-centered. Nobody can be as smart as he seems."

"I liked his approach [sic]."

"Needs a haircut and sometimes takes the Lord's name in vain."

"Good in class but never seems to be around except for his office hours. I'm working at K-mart to pay off my Camarro and my schedule doesn't fit with his."

"Knows his stuff but lives in another world."

"Great teacher. One of the two best I've had."

Michael had come out of graduate school on the run. The twenty-six articles on his resume got him tenure in 1970 and a full professorship in 1978, a week before his fortieth birthday. After that he raised his head and began looking around, trying to get the magic back. People still called and asked what he was doing on this or that subject.

"Nothing," he'd tell them. "On to other things."

"Like what?" they'd ask.

He kept it vague, enigmatic, matching the drift of his own mind. “I’m fooling around with Jeremy Bentham’s early work on the pleasure-pain calculus and its applications to problems of contemporary democracy.”

That stopped them. There’d be a moment of silence down the long lines of Mother Bell. Then “I see. Too bad you didn’t keep working on the earlier material; I thought you were on to something with that.”

**Ex. 6. List all the things, good or bad, that happened to the protagonist, Michael Tillman, during his years as a university lecturer. Pay special attention to the language the author uses. Explain what lies behind the veil of fine words. One example has been given to you.**

– *soaring thoughts of becoming a scholar and a teacher* = the character had high expectations of his future job as a teacher, and wanted to get the best of the two worlds – one of teaching someone and the other of learning more of the subject and becoming a scholar with a world class reputation.

– *the highest calling* =

– *a Nobel Prize out there* =

**Ex. 7. “Do what he asks and you’re okay, dead meat otherwise”. That’s what some graduate students used to say about Professor Tillman. Would you like to be spoken about like that – by your students? Why (not)? Another question is whether such a phrase can/should be expected in relation to a *school* teacher.**

**Ex. 8. Practice reflection on your own teaching. Imagine what your future students might write about *your* teaching style/behavior/approach. Write 3-5 short responses and explain their message. *Don’t use your real name* when writing.**

**Ex. 9. In your group, play a little game. Collect student responses and draw some out of this pool. Read them out one by one and guess who the teacher might be. Evaluate the quality of evaluation. Choose the one that captures the young teacher’s personality in the best possible way.**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. They say that good universities need good students. But is it really so? Read the magazine article and single out the criteria American colleges and universities focus on while choosing prospective students.**

### Text 5.2

#### YOUR LIFE IN 500 WORDS OR LESS

*By Andrew Ferguson*

Meg is a lawyer-mom in suburban Washington, D. C., where lawyer-moms are thick on the ground. She's asked us not to use her last name to prevent mortification to her son Doug. He is quite mortified enough already.

Doug is one of several hundred thousand high-school seniors who had a painful fall. The deadline for applying to his favorite college was Nov. 1, and by early October he had yet to fill out the application. More to the point, he had yet to settle on a subject for the personal essay accompanying the application. According to college folklore, a well-turned essay has the power to seduce an admissions committee.

"He wanted to do one thing at a time," Meg says, explaining her son's delay. "But really, my son is a huge procrastinator. The essay is the hardest thing to do, so he's put it off the longest."

Friends and other veterans of the process have warned Meg that the back and forth between editing parent and writing student can be gruesomely traumatic. "But I tell them, you can't scare me," she says. "I'm already there. I mean, I was an English major, I'm a lawyer, I write for a living! And I'm panicking already."

The panic is arriving early this year. Back in the good old days-say, two years ago, when the last of my children suffered the ordeal-a high-school student applying to college could procrastinate all the way to New Year's of senior year, assuming he or she could withstand the parental pestering. But things change fast in the nail-biting world of college admissions. The recent trend toward early decision and early action among selective colleges and universities has pushed the traditional deadline of January up to Nov. 1 or early December for many students.

If the time for heel-dragging has been shortened, the true source of the anxiety and panic remains what it has always been. And it's not the application itself. A college application is a relatively straightforward questionnaire asking for the basics: name, address, family history,

employment history. It would all be innocent enough—20 minutes of busy work—except it comes attached to an incendiary device: the personal essay.

“There are good reasons it causes such anxiety,” says Lisa Sohmer, director of college counseling at the Garden School in Jackson Heights, N.Y. “It’s not just the actual writing. By now everything else is already set. Your course load is set, your grades are set, and your test scores are set. All that’s done. But the essay is something you can still control, and it’s open-ended. So the temptation is to write and rewrite and rewrite.” Or stall and stall and stall.

The application essay, along with its mythical importance, is a recent invention. In the 1930s, when only one in 10 Americans had a degree from a four-year college, an admissions committee was content to ask for a sample of applicants’ school papers to assess their writing ability. By the 1950s, most schools required a brief personal statement of why the student had chosen to apply to one school over another.

Today nearly 70 percent of graduating seniors go off to college, including two-year and four-year institutions. Even apart from the increased competition, the kids enter a process that has been utterly transformed from the one baby boomers knew. Nearly all application materials are submitted online, and the Common Application provides a one-size-fits form accepted by more than 400 schools, including the nation’s most selective.

Those schools usually require essays of their own, but the longest essay, 500 words maximum, is generally attached to the Common App. Students choose one of six questions. Applicants are asked to describe an ethical dilemma they’ve faced and its impact on them, or discuss a public issue of special concern to them, or tell of a fictional character or creative work that has profoundly influenced them. Another question invites them to write about the importance (to them, again) of diversity—a word that has assumed incantatory power in American higher education. The most popular option: write on a topic of your choice.

Talking to admissions professionals, you realize that the list of “don’ts” in essay writing is much longer than the “dos.”

“No book reports, no history papers, no character studies,” says Sohmer.

“It drives you crazy, how easily kids slip into clichés. They don’t realize how typical their experiences are. I scored the winning goal in soccer against our archrival.” “My grandfather served in World War II, and I hope to be just like him someday.” That may mean a lot

to that particular kid. But in the world of the application essay, it's nothing. You'll lose the reader in the first paragraph."

Other no-nos: family trips to Europe or Asia. Ditto the year Ashley spent as an au pair in France, and the leadership seminar Grayson attended in Washington, D. C., paid for by Mom and Pop. And tales of community service, according to the pros, are fast becoming overripe.

"The greatest strength you bring to this essay," says the College Board's how-to book, "is 17 years or so of familiarity with the topic: YOU. The form and style are very familiar, and best of all, you are the world-class expert on the subject of YOU ... It has been the subject of your close scrutiny every morning since you were tall enough to see into the bathroom mirror." The key word in the Common App prompts is "you." A system that places its highest value on the comfort with which a young person can expose-or pretend to expose-his inner self will be to the great advantage of such people. What this says either way about a student's ability to perform academically is anybody's guess. Yet one important fact is seldom mentioned to applicants or their parents.

"For all the angst the essay causes," says Bill McClintick of Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania, "it's a very small piece of the puzzle. I was in college admissions for 10 years. I saw kids and parents beat themselves up over this. And at the vast majority of places, it is simply not a big variable in the decision-making process."

Many admissions officers say they spend less than a couple of minutes on each application, including the essay. According to a recent survey of admissions officers, only one in four private colleges say the essay is of "considerable importance" in judging an application. Among public colleges and universities, the number drops to roughly one in 10.

Still, at the most selective schools, where thousands of candidates may submit identically stratospheric grades and test scores, a marginal item like the essay may serve as a tiebreaker between two equally qualified candidates. The thought is certainly enough to keep the pot boiling under parents like Meg, the lawyer-mom, as she tries to help her son choose an essay topic.

For a moment the other day, she thought she might have hit on a good one. "His father's from France," she says. "I said maybe you could write about that, as something that makes you different. I said, 'You could write about your identity issues.'" He said, "I don't have any identity issues!" And he's right. He's a well-adjusted, normal kid. But that doesn't make for a good essay, does it?

Ex. 2. Write your own application essay taking into account what you have just read (500 words).

Ex. 3. Watch the movie *Good Will Hunting* and be ready to discuss it in class.

## CLASS 2

### A TEACHER — AND SOMETHING ELSE

Ex. 1. Work in pairs. Watch the episode from the film *The Mirror Has Two Faces*. While watching, pay special attention to professor-student interaction. What's the secret of the lecturer's success?



Ex. 2. In pairs, single out five things which are an absolute must for all university lecturers worth their salt. Sort out five things which are an absolute taboo. Share your lists with your group mates. Do you agree on most things here? Why (not)?

Ex. 3. Work individually. Put the *jumbled* fragments of the biography below into the right categories. When finished, say if the life of this university professor was really well lived.

### Text 5.3

#### ERIC SEGAL'S BIOGRAPHY

(1) *Erich Wolf Segal* (1937–2010) was an American author, screenwriter and educator. He was best known for writing the novel *Love Story* (1970), a best-seller, and writing the motion picture of the same name, which was a major hit. The son of a rabbi, Segal attended school in Brooklyn and traveled to Switzerland to take summer courses. He attended Harvard College, graduating as both the class poet and Latin salutatorian in 1958, after which he obtained his master's degree (in 1959) and a doctorate (in 1965) in comparative literature, from Harvard University.

(\_\_\_) Segal was an accomplished competitive runner dating back to when he was a sprinter at high school. He was introduced to marathon running during his freshman year at Harvard College. Segal

ran in the Boston Marathon almost every year from 1955 to 1975. His time of 3 hours, 43 minutes earned him 79th place in his first attempt at this particular event. His best Boston performance was in 1964 when he finished 63rd with a time of 2:56:30.

( ) He published a number of scholarly works later as well as teaching at the university level. He acted as a visiting professor for the University of Munich, Princeton University, and Dartmouth College. He wrote widely on Greek and Latin literature. His novel *The Class* (1985), a saga based on the Harvard Class of 1958, was also a bestseller, and won literary honour in France and Italy. *Doctors* was another New York Times bestseller from Segal.

( ) Segal was a professor of Greek and Latin literature at Harvard University, Yale University and Princeton University. He had been a Supernumerary Fellow and subsequently an Honorary Fellow of Wolfson College, Oxford. His first academic book, *Roman Laughter: The Comedy of Plautus*, revolutionized the great Roman comic playwright best known today as the inspiration for the Broadway hit, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. In 2001 Harvard published his *The Death of Comedy*, the all-encompassing literary history. In 1967, he wrote the screenplay for The Beatles' motion picture, *Yellow Submarine*.

( ) Segal, who suffered from Parkinson's disease, died of a heart attack on January 17, 2010, and was buried in London. In a eulogy delivered at his funeral, his daughter Francesca said, "That he fought to breathe, fought to live, every second of the last 30 years of illness with such mind-blowing obduracy, is a testament to the core of who he was – a blind obsessionality that saw him pursue his teaching, his writing, his running and my mother, with just the same tenacity. He was the most dogged man any of us will ever know."

( ) In the late 1960s, Segal collaborated on other screenplays, and also had written a synthetic romantic story by himself about a Harvard student and a Radcliffe student, but failed to sell it. However, a literary agent suggested he turn the script into a novel and the result was a literary and motion picture phenomenon called *Love Story*. A New York Times No. 1 bestseller, the book became the top



selling work of fiction for 1970 in the United States, and was translated into 33 languages worldwide. The motion picture of the same name was the number one box office attraction of 1970. Segal went on to write more novels and screenplays, including the 1977 sequel to *Love Story*, called *Oliver's Story*.

**Ex. 4. Talk about Eric Segal the Professor. Would you like to be taught by this kind of professor? Why (not)?**

**Ex. 5. Read an extract from *The Class* by Eric Segal. Give an account of what American Ivy-league academic life was like some half a century ago.**

**Text 5.4**

#### ANDREW ELIOT'S DIARY

What makes Harvard — and, I have to admit, Yale — different from every other university in America is its so-called college system.

Around 1909, Cambridge was turning from a village into a real city, and though some students lived in dorms, Harvard men were scattered everywhere across town. The poorer guys rented cheap hovels along Mass. Avenue, while the overprivileged ones (like my father) lived in really posh apartments in the area then called the Gold Coast (near Mt. Auburn Street. This dispersion was symptomatic of a rigid social separation that perpetuated lots of prejudice.

President Lowell thought that it was wrong for undergraduates to live in these hermetic cliques. So he championed the idea of copying Oxford and dividing the university into smaller colleges that would be a mixture of all types.

The process works like this. First they admit all of us freshmen into dormitories in the Yard so that — in principle — we get to meet the different kinds of guys that make up one whole class. After a year of this enlightening experience we're supposed to have found our new diverse and fascinating friends. At which point we'll be ready to spend our next three years down by the river in those exciting little colleges that Harvard snobbishly calls simply "houses."

Actually, for some guys this arrangement has some educational value. Jocks from Alabama find themselves applying to a house along

with pre-med types, philosophers, and would-be novelists. And when it does work, this setup really can enrich a person's life as much as any academic course.

But this is far less true where preppies are concerned. Variety is not the spice of our lives. We're like bacteria (though slightly brighter). We flourish in our own special environment. So I'm sure the university was not surprised when Newall, Wigglesworth, and I decided to perpetuate our roommatehood for three more years.

Originally, we had wanted to have Jason Gilbert join with us as a foursome. He's a really good guy and would help to keep things lively. Also, Newall figured we might profit from the surplus of his feminine admirers. But that was secondary.

Dick asked him on the bus back from the squash match against Yale (which we won). But Jason was reluctant. He had had such unbelievable bad luck with roommates that he'd made up his mind to apply to live alone next year. Though sophomores rarely get this privilege, Gilbert's proctor promised to write a letter of support for him. And Jason suggested that we all select the same house as our first choice so that we could have our meals together and he'd be nearby for our multitudinous impromptu parties.

Now our only problem was where to apply.

Though there are seven houses, only three of them are really socially acceptable. For despite this bull about democracy, most of the masters want to give their house a distinctive tone, and thus try to select a preponderance of certain types, who reciprocally gravitate toward them.

A lot of guys choose Adams House (named after good old Johnny, Class of 1755, the second U.S. President), perhaps because it had once been Gold Coast apartments. Also, not inconsequentially, it has a chef who once worked in a fancy New York restaurant (a factor not to be ignored when you consider three full years of breakfast, lunch, and dinner).

Then there's Lowell House, a Georgian masterpiece, convenient to the Final Clubs, whose master is more English than the queen. Withal, a very tweedy place.

But Harvard's undisputed preppie paradise is... Eliot House. Needless to say, both Wig and Newall want to make it their first choice. But I'm a bit uneasy at the prospect of inhabiting this rather

awesome redbrick monument to my great-grandfather (his statue's even in the courtyard).

Still, Wig and Newall were really hot to go where most of our friends already are ensconced. We had the makings of a real dilemma, till an unexpected visitor surprised us fairly late one evening.

Fortunately, no one was too drunk to hear the knocking at the door.

Newall stood up unsteadily to greet our nocturnal guest. I suddenly heard him cry out, "Jesus Christ!" and hurried to the door to hear our visitor reply, "Not quite, young man, I'm just His humble servant."

It was none other than Professor Finley. I mean the man himself — in our own dorm!

He happened to be passing by on his late evening promenade, and thought he'd take the liberty of popping in to ask where we'd be applying for next year. And especially if Eliot was "privileged" to be among our choices.

We quickly assured him that it was, although he sensed that I myself had qualms about being Andrew Eliot in Eliot House, whose master was the Eliot Professor of Greek.

In fact, he'd come to reassure me. He did not expect me to translate the Bible for the Indians, or become the President of Harvard. And yet he was certain that in my own way I'd make my mark somehow.

I don't know if I was more stunned or just moved. I mean, this great professor thought that I might actually develop into — I don't know — something.

The next morning I was still not really sure that John H. Finley actually had come in person to our room.

*March 6, 1955*

**Ex. 6. Discuss the episode described in the diary entry above. Why was it so much surprising for the student? Can similar things happen at your university? Why (not)?**

**Ex. 7. Work in pairs. Interpret the following quotation from R. W. Emerson "The things taught in colleges and schools are not an education, but the means of education." By the way, Emerson himself went to Harvard but never graduated. What do you make of the writer's message?**

**Ex. 8. Role-play your class reunion at Baranovichi State 25 years later, in the late 2030s. What will you remember about your students days then? Share ideas in writing (150 words).**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

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

**Ex. 2. Read the article and pay special attention to various aspects of Eric Segal’s personality. What was he — in the first place — a scholar, a university professor, or an author?**

### Text 5.5

#### ERICH W. SEGAL, SCREENWRITER

*By Lindsay P. Tanne*

Before Erich W. Segal '58 penned the romantic novel “Love Story” — the iconic tale of a Harvard man and Radcliffe woman who fall for each other — he wrote notes for his roommates to express his creativity.

“Gordo,” begins a hurried letter to his freshman year roommate Marvin A. Gordon '58, “as you know, we are running low on” — and here, he drew a picture of a toilet paper roll — “Unless you’d like to wipe your rectum with dollar bills, you might well let me know when the next 50 cents is coming, or buy the stuff yourself.”

Segal, who graduated from the College as both class poet (an elected Class Day speaker) and Latin salutatorian (a Commencement orator based on class ranking), went on to pursue a career that straddled the line between academia and popular culture. In addition to writing “Love Story,” Segal is known for his collaboration on the Beatles’ 1968 film “Yellow Submarine.”

But Segal — who has also held various teaching positions at Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, and Princeton, among other institutions — will be absent from this year’s reunion as he battles illness at his home in London.

“I no longer own the impregnable mind and body that used to overcome adversity in whatever form I had to face it,” Segal wrote in

a concise passage in this year's 50th anniversary report. "I am with you, classmates, and hope we will meet in person again."

For those who have studied and worked with Segal, it is his imagination that has imbued him with the ability to inhabit the distinct roles of both Classics professor and famous writer.

## BECOMING A WRITER

Despite his future prominence as a writer, Segal, who was a classics concentrator, was not particularly active in any literary pursuits while he was an undergraduate. He briefly attempted to gain a spot on *The Crimson's* staff in the fall of 1955 but managed to have only two unsigned cartoons published.

In 1958, as a senior completing his studies, Segal wrote his first play, a Hasty Pudding show called "The Big Fizz."

Although the show received lackluster reviews, when Segal was a graduate student in May 1961, his Homeric spoof "Sing, Muse!" was performed in Leverett House dining hall to considerably more success.

The play, which attracted an off-Broadway producer, became an unlikely hit and served as the springboard for Segal's playwriting career.

In a 1972 interview with *The Crimson*, Segal said that the success of the play was unexpected. "And I must emphasize, it began without my trying, you know. I wasn't down there making the theatrical scene," he said. "I was up here getting a Ph.D. And I wrote something for Leverett House 'cause they wanted it for spring weekend, see? But the professionals bought it and put it on. And then by God, I was a professional!"

But before he tried his hand at writing, roommates said Segal was dedicated to his academics and to the track team. Gordon recalled Segal's ostensible disappointment after receiving his first-semester grades. He said that Segal looked theatrically at his grades and expressed fear that he would "flunk out."

Gordon added that he and his two other suitemates made their way to Segal's academic adviser to express their concern.

"We said, 'We're very worried about Erich. Is there anything we can do to help him?'" Gordon said. But it was all for naught.

Gordon remembered the adviser saying that he could not tell the boys what Segal's grades were but that he was "at the top of the heap."

Aside from his academic endeavors, for Segal, running was paramount. As a member of the track team, he ran his first Boston

Marathon in 1955, and continued to run the marathon until 1975, according to the Boston Athletic Association.

### A DUNSTER STORY

Following graduation, Segal received his masters and Ph. D. in comparative literature from Harvard. He then went on to teach at several Ivy League colleges and served as a fellow at Wolfson College at Oxford.

The fame that Segal acquired after writing “Sing, Muse!” resulted in his collaboration on the screenplay for the animated Beatles film “Yellow Submarine.” He continued to contribute to other screenplays throughout the 1960s, including “The Games” and “Downhill Racer.”

In the fall of 1968, while on leave from Yale, Segal returned to Harvard, where he wrote the screenplay for “Love Story.” Written in Dunster J-39, “Love Story” was composed in the same room in which Segal completed half a monograph on Euripides and Meander.

After pitching the screenplay to several movie producers, his literary agent, Lois K. Wallace, who worked at the William Morris Agency at the time and who had first met Segal at Harvard summer school in 1959, suggested that he turn it into a novel.

This is how that “Love Story” — The New York Times number one bestseller and number one box office attraction in 1971 — was born.

“I thought it was terrific,” Wallace recently said of the original screenplay. “He was driven, he was amazingly intelligent, and unbelievably energetic.”

### INHABITING TWO WORLDS

For friends who knew Segal at Harvard, his spirited personality and propensity to eavesdrop can explain his ability to inhabit both the role of professor and writer. “One of the reasons that I think he turned out to be prolific and extremely successful...was that he had a great imagination, no problem at all with making the narrative fit the story rather than fit the truth,” Gordon said.

Merging fiction with reality, Segal’s sixth novel, “The Class,” published in 1986, follows five fictitious members of the Harvard class of 1985, culminating in their 25th class reunion.

But according to Gordon, as he and his classmates gather for their 50th reunion, Segal’s inspiration for his most famous novel, “Love Story,” is also evident in their shared Harvard experience.

“If you read ‘Love Story,’ ” Gordon said, “I could pick out little parts of all kinds of roommates and friends we had that he sort of rolled into one character in the hero of ‘Love Story.’ ”

**Ex. 3. In written form, express your ideas on the personality profile of an ideal university professor. What sort of person should he/she be? (200 words)**

### CLASS 3 COOPERATION IS THE KEY

**Ex. 1. Work in pairs. Watch the episode from the movie *Larry Crowne*. Do some guess work quickly on (1) what sort of class this is, exactly; (2) where the class is taught, and (3) what for.**

**Ex. 2. What do you think of the teacher in the above episode? Share ideas with your group mates.**

**Ex. 3. Watch an extract from a documentary film about contemporary British school. While watching, pay special attention to the teacher’s classroom strategies. What does she do to motivate her students?**

**Ex. 4. Read an extract from an article by a renowned British educator and author. Give a summary of the author’s ideas.**



### Text 5.6

### THE GOOD LANGUAGE TEACHER

*By Luke Prodrômou*

More work has been done on the good language learner recently than on the good language teacher. This reflects the current learner-centred orthodoxy many teachers subscribe to: autonomy of the learner, self-access work, guessing strategies, a more systematic

approach to grammar, and the importance of using the language for communication, attitudes to the target culture, and so on. The profile of the good learner is beginning to emerge.

This is all well and good, but the demands on the teacher in a learner-centred methodology are greater, paradoxically, not less, than in conventional “teacher-centred” approaches. We need to know more about what skills are required of a teacher who wishes to encourage good language learning.

This article reports the results of a survey designed to discover students’ views of good and bad language teaching. Although students’ opinions and expectations are not sacred, they are a good starting point for beginning to understand and meet students’ needs. On the basis of what the students said in the survey, I define some of the roles required of the teacher and look more closely at one particularly important role, that of manager.

There were over 40 students involved in the survey, of intermediate to advanced level. The context in which the survey was conducted was the large mixed-ability class, where there is little access to expensive equipment and examination fever is predominant, and consequently testing, overt and covert, takes over from teaching.

The survey took the form of (1) interviews and (2) written assignments in which the students were asked to recall their favourite and least favourite teachers and to say why they thought some teachers were more successful than others. Below is a summary of what they said about the good — and bad — language teacher. I have copied exactly what the students said, correcting only those language errors that obscured the intended meaning.

*The good language teacher*

- friendly;
- explained things, gave good notes;
- knew how to treat someone who sits at a desk for six hours, let the students do it by themselves — group work;
- we did the lesson together;
- took out things we know;
- talked about her life;
- talked about problems of the school;
- talked about other subjects;
- played games;



- told jokes;
- she was one of us;
- didn't push weak learners;
- asked students' opinions, there was a dialogue she was like an actress;
- pretended a lot, she was forceful, but not strict, she was educated, she knew psychology;
- used movement to make meaning clear, she made sure everyone understood, she was funny;
- read in a tone that made meaning clear, she got close to students;
- she believed in me, made me believe in myself;
- I wanted him to be proud of me;
- he had a personality of his own;
- was very experienced;
- she made grammar clear;
- they tried to communicate;
- she gave advice;
- he talked about personal problems, she gave me a lot of books to read, she used questions a lot, she asked all students questions;
- talked about the lesson.

This list of qualities is long, and the individual items are in no particular order of priority. This has its advantages: it highlights the fact that there are many different and contradictory qualities that contribute to effective teaching, and it is encouraging that students do not come up with a single, consistent picture of the ideal teacher. To be prescriptive about what makes a good teacher would assume we know more about the subject than we do, and it would limit the options available to us.

*The bad language teacher*

- very strict, didn't let us speak;
- gave us a text to learn and checked it;
- gave marks all the time;
- she was fixed in a chair;
- always above our heads;
- shouted for no reason;
- gave a lot of tests;
- forced us to do things;
- didn't discuss other problems;

- started the lesson immediately;
- didn't smile;
- she stared at you and you couldn't say a word;
- his tests were too difficult;
- we were not prepared for the test;
- he just showed us a grammar rule and we forgot it shouted when we made mistakes, very nervous;
- talked and talked she spoke flat;
- she just said the lesson and nothing else, there was a distance from us, believed the students were all the same;
- believed students all knew the same things;
- like a machine;
- not prepared;
- treated kids like objects;
- she was rigid;
- sarcastic and ironic;
- only lessons — didn't discuss anything else, avoided answering questions. you couldn't laugh, you couldn't speak, he was the teacher, i was the student;
- he had a blacklist and said “you, you, you”;
- she had a little book with the marks in;
- no communication, nothing;
- she made me feel anxious;
- he said we weren't well prepared.

It would be not only difficult but counterproductive to generalize from the diverse and often contradictory comments made by students about good and bad teachers. In fact, the diversity of opinions as to what constitutes effective teaching confirms an assumption made in this article: that there is no formula for good teaching, that very different people make good teachers for very different reasons. My own experience of observing teachers at work for many years suggests that both introverts and extroverts, soft-spoken and outspoken people, theatrical and non-theatrical types can all hold the attention of a class and make learning enjoyable and effective.

It would, however, be both defeatist and counter-intuitive not to observe certain general principles that many good teachers have in common. These general principles may act as a starting point for the teacher who has lost confidence in her ability to fulfill her own potential.

I said earlier that there are no recipes for success, and equally there are no secret formulae. If there is some magic involved in successful teaching, we should set about learning the practical principles behind the magic, like a child with a box of tricks and a set of instructions, but above all we must learn to create our own personal magic, a magic of a more ordinary kind. A trick is special; it works on one occasion and you cannot go on repeating the same trick indefinitely with the same audience. One recipe (another metaphor) works for one particular dish; it doesn't tell you how to make a different dish. Theory is like the general principles of good cooking: it helps you know what you're doing and why, and it allows you to generate new ideas, new techniques in a principled fashion, rather than in an ad hoc way. Experience and practice are of course indispensable, but they make more sense in the light of research and what (little) we know about how people learn languages.

**Ex. 5. Work in small groups. Brainstorm the most acid difficulties that English classrooms experience these days. Proceed from reviewing your individual weaknesses to looking for innovative ways to resolve the problems. Work collectively, support but not criticize each other.**

**Ex. 6. Work in pairs. Study the following quotation from a British educational newspaper: "There are teachers who lack confidence in their ability to deal with disruption and who see their classes as potentially hostile. They create a negative classroom atmosphere by frequent criticism and rare praise... Their methods increase the danger of major confrontation not only with individual pupils but with the whole class." Express your attitude to the fact.**

**Ex. 7. Work individually. Think about the torments and triumphs of the teaching profession. What's there more of? Are they, however great they might be, worth living for? Express your ideas in writing (200 + words).**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Watch the film *Larry Crowne* and prepare to talk about it in class.**

**Ex. 2. Read the article and point out the arguments for and against cooperative learning techniques in the EFL classroom.**

COOPERATIVE LEARNING  
IN THE EFL CLASSROOM

*By Mary Ann Christinso*

Once there was a very mean boss who owned a large factory. The boss liked to watch his workers work in order to make certain they were working hard.

It made his workers very nervous. One day while the boss was watching his workers, he saw a man taking a coffee break. He did not like his workers taking coffee breaks. When he came back half an hour later, the man was still taking a break. This made the boss very angry. He said to the man, "How much money do you make in a week?"

"Two hundred dollars," said the man. The boss reached in his back pocket, took out his wallet, and gave the man two hundred dollars.

"Here," said the boss, "take this, get out, and don't come back."

After the man had gone, the boss turned to another worker and asked, "What was that man's job, anyway?"

"Oh", said the other man, "he doesn't work here. He just came out to take the garbage!"

As foreign-language teachers, we are often like the mean boss in the story. We sometimes make decisions without having all the facts. In doing so, we jump to erroneous conclusions. This can be the case when teachers make decisions about using small groups and cooperative learning in the classroom. Some teachers decide that cooperative learning is not for them or for their students; they already have a system for managing and organizing the classrooms that "works".

I frequently hear the following comments from teachers about cooperative learning: "It's too noisy!" "I don't have enough space to do cooperative activities." "It takes so much time and effort." "I have too many students in my class to work in pairs or small groups."

These comments suggest that many foreign language teachers do not have all the facts about cooperative learning. Cooperative learning can be characterized in the following Chinese proverb: *Tell me, and I'll forget. Show me, and I'll remember, Involve me, and I'll learn.*

Cooperative learning can be defined as a strategy for the classroom that is used to increase motivation and retention, to help students develop

a positive image of self and others, to provide a vehicle for critical thinking and problem solving, and to encourage collaborative social skills.

There are several ways a teacher might help students see value in cooperative skills. Some teachers simply explain why they are doing cooperative work. Other teachers do a brainstorm session on the possible value of cooperative group work. Still others place posters around the room to remind learners of the benefits of cooperative group work. What follows is a list of ideas that were generated by my own students. The list is not meant to be exhaustive, but rather to provide you with some ideas on the value of cooperative learning for your own students:

- we can interact with our classmates;
- we find out what our classmates think and know;
- we hear more English;
- we get a chance to be a leader;
- we learn more about each other and that's interesting;
- we learn to respect different ideas and opinions;
- we have to really think in order to solve the problems;
- we learn social skills for getting along with others;
- we learn more vocabulary words;
- others listen to what I have to say.

Most studies done investigating the effects of cooperative learning programs on student learning show that high, average, and low achievers gain equally from the cooperative experience. Studies also supported the concept that the more tightly structured methods of cooperative group work will have the largest effects on basic skills. Higher-order cognitive skills are best improved by the more open-ended methods used in cooperative learning. Through those, students can become real partners in the learning enterprise. Consequently, they are better prepared to meet life's obligations.

**Ex. 3. Speculate on a Chinese proverb below and its relation to the ideas postulated in the article. Express your ideas in writing (150 + words).**

Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day.  
Teach a man how to fish  
and you will feed him for a lifetime.

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 individual contributions of people mentioned in the material.

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

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

(5) 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 *Good Will Hunting*, *The Mirror Has Two Faces*, *Love Story*, and *Larry Crowne* and have found them great films. Tell your friends about them.

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

(3) You learned about several good stories worth reading such as *Love Story* by Erich Segal. Find more stories to read for pleasure.

(4) You must have talked and written about the problem of what it takes to become a great teacher — or lecturer — or scholar — or all of these. Are you ready for the task? In other words, *are you game?*

## 6. ARE YOU READY TO GO INTERNATIONAL?

### CLASS 1 GETTING READY FOR EXAM

**Ex. 1. Work in pairs. Watch the educational video from Cambridge and summarize all the relevant aspects of the examination for the Certificate in Advanced English (CAE).**

**Ex. 2. Work in small groups. Talk about whether you'd like to take such an exam in the future. Why (not)?**

**Ex. 3. Read the description of the examination format and say which the areas are where you feel more at ease with any high-level examination task. If you had to pass the above exam tomorrow, which grade would be yours?**



#### CAE

It is the advanced general English examination provided by the University of Cambridge ESOL examinations. The examination comprises five parts: Reading (1 hour and 15 minutes), Writing (1 hour and 30 minutes), Use of English (1 hour), Listening (40 minutes), Speaking (15 minutes). Each component carries 20% of the total marks. There are three pass grades (A, B and C) and certificates are awarded to candidates who achieve these grades. Candidates who achieve a grade D or E are judged not to have reached the required standard for CAE. In the Common European Framework of Reference for Languages, CAE is ranked at C1 and C2 levels. Candidates who have obtained an A grade are awarded a C2 certificate, those obtaining grade B or C, are awarded a certificate at C1. Like all the other Cambridge exams, once the exam is passed the qualification never expires. CAE is considered to be very valuable, and is a required qualification for international students applying to many British universities. As of March 2010, the following grading scale applies: Grade A — 80% and above, Grade B — 75% to 79%, Grade C — 60% to 74%.

**Ex. 4. Familiarize yourselves with the Common European Framework of Reference for Languages. Learn about the requirements you must meet as a professional educator. Are you there, at the required level?**

### CEFR

Abbreviated as CEFR, the Common European Framework of Reference for Languages is a guideline used to describe achievements of learners of foreign languages across Europe and, increasingly, in other countries. It was put together by the Council of Europe as the main part of the project “Language Learning for European Citizenship” between 1989 and 1996. Its main aim is to provide a method of learning, teaching and assessing which applies to all languages in Europe. In November 2001 a European Union Council Resolution recommended using the CEFR to set up systems of validation of language ability. The six reference levels are becoming widely accepted as the European standard for grading an individual’s language proficiency. The Common European Framework divides learners into three broad divisions which can be divided into six levels: A Basic User (A1 Breakthrough or beginner, A2 Waystage or elementary), B Independent User (B1 Threshold or intermediate, B2 Vantage or upper intermediate), C Proficient User (C1 Effective Operational Proficiency or advanced, C2 Mastery or Proficiency). The CEFR describes what a learner is supposed to be able to do in reading, listening, speaking and writing at each level. The general description of what learners should be able to do is as follows: (1) they can understand with ease virtually everything heard or read, (2) they can summarize information from different spoken and written sources, reconstructing arguments and accounts in a coherent presentation, and (3) can express him/herself spontaneously, very fluently and precisely, differentiating finer shades of meaning even in the most complex situations.

**Ex. 5. As practice makes perfect, let’s do Reading Parts 1 and 2 of a sample CAE examination test. You’ve got no more than 40 minutes to do both.**

### *PART 1*

**You are going to read three extracts which are all concerned in some way with electronics. For questions 1—6, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.**



## IT'S ONLY A GAME

Labeling someone a “video-gamer” conjures up images of obsessed teenagers sitting in darkened rooms, faces illuminated only by the glow of displays, and young enough for repetitive strain injury to heal quickly. Yet despite there being a grain of truth in it, the stereotype belongs to a bygone age. The fact is that video games are no longer the exclusive domain of the young male population. Young females are playing in growing numbers, but so too are adults.

More mature adults who’ve left behind the 18—34 age bracket so cherished by conventional games marketers, are often simply early gamers who have grown up. They want to keep on playing, but have evolved beyond first-person shooter games such as Doom and its descendants. “Fun shouldn’t be difficult,” says George Harrison, Nintendo’s senior vice president of marketing and corporate communications. “People are looking for 15 minutes of diversion, often with their family.” It’s this realization that has the veteran video-game firm rethinking both its hardware and software offerings.

1. In the first paragraph, the writer suggests that the stereotype of the “video-gamer”.

- a) was to a certain extent accurate;
- b) harmed the image of the games;
- c) was always damaging to teenagers;
- d) became outdated almost immediately.

2. In the second paragraph, the writer is.

- a) criticizing certain attitudes;
- b) predicting long-term trends;
- c) reporting a change of policy;
- d) justifying a continued interest.

PETER MOLYNEUX:  
COMPUTER GAMES CREATOR

A lot of the time I don’t know where my ideas come from. It’s not as if I see a picture gradually forming — it’s like “ping,” a picture is suddenly there, and it can make you feel slightly out of control of the process. It can be quite disturbing sometimes. But

I find the computer game an incredibly creative medium. It brings together so many different disciplines that you would think are totally incompatible: there's the logic of programming, mathematics and physics, mixed with entertainment, storytelling, narrative, excitement and the emotions you feel when you are playing a game. I have a vast number of little notebooks for work, full of scribbles and some text, although I'm not in any way artistic — I can't draw or sketch — and being dyslexic, I find communicating via a written medium very difficult.

The big picture ideas are easy. The devil is in the detail. The real challenge always comes about six months down the line when you have to design all the minutiae of the game. You have to consider things like how many pieces of information players can take before they'll get confused and frustrated.

I really believe the only difference between a creative person and the non-creative person is that creative people tend not to have a little voice in their head saying, "That's not going to work, that's a stupid idea." People who are very creative just have a ridiculous amount of confidence. I don't believe they are geniuses. If you look at any children when they're playing, they are making up scenarios and fighting battles of good and evil — huge epic stories with just a couple of sticks, a ball and a sandpit. I just think creative people tend not to lose that. They tend not to get that adult voice.

3. What does Peter find hardest when designing a new computer game?

- a) coming up with original ideas;
- b) combining skills from different disciplines;
- c) working out exactly how it will work in practice;
- d) explaining his ideas to others involved in the process.

4. In the third paragraph, Peter is suggesting that creative people.

- a) rely greatly on common sense;
- b) look to traditional tales for inspiration;
- c) are in danger of becoming over-confident;
- d) have a streak of brilliance that can't be explained.

## REVIEW OF A VIDEO GAME SAM & MAX (PC)

Sam and Max's long-awaited return to the adventure game format is a refreshing and thoroughly enjoyable affair. The change to 3D graphics is remarkably successful, as is the implementation of a simplified point-and-click system that shaves off all the superfluous options and puts an end to the tedious keyboard/joystick control of the 3D games. Add to this a catchy score of jazzy musical numbers to add atmosphere to the locations and you've got a game that looks, feels and sounds utterly fantastic.

Each episode has perhaps 2—3 hours' worth of playing time in it, and feels like a quick gaming fix rather than something more substantial (much like comparing TV episodes to a film, in fact). Extended play, however, in the form of secret or optional jokes and things to do, can prolong each episode's lifetime significantly. The format allows the introduction of several very funny and well-designed secondary characters who achieve a good involvement in the plot, but each of the new locations (which are, nevertheless, equally entertaining and original) is available for one episode only, so puzzles cannot cross over between them as they would in a larger, full-length game. This unfortunately makes the puzzles feel less intricate and less challenging than veterans will have come to expect, although they are just as zany and still require some lateral thinking.

The humour is almost spot-on. Sam's deadpan and Max's craziness bounce off each other brilliantly, although it's a pity that Max seems to get the majority of the punch lines. Still, these exchanges, mixed with some highly original characters, places and scenarios, make for a truly hilarious game.

5. The reviewer says that the game is like a TV programme because of.

- a) the way it is organized;
- b) the overall look and feel;
- c) the strength of the characterization;
- d) the players' level of involvement in the plot.

6. What aspect of the game does the reviewer criticize?
- a) the choice of locations;
  - b) the predictable use of humour;
  - c) the undemanding level of the puzzles;
  - d) the large number of unnecessary options.

## PART 2

You are going to read an extract from a newspaper article about a novelist. Six paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs A—G the one which fits each gap (7—12). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

### LIFE CHOICES

Would you give up a dull but secure job to fulfill your real ambition? Susannah Bates did.

We last interviewed Susannah Bates five years ago, just after the publication of her second novel in little more than twelve months. And then it went a bit quiet. Her third tale is now out — so why the long gap? Well, we need to rewind to January six years ago. In that month, Susannah rekindled a romance with a former boyfriend from her days at university. Her first book, *Charmed Lives*, was out not long after — and pretty quickly it seemed life was imitating art.

7

The sequel, also featuring a city lawyer, was by this time pretty much done and dusted and would appear on the bookshelves the following spring. “I’d already done a bit of work on the next one, but not a huge amount. But when I did get down to working on it, it didn’t come as easily as the others. They came out quite quickly, and then there’s been this gap.”

8

The successful publication of three novels, with one to come as part of her current publishing deal, certainly vindicates her decision to turn her back on the law after two years at law school, and a year working in London. Wisdom is about realizing what works for you, and she hasn’t looked back.

9

“What’s more, when I was trying to get published and taken on by an agent, I was treated more seriously because I was a lawyer; I suspect because it shows you can put your head down and do hard work. But I eventually decided I just wasn’t temperamentally suited to it. I came to specialize in banking law. They didn’t ever say you had to be that good with numbers, but I think it would’ve helped!” she laughs.

10

Those who stay in the industry do it because they love that side of it. They get a real buzz and think “This deal’s worth eight million” or “The deal we’re working on is going to be on the front pages of the business section.” For me, it could have been eight dollars. Eight million? It wasn’t that big an issue. It didn’t give me the same thrill.

11

“I never thought writing was a realistic option, especially my sort of writing, because so many people fail at it. Maybe it’s my upbringing, but I really felt it was important, leaving university, to earn money, and I didn’t see how I could ever do that by writing. I think that was the real explanation, and I wanted to be independent. I also thought that whatever I did, I’d put my head down and come to enjoy it; I didn’t realize I’d find the law quite so dry!”

12

But that’s all in the past. Thoughts for the future centre on a fourth novel. There’s no title as yet, but there are many thoughts swirling and settling in Susannah’s mind.

---

A

“I was incredibly naive to think that initial feeling would change, and I took a while to realize I was hitting my head against a brick wall. Maybe it was because there’s a part of me that likes ticking boxes and jumping through hoops and getting approval, and there’s a lot of that in the law.”

## B

It featured a successful highflying young lawyer who has everything except a life outside the office — until she meets her beau. Susannah was a lawyer who gave up the law in order to write, and who then met hers. They got engaged as spring turned into summer, and before the end of the year, were married.

## C

“It’s as if I suddenly saw the light,” she says. “I’ve got a friend from that time and I hate to think what he’s earning compared to what I’m earning! But I don’t really regret giving it up. I don’t regret having done it, either; I think it’s a really great grounding, knowing what it is to be a professional, and I’ve used aspects of that in my writing.”

## D

“My mother’s quite realistic about decisions and I remember her saying when I was wondering whether to go through with it: ‘Write a short story, send it to a magazine, see how it gets on’.”

## E

To an outsider, therefore, it seems a bit surprising that Susannah joined the profession in the first place. As an English student at university, she co-wrote a couple of plays performed at a national festival; one was nominated for an award. So why didn’t she follow a literary star?

## F

That department appealed because she liked the amusing people there. “You could have fun flicking elastic bands at everyone or sending a fake email from someone else’s computer, but at the end of the day you had to go back to your desk and look at those rows of figures,” she smiles.

## G

“When I’m working on a novel, I need to shut myself away. It’s quite a sad, lonely activity,” she laughs. “But when life’s looking up and you’re busy and have someone around, you’re very easily distracted. It took a long time to find my rhythm again.”

**Ex. 7. Check on the results of your work based on Reading Parts 1 and 2 of a sample CAE examination test. Are you happy with them? Why (not)? What do you need to self-improve if necessary?**

## **HOME ASSIGNMENT**

**Ex. 1. Do the remaining parts (3-4) of the Reading Comprehension Test.**

### *PART 3*

**You are going to read a newspaper article. For questions 13—19, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.**

#### **ALL THE WORLD'S HER STAGE**

(1) The concept of the Renaissance man or woman, someone who has acquired success or proficiency in several fields, holds a deep appeal in our multitasking present. This, after all, is the age of the juggler. Given the limitless opportunities available in our complex society, the notion of pursuing just one career seems a bit pedestrian. Antonia Campbell Hughes, currently starring on the Dublin stage in the play Roberto Zucco, appears to be the consummate Renaissance woman. Into her short career she has crammed stints as a fashion designer (flogging frocks both under her own name and as part of a diffusion line for the retail chain Topshop), a Paris catwalk model and a star of the big and small screens.

(2) The industries in which Campbell Hughes chooses to work may seem disparate, but they have one trait in common: glamour. She may, perhaps, be a member line 30 of the slasher brigade: an actress-slash-model-slash-designer who is eager for fame and happy to pursue any route to its attainment. The key distinction between the Renaissance woman and the slasher is devotion to one's pursuits. So is Antonia dilettante or devotee?

(3) The woman herself insists that her careers have flowed organically from each other. "People never really see the connection between fashion and drama, but I think there's a huge connection. I saw fashion as creating a scene and a setting and characters, building the entire cast effectively. All my collections were always about creating a mood and an atmosphere and a character. Fashion seemed the most direct avenue. I never understood how people who

are creative are satisfied with one outlet, one medium. I always did all kinds of things. In Paris, we didn't have enough money to do catwalk shows, so we'd take gallery spaces and set up a soiree-type thing. You put the various pieces on mannequins and have installation videos and all that kind of vibe. I'd do favours for friends as well and act in their videos."

(4) Antonia was born in Derry, in the west of Ireland, but her parents left the country when she was two, and she grew up in Switzerland and the US. She moved to Dublin in her mid-teens but didn't find the school syllabus particularly absorbing. "I didn't go much. I was very much a rebellious teen, and I wanted to sing in bands and travel the world and be away from my normal environment. I thought art school was the best avenue, so I went to New York for a bit and got into fashion."

(5) Her move into acting was almost accidental. "A man called John McGuire stopped me on the street and asked me to do a music video, some little kind of ambient trip-hop thing," she says. "That made me quite uncertain as to which avenue I was going down. From there I very much fell into television, into comedy. I just went for an audition and got a part in Jack Dee's sitcom *Lead Balloon*; I never had a hankering to do British TV and didn't know much about the show. But I think the comedy field in British television is quite strong, and I really respect Jack's work and it's such a lovely programme to work on. It's very scripted, but the writers are open to suggestion. If things crop up on the day, they're very much incorporated, which is a lovely way to work."

(6) In person, Antonia comes across as charmingly childlike, continually fidgeting and changing conversational tack mid-sentence. This impression is compounded by her elfin appearance – few might guess she has been on the planet for a quarter-century. She's happy to play up this image, and has been known to spend parties sitting under tables, affecting a girlish blitheness. This insouciance, contrived or otherwise, does not prevent her from worrying about being typecast as a comic artist. "I wanted to do this play because it's a completely different approach from comedy."

(7) Everyone has a friend who can't decide what to do with their life. While many twenty-somethings trek through Southeast Asia in search of meaning, Antonia, following her nomadic childhood, is seemingly keen to travel in other ways. Even when describing her current passion, her mind is never far from her next move. "I'm very



much obsessed with what I'm doing at the moment," she says. "That's the beauty of acting: you're working on a different, completely diverse project every given month. I'm quite interested in writing also, but I'd like to do more theatre before I start writing plays." Antonia Campbell Hughes' career has been flamboyant and convoluted, and she has a taste for the bizarre and grotesque. Her future career, we can only assume, will follow paths as engagingly meandering as those that have brought her to the Dublin stage.

13. In the first paragraph, the writer suggests that.
  - a) it may be unwise to try out too many different careers;
  - b) people who are very focused on one career may appear dull;
  - c) to succeed in life you need to learn a range of complex skills;
  - d) a wide range of work experience is good training for an actress.
  
14. The writer uses the term "slasher brigade" (paragraph 2).
  - a) to suggest how acting and fashion have a lot in common;
  - b) to emphasize how versatile people like Antonia have to be;
  - c) to show where he thinks Antonia's true motivation comes from;
  - d) to describe people who may lack Antonia's level of commitment.
  
15. When talking about her work as a fashion designer, Antonia is explaining.
  - a) how financial necessity led her to seek acting work;
  - b) why it was impossible to get her designs noticed;
  - c) how she approached the creation of a collection;
  - d) why she found the profession unsatisfying.
  
16. How did Antonia feel whilst at school in Dublin?
  - a) unsure about the type of education she needed;
  - b) unstimulated by what she was expected to study;
  - c) unsettled by her educational experiences elsewhere;
  - d) disappointed by the way creative subjects were taught.
  
17. What does Antonia say about her decision to do television work in Britain?
  - a) She was attracted to it by the opportunities to improvise;
  - b) She liked the fact that the actors also write the scripts;
  - c) It was the kind of thing she had always wanted to try;
  - d) It was something that she got into almost by chance.

18. What does the phrase “This insouciance” (paragraph 6) refer to?
- a) Antonia’s apparently carefree attitude;
  - b) Antonia’s professional reputation;
  - c) Antonia’s physical appearance;
  - d) Antonia’s way of speaking.
19. In the final paragraph, we learn that Antonia.
- a) plans to travel before taking on more work;
  - b) has finally settled into a career that suits her;
  - c) feels ready to move on to a completely new creative activity;
  - d) gets pleasure from the variety offered by her current occupation;

#### PART 4

**You are going to read an article about the adventure sport known as canyoning. For questions 20—34, choose from the sections (A—E). The sections may be chosen more than once.**

*Which section mentions ...*

20. A variant of the sport that is less challenging? \_\_\_\_
21. A way of mastering the basic skills required by the sport? \_\_\_\_
22. An example of why the sport demands both courage and determination? \_\_\_\_
23. Artificial aids that have been introduced for the benefit of participants? \_\_\_\_
24. Climatic conditions affecting the availability of venues for the sport? \_\_\_\_
25. Growing awareness of the sport in certain places? \_\_\_\_
26. How some of the best locations for the sport were discovered? \_\_\_\_
27. A specially adapted piece of gear that is available for participants? \_\_\_\_
28. The type of people who pioneered the sport? \_\_\_\_
- 29, 30. The reasons why certain types of people are attracted to the sport? \_\_\_\_
- 31, 32. The type of people for whom the sport would be unsuitable? \_\_\_\_
33. The aim of each canyoning expedition? \_\_\_\_
34. Professional guidance in obtaining the most appropriate equipment? \_\_\_\_

## GORGE YOURSELF

### A

After a long, hard week crunching numbers, writing up reports, doing assignments or whatever it is you do, don't you sometimes feel like chucking yourself off a cliff? Well, you're not alone. There's even a name for people with such impulses: they're called canyoneers. Canyoning, which was established as a sport around 15 years ago by a few fearless thrill-seekers in France and Spain, is being adopted as the latest way for stressed-out high achievers to purge themselves of the pressures of work or study — for the simple reason that nothing clears the mind better than the prospect of leaping off the side of a gorge into a pool of limpid, mountain-fresh water which can be as much as 20 metres beneath your feet. There is, however, more to canyoning than that: it's a true adventure sport that regularly embraces the disciplines of hiking, climbing, abseiling and swimming, and it's certainly not for the faint of heart or weak of limb.

### B

A typical canyoneers outfit costs around £1,250 and comprises a high-quality wet suit, neoprene socks and gloves, a safety helmet fitted with a waterproof headlight and a perforated canyoning backpack designed to let out all the weighty water that accumulates on the way down. You'll also need a decent first aid kit (just in case) and top-notch climbing equipment including ropes and a harness, and last but not least, a few equally adventurous friends. Because if there's one thing canyoning isn't, it's a sport for the lone wolf. Although it's difficult to define precisely, canyoning basically involves making your way to the top of an extremely long and high gorge and then traversing your way down to the bottom by the best means possible — which usually involves a combination of abseiling, climbing, jumping, sliding and swimming. One thing it always requires, however, is commitment — because once you're halfway down a creek it's often far more difficult to turn back and try to reach the safety of flat terrain than it is to keep on going. Even though going on might involve an abseil down a sheer rock face or a seemingly interminable creep around a ledge barely 15 centimetres wide.

## C

In the early days it was very much a voyage of discovery, with pioneering canyoneers seeking out interesting looking gorges and simply going for it to see if there was a navigable route from top to bottom. Since then, however, many of those gorges have been opened up by professional guides who have established safer, but still exciting, routes and have also equipped the rocks with climbing bolts, hooks and rings to which visiting canyoneers can rope up. Typical of the type of people who are becoming hooked on the sport is Christine Pasquier, who works in the luxury goods industry. “When I started about fifteen years ago it didn’t have a name and it wasn’t regarded as a sport,” she says. “It just involved people walking through fairly shallow canyons, usually without any protective clothing. About eight years ago, however, it really began to develop, particularly in France and Spain, where everyone now recognises the word ‘canyoning’”

## D

Pierre-Yves Commanay, the UK operations director for a leading IT consultancy, agrees that it’s a thrilling thing for people weighed down by responsibilities to do: “Having something to do at weekends and during vacations that requires total focus is a great way of clearing your head”; he says. “In Europe, canyoning is largely a spring and early summer activity because many of the canyons in southern France and Spain have dried out later on. However, there are established canyoning centres as far afield as Madagascar and Guadeloupe, so it can be quite wide-ranging, depending on what you enjoy. You can use canyoning as a reason to have a weekend away or as a way of seeing the world.”

## E

If the thought of spending an entire day getting exhausted and soaking wet and frightening yourself silly appeals, the first step into canyoning is to get some expert training. Firms such as Espace Evasion will not only guide you through some of Europe’s most breathtakingly beautiful canyons, they’ll also provide you with all the gear, and teach you all the essential roping, abseiling and descent techniques to get you started. If you’re UK-based, however, there are various organisations that offer the opportunity to have a go at canyoning and a similar activity called gorge walking, which

is a drier version of canyoning. In neither case will the experience be as dramatic or thrilling as you will find at a location such as Sierra de Guara in Spain, but at least you'll have a chance to discover that canyoning is not for you – or, more likely, that you think it's simply gorgeous.

## CLASS 2 PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

**Ex. 1. Watch a candidate, a young woman from Syria, doing the Speaking stage of another international standardized test of English language proficiency. Do you think the young woman is doing fine?**



**Ex. 2. Read the description of the examination format and say what you think might make it so very popular all over the world.**

### IELTS

International English Language Testing System is an international standardized test of English language proficiency. It is jointly managed by University of Cambridge ESOL Examinations and the British Council and was established in 1989. There are two versions of the IELTS. The Academic Version is intended for those who want to enroll in universities and other institutions of higher education and for professionals such as medical doctors and nurses who want to study or practice in an English-speaking country. The General Training Version is intended for those planning to undertake non-academic training or to gain work experience, or for immigration purposes. IELTS is accepted by most Australian, British, Canadian, Irish, New Zealand and South African academic institutions, over 3,000 academic institutions in the United States, and various professional organizations. It is also a requirement for immigration to Australia, New Zealand and Canada. No minimum score is required to pass the test. An IELTS result or Test Report Form is issued to all candidates with a score from 1 (no knowledge) to 9 (expert user) and each institution sets a different threshold. Institutions are advised not to consider valid a report older than two years, unless the user proves that he has worked to maintain his

level. In 2007, IELTS tested over a million candidates in a single 12-month period for the first time ever, making it the world's most popular English language test for higher education and immigration. In 2009, 1.4 million candidates took the IELTS test in over 130 countries, in 2011 — 1.7 million candidates.

**Ex. 3. Read the information about another international-level test called TOEFL. Is there any difference between CAE, IELTS, and TOEFL formats?**

### TOEFL

The Test of English as a Foreign Language or TOEFL is a test of an individual's ability to use and understand English in an academic setting. It was developed to address the problem on ensuring English language proficiency for non-native speakers wishing to study at American universities. It has become an admission requirement for non-native English speakers at many English-speaking colleges and universities. A TOEFL score is valid for two years and then will no longer be officially reported. The test was originally developed at the Center for Applied Linguistics under the direction of Stanford University applied linguistics professor Dr. Charles A. Ferguson. The TOEFL was first administered in 1964 by the Modern Language Association. In late 2005, the Internet-based Test (iBT) has progressively replaced both the computer-based tests (CBT) and paper-based tests (PBT), although paper-based testing is still used in select areas. The iBT has been introduced in phases, with the United States, Canada, France, Germany, and Italy in 2005 and the rest of the world in 2006, with test centers added regularly. Although initially, the demand for test seats was higher than availability, and candidates had to wait for months, it is now possible to take the test within one to four weeks in most countries. The four-hour test consists of four sections, each measuring one of the basic language skills (while some tasks require integrating multiple skills) and all tasks focus on language used in an academic, higher-education environment. Note-taking is allowed during the iBT.

**Ex. 4. Watch the educational video which might inform you about the differences between the two exam formats — IELTS and TOEFL. List the most relevant differences that are critical for success in both exams.**

The logo consists of the letters 'T O E F L' in a bold, white, sans-serif font, spaced out horizontally. The letters are centered within a dark gray rectangular box with a thin white border.

**Ex. 5. As practice makes perfect, let's do Listening Section A—C of a sample TOEFL examination test. You've got no more than 40 minutes to do it. Mind that what you are going to do is the TOEFL paper-based Test (PBT) which is being phased out beginning in mid-2012. So, it is TOEFL listening tasks what they used to be. The Listening section used to consist of 3 parts. The first one contained 30 questions about short conversations. The second had 8 questions about longer conversations. The last part asked 12 questions about lectures or talks. Let's begin then.**

*PART A*

1. A. Drive the woman to the store.  
B. Move the woman's car.  
C. Get his car out of the woman's way.  
D. Park his car in the driveway.
2. A. He agrees with the woman's choice.  
B. He doesn't want spicy food.  
C. He wants the salad to be fresh.  
D. Garlic is his favorite flavor.
3. A. He's not the one to blame.  
B. Somebody just left.  
C. He has been looking for the key.  
D. Somebody is knocking at the door.
4. A. Wipe the snow off his boots.  
B. Turn on the radio.  
C. Unpack his suitcase.  
D. Take his boots with him.
5. A. She doesn't think the news is bad.  
B. She heard the news quite recently.  
C. She is the only one who has heard the news.  
D. She found the newspaper article earlier.
6. A. She took a lot of photographs.  
B. She'd like to take many more vacations.  
C. She missed taking many of the pictures she wanted.  
D. She spent too much money on her vacation.

7. A. Driving would be cheaper than taking the train.  
B. The train is faster than traveling by car.  
C. They should cancel the trip.  
D. It would be a good idea to start driving early.
8. A. She's studying for an accounting exam.  
B. She's been working in the library a lot.  
C. She'll be going to the library after her exams.  
D. She has more exams than he does.
9. A. He's already too hot.  
B. He hasn't received a fuel bill yet.  
C. He can't afford to turn the heat up.  
D. He has no more sweaters.
10. A. Drive to work.  
B. Go to the golf course.  
C. Try to fix the car.  
D. Take care of himself.
11. A. She probably won't go to the dinner.  
B. She doesn't know what time the dinner is.  
C. The dinner won't last too long.  
D. It's time that Arthur retired.
12. A. He'll telephone again at lunchtime.  
B. He didn't have time for lunch.  
C. He had wanted to ask the woman out.  
D. He didn't have the woman's phone number.
13. A. He lives near the woman.  
B. The woman should come to his house.  
C. The woman should take today off.  
D. He can't keep their appointment.
14. A. The bookshelf won't fit in the kitchen.  
B. The man will give the woman some books.  
C. The woman will help the man soon.  
D. The man doesn't know where to put the bookshelf.



15. A. Put a stamp on his letter.  
B. Make his letter shorter.  
C. Keep working on the letter.  
D. Send the letter as it is.
16. A. He's very hungry.  
B. He doesn't like fish.  
C. He doesn't have much appetite.  
D. He likes to eat most things.
17. A. Find a part-time job as a tutor.  
B. Meet him after work to study.  
C. Use her salary to pay the tuition.  
D. Allow herself plenty of time for studying.
18. A. She wanted the man to read the book.  
B. She no longer needed the book.  
C. She had been looking for the book.  
D. She thought the man's book was wonderful.
19. A. She had a hard day yesterday.  
B. She needs to make more coffee.  
C. She drinks too much coffee.  
D. She wasn't able to see him yesterday.
20. A. He used insect spray to control the mosquitoes.  
B. He was wearing short sleeves when he got bitten.  
C. He finds working in the garden relaxing.  
D. Some plants in the garden irritated his skin.
21. A. The audience seemed to like the concert.  
B. She was satisfied with her seat.  
C. More people attended the concert than expected.  
D. She was pleased to be asked to perform.
22. A. She got caught in the rain.  
B. She took the wrong bus.  
C. Some tea spilled on her.  
D. Her laundry didn't dry.

23. A. The tutor wasn't seriously hurt.  
B. She could tutor the man in math.  
C. It's a good idea to get a tutor.  
D. She's sure Professor Anderson is a good tutor.
24. A. He doesn't like the newspaper job.  
B. He isn't enthusiastic about his job.  
C. He will leave his job if he's not promoted.  
D. His job is going well.
25. A. Laura probably spoke with Donald.  
B. He'll give the message to Laura.  
C. He took a message for Laura.  
D. Laura wasn't able to reach Donald.
26. A. She promises to help the man learn physics.  
B. She can't find the article she has to read.  
C. She found the conclusions to be very promising.  
D. She disagrees with the article's logic.
27. A. She doesn't know much about painting.  
B. She should have started sooner.  
C. She ought to know when the class begins.  
D. She worries too much.
28. A. Learn more about caring for cats before bringing one home.  
B. Choose a good name for the kitten.  
C. Give the cat away since he can't keep it.  
D. Keep the kitten in his dorm room.
29. A. They don't usually get much mail.  
B. They just moved to a new address.  
C. They pick up their mail at the post office.  
D. They are looking forward to receiving the letter.
30. A. He goes to every movie that comes out.  
B. He would go with her to the movie.  
C. He had already seen the movie.  
D. He wasn't going to go to the movie.

**Ex. 6. Check on your progress in Part A. Do Parts B and C of the Listening Section.**

*PART B*

31. A. The students needed off-campus jobs.  
B. The theater department needed more talented students.  
C. The opera company was looking for volunteers.  
D. The new dean thought it would provide good experience for the students.
32. A. Work with an opera troupe.  
B. Work part-time for the dean.  
C. Perform on the radio.  
D. Submit their suggestions to the dean.
33. A. A good singing voice.  
B. A commitment to the project for two semesters.  
C. An academic concentration in theater arts.  
D. A certain grade point average.
34. A. To choose a topic for a term paper.  
B. To type some research materials.  
C. To find material not available at the main library.  
D. To learn to use the computers there.
35. A. An analysis of early presidential elections.  
B. A comparison of political journals.  
C. The use of computers in calculating election results.  
D. The impact of television on recent presidential elections.
36. A. It is quite general.  
B. Most of the information he needs will be found in newspapers.  
C. She thinks he should change it.  
D. It should take a very short time to find material on it.
37. A. Travel to that library to get it.  
B. Pay to use it.  
C. Read it in the graduate school library.  
D. Order the material from the publisher.

*PART C*

38. A. Advice about landscaping.  
B. Hints about saving to buy a house.  
C. Photographs of the homes of famous people.  
D. Plans for houses.
39. A. Nineteenth-century American painting.  
B. American architectural history.  
C. Introduction to economics.  
D. Eighteenth-century American society.
40. A. There was a shortage of architects.  
B. They included plans for elaborate houses.  
C. Builders could not work without one.  
D. They were relatively inexpensive.
41. A. People who restore old houses.  
B. People who sell houses.  
C. People who design new houses.  
D. People who want to buy a house.
42. A. To study its geography.  
B. To help at an archaeological dig.  
C. To take a vacation with friends.  
D. To do research for a physics project.
43. A. Its shape.  
B. Its size.  
C. Its location.  
D. Its brightness.
44. A. Smaller circles.  
B. Bands of color.  
C. A large white disc.  
D. Curved legs of light.
45. A. It had never been seen before.  
B. It was in the student's imagination.  
C. It would stay there for days.  
D. It was fairly common.

46. A. A halo.  
B. A sunspot.  
C. A sun dog.  
D. A rainbow.
47. A. Nursing students.  
B. Undergraduate college students.  
C. The graduating class at a medical school.  
D. First-year medical students.
48. A. More people would apply to medical school.  
B. Understaffed areas would gain more physicians.  
C. Students would finish medical school in three years.  
D. More students would enter specialty areas.
49. A. Practical experience.  
B. Extra income.  
C. Course credit.  
D. Tuition reduction.
50. A. It's difficult to get to know one's patients.  
B. Income tends to be relatively low.  
C. It's difficult to gain the respect of the community.  
D. There is very little business for specialists

**Ex. 7. Analyze the results of your performance in the Listening Section of the TOEFL test. Share opinions on your strengths and weaknesses reflected in the test scores.**

### HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Do the Writing tasks of CAE examination.**

#### *PART 1*

**You must answer this question. Write your answer in 180—220 words in an appropriate style.**

**It is a tradition at the college where you study English to hold an end of year activity for all the students. The principal of the college has sent round an email asking students to write a proposal for this year's activity, in which they should explain why last year's activities were less successful, suggest new**

activities for this year and provide reasons for their recommendations. Using the extract from the principal's email and the advertisements for different activities on which you have made some notes, write your proposal.

Last year's activity was less successful than usual because it was held in the afternoon, did not include food and there was only one activity provided which not everyone enjoyed. Although the budget cannot be increased, I want this year's activity to be much more successful, and hope for some original proposals! Write your proposal for the principal.

**Outdoor park!**

- ✓ Barbecue
- ✓ Evening disco
- ✓ Swimming pool
- ✓ Bowling lanes
- Group discounts!

**River cruise**

- Jazz and good food on board!  
Eat with friends and enjoy thrilling music.
- Dance the night away at Astra's nightclub.
- Snacks provided, open until 3.  
Live music.

excellent variety

hate jazz!

discounts?

better than disco

## PART 2

Write an answer to one of the questions 2–4 in this part. Write your answer in 220—260 words in an appropriate style.

In class, you have been discussing ways in which tourism can have positive and negative effects on a town or country. Your teacher has asked you to write an essay based on your discussions, called “Tourism, it’s always a good thing”. Your essay should include the economy, environment and transport.

Write your essay.

## CLASS 3

### TEACHERS PASS EXAMS TOO

Ex. 1. Work in pairs. Discuss the wild idea of going to a far-away land to teach English there. Do you think it possible, theoretically and/or practically?

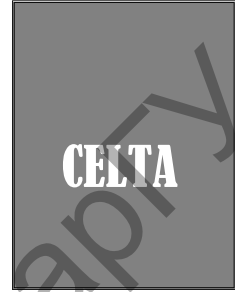
Ex. 2. Watch British educators teaching classes of international students. Discuss various aspects of the presentation including some — or all — of the following.

- (1) The teachers’ skills.
- (2) The students’ responses.
- (3) The overall approach to teaching.
- (4) The effect it might produce.

**Ex. 3. Read the description below. Get to know what you must have to be able to shine as an international educator.**

## CELTA

The acronym in the title comes from the Certificate in English Language Teaching to Adults. Today, though, the name has been changed to the Certificate in teaching English to speakers of other languages. It is an internationally recognized professional credential for teachers of English as a foreign language. CELTA is a common requirement for those entering the field of English language teaching. It is a particularly popular credential among people who wish to travel and teach English around the world. However, it is also held by people who intend to teach only in the country where they trained, and do not intend to travel.



The full-time CELTA course runs for four to five weeks; it can also be taken part-time over several weeks or months. CELTA courses are run by many different institutions, whereas the courses are validated and certificates are issued by the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate, a part of the University of Cambridge.

The CELTA is awarded upon passing the course, which includes six hours of assessed teaching practice to real EFL classes at least two different levels of ability. The course grade is determined primarily by the performance of the candidates in this teaching practice; there are also four written assignments due throughout the course, which are graded on a pass/fail basis only. The grades awarded are Pass, Pass B and Pass A.

The full-time four-week course is very intensive. Even the part-time version of the course can take up more time than a full-time job for many candidates, especially those with no teaching background.

There are over 286 approved CELTA centers in 54 countries, providing almost 900 CELTA courses every year. In Belarus, CELTA courses are available at the Minsk-based International House teaching center. Any information you might need professionally is found online at <http://www.ih.by/teacher-training/celta.html>.

**Ex. 4. Test your grammar knowledge base. The following tasks below are taken from a sample CAE examination paper.**

## PART 1

For questions 1—12, read the text below and decide which answer (A, B, C or D) best fits each gap. There is an example at the beginning (0). In the exam you mark your answers on a separate answer sheet.

Example: 0 – **A. amount**; B. quantity; C. volume; D. extent.

### A QUESTION OF SAFETY

Life involves a certain (0) **A** of risk, or at least it did. These days, however, governments seem to have become (1) \_\_\_ with the idea of protecting us from it. As a result, what we actually risk most is not being allowed to live at all. (2) \_\_\_ take a recent edict which emerged from the British government's health and safety department. It would be amusing if it wasn't so serious. Circus artistes performing on tightropes or the flying trapeze are being (3) \_\_\_ to wear the type of hard hats more usually (4) \_\_\_ with the construction industry. Under a relatively new law (5) \_\_\_ as the "temporary work at heights directive", such a hat must be worn for any working activity taking (6) \_\_\_ above the height of an "average stepladder". Now you might think that sounds (7) \_\_\_ reasonable, but the absurd thing is that the rule is being (8) \_\_\_ to circus performers as well. The first to be hit by this rule were baffled members of the Moscow State Circus, who were touring England at the time. Used to flying through the air without even the (9) \_\_\_ of a safety net, they (10) \_\_\_ that trapeze artistes often break arms and legs, but (11) \_\_\_ heads. This simple fact was apparently (12) \_\_\_ on the bureaucrats at the government department, however, who insisted that the rule be followed.

0	A. amount	B. quantity	C. volume	D. extent
1	A. prone	B. obsessed	C. addicted	D. devoted
2	A. In other words	B. Such as	C. What's more	D. For example
3	A. proposed	B. challenged	C. required	D. demanded
4	A. regarded	B. associated	C. recognised	D. concerned
5	A. referred	B. called	C. entitled	D. known
6	A. place	B. Forth	C. part	D. ahead
7	A. fairly	B. Duly	C. widely	D. closely
8	A. presided	B. enforced	C. directed	D. applied



9	A. profit	B. benefit	C. remedy	D. welfare
10	A. pointed out	B. came forward	C. put across	D. cleared up
11	A. barely	B. merely	C. rarely	D. unusually
12	A. passed	B. Lost	C. missed	D. left

## PART 2

For questions 13—27, read the text below and think of the word which best fits each gap. Use only one word in each gap. There is an example at the beginning (0). In the exam you write your answers IN CAPITAL LETTERS on a separate answer sheet.

Example: 0 **NO**

### THE HAMSTER'S BODY CLOCK

Hamsters have (0) \_\_\_\_ need for alarm clocks. In the strange world of circadian rhythms — the 24-hour cycle (13) \_\_\_\_ governs almost every biological process in every living thing, (14) \_\_\_\_ body temperature to digestion to sleeping and waking — the hamster is (15) \_\_\_\_ equivalent of the Swiss watch. (16) \_\_\_\_ to Professor Michael Antle from the University of Calgary's Department of Psychology, you can predict to within a minute (17) \_\_\_\_ a hamster is going to wake up. Humans, however, are more (18) \_\_\_\_ a cheap supermarket wall-clock, since their sleeping patterns are less reliable.

Professor Antle is studying the group of 20,000 cells in the brain that (19) \_\_\_\_ up the circadian clock. He's hoping to explain something astonishing that's happening to his hamsters. (20) \_\_\_\_ turning on their light for fifteen minutes in the middle of the night, he can make them wake up an hour earlier the next day. But if instead he gives them a new drug that he's experimenting (21) \_\_\_\_ they're (22) \_\_\_\_ and about eight hours early. They will still need their usual fourteen hours' sleep, but their biological clocks appear to (23) \_\_\_\_ been set back. When he saw the effect initially in his laboratory, Antle was shocked at (24) \_\_\_\_ big it was. An eight-hour adjustment is something useful — it means that a hamster could be transported from its home in Canada (25) \_\_\_\_ the way to London without suffering from jetlag.

If it could do (26) \_\_\_\_ for people, Antle really would be (27) \_\_\_\_ to something.

### PART 3

For questions 28—37, read the text below. Use the word given in capitals at the end of some of the lines to form a word that fits in the gap in the same line. There is an example at the beginning (0). In the exam you write your answers IN CAPITAL LETTERS on a separate answer sheet.

Example: | 0 || P | R | O | U | D | | | |

#### INTREPID TRAVEL

PRIDE, COMMIT, ESSENCE, BEAT, FLEXIBLE, INTERACT,  
PLEASE, CHOOSE, REQUIRE, AMAZE, FORGET.

Intrepid Travel has recently been the (0) \_\_\_\_\_ winner of two major awards in the travel industry. Both awards relate to the company's (28) \_\_\_\_\_ to what is known as "responsible tourism", and have the support of, amongst others, Geographical Magazine, the periodical produced by Britain's Royal Geographical Society. Intrepid Travel is (29) \_\_\_\_\_ tour operator which aims to provide its clients with holidays that take them off the (30) \_\_\_\_\_ track in small groups, whilst at the same time allowing them the (31) \_\_\_\_\_ and freedom to really gain first-hand experience of local cultures. The company divides trips into two categories.

The Active Range aims to combine physical challenge with cultural (32) \_\_\_\_\_ whereas the Comfort Range puts the emphasis more on a combination of travel to unusual destinations and some of life's small (33) \_\_\_\_\_.

In other words, you have a (34) \_\_\_\_\_ of Intrepid adventure to suit both your budget and your preferred level of comfort. For example, you might find a trek in Peru more to your taste than, say, a feast in Morocco; or maybe an African safari is more likely to meet your (35) \_\_\_\_\_. Intrepid clients get the chance to see some of the world's most (36) \_\_\_\_\_ places, engage with real cultures and have some (37) \_\_\_\_\_ real-life experiences along the way.

## PART 4

For questions 38—42, think of one word only which can be used appropriately in all three sentences. Here is an example (0).

*Example (0):*

- I was on the \_\_\_\_ of booking my flight when my boss said that I might have to change my holiday dates.
- As the meeting drew to a close, the chairperson moved on to the final \_\_\_\_ on the agenda.
- Theo couldn't see the \_\_\_\_ of getting to the airport too early, as the check-in desk only opened one hour before the flight departed.

The three gaps can each be filled with the word “point”, so you write:  
*Example: | 0 || P | O | I | N | T | In the exam you write only the missing word IN CAPITAL LETTERS on a separate answer sheet.*

(38)

- Scientists are close to proving that there is definitely a \_\_\_\_ between diet and certain medical conditions.
- Tom's local flight was delayed, so he missed his \_\_\_\_ at the international airport.
- The lights in the old car sometimes go out because there is a loose \_\_\_\_ in the electrical circuit.

(39)

- Shops originally had sales so that they could \_\_\_\_ their shelves of old stock and make room for new things.
- After the barbecue party, Sammy was told to \_\_\_\_ up the mess his friends had left in the garden.
- Petra was told to \_\_\_\_ everything out of her bedroom so that it could be used for guests in future.

(40)

- Sue has developed a range of cosmetics designed for people with \_\_\_\_ skin.
- The missing laptop is thought to contain highly \_\_\_\_ information about the company's business dealings.
- Fred's got a large bandage on his little finger and feels very \_\_\_\_ about it because he thinks it looks silly.

(41)

- Ray promised to \_\_\_ back to the student committee on the details of his meeting with the college principal.
- Patients should \_\_\_ to the Reception Desk immediately on arrival at the hospital.
- Most trainee journalists are asked to \_\_\_ on local events when they first join the newspaper.

(42)

- Rachel makes friends \_\_\_ as she enjoys meeting people and has a very outgoing personality.
- The carnival is \_\_\_ the most important event in the local calendar.
- You can get to the beach \_\_\_ by going out the back door of the hotel and following the cliff path.

### PART 5

For questions 43–50, complete the second sentence so that it has a similar meaning to the first sentence, using the word given. Do not change the word given. You must use between three and six words, including the word given. Here is an example (0).

*Example (0):*

Chloe would only eat a pizza if she could have a mushroom topping.

**ON**

Chloe \_\_\_\_\_ a mushroom topping when she ate a pizza.

The gap can be filled with the words “*insisted on having*”, so you write:

**0 INSISTED ON HAVING**

In the exam you write only the missing words IN CAPITAL LETTERS on a separate answer sheet.

(43)

I was disappointed to hear that Leo had decided not to play basketball any more.

**UP**

Leo’s decision to \_\_\_ as a disappointment to me.

(44)

Brian couldn’t explain how the stolen computer got into the boot of his car.

**LOSS**

Brian \_\_\_ how the stolen computer got into the boot of his car.

(45)

The footballer injured his knee, so that was the end of his hopes of a first team place.

**PAID**

The footballer's knee \_\_\_ his hopes of a first team place.

(46)

This film stands a very good chance of winning an award.

**HIGHLY**

It is \_\_\_ win an award.

(47)

Davina can't even boil an egg and so she certainly couldn't cook a whole meal.

**ALONE**

Davina can't even boil an egg \_\_\_ a whole meal.

(48)

Kelvin should call in a builder to repair those broken roof tiles.

**GET**

Kelvin should \_\_\_ by a builder.

(49)

You must never let anyone else use your Identity Card.

**SHOULD**

Under \_\_\_ let anyone else use your Identity Card.

(50)

I can't deny that I was embarrassed to be given the award.

**NO**

There's \_\_\_ embarrassment at being given the award.

**Ex. 5. Evaluate the results of testing your grammar knowledge base. Is there any room for improvement here? Why (not)?**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Prepare in advance for the Speaking Part of an international test. Use the following material and answer the question in written form.**

Why might studying be important for these people? How easy is it to study in these situations?



### CLASS 4 LABORATORY WORK

**Ex. 1. Watch an educational video that gives you tips on how to pass the speaking stage of an international exam successfully. Take note of everything said.**

**Ex. 2. Organize a session similar to an international examination format. You may choose the Speaking Part as your best option. Do it on a rotation principle in groups of three or four. Evaluate the results.**

### SUMMARY VIEW

Dear Student Teacher, as a result of the four classes you are supposed to have become much more world-wise and profession-oriented. And we are happy for you.

## 7. SOCIAL PROBLEMS IN DEVELOPED COUNTRIES

### CLASS 1 WHAT IT TAKES TO GET A STEADY JOB

**Ex. 1.** Watch an episode from the movie *10 Items or Less*. What do you think of the advice given on successful job interviews? Is the advice sound enough?



**Ex. 2.** In pairs, discuss the problem of conducting job interviews. Do you think it a good idea to do it at any company, private or otherwise? Have you ever been to a job interview? Share your ideas.

**Ex. 3.** In small groups, recollect your working experiences of late. Have you had any? Is it easy or difficult to actually *work*?

**Ex. 4.** Make a quick poll in the group. Ask your friends if they ever worked part-time (or ever wanted to). What jobs did they have? Discuss the results in class.

**Ex. 5.** Read the excerpt from a contemporary novel. Say what is right (and wrong) with the young employee's attitude.

#### Text 7.1

From CONFESSIONS OF A SHOPAHOLIC  
by S. Kinsella

It's my new job at *Ally Smith* today — so at least I'll be earning some extra money there. I'm quite excited about it. Here starts a whole new career in fashion! I spend a long time choosing a cool outfit to wear on my first day — and eventually settle on black trousers from Jigsaw, a little cashmere (well, half cashmere) T-shirt and a pink wrap-around top which actually came from Ally Smith.

I'm quite pleased with the way I look, and am expecting Danielle to make some appreciative comment when I arrive at the shop, but she

doesn't even seem to notice. She just says, "Hi. The trousers and T-shirts are in the stock room. Pick out your size and change in the cubicle."

Oh right. Now I come to think of it, all the assistants at Ally Smith do wear the same outfits. Almost like a... well, a uniform, I suppose. Reluctantly I get changed and look at myself — and, to tell you the truth, I'm disappointed. These grey trousers don't really flatter me, and the T-shirt's just plain boring. I'm almost tempted to ask Danielle if I can pick out another outfit to wear but she seems a bit busy, so I don't. Maybe next week I'll have a little word.

But even though I don't like the outfit, I still feel a frisson of excitement as I come out onto the shop floor.

The spotlights are shining brightly; the floor's all shiny and polished; music's playing and there's a sense of anticipation in the air. It's almost like being a performer. I glance at myself in a mirror and murmur, "How can I help you?" Or maybe it should be, "Can I help you?"

I'm going to be the most charming shop assistant ever, I decide. People will come here just to be assisted by me, and I'll have a fantastic rapport with all the customers. And then I'll appear in the *Evening Standard* in some quirky column about favorite shops. Perhaps I'll even get my own TV show.

No-one's told me what to do yet, so — using my initiative, very good — I walk up to a woman with blond hair, who's tapping away at the till, and say, "Shall I have a quick go?"

"What?" she says, not looking up.

"I'd better learn how to work the till, hadn't I? Before all the customers arrive?"

Then the woman does look up and, to my surprise, bursts into laughter.

"On the till? You think you're going to go straight onto the till?"

"Oh," I say, blushing a little. "Well I thought —"

"You're a beginner, darling," she says. "You're not going near the till. Go with Kelly. She'll show you what you'll be doing today."

Folding jumpers. Folding bloody jumpers. That's what I'm here to do. Rush round after customers who have picked up cardigans and left them all crumpled, and fold them back up again. By eleven o'clock I'm absolutely exhausted — and, to be honest, not enjoying myself very much at all. Do you know how depressing it is to fold a cardigan in exactly the right Ally Smith way and put it back on the shelf, all neatly lined up — just to see someone casually pull it down again, look at it, pull a face and discard it? You want to scream at



them, LEAVE IT ALONE IF YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BUY IT! I watched one girl even pick up a cardigan identical to the one she already had on! I mean, what is her problem?

And I'm not getting to chat to the customers, either. It's as if they see through you when you're a shop assistant. No-one's asked me a single interesting question like "Does this shirt go with these shoes?" or "Where can I find a really nice black skirt under £60?" I'd love to answer stuff like that. But the only questions I've been asked are, "Is there a loo?" and "Where's the nearest Midland cash point?" I haven't built up a single rapport with anyone.

Oh, it's depressing. The only thing that keeps me going is an end-of-stock reduced rack at the back of the shop. I keep sidling towards it and looking at a pair of zebra-print jeans, reduced from £180 to £90. I remember those jeans. I've even tried them on. And here they are, out of the blue — reduced. I just can't keep my eyes off them. They're even in size 12. My size.

I mean, I know I'm not really supposed to be spending money — but this is a complete one-off. They're the coolest jeans you've ever seen. And £90 is nothing for a pair of really good jeans. If you were in Gucci, you'd be paying at least £500. Oh God, I want them. I want them.

I'm just loitering at the back, eyeing them up for the hundredth time when Danielle comes striding up and I jump guiltily. But all she says is, "Can you go on to fitting-room duty now? Sarah will show you the ropes."

No more folding jumpers! Thank God!

To my relief, this fitting-room lark is a lot more fun. Ally Smith has really nice fitting-rooms, with lots of space and individual cubicles, and my job is to stand at the entrance and check how many items people are taking in with them. It's really interesting to see what people are trying on. One girl's buying loads of stuff, and keeps saying how her boyfriend told her to go mad for her birthday, and he would pay. Huh. Well, it's all right for some. Still, never mind, at least I'm earning money. It's 11.30, which means I've earned... £14,40 so far. Well, that's not bad, is it? I could get some nice makeup for that.

Except that I'm not going to waste this money on makeup. Of course not — I mean that's not why I'm here, is it? I'm going to be really sensible. What I'm going to do is buy the zebra-print jeans — just because they're a one-off and it would be a crime not to — and then put all the rest towards my bank balance. I just can't wait to put them on. I get a break at 2.30, so what I'll do is nip to the reduced rail and take them to the staff room, just to make sure they fit, and...

Suddenly my face freezes. Hang on.

Hang on a moment. What's that girl holding over her arm? She's holding my zebra-print jeans! She's coming towards the fitting rooms. Oh my God. She wants to try them on. But they're mine!

**Ex. 6. Work in small groups. Discuss the question whether the girl will or will *not* stay long on the job. Why (not)?**

**Ex.7. Watch an episode from the movie *Morning Glory*. Give five good reasons explaining why the young woman got the job.**



**Ex.8. Work individually. Assume the role of the manager in the above episode. Write down your evaluation of the young lady's potential (100+ words). Share your evaluation with the group.**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex.1. Watch the movie *Good Morning, America*. Prepare to talk about it in class.**

**Ex.2. Finish reading the excerpt from a contemporary novel. Describe the disaster that happened on the first day of work.**

**Text 7.2  
(continued text 7.2)**

From CONFESSIONS OF A SHOPAHOLIC  
by S. Kinsella

“Hi!” she says brightly as she approaches.

“Hi,” I gulp, trying to stay calm. “Ahm... how many items have you got?”

“Four,” she says, showing me the hangers. Behind me are tokens hanging on the wall, marked One Two, Three and Four. The girl's waiting for me to give her a token marked Four and let her in. But I can't.

I physically cannot let her go in there with my jeans.

“Actually,” I hear myself saying, “you’re only allowed three items.”

“Really?” she says in surprise. “But...” She gestures to the tokens.

“I know,” I say. “But they’ve just changed the rules. Sorry about that.” And I give her my best unhelpful-shop-assistant smile.

This is quite a power trip, actually. You can just stop people trying on clothes! You can ruin their lives!

“Oh, OK,” says the girl. “Well, I’ll leave out —”

“These,” I say, and grab the zebra-print jeans.

“No,” she says. “Actually, I think I’ll —”

“We have to take the top item,” I explain, and give the unhelpful smile again. “Sorry about that.”

Thank God for bolshy shop assistants and stupid pointless rules. People are so used to them that this girl doesn’t even question me. She just rolls her eyes, grabs the Three token and pushes her way past into the fitting-room, leaving me holding the precious jeans.

OK, now what? From inside the girl’s cubicle, I can hear zips being undone and hangers being clattered. She won’t take long to try on those three things. And then she’ll be out, wanting the zebra-print jeans. Oh God. What can I do? For a few moments I’m frozen with indecision. Then the sound of a cubicle curtain being rattled back jolts me into action. Quickly, I stuff the zebra-print jeans out of sight behind the curtain and stand up again with an innocent look on my face.

A moment later, Danielle comes striding up a clipboard in her hands.

“All right?” she says. “Coping, are you?” “I’m doing fine,” I say, and flash her a confident smile.

“I’m just rostering in breaks,” she says. “If you could manage to last until three, you can have an hour then.”

“Fine,” I say in my positive, employee-of-the-month voice, even though I’m thinking, “Three? I’ll be starving!”

“Good,” she says, and moves off into the corner to write on her piece of paper, just as a voice says, “Hi. Can I have those jeans now?”

Oh my God, it’s the girl, back again. How can she have tried on all those other things so quickly? Is she bloody Houdini?

“Hi!” I say, ignoring the last bit of what she said. “Any good? That black skirt’s really nice. The way the splits go at the —”

“Not really,” she says, interrupting me, and shoves the lot back at me, all mussed up and off their hangers, I might add. “It was really the jeans I wanted. Can I have them?”

My heart starts to thump hard.

“What jeans were they?” I say, wrinkling my brow sympathetically. “Blue ones? You can get them over there, next to the...”

“No!” says the girl impatiently. “The zebra-print jeans I had a minute ago.”

“Oh,” I say blankly. “Oh yes. I’m not sure where they went. Maybe someone else took them.”

“But I gave them to you! You were supposed to be looking after them.”

“Ah,” I say, and flash my shop-assistant smile. “I’m afraid we can’t be held responsible for property given to us to hold while customers are in the fitting rooms.”

“Oh for God’s sake!” she says, looking at me as if I’m an imbecile. “This is ridiculous! I gave them to you about thirty seconds ago! How can you have lost them?”

Shit. She’s really angry. Her voice is getting quite loud, and people are starting to look.

“Is there a problem?” chimes in a syrupy voice, and I look up in horror. Danielle’s coming over towards us, a sweet-but-menacing look on her face. OK, keep calm, I tell myself firmly. No-one can prove anything either way. And everyone knows the customer’s always a troublemaker.

“I gave this assistant a pair of jeans to look after because I had four items, which is apparently too many,” the girl begins explaining.

“Four items?” says Danielle. “But you’re allowed four items in the fitting room.” And she turns to look at me with an expression which, frankly, isn’t very friendly.

“Are you?” I say innocently. “Oh God, I’m sorry. I thought it was three. I’m new,” I add apologetically.

“I thought it was four!” says the girl. “I mean, you’ve got tokens with bloody ‘Four’ written on them!” She gives an impatient sigh. “So anyway, I gave her the jeans, and tried on the other things — and then I came out for the jeans, and they’ve gone.”

“Gone?” says Danielle sharply. “Gone where?”

“I’m not sure.” I say trying to look as baffled as the next person. “Maybe another customer took them.”

“But you were holding them!” says the girl. “So what — did someone just come up to you and whip them out of your fingers?”

Oh piss off. What’s her problem, anyway? How can she be so obsessed with a bloody pair of jeans?

“Maybe you could get another pair from the rack,” I say, trying to sound helpful.

“There isn’t another pair,” she says icily. “They were from the reduced rail.”

“Rebecca, think!” says Danielle. “Did you put them down somewhere?”

“I must have done,” I say vaguely. “It’s been so busy in here, I must have put them on the rail, and I suppose another customer must have walked off with them.” I give an apologetic little shrug as though to say “Customers, eh?”

“Wait a minute!” says the girl sharply. “What’s that?”

I follow her gaze and freeze. The zebra-print jeans have rolled out from under the curtain. For a moment we all stare at them.

“Gosh!” I manage at last. “There they are!” “And what exactly are they doing down there?” asks Danielle.

“I don’t know!” I say. “Maybe they...” I swallow, trying to think as quickly as I can. “Maybe...”

“You took them!” says the girl incredulously. “You bloody took them! You wouldn’t let me try them on, and then you hid them!”

“That’s ridiculous!” I say, trying to sound convincing — but I can feel my cheeks flushing a guilty red. Oh God, why do I have to be someone who blushes? Why?

“You little —” The girl breaks off and turns to Danielle. “I want to make an official complaint.”

“Rebecca,” says Danielle. “Into my office, please. Now!”

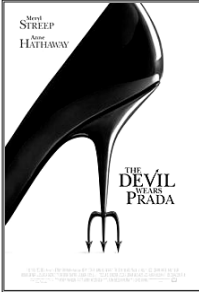
Oh God, how embarrassing. Still, it’ll be OK. I’ll just say sorry and promise not to do it again, and maybe offer to work overtime. Just as long as I don’t get...

I don’t believe it. She’s fired me. I haven’t even worked there for a day, and I’ve been kicked out. I was so shocked when she told me, I actually became almost tearful. I mean, apart from the incident with the zebra-print jeans, I thought I was doing really well. But apparently hiding stuff from customers is one of those automatic-firing things. (Which is really unfair, because she never told me that at the interview.)

As I get changed out of my grey trousers and T-shirt, there’s a heavy feeling in my heart. My retail career is over before it’s even begun. I was only given twenty quid for the hours I’ve done today — and Danielle said that was being generous. And when I asked if I could quickly buy some clothes using my staff discount, she looked at me as if she wanted to hit me.

**Ex.3. Work individually. Assume that you are the girl in the story. Write a diary entry (300 words) describing the miserable experience you had that day. Use the language vigorously and colorfully.**

CLASS 2  
**ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE BOSS?**



**Ex.1. Watch an episode from the movie *Devil Wears Prada*. Share your opinion of the lady boss. Would you like to work in her office? Why (not)?**

**Ex.2. Prepare 10 questions to be asked of your fellow students about various articles of clothing or accessories that they find *absolutely* irresistible.**

**Ex.3. Conduct a quick poll and make a list of 10 fashion world brand names that the fellow students favor. Please, explain their lure.**

**Ex.4. Read the excerpt from a famous novel. Find as many differences as you can between the book version and its screen version.**

**Text 7.3**

From THE DEVIL WEARS PRADA  
by Lauren Weisberger

“Andrea, are you aware that Miranda is on her way to the office?”

“Sure am. I’ve got her newspapers right here and her water right here, and now I just need to get them back to her office. If you’ll excuse me...”

“Andrea!” she called as I ran past her, an ice cube flying out of the glass and landing outside the art department. “Remember to change your shoes!”

I stopped dead in my tracks and looked clown. I was wearing a pair of funky street sneakers, the kind that weren’t designed to do anything but look cool. The rules of dress — unspoken and otherwise — were obviously relaxed when Miranda was away, and even though every single person in the office looked fantastic, each was wearing something they would swear up and down that they’d never, ever wear in front of Miranda. My bright red, mesh sneakers were a prime example.

I had broken a sweat by the time I made it back to our suite. “I’ve got all the papers and I bought the magazines, too. Just in case. The only thing is, I don’t think I can wear these shoes, can I?”

Emily tore the headset from her ear and flung it down on her desk. “No, of course you can’t wear those.” She picked up the phone, dialed four digits, and announced, “Jeffy, bring me a pair of Jimmy’s in a size...” She looked at me.

“Nine and a half.” I pulled a small bottle of Pellegrino out of the closet and filled the glass.

It was then I noticed that in the four minutes I’d been downstairs, Emily had managed to switch her faded jeans to leather pants and her own funky sneakers to open-toe stilettos. She’d also cleaned up the entire office suite, sweeping the contents of both our desks into drawers and stashing all of the incoming gifts that hadn’t yet been transferred to Miranda’s apartment in the closet. She had slicked on a fresh coat of lip gloss and added some color to her cheeks and was presently motioning for me to get moving.

I grabbed the bag of newspapers and shook them out in a pile on the light box in her office, a sort of under-lit table where Emily said Miranda would stand for hours on end and examine film that had come in from photo shoots. But it was also where she liked her papers arranged, and once again, I consulted my legal pad for the correct order. First, the *New York Times*, followed by the *Wall Street Journal*, and then the *Washington Post*. And on and on the order went in a pattern I couldn’t distinguish, each placed slightly on top of the one before it until they fanned out across the table in formation. *Women’s Wear Daily* was the single exception: this was to be placed in the middle of her desk.

“She’s here! Andrea, come out here! She’s on her way up,” I heard Emily hiss from the outer area.

I put *WWD* on her desk, placed the Pellegrino on a corner of her desk on a linen napkin (which side? I couldn’t remember which side it was supposed to go on), and darted from the office, taking one last look around to ensure that everything was in order. Jeffy, one of the fashion assistants who helped organize the fashion closet, tossed me a shoe box with a rubber band around it and bolted. I pulled it open immediately. Inside were a pair of Jimmy Choo heels with straps made of camel hair going every which way and buckles nestled in the middle of it all, probably worth around eight hundred dollars. Shit! I had to get these on. I yanked off my sneakers and my now sweaty socks and tossed them under my desk. The right one went on rather easily, but I couldn’t work

my stubby fingernail to free the buckle on the left one until - there! I pried it open and thrust my left foot into it, watching the straps bite into the already swollen flesh. In another few seconds I had it buckled and was returning to an upright sitting position just as Miranda walked in.

**Ex. 5. In small groups, discuss your findings (exercise 4).**

**Ex. 6. Continue reading the excerpt. Describe the feelings of the young employee. In your opinion, what exactly caused *office-wide panic*?**

**Text 7.4**  
**(continued text 7.3)**

From THE DEVIL WEARS PRADA  
by Lauren Weisberger

I was absolutely frozen in mid-motion, my mind working fast enough to understand how ridiculous I must look, but not quite fast enough to move. She noticed me immediately, probably because she was expecting Emily to still be sitting at her old desk, and walked over. She leaned on the counter that ran over my desk, leaned over it and even closer to me, until she was able to see my entire body as I sat, immobilized, in the chair. Her bright blue eyes moved up and down, side to side, all over my white button-down, my red corduroy Gap miniskirt, my now buckled camel-hair Jimmy Choo sandals. I felt her examine every inch of me, skin and hair and clothes, her eyes moving so quickly but her face remaining frozen. She leaned closer still, until her face was only a foot from mine and I could smell the fantastic aroma of salon shampoo and expensive perfume, so close that I could see the very fine lines around her mouth and eyes that were invisible from a more comfortable distance. But I couldn't look too long at her face, because she was intently examining mine. There wasn't the slightest indication that she recognized that a) we had, in fact, met before; b) I was her new employee; or c) I was not Emily.

"Hello, Ms Priestly," I squeaked impulsively, even though somewhere in the hack of my head I knew that she hadn't uttered a word yet. But the tension was unbearable, and I couldn't help but barrel forward. "I'm so excited to be working for you. Thank you so much for the opportunity to..."

She walked away. Finished looking me up and down, pushed backward off the counter, and just walked away while I was stuttering



midsentence. I could feel heat coming off my face, a flush of confusion and pain and humiliation all wrapped into one, and it didn't help that I could feel Emily glaring at me. I pulled my hot face upward and con-finned that Emily was indeed glaring at me.

"Is the Bulletin updated?" Miranda asked to no one in particular as she walked into her office and, I noticed happily, directly to the light table where I'd arranged her papers.

"Yes, Miranda. Here it is," Emily said obsequiously, racing in behind her and handing her the clipboard where we kept all of Miranda's messages typed as they come in.

I sat quietly, watching Miranda move deliberately around her office in the picture frames that hung on her wall: if I looked at the glass instead of at the photos themselves, I could see her reflection. Emily immediately busied herself at her desk, and silence prevailed. Do we never get to talk to each other or anyone else if she's in the office? I wondered. I wrote a quick e-mail to Emily, asking her as much, which I saw her receive and read. Her answer came back right away: You got it, she wrote. If you and I have to talk, we whisper. Otherwise, no talking. And don't EVER speak to her unless she speaks to you. And do not EVER call her Ms Priestly — it's Miranda. Got it? I felt again as if I had been slapped, but I looked up and nodded. And it was then I noticed the coat. It was right there, a great big pile of fabulous-looking fur, all bunched up on the end of my desk, with one arm dangling off the edge. I looked at Emily. She rolled her eyes, waved her hand toward the closet, and mouthed, "Hang it up!" It was as heavy as a wet down comforter coming out: of the washing machine, and I needed both hands to keep it from dragging on the floor, but I gingerly hung it on one of the silk hangers and gently, quietly, closed the doors.

I hadn't even sat back down when Miranda appeared next to me, and this time her eyes were free to roam over my entire body. Impossible as it seemed, I could feel each body part ignite as she eyed it, but I was frozen, unable to dive back to my chair. Just as my hair was about to catch fire, those relentless blue eyes finally stopped on mine.

"I'd like my coat," she said quietly, looking directly at me, and I wondered if she wondered who I was, or if she didn't notice or care that there was a relative stranger posing as her assistant. There wasn't so much as a glimmer of recognition, even though my interview with her had taken place a few weeks earlier.

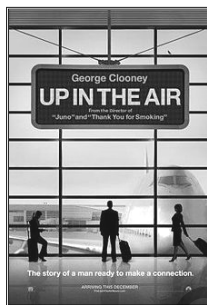
"Surely," I managed, and moved toward the closet again, which was an awkward maneuver because she was currently standing between it and me. I turned my body sideways to keep from bumping

into her and tried to slide myself past her, reaching to pull open the door I had just shut. She didn't move a single inch to let me pass, and I could feel that the eyes had continued their roving. Finally, blessedly, my hands closed around the fur, and I pulled it carefully to freedom. I wanted to throw it at her and see if she'd catch it, but I restrained myself at the last second and held it open as a gentleman would for a lady. She shrugged into it with one graceful motion and picked up her cell phone, the only item she had brought with her to the office.

"I'd like the Book tonight, Emily," she said as she walked confidently out of the office, probably not even noticing that a cluster of three women standing in the hall outside the suite scattered immediately upon seeing her, chins to their chests.

"Yes, Miranda. I'll have Andrea bring it up."

That was that. She left. And the visit that had inspired office-wide panic, frenzied preparations, even makeup and wardrobe adjustments, had lasted just under four minutes, and had taken place — as far as my inexperienced eyes could see — for absolutely no reason whatsoever.



**Ex. 7. In small groups, find out about another kind of situation. When do you think the boss is afraid of *you*, the employee?**

**Ex. 8. Watch an episode from the movie *Up in the Air* and add another situation to your list. What do you think of the main character's job, anyway?**

**Ex. 9. Work in small groups. Talk about ways to overcome fear of losing one's job. How can one do that?**

**Ex. 10. Work individually. Write your CV (100 words) proving that you are *absolutely* indispensable for the position of your choice.**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Watch the movie *Up in the Air* and prepare to talk about it in class a while later.**

**Ex. 2. Read the excerpt from a contemporary British short story. Would you agree that a fixed daily routine is a must even for a homeless person? Why?**

From THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER...  
by Jeffrey Archer

Bill woke with a start. It was always the same following a long sleep-in over the weekend. Once the sun had risen on Monday morning they would expect him to move on. He had slept under the archway of Critchley's Bank for more years than most of the staff had worked in the building.

Bill would turn up every evening at around seven o'clock to claim his spot. Not that anyone else would have dared to occupy his pitch after all these years. Over the past decade he had seen them come and go, some with hearts of gold, some silver and some bronze. Most of the bronze ones were only interested in the other kind of gold. He had sussed out which was which, and not just by the way they treated him.

He glanced up at the clock above the door: ten to six. Young Kevin would appear through that door at any moment and ask if he would be kind enough to move on. Good lad, Kevin — often slipped him a bob or two, which must have been a sacrifice, what with another baby on the way. He certainly wouldn't have been treated with the same consideration by most of the posher ones who came in later.

Bill allowed himself a moment to dream. He would have liked to have Kevin's job, dressed in that heavy, warm coat and peaked hat. He would still have been on the street, but with a real job and regular pay. Some people had all the luck. All Kevin had to do was say, "Good morning, sir. Hope you had a pleasant weekend." Didn't even have to hold the door open since they'd made it automatic.

But Bill wasn't complaining. It hadn't been too bad a weekend. It didn't rain, and nowadays the police never tried to move him on — not since he'd spotted that IRA man parking his van outside the bank all those years ago. That was his army training.

He'd managed to get hold of a copy of Friday's *Financial Times* and Saturday's *Daily Mail*. The *Financial Times* reminded him that he should have invested in Internet companies and kept out of clothes manufacturers, because their stocks were dropping rapidly following the slowdown in High Street sales. He was probably the only person attached to the bank who read the *Financial Times* from cover to cover, and certainly the only one who then used it as a blanket.

He'd picked up the *Mail* from the bin at the back of the building — amazing what some of those yuppies dropped in that bin. He'd had everything from a Rolex watch to a packet of condoms. Not that he had any use for either. There were quite enough clocks in the City without needing another one, and as for the condoms — not much point in those since he'd left the army. He had sold the watch and given the condoms to Vince, who worked the Bank of America pitch. Vince was always bragging about his latest conquests, which seemed a little unlikely given his circumstances. Bill had decided to call his bluff and give him the condoms as a Christmas present.

The lights were being switched on all over the building, and when Bill glanced through the plate-glass window he spotted Kevin putting on his coat. Time to gather up his belongings and move on: he didn't want to get Kevin into any trouble, on account of the fact he hoped the lad would soon be getting the promotion he deserved.

Bill rolled up his sleeping bag — a present from the Chairman, who hadn't waited until Christmas to give it to him. No, that wasn't Sir William's style. A born gentleman, with an eye for the ladies — and who could blame him? Bill had seen one or two of them go up in the lift late at night, and he doubted if they were seeking financial advice. Perhaps he should have given *him* the packet of condoms.

He folded up his two blankets — one he'd bought with some of the money from the watch sale, the other he'd inherited when Irish died. He missed Irish. Half a loaf of bread from the back of the City Club, after he'd advised the manager to get out of clothes manufacturers and into the Internet, but he'd just laughed. He shoved his few possessions into his bag — another dustbin job, this time from the back of the Old Bailey.

Finally, like all good City men, he must check his cash position — always important to be liquid when there are more sellers than buyers. He fumbled around in his pocket, the one without a hole, and pulled out a pound, two 10-pence pieces and a penny. Thanks to government taxes, he wouldn't be able to afford any fags today, let alone his usual pint.

Clocks all over the city were beginning to chime six. He tied up the laces of his Reebok trainers — another yuppie reject: the yuppies all wore Nikes now. One last glance as Kevin stepped out onto the pavement. By the time Bill returned at seven that evening — more reliable than any security guard — Kevin would be back home in Peckham with his pregnant wife Lucy. Lucky man.

Kevin watched as Bill shuffled away, disappearing among the early-morning workers. He was good like that, Bill. He would never

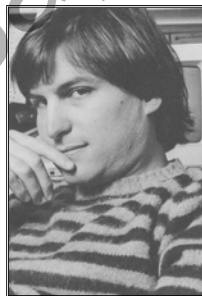
embarrass Kevin, or want to be the cause of him losing his job. Then he spotted the penny underneath the arch. He picked it up and smiled. He would replace it with a pound coin that evening. After all, wasn't that what banks were meant to do with your money?

**Ex. 3. Work individually. Study a map of London centre and pick several places where Bill is most likely to spend the rest of the day. Think of the things he might do. Write down his daily schedule and compare it with those of your group mates.**

### CLASS 3 JOBS: THINK AND ACT GLOBALLY

**Ex. 1. In small groups, discuss the problem of how to become a *great* leader in business. What does it take to become one?**

**Ex. 2. Watch the video featuring Steve Jobs' speech addressed to college graduates. Take notes and point out the most striking examples the speaker uses to prove his ideas.**



**Ex.3. In small groups, share your notes and list the phrases you liked best. Choose the winning one and share it with the others. Compare your choices.**

**Ex. 4. Do a bit of jig-saw reading (Student A + Student B). Read the two parts of the biography of Steve Jobs. Share the information with your partner. Decide whether he really was a great leader in the world of business and innovation.**

#### Text 7.6 (A)

#### From THE MAN WHO PUT A DENT IN THE UNIVERSE by Jill Smolowe

Not long after he announced his diagnosis of pancreatic cancer in 2004, Steve Jobs had trampoline installed in the backyard of his home in California's Silicon Valley. While two workers assembled the frame and rigged a net, Jobs stood by and analyzed the trampoline's design. Even after they were finished and Jobs hopped on for a tryout, he couldn't help talking about how he would make it better. "He was jumping up and down with a big smile on his face, and when he got

off, he told us some ways to improve the netting,” says K.C. Bradshaw, who helped with the installation. “He was talking about how he’d simplify the structure or hang the net this way. He just really wanted to improve it, like this need to make the best product was in his DNA.”

That vision and perfectionism helped make Jobs perhaps the most influential inventor of the digital age. “He’s been compared to Einstein and Edison, but he really should be compared to Picasso,” says architect Michael Graves. “There are people who change the art form they are working in.” Time and again, Jobs shattered competitors’ preconceptions of what technology could do and what the public wanted it to do — first with the groundbreaking Apple and Mac computers, next with animated films from Pixar studios, then in rapid succession with the sleekly irresistible iPod, then the iPhone and, most recently, the iPad.

“In a world littered with dull objects, he brought the beauty of clean lines and clear thought,” says his friend Bono, who met Jobs through their (RED) HIV-AIDS charity work. “He changed music. He changed film. He changed the personal computer and turned telephony on its head while he was at it. He was tenacious in the extreme, his toughness never more evident than these past few years in his fight for his life.”

An intensely private man who made time for little beyond his work and his family, Jobs had a devotion to Apple that was so great, he became, in a way, its most iconic creation, from his trademark black turtleneck and blue jeans to his Zen-like product launches that made him geekdom’s top rock star. Even as his health deteriorated, he remained keenly attentive to the design of Apple’s new headquarters in Cupertino. “He encouraged us to develop new ways of looking at design to reflect his unique ability to weave backward and forward between grand strategy and the minutiae of the tiniest internal fittings,” says the headquarters’ architect Norman Foster. “He delved into its fine print.”

It is how he always worked, recalled former RIAA head Hilary Rosen, who consulted on the launch of Apple’s online music store. “The engineer was walking us through the latest version of the iTunes Store, and Steve said, ‘Let’s move this a few inches, make that green.’ It was sort of magical the way he just would look at the smallest detail and make the picture better.”

Along the road to defining consumer technology in the 21st century, Jobs turned Apple, the company he cofounded, into one of the world’s most profitable businesses. When he died, his fortune was estimated at \$ 8,3 billion, but intimates say he neither coveted nor hoarded it.

“Steve did a lot of charitable work, but he liked to do things anonymously,” says longtime friend Dr. Dean Ornish. “He supported his wife Laurene’s charities, like College Track for disadvantaged kids to get college degrees. He didn’t want credit for doing things. What was important was doing the work.”

Yet even as Jobs’s relentless creativity and extraordinary resilience kept his focus on the future, he became increasingly aware that an end was inevitable. “Remembering that I’ll be dead soon is the most important tool I’ve ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life,” he told Stanford’s graduating class in 2005. “There is no reason not to follow your heart.”

During his final three years, his heart brought him home to Laurene, his wife of 20 years, and their children, Reed, 20, Erin, 16, and Eve, 13. Jobs also had a daughter, Lisa, 33, from an earlier relationship with painter Chrisann Brennan. “Steve was very dedicated to his family,” says actor Tim Allen, who voiced Buzz for the *Toy Story* movies and became an e-mail pal. At their seven-bedroom red-brick home in Palo Alto, Jobs indulged his love of movies and TV (House being his favorite) and listened to LPs on the turntable in his bedroom, a nod to his love of tech that predates MP3 players and CDs. “About 10 years ago he told me that becoming a dad is 10,000 times better than anything I’ve ever done,” says Ornish. “Steve told me, ‘Once you have a child, your heart is forever outside your body because you are more open and sensitive to things.’”

That sensitivity at home did not extend readily to his colleagues. Though he “waited in line in the cafeteria along with everybody else,” says a former Apple executive who asked not be named, “he wasn’t a particularly approachable person.” To those who pleased him with an idea, he handed out Porsche Design watches; to those who didn’t, he could give humiliating reviews in group settings.

“There wasn’t any room to fail or not deliver,” says the exec. “He was like the parent you would keep doing stuff for, but it was never going to be good enough.”

Jay Elliot, a former senior vice president at Apple, agrees that with Jobs “there was never any doubt about what Steve wanted.” But Elliot offers a different take on his leadership skills. “In a symphony orchestra, they have sheet music and the orchestra leader sticks to that,” he says. “But a jazz bandleader is different. It’s ‘Okay, here’s a key and here’s a beat. All the open areas you fill in.’ Steve was that kind of artist. It was all about motivating.”

## Text 7.7 (B)

Born in 1955, Steve was adopted soon after birth by Paul and Clara Jobs (both now deceased) and grew up in California's nascent Silicon Valley. Paul, a machinist who never graduated high school and loved to tinker with mechanical things, encouraged Steve's fascination with electronics; Clara, a bookkeeper, taught him to read at an early age, a gift that left him so unchallenged in school.

It didn't make him popular. "We were both introverted, thoughtful people," says boyhood pal Bill Fernandez, Apple's first employee. "We didn't fit into the more common social groups, so we found ourselves to be loners. We would walk and talk about the questions we had, normal things adolescent boys had on their mind, with maybe a more cerebral mix."

Jobs next applied to Reed College, an elite private school in Portland, Ore., that his parents could not afford. By the time college officials figured out that no one was paying the bills, Jobs had so entrenched himself that the administrators let him stay on — for free. Jobs stuck around for 18 months for the education — notably, a calligraphy course that would later inform the design and variety of the typefaces that came on a Macintosh — but did not bother to finish a degree. Instead, hungering for travel, he took a job at a tiny California start-up called Atari, eventually saving enough money to spend three weeks in India, where he indulged his interest in Eastern mysticism.

"He was a bit of an oddball back then," says Gregory Calhoun, an old Reed College pal. "I remember how we used to drive to this little health food store in Santa Cruz and buy 25-lb. crates of figs and dates. Steve had his day job at Atari, he was practicing Zen, and he was building the first Apple computer."

It was in 1976 that Jobs and pal Steve Wozniak, with whom he shared a passion for Bob Dylan, and one other friend founded Apple. They fixed their sights on developing a home computer that could be used by consumers who were not technologically savvy. That year they rolled out the Apple I. By 23, Jobs was a millionaire.

With success came a heightened indifference to others' rules and feelings. Says Bob Belleville, a senior engineer at Apple at the time: "He had a great deal of natural confidence."

Soon that confidence was turned in the direction of developing a personal computer that, through the introduction of a mouse, could do away with user commands. "He wanted to call the original Macintosh



‘Bicycle,’ ” says Belleville. “A bicycle, he felt, was the most efficient device that coupled human energy to motion, and the Mac coupled human creativity to the human world. We stuck with Macintosh.”

In 1985, the fledgling Mac not yet a success despite its eye-popping debut in a 1984 Super Bowl commercial directed by Ridley Scott, Apple ousted Jobs as its market share dwindled during an industry-wide slump. Bruised, Jobs launched the computer concern NeXT and bought Pixar, a computer-graphics unit owned by Lucas film.

While NeXT was never profitable, Pixar produced *Toy Story*. Its wild success in 1995, along with Jobs’ decision to take Pixar public, prompted Apple to woo him back.

In 1997 he returned triumphant and, some felt, more autocratic than ever. Rick Smolan, whose *Day in the Life* photo books had received backing from Jobs in the 1980s, recalls friends who worked for Jobs who “were afraid to get into the elevator with him.” Still, he says, “there were two Steve Jobs.”

The one who got thrown out of his own company was “brash, stubborn, pigheaded.” The one who returned “grew up a lot. The new Apple was built by a mature person who built a team.”

His personal life also evolved. Curious about his birth parents since he was a teen, he learned years later that they had been unwed grad students who subsequently married and had a second child, author Mona Simpson. At the time the biological siblings met, Simpson was at work on her first novel, which became the 1987 bestseller *Anywhere but Here*.

Nine years later Simpson published *A Regular Guy*, a stinging novel that depicts a Silicon Valley tycoon’s troubled relationship with his illegitimate daughter. Jobs himself conceived his first daughter, Lisa, out of wedlock with his high school girlfriend Chrisann Brennan, then for years denied paternity and refused support (though he allegedly named the Lisa computer for her). During Lisa’s teen years, the father-daughter bond grew so strong that she moved in with Jobs.

In 1991 Jobs met Laurene Powell, a Stanford MBA who shared his unrigid cartons of organic apple juice and apple-shaped chocolates. For vacation time, one of their favorite getaways was a resort in Hawaii that has neither phones nor electricity. “His children are the least spoiled people you’ll ever meet,” says a family friend. “They have a graceful reserve.”

As for his relationship with Laurene, they were regularly spotted strolling their street hand in hand until very close to the end. Together they cultivated a large organic vegetable garden and a fruit orchard. “She’s like

Steve — when they both do something, they do it in a big way,” says California Lieut. Gov. Gavin Newsom. “They are a remarkable family, and their legacy extends beyond business to the community.”

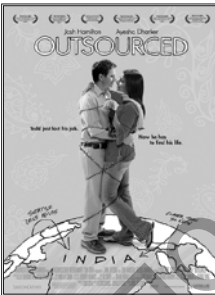
And despite Jobs’ seeming need for perfection, his friend Ornish feels that Jobs would be content with his legacy. “I was at his house when the iPod came out,” says Ornish, “and he said, ‘It’s out there now, and there’s nothing more I can do at this point.’ He had a strong desire to live, but he was also at peace with what he had accomplished.”

As millions of people worldwide clutch his shiny creations — as much a part of their lives as shoes or glasses — his influence, it seems safe to predict, will endure for decades to come.

“Put a dent in the universe,” he used to exhort his colleagues. Steve Jobs was the rare meteor who did just that.

**Ex. 5. In small groups, discuss Jobs’ contribution to modern civilization. How big is the *dent* he put in the universe? Give good reasons.**

**Ex. 6. In small groups, discuss the problem of globalization of business. Is the world really becoming a *global supermarket* in a *global village*? What is there next?**



**Ex. 7. Watch two episodes from the movie *Outsourced*. In small groups, figure out what these episodes tell us about the problem discussed (exercise 6).**

**Ex. 8. Work in pairs. Decide whether the main character in *Outsourced* has got potential to become a global business leader. Does he or does he not have the necessary qualities?**

**Ex.9. Explain the title of the above movie (100 words) paying special attention to the potential metaphor in it.**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Study the grammar exercises below that come from a soon-to-be-published book. What do you think of the idea to use this sort of information in a book for would-be university applicants?**

**Ex. 2. Read the two biographies and complete the tasks.**

### Text 7.8

#### A COMPUTER PRODIGY, AN ENTREPRENEUR, A PHILANTHROPIST AND JUST A GOOD GUY

Mark Elliot Zuckerberg is an American computer programmer and Internet entrepreneur. He is best known (1) *off/for/to* co-creating the social networking site Facebook, (2) *of/by/out of* which he is chief executive and president. Facebook was founded as a private company when Mark Elliot Zuckerberg and his associates were Harvard students. In 2010 Zuckerberg was named *Time* magazine's Person of the Year.

Born (3) *in/into/to* an ordinary American middle-class family young Mark can boast (4) *of/ for/with* a happy and busy childhood. He excelled (5) *in/to/on* the classics taking (6) *up/on/into* Latin, ancient Greek, Hebrew and French.

When a high school student he transferred his attention (7) *on/at/to* sciences winning prizes in Math, Astronomy and Physics. He also dedicated enough time (8) *with/on/to* sports to become a fencing star and captain of the school fencing team. Zuckerberg has been (9) *in/onto into* computers and software designing since his middle school years. Having received his first programming lessons from his father, Mark later studied with a private tutor who was the first to call him a prodigy.

The boy was keen (10) *in/on/at* developing computer programs, especially communication tools and games. While other kids were playing computer games, Mark was busy (11) *with/by/* — creating them. Yet he never said goodbye to his other interests, often quoting ancient Latin and Greek poems (12) *by/from/of* memory or practicing with his fencing team.

In his final high school year Zuckerberg built a music player that made use (13) *off/of/out of* artificial intelligence to learn the



user's listening habits. Microsoft and other computer giants tried to recruit the young prodigy, but he chose to enroll (14) *in/into/to* Harvard University. There he studied psychology and computer programming.

What we now know is that Facebook was built for fun. Initially the site contained pictures of several male and female students offering visitors (15) *of/to/at* the site to choose the hottest one. Mark Zuckerberg took both the idea and the site name from Face Books — editions which included photos and contact details of everybody who lived in the student dorms.

Facebook took (16) *off/up/above* immediately. The college even had to shut it (17) *up/down/of* as it had overwhelmed Harvard server and prevented students (18) *off/from/out of* accessing the Internet. There were some complaints of privacy violation as well. So Zuckerberg apologized and got (19) *to/down to/by* updating his site spreading it to other Universities. He chose blue as Facebook's dominant color because of his red-green color blindness.

Facebook's popularity grew and Zuckerberg and his team turned (20) *off/away/down* offers by major corporations to buy it. Mark says money doesn't really mean that much (21) *to/for/by* him. What he cares (22) *for/of/about* is the mission of making the world open.

A movie based (23) *about/on/at* Zuckerberg and the founding years of Facebook was released in October, 2010. The film stars Jesse Eisenberg as Mark and neither idealizes nor romanticizes his personality. At first Zuckerberg was critical (24) *about/in/of* his portrayal by the film but later he became quite gracious (25) *over/of/about* it.

He is a billionaire now, and he contributes extensively (26) *to/for/with* various charities and foundations in addition (27) *at/with/to* his own "The Start-up Education Foundation". Together with Bill Gates he signed a document known as the *Giving Pledge*. They promised to donate to charity (28) *at/in/on* least 50% of their wealth and called (29) *out/of/on* others (30) *between/among/of* the wealthy to follow them.

## A YOUNG GLOBAL LEADER WITH A SOFT SPOT FOR ANIMALS

Suhas Gopinath is a twenty-five-year old Indian entrepreneur. He launched a web site and incorporated his own company (1) *в возрасте четырнадцати лет* which made him the world's youngest chief executive officer (CEO).



Most teenagers (2) *беспокоятся о* finishing class assignments (3) *вовремя*, but this Indian guy had bigger things on his mind. Although he was not old enough to drive in some countries or sign legal documents, his company “Globals Inc.” (4) *превратилась в* a multinational corporation when its owner was just seventeen.

Suhas (5) *мечтал стать* a veterinarian as a kid, but his fascination with the Internet won. Currently his company (6) *уверена в будущем* with eleven offices worldwide and profits of more than \$ 1 million (7) *в год*.

Suhas Gopinath's talents earned him global recognition not only because of his age but also because of his innovative business practices. He often (8) *выступает на конференциях перед* people twice his age or older offering tips on how to run their businesses. He also initiated a program for other young people who are (9) *увлекаются* business.

The entrepreneur was announced the “Young Global Leader” for 2008–2009 by the World Economic Forum. In that position he (10) *был вовлечён в* development programs (11) *по всему миру*.

Suhas Gopinath holds a diploma on global leadership and public policy from Harvard University and he uses his knowledge (12) *наилучшим образом*. He also says he was very much (13) *мотивирован* Bill Gates' success path. When he (14) *оглядывается назад* he feels proud that he succeeded (15) *создать рабочие возможности для* more than six hundred talented youngsters worldwide.

Suhas Gopinath is forward-thinking in business but also has a lot to say about social issues. He often speaks about the importance of viewing the world as a global community (16) *без политических*

*границы*. And he is just as (17) *энтузиаст* о animal rights. He firmly believes that as humans, we need to have some morality and ethics to give back to these innocent creatures which we have exploited for our comforts and needs. We need to utilize our intelligence and resources to protect innocent animals (18) *вместо того, чтобы* applying the same intelligence to destroy them.

Suhas Gopinath is a born vegetarian who thinks that a vegetarian diet is essential for a healthier and longer life. He is also very (19) *огорчён из-за* illegal trade in exotic animal products. Gopinath claims that governments need (20) *принимать суровые меры* for both sellers and buyers. He also (21) *возражает против* using real leather and fur which indirectly encourages the killing of animals.

(22) *В соответствии с его идеями* young people can (23) *играть большую роль в* revolutionizing our (24) *отношение* к animals. As CEO of a successful company Suhas Gopinath spares no effort (25) *нацеленных на* wildlife protection.

**Ex. 3. Create a similar grammar-related exercise using a high-profile biography. Prepare to share it with your fellow students in class.**

#### 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) Share the grammar-related exercises and do them in class. Evaluate the quality of the materials.

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

(3) Produce the results of Internet research based on outstanding business leaders.

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

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

(6) 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 *Morning Glory*, *10 Items or Less*, *Devil Wears Prada*, *Up in the Air*, and *Outsourced* and have found them feel-good films. Tell your friends about them.

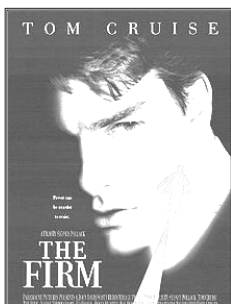
(2) You may have written down many of the nice phrases spoken by the characters in those movies, which must have improved your English. Share them with other students.

(3) You learned about several good books worth reading such as *Confessions of a Shopaholic*. Find them or borrow them from someone else and read them.

(4) You must have talked and written about the problem of becoming an employee and working under someone's supervision. This may have helped you to find your own road in life, right?

## 8. CRIME, TERRORISM, AND WAR

### CLASS 1 IS MONEY THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?



**Ex. 1.** Look at the poster of a famous movie. One book says Princess Diana loved to watch it, all for the leading man's good looks. Share your knowledge of the movie (and the book it is based on) with you partners.

**Ex. 2.** In pairs, discuss the problem of salaries. What is more important for a beginner on the job — a high salary or good career prospects? Is it normally possible to get both at once?

**Ex. 3.** In small groups, recollect your experiences of earning your first salary. How did it feel?

**Ex. 4.** Watch an episode from *The Firm*. If you were the recruiter, what impression would you get of the applicant?

**Ex. 5.** Read the first excerpt from a John Grisham novel. Compare it with the movie version you have just watched. Which one appeals to you more? Share your ideas with your partners, senior or otherwise.

#### Text 8.1

From THE FIRM by John Grisham

The senior partner studied the resume for the hundredth time and again found nothing he disliked about Mitchell Y. McDeere, at least not on paper. He had the brains, the ambition, the good looks. And he was hungry; with his background, he had to be. He was married, and that was mandatory. The firm had never hired an unmarried lawyer, and it frowned heavily on divorce, as well as womanizing and drinking. Drug testing was in the contract. He had a degree in accounting, passed the CPA exam the first time he took it and wanted to be a tax lawyer,



which of course was a requirement with a tax firm. He was white, and the firm had never hired a black. They managed this by being secretive and clubbish and never soliciting job applications. Other firms solicited, and hired blacks. This firm recruited and remained lily white. Plus, the firm was in Memphis, of all places, and the top blacks wanted New York or Washington or Chicago. McDeere was a male, and there were no women in the firm. That mistake had been made in the mid-seventies when they recruited the number one grad from Harvard, who happened to be a she and a wizard at taxation. She lasted four turbulent years and was killed in a car wreck.

He looked good, on paper. He was their top choice. In fact, for this year there were no other prospects. The list was very short. It was McDeere or no one.

The managing partner, Royce McKnight, studied a dossier labeled "Mitchell Y. McDeere — Harvard." An inch thick with small print and a few photographs, it had been prepared by some ex-CIA agents in a private intelligence outfit in Bethesda. They were clients of the firm and each year did the investigating for no fee. It was easy work, they said, checking out unsuspecting law students. They learned, for instance, that he preferred to leave the Northeast, that he was holding three job offers, two in New York and one in Chicago, and that the highest offer was \$ 76,000 and the lowest was \$ 68,000. He was in demand. He had been given the opportunity to cheat on a securities exam during his second year. He declined, and made the highest grade in the class. Two months ago he had been offered cocaine at a law school party. He said no and left when everyone began snorting. He drank an occasional beer, but drinking was expensive and he had no money. He owed close to \$ 23,000 in student loans. He was hungry.

Royce McKnight flipped through the dossier and smiled. McDeere was their man.

Lamar Quin was thirty-two and not yet a partner. He had been brought along to look young and act young and project a youthful image for Bendini, Lambert & Locke, which in fact was a young firm, since most of the partners retired in their late forties or early fifties with money to burn. He would make partner in this firm. With a six-figure income guaranteed for the rest of his life, Lamar could enjoy the twelve-hundred-dollar tailored suits that hung so comfortably from his tall, athletic frame. He strolled nonchalantly across the thousand-dollar-a-day suite and poured another cup of decaf. He checked his watch. He glanced at the two partners sitting at the small conference table near the windows.

Precisely at two-thirty someone knocked on the door. Lamar looked at the partners, who slid the resume and dossier into an open briefcase. All three reached for their jackets. Lamar buttoned his top button and opened the door.

**Ex.6. Read the description of the interview. Explain whether it is hard or easy for the recruiters to sign Mitchell. Which ways are they using and why? Do these ways always work?**

**Text 8.2**  
**(continued text 8.1)**

From THE FIRM by John Grisham

“Mitchell McDeere?” he asked with a huge smile and a hand thrust forward.

“Yes.” They shook hands violently.

“Nice to meet you, Mitchell. I’m Lamar Quin.”

“My pleasure. Please call me Mitch.” He stepped inside and quickly surveyed the spacious room.

“Sure, Mitch.” Lamar grabbed his shoulder and led him across the suite, where the partners introduced themselves. They were exceedingly warm and cordial. They offered him coffee, then water. They sat around a shiny mahogany conference table and exchanged pleasantries. McDeere unbuttoned his coat and crossed his legs. He was now a seasoned veteran in the search for employment, and he knew they wanted him. He relaxed. With three job offers from three of the most prestigious firms in the country, he did not need this interview, this firm. He could afford to be a little overconfident now. He was there out of curiosity. And he longed for warmer weather.

Oliver Lambert, the senior partner, leaned forward on his elbows and took control of the preliminary chitchat.

“Are you tired of interviewing?” asked Oliver Lambert.

“Not really. It’s part of it.”

Yes, yes, they all agreed. Seemed like yesterday they were interviewing and submitting resumes and scared to death they wouldn’t find a job and three years of sweat and torture would be down the drain. They knew what he was going through, all right.

“May I ask a question?” Mitch asked.

“Certainly.”

“Sure.”

“Anything.”

“Why are we interviewing in this hotel room? The other firms interview on campus through the placement office.”

“Good question.” They all nodded and looked at each other and agreed it was a good question.

“Perhaps I can answer that, Mitch.” said Royce McKnight, the managing partner. “You must understand our firm. We are different, and we take pride in that. We have forty-one lawyers, so we are small compared with other firms. We don’t hire too many people; about one every other year. We offer the highest salary and fringes in the country, and I’m not exaggerating. So we are very selective. We selected you. The letter you received last month was sent after we screened over two thousand third year law students at the best schools. Only one letter was sent. We don’t advertise openings and we don’t solicit applications. We keep a low profile, and we do things differently. That’s our explanation.”

“Fair enough. What kind of firm is it?”

“Tax. Some securities, real estate and banking, but eighty percent is tax work. That’s why we wanted to meet you, Mitch. You have an incredibly strong tax background.”

“Why’d you go to Western Kentucky?” asked Oliver Lambert.

“Simple. They offered me a full scholarship to play football. Had it not been for that, college would’ve been impossible.” “Tell us about your family.” “Why is that important?”

“It’s very important to us, Mitch,” Royce McKnight said warmly.

They all say that, thought McDeere. “Okay, my father was killed in the coal mines when I was seven years old. My mother remarried and lives in Florida. I had two brothers. Rusty was killed in Vietnam. I have a brother named Ray McDeere.”

“Where is he?”

“I’m afraid that’s none of your business.” He stared at Royce McKnight and exposed a mammoth chip on his shoulder. The dossier, oddly, was silent on Ray.

“I’m sorry,” the managing partner said softly.

“Mitch, our firm is in Memphis,” Lamar said. “Does that bother you?”

“Not at all. I’m not fond of cold weather.”

“Have you ever been to Memphis?”

“No.”

“We’ll have you down soon. You’ll love it.”

Mitch smiled and nodded and played along. Were these guys serious? How could he consider such a small firm in such a small town when Wall Street was waiting?

“How are you ranked in your class?” Mr Lambert asked.

“Top five.” Not top five percent, but top five. That was enough of an answer for all of them. Top five out of three hundred. He could have said number three, a fraction away from number two, and within striking distance of number one. But he didn’t. They came from inferior schools—Chicago, Columbia and Vanderbilt, as he recalled from a cursory examination of Martindale-Hubbell’s Legal Directory. He knew they would not dwell on academics.

“Why did you select Harvard?”

“Actually, Harvard selected me. I applied at several schools and was accepted everywhere. Harvard offered more financial assistance. I thought it was the best school. Still do.”

“You’ve done quite well here, Mitch,” Mr Lambert said, admiring the resume. The dossier was in the briefcase, under the table.

“Thank you. I’ve worked hard.”

“You made extremely high grades in your tax and securities courses.”

“That’s where my interest lies.”

“We’ve reviewed your writing sample, and it’s quite impressive.”

“Thank you. I enjoy research.”

They nodded and acknowledged this obvious lie. It was part of the ritual. No law student or lawyer in his right mind enjoyed research, yet, without fail, every prospective associate professed a deep love for the library.

“Tell us about your wife,” Royce McKnight said, almost meekly. They braced for another reprimand. But it was a standard, nonsacred area explored by every firm.

“Her name is Abby. She has a degree in elementary education from Western Kentucky. We graduated one week and got married the next. For the past three years she’s taught at a private kindergarten near Boston College.”

“And is the marriage —”

“We’re very happy. We’ve known each other since high school.”

“What position did you play?” asked Lamar, in the direction of less sensitive matters.

“Quarterback. I was heavily recruited until I messed up a knee in my last high school game. Everyone disappeared except Western

Kentucky. I played off and on for four years, even started some as a junior, but the knee would never hold up.”

“How’d you make straight A’s and play football?”

“I put the books first.”

“I don’t imagine Western Kentucky is much of an academic school,” Lamar blurted with a stupid grin, and immediately wished he could take it back. Lambert and McKnight frowned and acknowledged the mistake.

“Sort of like Kansas State,” Mitch replied. They froze, all of them froze, and for a few seconds stared incredulously at each other. This guy McDeere knew Lamar Quin went to Kansas State. He had never met Lamar Quin and had no idea who would appear on behalf of the firm and conduct the interview. Yet, he knew. He had gone to Martindale-Hubbel’s and checked them out. He had read the biographical sketches of all of the forty-one lawyers in the firm, and in a split second he had recalled that Lamar Quin, just one of the forty-one, had gone to Kansas State. Damn, they were impressed.

“I guess that came out wrong,” Lamar apologized.

“No problem.” Mitch smiled warmly. It was forgotten.

Oliver Lambert cleared his throat and decided to get personal again. “Mitch, our firm frowns on drinking and chasing women. We’re not a bunch of Holy Rollers, but we put business ahead of everything. We keep low profiles and we work very hard. And we make plenty of money.”

“I can live with all that.”

“We reserve the right to test any member of the firm for drug use.”

“I don’t use drugs.”

“Good. What’s your religious affiliation?”

“Methodist.”

“Good. You’ll find a wide variety in our firm. Catholics, Baptists, Episcopalians. It’s really none of our business, but we like to know. We want stable families. Happy lawyers are productive lawyers. That’s why we ask these questions.”

Mitch smiled and nodded. He’d heard this before.

The three looked at each other, then at Mitch. This meant they had reached the point in the interview where the interviewee was supposed to ask one or two intelligent questions. Mitch recrossed his legs. Money, that was the big question, particularly how it compared to his other offers. If it isn’t enough, thought Mitch, then it was nice to meet you fellas. If the pay is attractive, then we can discuss families and marriages and football and churches. But, he knew, like all the other

firms they had to shadowbox around the issue until things got awkward and it was apparent they had discussed everything in the world but money. So, hit them with a soft question first.

“What type of work will I do initially?”

They nodded and approved of the question. Lambert and McKnight looked at Lamar. This answer was his.

“We have something similar to a two-year apprenticeship, although we don’t call it that. We’ll send you all over the country to tax seminars. Your education is far from over. You’ll spend two weeks next winter in Washington at the American Tax Institute. We take great pride in our technical expertise, and the training is continual, for all of us. If you want to pursue a master’s in taxation, we’ll pay for it. As far as practicing law, it won’t be very exciting for the first two years. You’ll do a lot of research and generally boring stuff. But you’ll be paid handsomely.”

“How much?”

Lamar looked at Royce McKnight, who eyed Mitch and said, “We’ll discuss the compensation and other benefits when you come to Memphis.”

“I want a ballpark figure or I may not come to Memphis.” He smiled, arrogant but cordial. He spoke like a man with three job offers.

The partners smiled at each other, and Mr Lambert spoke first.

“Okay. A base salary of eighty thousand the first year, plus bonuses. Eighty-five the second year, plus bonuses. A low-interest mortgage so you can buy a home. Two country club memberships. And a new BMW. You pick the color, of course.”

They focused on his lips, and waited for the wrinkles to form on his cheeks and the teeth to break through. He tried to conceal a smile, but it was impossible. He chuckled.

“That’s incredible,” he mumbled. Eighty thousand in Memphis equaled a hundred and twenty thousand in New York. Did the man say BMW! His Mazda hatchback had a million miles on it and for the moment had to be jump-started while he saved for a rebuilt starter.

“Plus a few more fringes we’ll be glad to discuss in Memphis.”

Suddenly he had a strong desire to visit Memphis.

**Ex.7. Work in pairs. Explain the exact meaning of the last phrase of the above excerpt.**

**Ex.8. Work in small groups. Debate the question that is central to this class material: *is money the root of all evil?***

**Ex.9. Work individually. Write 100 words giving a summary of your improvised debating session.**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex.1. Read the article on the history of organized crime and say why it is still part of contemporary world.**

### Text 8.3

#### From THE LAND OF GANG GLAMOR by Michael Johnstone

Gangs have been with us for centuries and history has given many of them a romantic hue. Robin Hood and his “Merry Men” have come to be seen as a group of accidental outlaws dedicated to redistributing wealth from the rich supporters of the would-be usurper Prince John to the poor but loyal supporters of the true king, Richard I. The reality is rather different: any “gang” to be found in Sherwood Forest would more than likely have been little more than footpads, probably quite happy to rob travellers for their own benefit, rather than that of the poor.

Ned Kelly and his gang have been promoted to the ranks of folk heroes in Australia. In reality, they were a gang of plundering thugs and murderers.

The James Boys, the Clantons and the other gangs that rode through the Wild West, their guns blazing, have attained legendary status thanks to countless Hollywood westerns. And similarly, the bootleggers who shot it out on the streets of Chicago and New York during the “Roaring Twenties”, and who have been glamourized in many movies, were among the most ruthless criminals who ever took aim and fired.

#### *Welcome to Gangland*

Gangland crime is universal. There can be few, if any, countries in the world that are not affected by it in some way or other. Take Britain, for example. There, gangland crime is so rife that in July 2003, when addressing a criminal justice conference in London, the Prime Minister, Tony Blair, turned his attention to organized crime. “Some have argued that the time has come to bring together some or all of the national law

enforcement agencies which currently investigate serious organized crime..." he said, and went on "...and create a new dedicated national agency which could share intelligence, expertise and investigative talents."

The review he proposed setting up involved looking at the roles of the National Crime Squad, the National Crime Intelligence Service and part of Customs and Excise. Officials were to be ordered to review current systems amid concerns in Whitehall that the various agencies' ability to tackle organized crime was damaged by rivalry, inefficiency and an overlap of activities. What was being proposed, in effect, was a British FBI, taking as its template the US bureau that has been at the forefront of the war against organized crime, not just in North America, but beyond its shores as well.

There was also, Blair announced, to be a review of the policing of points of entry into the United Kingdom, something that could result in a dedicated police force to deal with illegal immigration and smuggling. Both of these operations are widely organized by gangs. This applies especially to illegal immigration, whereby young men and women pay not just their life savings but also part of their future earnings to gangs who transport them from their homelands to the ports of Northern Europe and from there across the Channel or the North Sea into England. Many of these men and women apply for political asylum; others simply evaporate into their respective communities. They live not just in fear of being exposed and sent home, but in terror of falling foul of the gangs who brought them to Britain. Some even die in the effort; this fate befell a group of young Chinese crammed into an airtight container and driven onto a cross-Channel ferry. All but one of them suffocated to death in the process. Not that the gang that masterminded the operation cared: it had been paid.

After Blair delivered his speech, many people living in the peaceful, leafy suburbs of Britain asked why the United Kingdom needs a body such as the one the Prime Minister proposed to fight gang crime.

*To answer that question...*

There are reckoned to be 900 organized criminal gangs operating in the UK. Many of them are involved in drug trafficking, something that generates an estimated £8,5 billion a year. British gangs are involved in narcotics (as well as money laundering, fraud and revenue evasion) along with Colombian gangs who are mainly to be found in trafficking cocaine. Turkish-Kurdish gangs control the bulk of the trade in heroin, which comes from the Golden Triangle and Golden Crescent areas of Asia. West Indian Yardie gangs are heavily into drug trafficking, both smuggling



illegal drugs into the country and selling them at street level. Albanian gangs control much of the vice in London and have more than a finger in illegal immigration. Chinese gangs are also heavily involved in this comparatively new crime of “people smuggling” and in the age-old one of kidnapping. And West African gangs, especially those run by Nigerians, are heavily involved in fraud, particularly identity theft, one of the fastest-growing criminal activities in the early years of the third millennium.

Gangland UK has come a long way since the days when the East End was ruled by the Kray Brothers. Evil as they were, their escapades seem almost innocent by today’s standards – although “innocent” is not a word that anyone who found themselves on the wrong side of them would associate with Charlie Kray and the twins, Ronnie and Reggie.

At the top of the ladder are men who run their gangs with the same ruthless efficiency as successful industrial tycoons control their businesses, and indeed could easily be mistaken for them. On the lower rungs are small local gangs, involved in petty crimes, whose intense rivalry sometimes spills over into street violence, often with tragic results. At a New Year’s Eve party in Birmingham in 2003, for example, two young women died and a third was gravely injured when they were caught in the crossfire between two rival gangs. Sadly, this was far from a one-off incident. Violent deaths of this sort are increasingly common on the streets of Britain.

There are, of course, gangs that are not involved in crime – or if they are, only at a very petty level. These street and school gangs strut the pavements and playgrounds they imagine that they control and can make life extremely unpleasant, indeed unbearable, for those they pick on, bullying and extorting small sums of cash from the seemingly weak and easily cowed. This can have tragic consequences, evidenced by suicides of youngsters whose lives are made intolerable by those who pick on them. Often, members of these gangs graduate to full-time criminal activity, either on their own or as a member of a gang. This is especially true in the faceless public housing estates where such dissatisfied and often ill-educated youngsters are easy prey for the unscrupulous criminals who promise them a way out of their grim existence.

It’s the same story in every country in the world. Wherever there’s poverty there’s crime, and wherever there’s crime, there are men (and women) who organize it.

In Russia, Mafia gangs run the crime scene. There's an estimated three million hoodlums in five thousand gangs there. They make their presence felt in every Russian city, running prostitutes, the arms trade, drugs trafficking and white collar crime. They now operate in Israel, Hungary, the Czech Republic, and have muscled in on the US crime scene to the extent that Brooklyn's Brighton Beach is, in the words of one US lawman, "the most notorious Russian satellite since Sputnik One."

In the United States, the Cosa Nostra still controls organized crime, despite a concerted effort by the FBI to bring the various "families" to heel. They don't have the crime scene to themselves, though. Hell's Angels, based in California but with tentacles that reach into every state in the Union, deal in drugs, auto theft and prostitution, while Colombian and Mexican cartels vie with each other for control of the cocaine trade.

Japan's Yakuza gangs not only run pornography, money laundering, extortion and the usual gang rackets, but have infiltrated the highest strata of political life to the extent that it's difficult to tell who is in the Yakuza's pocket and who is on the level.

In Sicily, the Mafia is still the force to be reckoned with, its members running the island as if it was their own personal fiefdom – which it is. Across the Straits of Messina, in mainland Italy, it competes with Camorra gangs for primacy of the crime scene.

In Asia, the Triads and other gangs run the usual rackets, including the old-established trade in drugs smuggling. They have now added the newer one of human trafficking, taking hundreds of millions of dollars out of the heartless trade of smuggling people across international borders, and making it impossible for them ever to pay off the debt they owe.

Even in New Zealand, one of the most peaceful countries in the world, gang culture has hit the streets of Auckland and other major cities.

**Ex. 2. Work individually. Scan the article and choose some worth-being-shared-with-other-students-in-class words (12+).**

**Ex. 3. Work individually. Do on-line research based on famous crime fighters – journalists, police officers, lawyers. Present the results of your survey in class.**

**Ex.4. Watch the movie *The Firm*. Prepare to talk about it in class.**

CLASS 2  
TERRORISM HAS NO HUMAN FACE

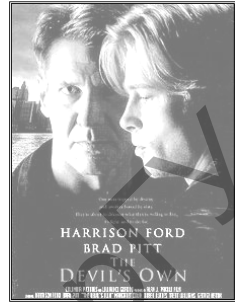
**Ex. 1. Watch a music video featuring a contemporary Irish singer/ songwriter Christy Moore's performance. Listen to the song and say what message, in your opinion, the song conveys.**

**Ex. 2. In small groups, prepare 7 good questions to ask of Teacher about Christy Moore and his creative work.**

**Ex. 3. Interview Teacher about the music video and what may have inspired it.**

**Ex. 4. Watch an episode from the movie *Devil's Own* about the event in Ireland in the 1990s. Discuss your impressions of the episode. Do you believe what you see in the movie?**

**Ex. 5. Skim the article published on 4 March 2001. What do you think the British might think about IRA terrorists?**



**Text 8.4**

**THE IRA CAMPAIGNS IN ENGLAND**

The bombing of the BBC, blamed on dissident Irish republicans is the latest in a long line of attacks in England. The IRA has long regarded bombing English targets (there have never been any attacks in Scotland or Wales) as militarily and symbolically important, delivering a stark message to government and propaganda boost to supporters.

The first IRA attacks on England came in 1939. But it was more than 30 years later in the aftermath of Bloody Sunday in 1972 that a new campaign began. The first bomb detonated at the Aldershot headquarters of the Parachute Regiment, whose soldiers had opened fired and killed 13 nationalist protesters in Londonderry.

The Official IRA bomb killed seven — a gardener and the regiment's Roman Catholic padre — and five women in the kitchens. A year later, the Provisional IRA, now eclipsing the Officials, sent its first unit to London. The first and still one of the most infamous

operations involved sisters Dolores and Marion Price and nine others who placed four car bombs in London on 8 March 1973. Ten of the team were apprehended as they attempted to leave Heathrow and two bombs were defused. But the remaining two, one of which was outside the Old Bailey, exploded, killing one man and injuring some 180 other people.

Undeterred by the jailing of the Price sisters and others, the IRA regrouped its efforts. One of the most horrific bombings came in February 1974 when an IRA unit planted a bomb on a coach carrying servicemen and their families, killing 11 people.

Later that same year, an IRA unit planted bombs in two pubs in Guildford, Surrey. The explosions killed two soldiers, three ordinary people and injured 50 others. In November 1974, the IRA carried out one of its most devastating attacks when 21 people were killed in another pub bombing in Birmingham.

As the public demand for justice put the police under pressure to get results, 10 people were arrested and jailed for both this latest incident and Guildford. But after long campaigns, the Guildford Four and the Birmingham Six were released in 1989 and 1991 respectively after the Court of Appeal found that they had been wrongly convicted.

While these bombings led to this significant miscarriage of justice, it also prompted Parliament to introduce new anti-terrorism laws. The government won approval for powers to expel people from mainland Britain to Northern Ireland or the Republic while the police were given seven days to hold terrorism suspects without charge.

Following the collapse of the IRA's 1974–1975 ceasefire, a fresh campaign began, led by a four-man who became known as the "Balcombe Street Gang". Martin O'Connell, Edward Butler, Harry Duggan and Hugh Doherty carried out a wave of bombings detonating their first ten devices in just five days.

The gang also killed Ross McWhirter, the co-editor of the *Guinness Book of Records*, after he had offered £50,000 for information leading to the arrest of the team. However, after a botched attack on a Mayfair restaurant, the four men took local residents hostage (in an apartment on Balcombe Street) and began a tense stand-off with the police. After six days, the four surrendered, providing a major victory to the security forces. The men were charged with 10 murders and 20 bombings and jailed for life.

In the late 1970s, the IRA reorganised into "cells" and placed small teams into England who, theoretically, could not compromise the whole movement if caught. While there appeared to be no end in sight to the

violence in Northern Ireland, security forces in England recognised that the IRA had become increasingly sophisticated. The most visible sign of this came with the 1984 Brighton bombing of the Conservative Party conference – the bomb had been planted in the hotel weeks in advance.

Five people including the Conservative MP Sir Anthony Berry were killed. The wife of Norman Tebbit was left crippled, though Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher walked out of the wreckage without a scratch.

Shortly afterwards, a statement from the Provisional IRA reminded the government that the republicans only had to be “lucky once”. The IRA also chose to stretch its campaign in England and its definition of legitimate targets.

In 1993, the IRA detonated the Warrington bomb which killed three-year-old Jonathan Ball and 12-year-old Tim Parry as they shopped with family and friends. Little over a month after Warrington, a bomb at Bishopsgate in the City killed one, injured 44 and caused at least £350m of damage. In propaganda terms, it was a massive boost to republican morale.

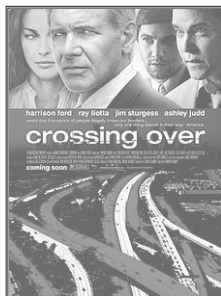
The first consequence of the bomb was that the government threw what became known as a “ring of steel” around the City — roadblocks throughout the Square Mile.

The second consequence of Bishopsgate and Warrington was to heighten a sense of fear in English cities over the capabilities of the IRA, just as had been the case in Northern Ireland’s cities and towns for years.

That fear subsided following the August 1994 cease-fire. Yet the IRA’s return to bombing operations reminded the public how well organised it remained.

At 7:01 pm on 9 February 1996, the IRA ended its ceasefire with a massive bomb at London’s Canary Wharf offices development killing two men and causing at least £85 million of damage. The IRA apparently chose to break its ceasefire in England rather than Northern Ireland, knowing that it would have far more impact on the government. As the prospects for some kind of political talks appeared fragile, the IRA bombed Manchester’s Arndale Shopping Centre — injuring 200 people and creating so much damage that it took years to rebuild the area.

While the Provisional IRA has been on ceasefire since 1997, the lessons of its England campaigns does not appear to have been lost on dissident republicans. The question now, however, is whether or not dissidents have the manpower, the expertise and the experience for a sustained campaign.



**Ex.6.** Watch an episode from the movie *Crossing Over*. Describe the lesson situation shown in the film from different perspectives – the teacher's, the students', and/or the Arab girl's.

**Ex.7.** Work in small groups. Discuss the problem of whether the girl's words make any sense. Does anybody have the right to say such things?

**Ex.8.** Work individually. Express your attitude to terrorism in plain 100 words or more.

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex.1.** Watch an episode from the movie *The World Trade Center*. Prepare to share your impressions with other students.

**Ex.2.** Read the informational material below. How is it connected with the episode you watched?

**Text 8.5**

## UNIFORMED HEROES

How many more lives would have been lost if not for the brave efforts of the firefighters, police officers, emergency medical personnel, and other rescue workers who rushed to the Twin Towers and the Pentagon? Defying even human instinct, they raced in the doors and up the stairs of blazing buildings that thou sands of others were fleeing. Because of their unmatched courage, many people today are survivors, not statistics.

But the uniformed services suffered grievous losses of their own. The New York Fire Department, especially, was horrendously wounded, losing 343 firefighters in the World Trade Center disaster (previously the largest single department loss was 12). The list of those who perished included some of the NYFD's most illustrious names: Chief of Department Peter Ganci, First Deputy Fire Commissioner William Feehan, Chief of Special Operations Ray Downey, and chaplain Father Mychal Judge. Ganci, who ordered his men north when the first tower collapsed, was last seen heading south, directly into danger, when he was trapped in the collapse of the second tower. Feehan, who was 71, was on the scene conferring with

Mayor Giuliani at the Fire Department Command Post shortly before he died; Downey was New York City's most decorated firefighter and nicknamed "God" by his troops. Father Judge, known for his devotion to firemen and their families (and for his sense of humor), was killed by falling debris as he bent over to give last rites to a dying firefighter.

Then there were others, like Timothy Stackpole, who while not among the highest ranking, were nonetheless heroes within the department. Stackpole, seriously injured in a building collapse at a fire three years ago, had only recently recovered enough to return to work—something he was determined to do despite the fact he could have retired on a substantial pension. In the words of Fire Commissioner Thomas Von Essen, "he died doing what he wanted to do."

The magnitude of the NYFD loss, reflected in the makeshift shrines—with flowers, candles, photos, and children's drawings—that spontaneously sprang up in front of every New York fire station, should not overshadow the heroism of scores of other uniformed personnel. The New York Police Department lost 23 officers. President Bush, in a speech to the nation September 20, proudly displayed the badge of George Howard, an officer with the Port Authority of New York, which lost 37 officers. Howard, who was on his day off September 11, raced to the World Trade Center when he heard the news and died while helping people escape from the north tower. Three days later, his mother met Bush and gave him her son's shield.

Ambulance and Emergency Medical Service workers also perished as they rushed to do what they were trained for: save the lives of others. One doctor at the New York-Presbyterian Hospital initially estimated that facility alone lost seven ambulances at the scene.

In Washington, when the Pentagon was hit by a hijacked plane, the heroic response was no different. Members of the Defense Protective Service, also known as the Pentagon Police, were among those rushing to the burning crash site. One, Sgt. William Lagasse, was at a filling station when he saw the low flying plane heading directly for its target. Grabbing a medical bag, he sped to the scene and immediately began pulling survivors from the rubble. Officer Isaac Hoopii, who dashed to the Pentagon from his veterinarian's office, was credited with saving lives by calling down blackened corridors for survivors to follow the sound of his voice.

There are almost no words to describe the heroism of September 11. But Bill Clinton had a few when he appeared at the Concert for New York in Madison Square Garden last October. Holding firefighter Ray

Downey's hat, he referred to the fact Osama bin Laden and his associates supposedly watch Americans on television. "I hope they saw this tonight," he said. "Because they thought America was about money and power and that if they took down the World Trade Center we would collapse. But we are not about mountains of money and towers of steel. We are about mountains of courage and hearts of steel."

## CIVILIAN HEROES

They were ordinary people who did extraordinary things at a time of horror, danger, and confusion. Amid choking smoke and flames at the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, or aboard a hijacked airliner, they risked (and sometimes sacrificed) their own lives to save friends, coworkers, and often total strangers.

It's impossible to count the civilian heroes of September 11. For every name and story reported, there are doubtless hundreds more never publicized. In some cases, those rescued never even knew the names of those who pulled them from rubble or guided them to safety; in other instances, such as the heroics of the passengers aboard United Flight 93, their courageous actions were only pieced together after their deaths. But every account illustrates the very best of the indomitable American spirit. Here are just a few:

When the Twin Towers exploded in flames, those with handicaps were at a double disadvantage. Michael Hingson, blind since birth, was on the 78th floor of the North Tower. He and colleague David Frank helped evacuate those in their office, then Frank (and guide-dog Roselle) led Hingson down 78 flights of crowded stairs. Tina Hansen, confined to a wheelchair due to arthritis, worked in the same tower on the 68th floor. She was saved by two men who carried her down strapped in a lightweight emergency chair, refusing to leave her even though the stairs became dark and slippery, and finally depositing her in an ambulance outside.

At the Pentagon, retired naval aviator Jerry Henson, pinned by debris amid burning jet fuel, was rescued by strangers: Lt. Cmr. David Tarantino, a Navy physician, and Navy Capt. David Thomas, who both also worked in the building. Crawling on their bellies through the smoke, maneuvering through fiery debris, they found the gasping, bloodied Henson and managed to extricate him only when Tarantino, who once rowed crew, crawled under the debris, lay on his



back, and gave it a mighty push upward with his feet. All three escaped—barely—and only learned each other’s names later.

In the skies, the passengers of hijacked United Flight 93, enroute from Newark, New Jersey, to San Francisco, spared many other lives by giving up their own. Learning from onboard calls to loved ones that two hijacked planes had been flown into the World Trade

Center, they decided to fight back rather than let their aircraft turn into another missile of death (there has been speculation it was headed for a target in Washington, perhaps the White House or the Capitol). Five names are mentioned most prominently as leaders — Todd Beamer, Mark Bingham, Tom Burnett, Jeremy Click, and Lou Nacke—but there may well have been others (flight attendant Sandy Bradshaw called her husband and said she was boiling water to throw at the attackers). Burnett, in a call to his wife, said, “There’s a group of us who are going to do something.” Beamer, unable to reach his wife, contacted a GTE phone supervisor, asked her to call his family, then recited the Lord’s Prayer with her. The last thing she heard him say was, “Are you guys ready? Let’s roll.” Minutes later, the Boeing 757 crashed in an open area near Shanksville, Pennsylvania, killing all 44 onboard. It was the only hijacked flight that didn’t claim lives on the ground.

Then there are those who, while not on the scene at the moment of impact, nonetheless became heroes. They included the teachers at an elementary school in lower Manhattan just three blocks from the World Trade Center, who evacuated their classrooms, comforted their young students, and when the towers crumbled, walked and carried them to safety. Also in this category are the chefs from some of Manhattan’s finest and most famous restaurants who, along with their kitchen help, prepared and delivered up to 15,000 free meals a day to rescue workers.

**Ex.3. Scan the article and find 10 words worth sharing in class.**

**Ex.4. Go online and do research on 9/11. Learn more about human courage and human sacrifice during and after the event. Do you think that these two are always interconnected? Think about it, and then talk about it in class using your notes.**

## CLASS 3

### WAR IS NEVER KIND

**Ex.1.** Study the movie poster. Read the three quotations describing the picture. What might one expect to see in the movie?



**Ex. 2.** Watch an episode from the movie *The Hurt Locker*. Do you believe the things you see on the screen? Do they correspond to the critics' and viewers' praising?

**Ex.3.** In small groups, share your ideas on the problem of war films. Why do you think there are so many such Hollywood-made movies today?

**Ex. 4.** Read an excerpt from a novel by a contemporary American author and find proof of the fact that in any war it is the innocent who suffer most.

### Text 8.6

From *THE LUCKY ONE* by Nicholas Sparks

The Marine Corps is based on the number 3. It was one of the first things they taught you in basic training. Made things easy to understand. Three marines made a fire team, three fire teams made a squad, three squads made a platoon, three platoons made a company, three companies made a battalion, and three battalions made a regiment. On paper, anyway. By the time they invaded Iraq, their regiment had been combined with elements from other units, including the Light Armored Reconnaissance Battalion, Firing Battalions of the Eleventh Marines, the Second and Third Assault Amphibian Battalions, Company B from the First Combat Engineer Battalion, and the Combat Service Support Battalion 115. Massive. Prepared for anything. Nearly six thousand personnel in total.

As Thibault walked beneath a sky beginning to change colors with the onset of dusk, he thought back to that night, technically his first combat in hostile territory. His regiment, the First, Fifth, became the first unit to cross into Iraq with the intention of seizing the Rumaylah oil fields. Everyone remembered that Saddam Hussein had set most of the wells in Kuwait on fire as he'd retreated in the First

Gulf War, and no one wanted the same thing to happen again. Long story short, the First, Fifth, among others, got there in time. Only seven wells were burning by the time the area was secured. From there Thibault's squad was ordered north to Baghdad to help to secure the capital city. The First, Fifth was the most decorated marine regiment in the corps and thus was chosen to lead the deepest assault into enemy territory in the history of the corps. His first tour in Iraq lasted a little more than four months.

Five years after the fact, most of the specifics about that first tour had blurred. He had done his job and eventually was sent back to Pendleton. He didn't talk about it. He tried not to think about it. Except for this: Ricky Martinez and Bill Kincaid, the other two men in Thibault's fire team, were part of a story he'd never forget.

Take any three people, stick them together, and they're going to have differences. No surprise there. And on the surface, they were different. Ricky grew up in a small apartment in Midland, Texas, and was a former baseball player and weight-lifting fanatic who'd played in the Minnesota Twins farm system before enlisting; Bill, who played the trumpet in his high school marching band, was from upstate New York and had been raised on a dairy farm with five sisters. Ricky liked blondes, Hill liked brunettes; Ricky chewed tobacco, and Bill smoked; Ricky liked rap music, Bill favored country-western. No big deal. They trained together, they ate together, they slept together. They debated sports and politics. They shot the breeze like brothers and played practical jokes on each other. Bill would wake with one eyebrow shaved off; Ricky would wake the next night with both of them gone. Thibault learned to wake at the slightest sound and somehow kept both eyebrows intact. They laughed about it for months. Drunk one night, they got matching tattoos, each proclaiming their fidelity to the corps.

After so much time together, they got to the point where they could anticipate what the others would do. Each of them in turn had saved Thibault's life, or at least kept him from serious harm. Bill grabbed the back of Thibault's flak jacket just as Thibault was poised to move into the open; moments later, a sniper wounded two men nearby. The second time, a distracted Thibault was almost struck by a speeding Humvee driven by a fellow marine; that time, it was Ricky who grabbed his arm to stop him. Even in war, people die in auto accidents. Look at Patton.

After securing the oil fields, they had arrived at the outskirts of Baghdad with the rest of their company. The city had not fallen yet.

They were part of a convoy, three men among hundreds, tightening their grip on the city. Aside from the roar of Allied vehicle engines, all was quiet as they entered the outlying neighborhoods. When gunfire was heard from a graveled road off the main thoroughfare, Thibault's squad was ordered to check it out.

They evaluated the scene. Two- and three-story buildings sandwiched together on either side of the potholed road. A lone dog eating garbage. The smoking ruins of a car a hundred meters away. They waited. Saw nothing. Waited some more. Heard nothing. Finally, Thibault, Ricky, and Bill were ordered to cross the street. They did so, moving quickly, reaching safety. From there, the squad proceeded up the street, into the unknown.

When the sound of gunfire rang out again that day, it wasn't a single shot. It was the death rattle of dozens and then hundreds of bullets from automatic weapons trapping them in a circle of gunfire. Thibault, Ricky, and Bill, along with the rest of the squad across the street, found themselves pinned in doorways with few places to hide.

The firefight didn't last long, people said later. It was long enough. The blizzard of fire cascaded from windows above them. Thibault and his squad instinctively raised their weapons and fired, then fired again. Across the street, two of their men were wounded, but reinforcements arrived quickly. A tank rolled in, fast-moving infantry in the rear. The air vibrated as the muzzle flashed and the upper stories of a building collapsed, dust and glass filling the air. Everywhere Thibault heard the sounds of screaming, saw civilians fleeing the buildings into the streets. The fusillade continued; the stray dog was shot and sent tumbling. Civilians fell forward as they were shot in the back, bleeding and crying out. A third marine was injured in the lower leg. Thibault, Ricky, and Bill were still unable to move, imprisoned by the steady fire chipping at the walls next to them, at their feet. Still, the three of them continued to fire. The air vibrated with a roar, and the upper floors of another building collapsed. The tank, rolling forward, was getting close now. All at once, enemy gunfire started coming from two directions, not just one. Bill glanced at him; he glanced at Ricky. They knew what they had to do. It was time to move; if they stayed, they would die. Thibault rose first.

In that instant, all went suddenly white, then turned black.

In Hampton, more than five years later, Thibault couldn't recall the specifics, other than the feeling that he'd been tossed into a washing machine. He was sent tumbling into the street with the

explosion, his ears ringing. His friend Victor quickly reached his side; so did a naval corpsman. The tank continued to lire, and little by little, the street was brought under control.

He learned all this after the fact, just as he learned that the explosion had been caused by an RPG, a rocket-propelled grenade. Later, an officer would tell Thibault that it had most likely been meant for the tank; it missed the turret by inches. Instead, as if fated to find them, it flew toward Thibault, Ricky, and Bill.

Thibault was loaded into a Humvee and evacuated from the scene, unconscious. Miraculously, his wounds had been minor, and within three days he would be back with his squad. Ricky and Bill would not; each was later buried with full military honors. Ricky was a week away from his twenty-second birthday. Bill was twenty years old. They were neither the first casualties of the war nor the last. The war went on.

Thibault forced himself not to think about them much. It seemed callous, but in war the mind shuts down about things like that. It hurt to think about their deaths, to reflect on their absence, so he didn't. Nor did most of the squad. Instead, he did his job. He focused on the fact that he was still alive. He focused on keeping others safe.

**Ex. 5. Work in small groups. Read the following statement: “Wars are fought by soldiers, yet they are won by generals”. How well does this statement correspond to the message of the above excerpt?**

**Ex. 6. Work in pairs. Read the battle description attentively and pay special attention to the author’s style and manner. Does it remind you of anything similar? What effect does the description produce?**

**Ex. 7. Read the article — very fast — and use only three words to convey its message.**

## **Text 8.7**

### **From JOSE MARTINEZ: DANCING’S HERO OF THE WAR by Monica Rizzo**

No one understands the importance of making a good first impression more than Jose Rene Martinez. The Army corporal turned actor, whose extensive facial scars are a reminder of the 2003 Iraq bombing he survived, long ago learned how to handle those who are taken aback by his appearance.

“People don’t know what to say because they are worried it will be offensive,” says Martinez, who is competing this season on *Dancing with the Stars*. “So I just break the ice,” which is sometimes a self-deprecating joke about his missing left ear or, more simply, a heavy dose of his infectious smile and optimistic personality.

“Within 30 seconds of meeting him,” says his girlfriend Diana Gonzalez-Jones, “people fall in love.”

That has certainly been the case for the former *All My Children* actor, who was the furthest thing from a household name before signing on to *Dancing*. But soon after his debut, Martinez, 28, quickly won over fans thanks to solid performances and his personal story of overcoming obstacles. Now he’s a frontrunner to take home the show’s mirror-ball trophy.

“I’m not just dancing with a star; I’m dancing with a hero,” says his pro partner Karina Smirnoff. Adds fellow contestant David Arquette: “He’s such an inspiration. I want J. R. to win.”

To hear the Shreveport, La., native tell it, if not for the near-death explosion he and three fellow soldiers experienced in 2003, when the vehicle he was driving hit a land mine, his life would not be what it is today: full of joy, happiness and positivity. On his left wrist, Martinez reveals a tattoo of a watch set to the date and time, April 5, 2003 at 2:30 p.m., that his life forever changed.

Moments after the explosion, his fellow soldiers escaped, but Martinez remained pinned inside the vehicle, which was rapidly consumed by flames.

“I could see my hands, my skin drastically changing before me in a way you would only see in a horror movie,” he recalls. “I could see guys running around, a lot of chaos. I was screaming for someone to pull me out. At 19 years old, every dream, every goal, was gone. I felt my life was going to end right there.”

With nearly half of his body severely burned, Martinez, in a medically induced coma, was flown to San Antonio’s Brooke Army Medical Center to begin an arduous 34-month treatment and recovery process that included 32 surgeries, ranging from skin grafts to cosmetic procedures.

“It was a big moment when they took me off the ventilator,” Martinez says, “but that was just the beginning of the battle.” The daily ritual of having his body’s open wounds scrubbed clean “was a long process, and it was gruesome,” he says. “Every morning I was in the

shower screaming and yelling. They would have to hold me down. There is no amount of medicine they can give you to take that pain away.”

Trying to process what had happened and what lay ahead was difficult for the athletic, curly-haired teen, who dreamed of playing professional football and “did pushups all day long in the Army,” says Martinez. After five weeks in the hospital, he insisted on seeing himself in a mirror. The nurse hesitated, but Martinez reasoned, “I’m going to have to live with this for the rest of my life. I might as well start learning how to live with it now.”

He was not prepared for his reflection. “All my life I was told, ‘You are handsome.’ I slowly looked up, and I saw Freddy Krueger.”

His stunned reaction?

“That’s a freak. That’s not me,” he says. “I went into this anger and depression. I never did anything in my life that deserved this kind of punishment.”

In the days that followed, Martinez lay in bed crying. “I didn’t want to live,” he confesses. “I knew we lived in a world where we are judged by what people see first.” But a turning point came a week later when his mother, Maria Zavala, told her only son, “Whoever is going to be in your life is going to be there because of who you are as a person and not what you look like.”

After hearing those words, “I had to grieve Jose Rene Martinez dying in Iraq, and, as I looked at it, JR. Martinez was reborn,” he says. Shortly before being sent home in late 2003, Martinez had a heart-to-heart with a young soldier whose wounds were much worse than his.

“I at least had an ear. I at least had a nose,” says Martinez, who sat with the soldier in his darkened hospital room for 45 minutes. After that, Martinez routinely returned to the hospital to talk with injured vets and soon booked appearances on *60 Minutes*, *Oprah* and *CNN* to share his emotional story of recovery. He visited military bases around the country, encouraging soldiers to live a full life.

In 2008 *All My Children* held an open casting call for a real soldier to portray a veteran on the show. Martinez went — and soon landed the role of Brot Monroe on the ABC soap, which went off the air in September.

That same instant connection he’s had with *Dancing* fans. Whether or not he wins, Martinez is confident great things are to come, including writing a book, more acting roles and returning to Iraq “to encourage the men and women who are still there that great things are near.”

**Ex. 8. Work in pairs. Share ideas on Martinez’s character. What kind of person do you think he is?**

**Ex. 9. Work individually. Read the story of Jessica Lynch. Give it a title you think suits the narration. Compare it with the other versions.**

### **Text 8.8**

When I joined the Army in the summer of 2001, my plan was to get an education. And what an education I got: right at the start of the conflict in Iraq, I became a prisoner of war. I remember my convoy being attacked, grenades flying, my rifle jamming and then darkness. I remember waking up behind enemy lines in an Iraqi hospital, unable to move my arms or legs. I was 19.

When I came home to America after nine days in captivity and a dramatic rescue by U.S. forces, I faced a new battle: an array of surgeries to fix my spine, arms, legs, and feet.

Though I didn’t know it at the time, the military and the media labeled me a hero. They said I’d gone down guns blazing, like Rambo, when really my rifle had jammed and I hadn’t shot a soul. I clarified this as soon as I could and then people were angry that I’d been called a hero in the first place.

Thousands of letters poured in, some supportive, many furious. “You didn’t do anything over there,” people wrote. “You are no hero.” I had never claimed to be one. All this was quite an education. And here’s what I learned: I’m lucky. I came home alive. I reunited with my family. I got to go on to college and study to become a teacher. And recently I received my diploma from West Virginia University.

I don’t really like to talk about what it took to get here. I don’t want anyone to feel sorry for me, or to think I don’t know how fortunate I am.

Everyone else in my vehicle in Iraq was killed. My best friend died as a prisoner of war. I’m still here.

I’m also incredibly proud of this moment. I always dreamed of becoming a teacher, ever since my own kindergarten teacher took me under her wing when I was frightened on the first day of school. We are still in touch today. That’s the kind of teacher I want to be.

In the eight years since my captivity, I’ve had 21 surgeries. I have metal parts in my spine,





a rod in my right arm, and metal in my left femur and fibula. My right foot is held together by screws, plates, rods, and pins. I have no feeling in my left leg from the knee down, and I wear a brace every day. Sometimes I'll get a flash of pain, or feel upset because I can't run, and then I'll remind myself: I'm alive. I'm here. Take some painkillers.

I have no memory of what happened to me after my convoy was attacked, before I woke up in that Iraqi hospital. Doctors later told me I had been beaten and sexually assaulted. Perhaps I'll never be able to recall what happened. I think this is a good thing. Iraq is in the past.

I do still have nightmares. They're always the same: someone is chasing me and I can't get away. I have to wake myself up, get out of bed, walk around. If I don't, I'll fall right back into that dream. I don't talk to a therapist about this. I have my family and friends. They are more supportive than I think a doctor could ever be. I also have fellow survivors from my unit, and I talk to them every few months as well. We live all over the country, but we are bonded for life.

And I have my 4-year-old daughter, Dakota, and her wonderful father, Wes. As we prepare to celebrate the holidays together, I think of all the soldiers who are coming home from Iraq as the troops pull out for good. I think of how happy the families will be, together again. The soldiers are finally coming home.

**Ex. 10. Work together. Can we call Jessica a hero after all? Should we? Discuss the questions and then put your idea on paper (100+ words).**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Read the first part of an autobiographical article and write down three things that strike you most. Be ready to explain your choice.**

### Text 8.9

From COMING HOME by Michael Ware

On my daughter's first birthday, I returned from Iraq bloody from a tour in the city of Ramadi. It was 2005, my second tour. I had been wounded there, a friend killed in front of me, our casualties coming in almost daily as we fought the city to save it. I met death in war, and it followed me home. Within four months, my father, the author Frederick Busch, died of a sudden heart attack on a sidewalk in New York City—followed closely by my mother, who was taken by an incurable brain tumor.



Home could never be what it was before I left. I was not alone in that feeling.

We didn't speak much of our families while we were in Iraq. Their safety seemed dependent upon distance from us, and ours upon a certain detachment from them. I left my wedding ring at home. I did not want the war to know that it could hurt anyone but me. I stopped believing that I would survive my tour in Ramadi, but it was a friend who died in my place. His death was sudden, brutal, and his shattered vehicle burned for much of the night. We guarded the wreckage in the dark, surrounded by Iraq, waiting to recover the body of another Marine trapped beneath it. In the morning I went to his room. On a shelf there was a single family photograph. There he was, alive, with his wife and young children. But I had seen him die. His wife did not yet know that she was a widow. I was there to witness the end of their family, and I was there to see it happen to Iraqi families, too.

Our troops are leaving Iraq. I see no signs that America is exultant. Our electorate became exhausted by news of the conflict long ago, desensitized by its constancy, our brief impatience for results or departure dissipating, pacified by the conflict's inability to endanger our domestic comforts. The war became what it often is, good business and far away. As casualties mounted, people displayed yellow symbols of support for the troops on their car bumpers, but few activists demanded an end to our bloodletting. It was a very supportive complacency, and it went on for years while our military patrolled the desert. Despite the evidence that our invasion had been a complete mistake, we came to accept our deepening commitment to an unjust war. But the story of our presence in Iraq is, for many of us, the story of our absence from home.

The veteran's view of home becomes the dream of memory, and the definition of home changes. Home for me was seven months in a pup tent on the packed dust of the Iranian border, Al Kut, and Babylon. Then I came home to America. Then I left home, and home was a concrete dog kennel in Ramadi that we bleached and put cots in, a shelter from mortars, rockets, and snipers. Then I came home again. Some veterans can't comprehend home anymore. They have been trained that survival is their own responsibility, that they must keep their distance, ask for nothing, expect nothing. Kept in war too long, they are lost in their own homeland.

It didn't use to be called the military. Back in the '40s and '50s, it was simply called "the service." It was assumed that you would spend some of your youth in the service of your country. Times have changed and now few serve. What has not changed are our veterans who, for their own reasons, still serve-and who, afterward, are forever bound to their flag and their people. Any nation is too immense and austere to articulate the emotional debt it owes to the service members it sends away and the families who must watch them go. The fallen veteran will be carried to the grave under our flag, and that flag will be presented to the family, as if it were equivalent to the life of one citizen. Over the past decade, 4,421 soldiers, Marines, sailors, and airmen were killed in Iraq. They are home now as well.

There are no more Americans patrolling, armed and foreign, through Iraqi streets. Iraq is truly free and will bear the consequences of freedom. We withdraw leaving our apologies and expecting little gratitude. It will take a generation to see what becomes of the people we have come to know as friends and enemies. We have made an impression on Iraq, and Iraq has traveled back with us in dust and remembrance.

I know what the Tigris looks like at dawn and the Euphrates at dusk. I know the scent of flatbread cooked in a clay oven. I know how to say "my friend," and "Halt or I'll shoot" in Arabic. I know these things because I was there. These long uncertain years of occupation turned a small country we couldn't find on a map into a household name we won't soon forget: the cradle of civilization, Mesopotamia, a land thought to be the location of Eden, Iraq.

This week the quiet professionals who stood at our gates and went forth in America's name are coming back to live with us again. I understand what our veterans have done-and I am grateful. Welcome home...

**Ex. 2. Read the article to the end and ponder over the author's idea about people having to live a war without an end. Put your ideas in writing (150 words).**

**Text 8.10**  
**(continued text 8.9)**

From COMING HOME by Michael Ware

I'm told the Iraq War is coming to an end. From what I read and from what I hear it seems the war that began in 2003 will be over within two short weeks. Once the last few thousand troops are finally

home. And once midnight strikes on this New Year's Eve, for that's the preordained moment when America's right under international law to be in Iraq will expire.

And yet, somehow, I'm still confused. For somewhere within, from my heart of hearts, I just know for some of us the war in Iraq will probably never end. On New Year's I know where I'll be. I'll have a drink in hand, overlooking one of my favorite Australian beaches, listening to revelers in the sand cheer as the clock strikes midnight. Yet, I gravely suspect, I will also be very much in Baghdad. And in Fallujah. And Ramadi. Tal Afar. Halabja. Amarah. And many, many other places.

Then, perhaps, I will see in the year with Capt. Sean Sims, a proud young father, and with Lt. Edward Iwan. Maybe Omar, my old translator. Abu Abdulraheman too, a good friend and an insurgent commander. I would play with his baby son for hours, realizing the boy was precisely the same age as the son I'd left at home. That insurgent leader once saved my life. And with Paul Moran, an Australian television cameraman who had a deep love for Kurdistan. Possibly even with the earnest-looking young boy I once saw out the back of a besieged Sadr City hospital. I'm sure there will be others. For these are but a few of my Iraq dead. Some I knew dearly. Others I only met in death.

If anything, I often think, perhaps we should grieve for the living. Those left behind, without a father or a mother. Those who must now face the rest of their days living a war without end. Like a young man the late Rep. John Murtha once spoke of at a D.C. press conference after he'd visited a military hospital. The kid had been blinded and lost both his hands taking care of U.S. bomblets. His mother kept vigil by his bedside. "Is there anything I can do for you?" Murtha says he asked. "Get him a Purple Heart," was the mother's reply. Because they were "friendly" bomblets, the boy so badly maimed had been denied the honor. "I told the commandant," said Murtha, choking up before the cameras. "If you don't give him a Purple Heart I'll give him one of mine... They gave him a Purple Heart." Sometimes, when I let my mind wander, I wonder what it's now like for that young veteran, the bulk of his life still waiting ahead of him. Without hands to touch. Or eyes to see.

In odd little ways that story steels me for what I must face. That boy's bravery, and the testament of that mother's love, inspire me. On some of my bad days, thoughts of them spur me to just take one more step forward, not to just let it all go, even when that's all it is I want to do.

A great, dear friend of mine to whom I was bonded forever one horrific night in the Battle of Fallujah in 2004 was wounded. But only

after he returned to the United States. I have footage of him, caked in filth and wired from our days and days without sleep, on the flanks of the battle using my satellite phone to call home. "I love you," I recorded him telling his wife, and the mother of his children. Their marriage did not survive the war. And once home, the parents on one of his kids' sporting teams expressed concern about whether my friend might curse, or be aggressive, because he'd been in Iraq. I think that floored him. He couldn't believe it. After all he'd survived, after all he'd done for his country...

That friend is SSG David Bellavia. And in or out of uniform you'd be hard-pressed to find a finer or more decent man. And I should know. For I'm proud to say I helped nominate this incredible soldier for the Medal of Honor. On David's 29th birthday, a dark and awful November night in 2004, I saw him do the most extraordinary things. Out of love, out of fear, out of truly uncommon valor.

In the Battle of Fallujah his platoon had been tasked to search a darkened block of perhaps 20 or 30 high-walled houses in to which six to eight suicidal al Qaeda members had been seen fleeing and where they were trapped. The search began around 7 p.m., one house after another, all pitch black and eerily empty. It wasn't until sometime around 1 a.m. that the platoon, now beyond exhaustion and drained of anything except the barest instincts for survival, entered house number 20. In through the iron gates, across the garden, the carport, into the living room. It was only when a tender young soldier stepped through a door into the small hallway and toward the kitchen and the stairs leading to the second floor that we found where the al Qaeda fighters were lurking.

The first pair were waiting beneath the stairs; encased behind prepositioned sandbags and cinderblocks, they were ready with a belt-fed machine gun, rifles, and a rocket-propelled grenade. In the dark, they opened fire upon us from point-blank range.

The bullets were literally coming through the walls. The kid was yanked back into the living room. We later saw a bullet hole through the tail of his shirt. The entire platoon was pinned, and it was only when David grabbed a machine gun and stepped back into that hallway that the platoon could scramble back out of the house. Eventually David and I made an unspoken pact. Someone would have to go back in there, and it was going to be us. With my little camera rolling (good just for audio, as the only illumination came from the muzzle flashes of the weapons fired just feet away), David set forth to kill those fighters, or to die trying. Before it was done, the fighting would be hand to hand. The al Qaeda

members dispersed throughout the house; hiding in cupboards and the ceiling and all itching to die, taking us with them. “We were all freaked out,” David told a documentary team last year. “Bogeymen, we were fighting bogeymen.” By the time I could finally turn on the night vision on my camera, I recorded us dragging the bodies of six of those fighters out of the house and piling them up on the pavement. Another, mortally wounded, escaped out a window and crawled off to die.

David was instantly awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Yet it sickens me, as I sit here now with the sounds of my recording raging around me as guns blaze and David and I breathlessly yell to each other inside that house, that my friend has not yet been awarded the Medal of Honor. I have much unfinished business from the war, things I must complete before I can hope for my war to be over, and seeing David awarded that medal is one of my things.

The Iraq War is finished. But for soldiers who fought there, and for journalists who covered the bloodiest battles, closure is yet to come.

**Ex. 3. Read the final paragraph again. Do you agree with the author? Prepare to talk about it in class.**

**Ex. 4. Watch the movie *Green Zone*. Prepare to talk about the issues raised in it.**

#### 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) Choose a meaningful episode from one of the movies and present it in class. Motivate your group mates to comment on it in various ways.

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

(3) Read some additional texts and prepare to discuss them with your group mates.

(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 Firm*, *Green Zone*, *The Hurt Locker*, *Crossing Over*, *The World Trade Center* and have found them great films. Tell your friends about them.

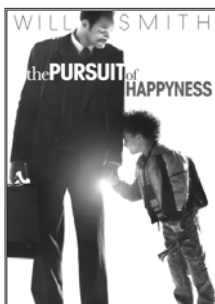
(2) You may have written down many of the great phrases spoken by the characters in those movies, which must have improved your English. Share them with other students.

(3) You learned about several good books worth reading such as *The Firm* and *The Lucky One*. Find them or borrow them from someone else and read them.

## 9. INJUSTICE, POVERTY, HUNGER

### CLASS 1

#### NOTHING COMES EASY, NEVER



Ex. 1. Watch an episode from a very successful American film *The Pursuit of Happyness*. The unusual spelling makes it a very unusual film, does it not? Share your ideas.

Ex. 2. Watch the same episode accompanied by the film director's commentary. Listen to it and point out what makes the whole film even more believable.

Ex. 3. In small groups, discuss the possible endings to the movie. If you were the director, how would you shoot it? Watch the ending and decide who was closer to the director's idea.

Ex. 4. Read the excerpt from a novel by John Grisham. Describe the experiences of the narrator in detail. Pay attention to what he says — and what he doesn't.

#### Text 9.1

#### From THE STREET LAWYER by John Grisham

The drive-by shootings and gang attacks I had expected did not materialize. The weather kept the streets empty and safe, for the moment. I found the church and parked in a lot across the street. It looked like a small cathedral, at least a hundred years old and no doubt abandoned by its original congregation.

Around a corner I saw some men huddled together, waiting by a door. I brushed past them as if I knew exactly where I was going, and I entered the world of the homeless.

As badly as I wanted to barge ahead, to pretend I had seen this before and had work to do, I couldn't move. I gawked in amazement



at the sheer number of poor people stuffed into the basement. Some were lying on the floor, trying to sleep. Some were sitting in groups, talking in low tones. Some were eating at long tables and others in their folding chairs. Every square inch along the walls was covered with people sitting with their backs to the cinder blocks. Small children cried and played as their mothers tried to keep them close. Winos lay rigid, snoring through it all. Volunteers passed out blankets and walked among the throng, handing out apples.

The kitchen was at one end, bustling with action as food was prepared and served. I could see Mordecai in the background, pouring fruit juice into paper cups, talking incessantly. A line waited patiently at the serving tables.

The room was warm, and the odors and aromas and the gas heat mixed to create a thick smell that was not unpleasant. A homeless man, bundled up much for the weather, bumped into me and it was time to move.

I went straight to Mordecai, who was delighted to see me. We shook hands like old friends, and he introduced me to two volunteers whose names I never heard.

“It’s crazy,” he said. “A big snow, a cold snap, and we work all night. Grab that bread over there.” He pointed to a tray of sliced white bread. I took it and followed him to a table.

“It’s real complicated. You got bologna here, mustard and mayo there. Half the sandwiches get mustard, half get mayo, one slice of bologna, two slices of bread. Do a dozen with peanut butter every now and then. Got it?”

“Yeah.”

“You catch on quick.” He slapped me on the shoulder and disappeared.

I hurriedly made ten sandwiches, and declared myself to be proficient. Then I slowed, and began to watch the people as they waited in line, their eyes downcast but always glancing at the food ahead. They were handed a paper plate, a plastic bowl and spoon, and a napkin. As they shuffled along, the bowl was filled with soup, half a sandwich was placed on the plate, then an apple and a small cookie were added. A cup of apple juice was waiting at the end.

Most of them said a quiet “Thanks” to the volunteer handing out the juice, then they moved away, gingerly holding the plate and bowl. Even the children were still and careful with their food.

Most seemed to eat slowly, savoring the warmth and feel of food in their mouths, the aroma in their faces. Others ate as fast as possible.

Next to me was a gas stove with four burners, each with a large pot of soup cooking away. On the other side of it, a table was covered with celery, carrots, onions, tomatoes, and whole chickens. A volunteer with a large knife was chopping and dicing with a vengeance. Two more volunteers manned the stove. Several hauled the food to the serving tables. For the moment, I was the only sandwich man.

“We need more peanut butter sandwiches,” Mordecai announced as he returned to the kitchen. He reached under the table and grabbed a two-gallon jug of generic peanut butter. “Can you handle it?”

“I’m an expert,” I said.

He watched me work. The line was momentarily short; he wanted to talk.

“I thought you were a lawyer,” I said, spreading peanut butter.

“I’m a human first, then a lawyer. It’s possible to be both — not quite so much on the spread there. We have to be efficient.”

“Where does the food come from?”

“Food bank. It’s all donated. Tonight we’re lucky because we have chicken. That’s a delicacy. Usually it’s just vegetables.”

“This bread is not too fresh.”

“Yes, but it’s free. Comes from a large bakery, their day-old stuff. You can have a sandwich if you like.”

“Thanks. I just had one. Do you eat here?”

“Rarely.” From the looks of his girth, Mordecai had not maintained a diet of vegetable soup and apples. He sat on the edge of the table and studied the crowd. “Is this your first trip to a shelter?”

“Yep.”

“What’s the first word that comes to mind?”

“Hopeless.”

“That’s predictable. But you’ll get over it.”

“How many people live here?”

“None. This is just an emergency shelter. The kitchen is open every day for lunch and dinner, but it’s not technically a shelter. The church is kind enough to open its doors when the weather is bad.”

I tried to understand this. “Then where do these people live?”

“Some are squatters. They live in abandoned buildings, and they’re the lucky ones. Some live on the streets; some in parks; some in bus stations; some under bridges. They can survive there as long as the weather is tolerable. Tonight they would freeze.”

“Then where are the shelters?”

“Scattered about. There are about twenty — half privately funded, the other half run by the city, which, thanks to the new budget, will soon close two of them.”

“How many beds?”

“Five thousand, give or take.”

“How many homeless?”

“That’s always a good question because they’re not the easiest group to count. Ten thousand is a good guess.”

“Ten thousand?”

“Yep, and that’s just the people on the street. There are probably another twenty thousand living with families and friends, a month or two away from homelessness.”

“So there are at least five thousand people on the streets?”  
I said, my disbelief obvious.

“At least.”

**Ex. 5. Work in pairs. Make a list of adjectives that come to mind when one imagines a homeless people centre or visits one. Start with “hopeless” that the narrator uses. When done, explain your choice.**

**Ex. 6. Is the problem of homelessness typical for the USA only? Poll your group mates to find out if they have ever seen the homeless on the streets. If they have let them choose the statement that sums up their reaction best.**

- (1) I was frightened and hurried away.
- (2) I gave the people some money and preferred to forget about it.
- (3) I felt totally helpless and ashamed because of it.
- (4) I didn’t want to spoil my mood and looked away.
- (5) I kept seeing the picture in my mind’s eye for days.
- (6) I decided to donate some money to a charity.
- (7) (their own ideas)

**Ex. 7. Work in small groups. Study the excerpt and find all the proof of the enormity of the problem. Then make up a petition to the city council offering some concrete steps to deal with the situation. You may want to begin with the following words, “Charity isn’t ubiquitous. Nor is it all-powerful and all-reaching...”**

**Ex. 8. Work individually. Write 100 words expressing your feelings and emotions while reading the excerpt. Were you confused, angered, disgusted, sympathetic, or something else?**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1.** Watch the movie *The Pursuit of Happyness*. Prepare to talk about it in class.

**Ex. 2.** Read another chapter from *The Street Lawyer* by John Grisham. What more do you learn about the social problems in American big cities?

### Text 9.2

#### From THE STREET LAWYER by John Grisham

Mordecai led me up a dark stairway to the foyer. “Watch your step,” he said, almost in a whisper, as we pushed through a set of swinging doors into the sanctuary. It was dim, because people were trying to sleep everywhere. They were sprawled on the pews, snoring. They were squirming under the pews, mothers trying to make children be still. They were huddled in the aisles, leaving a narrow path for us as we worked our way toward the pulpit. The choir loft was filled with them too. “Not many churches will do this,” he whispered as we stood near the altar table and surveyed the rows of pews.

I could understand their reluctance. “What happens Sunday?” I whispered back.

“Depends on the weather. The Reverend is one of us. He has, on occasion, canceled worship instead of running them out.”

I was not sure what “one of us” meant, but I didn’t feel like a member of the club. I heard the ceiling creak, and realized that there was a U-shaped balcony above us. I squinted and slowly focused on another mass of humanity layered in the rows of seats up there. Mordecai was looking too.

“How many people ...” I mumbled, unable to finish the thought.

“We don’t count. We just feed and shelter.”

A gust of wind hit the side of the building and rattled the windows. It was considerably colder in the sanctuary than in the basement. We tiptoed over bodies and left through a door by the organ.

It was almost eleven. The basement was still crowded, but the soup line was gone. “Follow me,” Mordecai said.

He took a plastic bowl and held it forth for a volunteer to fill. “Let’s see how well you cook,” he said with a smile.

We sat in the middle of the pack, at a folding table with street people at our elbows. He was able to eat and chat as if everything was fine; I wasn't. I played with my soup, which, thanks to Miss Dolly, was really quite good, but I couldn't get beyond the fact that I, Michael Brock, an affluent white boy from Memphis and Yale and Drake & Sweeney, was sitting among the homeless in the basement of a church in the middle of Northwest D.C. I had seen one other white face, that of a middle-aged wino who had eaten and disappeared.

I was sure my Lexus was gone, certain I could not survive five minutes outside the building. I vowed to stick to Mordecai, whenever and however he decided to leave.

"This is good soup," he pronounced. "It varies," he explained. "Depends on what's available. And the recipe is different from place to place."

"I got noodles the other day at Martha's Table," said the man sitting to my right, a man whose elbow was closer to my bowl than my own.

"Noodles?" Mordecai asked, in mock disbelief. "In your soup?"

"Yep. 'Bout once a month you get noodles. Course everybody knows it now, so it's hard to get a table."

I couldn't tell if he was joking or not, but there was a twinkle in his eye. The idea of a homeless man lamenting the lack of tables in his favorite soup kitchen struck me as humorous. Hard to get a table; how many times had I heard that from friends in Georgetown?

Mordecai smiled. "What's your name?" he asked the man. I would learn that Mordecai always wanted a name to go with a face. The homeless he loved were more than victims; they were his people.

It was a natural curiosity for me too. I wanted to know how the homeless became homeless. What broke in our vast system of public assistance to allow Americans to become so poor they lived under bridges?

"Drano," he said, chomping on one of my larger celery chunks.

"Drano?" Mordecai said.

"Drano," the man repeated,

"What's your last name?"

"Don't have one. Too poor."

"Who gave you the name Drano?"

"My momma."

"How old were you when she gave you the name Drano?"

"'Bout five."

"Why Drano?"

"She had this baby who wouldn't shut up, cried all the time, nobody could sleep. I fed it some Drano." He told the story while

stirring his soup. It was well rehearsed, well delivered, and I didn't believe a word of it. But others were listening, and Drano was enjoying himself.

"What happened to the baby?" Mordecai asked, playing the straight guy.

"Died."

"That would be your brother," Mordecai said.

"Nope. Sister."

"I see. So you killed your sister."

"Yeah, but we got plenty of sleep after that."

Mordecai winked at me, as if he'd heard similar tales.

"Where do you live, Drano?" I asked.

"Here, in D. C."

"Where do you stay?" Mordecai asked, correcting my vernacular.

"Stay here and there. I got a lot of rich women who pay me to keep them company."

Two men on the other side of Drano found this amusing. One snickered, the other laughed.

"Where do you get your mail?" Mordecai asked.

"Post office," he replied. Drano would have a quick answer for every question, so we left him alone.

Miss Dolly made coffee for the volunteers after she had turned off her stove. The homeless were bedding down for the night.

Mordecai and I sat on the edge of a table in the darkened kitchen, sipping coffee and looking through the large serving window at the huddled masses. "How late will you stay?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Depends. You get a coupla hundred people like this in one room, something usually happens. The Reverend would feel better if I stay."

"All night?"

"I've done it many times."

I hadn't planned on sleeping with these people. Nor had I planned on leaving the building without Mordecai to guard me.

"Feel free to leave whenever you want," he said. Leaving was the worst of my limited options. Midnight, Friday night, on the streets of D. C. White boy, beautiful car. Snow or not, I didn't like my odds out there.

"You have a family?" I asked.

"Yes. My wife is a secretary in the Department of Labor. Three sons. One's in college, one's in the Army." His voice trailed away before he got to son number three. I wasn't about to ask.

“And one we lost on the streets ten years ago. Gangs.”

“I’m sorry.”

“What about you?”

“Married, no kids.”

I thought about Claire for the first time in several hours. How would she react if she knew where I was? Neither of us had found time for anything remotely related to charity work.

She would mumble to herself, “He’s really cracking up,” or something to that effect.

I didn’t care.

“What does your wife do?” he asked, making light conversation.

“She’s a surgical resident at Georgetown.”

“You guys’ll have it made, won’t you? You’ll be a partner in a big firm, she’ll be a surgeon. Another American dream.”

“I guess.”

The Reverend appeared from nowhere and pulled Mordecai deep into the kitchen for a hushed conversation. I took four cookies from a bowl and walked to the corner where the young mother sat sleeping with her head propped on a pillow and the baby tucked under her arm. The toddlers were motionless under the blankets. But the oldest child was awake.

I squatted close to him, and held out a cookie. His eyes glowed and he grabbed it. I watched him eat every bite, then he wanted another. He was small and bony, no more than four years old.

The mother’s head fell forward, jolting her. She looked at me with sad, tired eyes, then realized I was playing cookie man. She offered a faint smile, then rearranged the pillow.

“What’s your name?” I whispered to the little boy. After two cookies, he was my friend for life.

“Ontario,” he said, slowly and plainly.

“How old are you?”

He held up four fingers, then folded one down, then raised it again.

“Four?” I asked.

He nodded, and extended his hand for another cookie, which I gladly gave him. I would have given him anything.

“Where do you stay?” I whispered.

“In a car,” he whispered back.

It took a second for this to sink in. I wasn’t sure what to ask next. He was too busy eating to worry about conversation. I had asked three questions; he’d given three honest answers. They lived in a car.

I wanted to run and ask Mordecai what you do when you find people who live in a car, but I kept smiling at Ontario. He smiled back. He finally said, "You got more apple juice?"

"Sure," I said, and walked to the kitchen, where I filled two cups.

He gulped one down, and I handed him the second cup.

"Say thanks," I said.

"Thanks," he said, and stuck out his hand for another cookie.

I found a folding chair and took a position next to Ontario, with my back to the wall. The basement was quiet at times, but never still. Those who live without beds do not sleep calmly. Occasionally, Mordecai would pick his way around the bodies to settle some flare-up. He was so large and intimidating that no one dared challenge his authority.

With his stomach filled again, Ontario dozed off, his little head resting on his mother's feet. I slipped into the kitchen, poured another cup of coffee, and went back to my chair in the corner.

Then the baby erupted. Its pitiful voice wailed forth with amazing volume, and the entire room seemed to ripple with the noise. The mother was dazed, tired, frustrated at having been aroused from sleep. She told it to shut up, then placed it on her shoulder, and rocked back and forth. It cried louder, and there were rumblings from the other campers.

With a complete lack of sense or thought, I reached over and took the child, smiling at the mother as I did so in an attempt to win her confidence. She didn't care. She was relieved to get rid of it.

The child weighed nothing, and the damned thing was soaking wet. I realized this as I gently placed its head on my shoulder and began patting its rear. I moved to the kitchen, desperately searching for Mordecai or another volunteer to rescue me. Miss Dolly had left an hour earlier.

To my relief and surprise, the child grew quiet as I walked around the stove, patting and cooing and looking for a towel or something. My hand was soaked.

Where was I? What the hell was I doing? What would my friends think if they could see me in the dark kitchen, humming to a little street baby, praying that the diaper was only wet?

I didn't smell anything foul, though I was certain I could feel lice jumping from its head to mine. My best friend Mordecai appeared and turned on a switch. "How cute," he said.

"Do we have any diapers?" I hissed at him.

"Big job or little job?" he asked happily, walking toward the cabinets.



“I don’t know. Just hurry.”

He pulled out a pack of Pampers, and I thrust the child at him. My denim jacket had a large wet spot on the left shoulder. With incredible deftness he placed the baby on the cutting board, removed the wet diaper, revealing a baby girl, cleaned her with a wipe of some sort, rediapered her with a fresh Pamper, then thrust her back at me. “There she is,” he said proudly. “Good as new.”

“The things they don’t teach you in law school,” I said, taking the child.

I paced the floor with her for an hour, until she fell asleep. I wrapped her in my jacket, and gently placed her between her mother and Ontario.

It was almost 3 a.m., Saturday, and I had to go. My freshly pricked conscience could take only so much in one day. Mordecai walked me to the street, thanked me for coming, and sent me away coatless into the night. My car was sitting where I left it, covered with new snow.

He was standing in front of the church, watching me as I drove away.

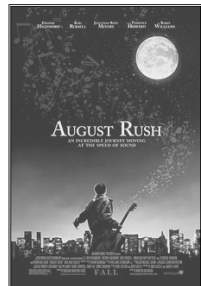
**Ex. 3. Summarize your understanding of the narrator’s feelings and actions. Does the experience change him in any way? Give arguments to prove your point. If you haven’t read the novel, it would be useful to let your imagination run and visualize the man’s further life. The title of the novel may serve as a clue.**

## CLASS 2 POVERTY IS STILL AROUND

**Ex. 1. Watch an episode from the movie *August Rush*. The episode should remind you of something very much familiar through literature. Could you say what it is?**

**Ex. 2. In pairs, discuss the problem of poverty. Do you think it is still a major problem for many countries? Could you suggest any ways to solve the problem worldwide?**

**Ex. 3. In small groups, talk about the future. When do you think there will be no poor people around the world?**



**Ex. 4. Read the excerpt from a contemporary novel describing a visit to a factory in China made by a British corporate lawyer. What does the phrase – *weak Western stomachs* — mean?**

### **Text 9.3**

From MY FAVOURITE WIFE by Tony Parsons

They peered into a dead-aired dormitory where workers were sleeping twelve wooden boxes to a room, piled high in four triple-tier bunks. The sudden light produced snake-like stirring of lethargic flesh, and it made Bill shiver. He thought of slave ships, he thought of concentration camps. He looked at Nancy's face. It revealed nothing. They closed the door and moved on.

It's like something from another century, Bill thought, and tried to steel himself. He supposed he was going to have to get used to this kind of thing. Foreign companies who were under pressure from consumers in their own country to ensure that their factories were not breaching Chinese law, International Labour Organisation rules and human decency were often requesting ethical audits now.

They saw the cold-water taps where the workers washed, displayed with grotesque pride by the grinning factory manager. They saw the gruel that the workers queued for in a stinking canteen. They saw the dull-eyed stare of men and women who had just pulled two shifts back-to-back. And Bill saw with a sinking feeling that the glittering malls of the Bund and the shining towers of Pudong and the whole PRC gold rush were built on these things.

But Bill also saw the girls in the canteen sharing a joke. He saw small pictures of well-scrubbed children pinned to the walls of the fetid, overcrowded dorms. And as the afternoon shift poured through the gates, he watched a boy and girl worker pair off and stand together by the factory wall, their hands entwined. And he thought that perhaps Devlin was right.

Although the factory conditions were like something from the nineteenth century he wondered if these workers would really have been better off staying in the villages. He just didn't know. He had no certainty left in him. And he could almost hear Devlin telling him that fifty years ago millions of them were starving thanks to the Great Leap Forward, and that now they were happy to have a full belly and a job to go to.

Bill wanted to believe him.

The manager grinned confidently at the lawyers from Shanghai. The man had done many ethical audits before, and in broken English he demonstrated that he knew his lines perfectly. He knew how to salve their troubled minds, Bill thought, he knew how to settle their weak Western stomachs. Bill suspected that these visits changed nothing much apart from the factory manager's ability to more fluently mouth any assurances the big-nosed pinkies wanted to hear. But without these visits it could have been even worse. Who knew?

They entered a room where hundreds of young women sat hunched behind weaving machines, their ponytailed heads half-hidden behind enormous reels of yellow cotton. The women looked grubby, badly fed, used up. Their hair, their teeth, their skin – it all looked worn out, although most of them were not out of their teens.

They were not like city girls. They did not have the look. Not the look of the girls in Paradise Mansions, the look of the women in Shanghai. They had the other kind of look, the look that Chinese women more frequently had — the look of women who had grown old before they were ever really young. The look, Bill thought, of a piece of fruit with all the juice sucked out. The din their machines made was deafening, like being inside a giant dustbin that had been thrown from a cliff. Mad Mitch said something and Bill shook his head. Conversation was impossible. Even stringing two thoughts together was difficult in the midst of that noise.

Then they were in a room full of young men. Everybody was so young. Bill wondered — where were all the old people? Where were the towns and the villages and the farms that these young men had left behind? And what did they look like with all the young people gone?

The noise was even louder in here, if that was possible. Gigantic presses slammed down on pieces of moulded rubber as they made their steady journey down the assembly line.

Young men sorted and shifted trainers as they passed by, their eyes cast down, fussing over the world-famous brand name, lavishing them with their unbroken attention. There was a smell of burning rubber in the air. There was no talking or eye contact. There was just the endless rumble of the assembly line, and the slamming of the presses, which came down with a whoosh of compressed air, like some giant door being slammed shut in hell.

And then, piercing all the industrial clamour, there was the scream.

At first it did not seem human. At first it sounded as though it was a piece of malfunctioning machinery. High-pitched, whining, like metal grinding against metal. But then the assembly line ground to a halt, and all eyes were looking to the far side of the room where a young man was clutching his arm just above the elbow, his face deathly white and eyes wide with disbelief and dread.

He was being supported by two of his friends. They were both babbling — offering explanations, calling for help, Bill couldn't tell. One of them was crying. He looked up and saw that Nancy was already on her phone, calling an ambulance.

The injured man was eased to the floor and laid on his side. He was still clutching his arm. Below the elbow it was a mangled pulp of flesh and bone. The factory manager knelt by the man's side and a thick scrum of workers gathered around to offer advice and opinions but mostly just to watch. Then the paramedics were there and the man was taken away on a gurney. There was nothing else to see. Orders were given, and the assembly line jolted back to life. Bill saw that a woman was cleaning the press where the man had worked.

The factory manager escorted them to their car. His smile didn't falter as he assured them that working practices were even now being reviewed to ensure that such an accident could never happen again. And Bill just wanted to be gone.

This was a cruel, hard, grubby place and he could not stand the thought that he was a part of it. They were driven back to the hotel and Bill stood under the lukewarm shower for a long while. By the time Mad Mitch met him in the bar a few hours later he was halfway to drunk.

"He lost his arm," Bill said. "That boy in the factory. Nancy called the hospital. They had to amputate his arm."

Mitch nodded. "She told me." There was a small forest of green Tsingtao bottles in front of Bill. Mitch sat on the stool next to him and signalled for two more.

"AH for a pair of trainers," Bill said. "All for some cheap clobber to flog to the West."

Mitch shook his head. "There's no such thing as cheap clothes," he said. "The real price isn't paid by the people who buy the stuff, it's paid by the people who make it." He took a sip of his beer. "But we're not here for them, are we? We're here for our clients."

Bill looked at him with despair. “Then what do we tell the client?”

“Tell them what we saw,” Mad Mitch said. “Tell them exactly what we saw. Tell them the Happy Trousers Factory resembles a nineteenth-century workhouse. Tell them that you would need to be Charles Dickens to do the place justice.”

“And what will that change?”

“Damn it,” said Mad Mitch. “The client likes the profit margins he gets out here. And his customers like rock-bottom prices. The West wants it both ways. Dirt-cheap products and a clean conscience. Nobody is going to stop doing business here. Why should they? We are not going to stop doing business here, are we?”

“But I don’t see why that means the locals have to be on two dollars a day,” Bill said. “I don’t see why that means some kid has to lose an arm.” He drained his beer. “Can’t we do something?”

“Like what?” Mitch said. He hadn’t touched his drink. “You saw them in there,” Bill said. “Peasants straight off the farm working fourteen hours a day. Doing double and triple shifts till they drop. Getting £50 a month with one day off. And that factory manager only gives a toss when he wants to keep our clients off his back. What can we do? Do him for a start.”

“Perhaps the West can’t have it both ways,” Mad Mitch said. “Perhaps you can’t have dirt-cheap trainers and Chinese factories where the workers get treated like human beings. And perhaps our client only cares when he wants to keep the press off his back. Look, if the client gets too much bad publicity here, what do you think is going to happen? They’ll just ship the factory to Vietnam. Or India.”

“But there are rules about working practices,” Bill said. “There are regulations about safety. Every day of the year that place breaches International Labour Organisation rules, not to mention Chinese law. The boy who lost an arm should sue.” Bill nearly fell off his stool and steadied himself with a smile. “Know any good lawyers, Mitch?”

The older man sipped his Tsingtao carefully. “We’re lawyers in a country with no rule of law,” Mad Mitch said. “Where we come from, the courts are independent and have authority over all. Judges protect the freedoms of individuals against the state. Here it’s just not like that. The PRC operates a Communist legal system. Nobody with any kind of power – financial, political or military — considers themselves bound by any court rulings they don’t like. Where the rule of law doesn’t apply, legal

solutions are always going to be imperfect. That boy who lost an arm wouldn't stand a chance."

Bill shook his head. "Can I ask you something, Mitch?" he said.

"Go ahead."

"Why did you never make partner? What happened there?" Bill laughed, trying to keep it light. "You slow down once too often?"

Mitch laughed along with him. "Up at the firm they say that I lacked the stamina for Hong Kong and the stomach for Shanghai. And I think that's probably a fair and reasonable assessment. But also, practising law is a service industry and I never really understood that. I thought it was about truth, justice, decency and all that old-fashioned stuff." He raised his glass in a toast. "And I was wrong."

**Ex. 5. Work in small groups. Discuss the message of the phrase: "Tell them that you would need to be Charles Dickens to do the place justice". What does it mean? Find evidence in the text (there is plenty) to validate your view-point. Is there anything in common between the film episode you have just watched and the fragment of prose you have just read?**

**Ex. 6. Work in pairs. Find at least four tendencies of modern economic development the author hints at in the excerpt. What do you know about the way these tendencies work? Point out some of the pluses and minuses.**

**Ex. 7. Work in small groups. Read the closing paragraph of the excerpt and decide in what way it is related to the situation described. Is there any chance of justice for these contemporary slaves and do they need it? Present your view point to the rest of the group.**

**Ex. 8. Work individually. Write a newspaper article (100 words) based on the material you have read. Stay brief, impartial and objective. Think about the consequences your article might generate.**

## HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Watch the movie *Slumdog Millionaire*. There is definitely something Dickensian here, too. Prepare to talk about problems of developing countries such as overpopulation, unemployment, extreme poverty, hunger, diseases, pollution, etc.**

**Ex. 2. Read the magazine article and interpret its title. How many chances do you think these new Americans have been given?**

From **SECOND CHANCE CITY**  
by Derek Burnett

For the first time in his 22 years, Abdi Ibrahim is living in luxury. But his new residence isn't a mansion with a million-dollar view. "I have my own room," he says, laughing at his good fortune.

That's right: a rented room in the small upstate New York city of Utica. A member of a persecuted minority group from Somalia, Ibrahim, who at age seven found an older female cousin after she'd been shot by marauders, spent most of his life in violent refugee camps in Kenya. There he shared a mud-walled hut, scarce food and water with several family members. But in 2005 he heard that he'd be joining dozens of Somali Bantu refugees already settled in Utica. For decades, the city has opened its doors to some of the world's neediest people. In exchange, the newcomers bring the kind of energy and drive that most cities would pay recruiters to attract.

Utica has long been a city of immigrants, with waves of Irish, Poles and Italians working its factories in its heyday in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. But refugees didn't enter the picture until the late 1970s, after Utica had begun a plunge into economic meltdown. By then, major employers had begun downsizing, and most would eventually leave town. The city's population dwindled, and some streets were lined with homes sitting empty. A bumper sticker seen around town read "Would the last person to leave Utica please turn off the lights?"

Then, in 1978, a farmer's wife living just outside Utica sponsored a family from Vietnam. Roberta Douglas's husband was a medic in the Vietnam War, and the couple had been riveted by heartbreaking stories of people fleeing the conflict. Douglas decided to open their home to a family of boat people. Through a Catholic charity, she arranged for a Vietnamese couple and their children to share her farmhouse until she found permanent housing for them. Once they were established, Douglas helped settle a family — 12 people in all — from Laos.

After that, things snowballed. If Douglas could assist this many people, why not more? She teamed up with a resettlement agency the State Department uses, wrote grants and, in 1981, incorporated. "Everybody was willing to help — the county manager, the churches," she says. There was a wing-and-a-prayer feel to the work; her group

might have only 36 hours to find housing for an incoming family, but somehow they provided everything necessary. “It was like it was meant to be,” Douglas says.

By 1985, her nonprofit, the Mohawk Valley Resource Center for Refugees (MVRCR), had processed some 2,000 Vietnamese, Cambodian, Laotian, Haitian and Polish emigres. Utica, it turned out, was in many ways a perfect place for refugees to start over. Because of the city’s history of immigration, residents were welcoming toward newcomers. “And the low housing costs were a real advantage,” says Douglas. “We could put families into very nice housing for not much.”

Though many of the skilled manufacturing jobs were gone, there was still enough entry-level work for the immigrants to gain a fingerhold on the American Dream. And without the labor pool provided by the new workers, many of those smaller Utica companies might have disappeared along with the larger corporations. Donald Chichester manages the second shift at Keymark Corporation’s Keyano division, an aluminum extrusion facility outside the city. Fully half of the division’s workforce consists of refugees, he says, many from Somalia. “They’re the most motivated workers I’ve ever seen,” he adds.

One of the earliest arrivals in Utica was a Cambodian named Synath Buth. When Communist dictator Pol Pot’s Khmer Rouge regime seized power in 1975, it unleashed a nightmare of violence, forced labor and starvation. Buth somehow made it through the next four years, though 36 of his relatives, including his father, did not. “The situation was very tough,” he remembers. “I would go farther every day trying to find food for my family, and if you get caught by the Khmer, they can kill you.”

During those years, Buth married a woman named Saram; when they decided to leave Cambodia in 1979, she was nine months pregnant with their second child. Walking to Thailand, Buth says, “if you step on the wrong place, you’re blown up by the land mine. We’d see all the dead bodies lying on the ground.” In the jungle, his wife gave birth to a daughter, Saramoroth.

Fenced for two years inside refugee camps in Thailand, the couple had a third child. Then the UN told Buth that he and his family were to be resettled in the United States. Through old movies and books, Buth had already fallen in love with the country; he was ecstatic. Standing in the airport near Utica on chilly November 11, 1981, wearing sandals and carrying three small bags that held his



family's earthly belongings, he took a look around. "I said to myself and my wife, 'We are born again.' "

The MVRRCR placed them in a comfortable home, and Buth began an intensive six-month English course. Neighbors came by, bringing food and clothing. "I don't know how to thank them," Buth says.

For three years, he worked in a commercial laundry. But as one of the earliest in a wave of Cambodian refugees, he realized he had a valuable asset and offered his interpreting services to the small staff of the MVRRCR. Soon he became director of resettlement and for nearly two decades threw himself into the work, honored to be able to help others like himself.

Buth bought a home in Utica and gave his children a comfortable, middle-class American upbringing. Now retired, he also owns rental properties in Baltimore. Saramoroth — the daughter born in the jungle — last year married an American man in a traditional Cambodian ceremony. "I'm still Asian," Buth says, "but this is my country now. I'd do anything for it."

The biggest wave of refugees to come to Utica has been the nearly 4,500 Bosnians who escaped civil war in the Balkans in the early 1990s. They have most radically changed the look of the city. "Somebody's garbage became our treasure," says Nezir Jasarevic, who arrived in 1993 after being imprisoned and tortured by the Serbs. The Bosnian refugees pooled their labor to make some astounding transformations of hundreds of homes, some bought for a song from the city's urban renewal agency. Says Utica mayor Timothy Julian, "They used their skill in stucco to make places that were about to collapse into houses that look like large stone castles."

They've made it seem easy. But Peter Vogelaar, MVRRCR's executive director, points out that the newcomers don't get a free ride. "Every refugee that our center resettles is allotted \$ 425," Vogelaar says. "From that money, we give each person \$ 50 cash. With what remains, we have to get them an apartment, paying the first month's rent and security deposit."

At MVRRCR, refugees can get free English classes and, for up to five years, job placement services. "Beyond that," says Vogelaar, "They get nothing more than any other low-income people in the community. In fact, refugees begin their life in America in debt: They're required to repay the government, interest-free, the price of their plane fare from their home countries."

“We know very well nothing is given,” says Jasarevic, sitting in his remodeled two-story home with his ten-year-old son, Danny, who is web-surfing on a laptop. “You have to make it with your hands.” Jasarevic was a student of architecture when he fled Bosnia. After arriving in Utica, he took a menial job in a greenhouse, gradually trading up to his current white-collar position with a health insurance nonprofit. He and his wife, Azira, are raising their two children with all the trappings of the American lifestyle. Jasarevic is forever grateful to Utica for that. “When your whole world is turned upside down,” he says, “the opportunity to start a normal life is like one tiny dot of light in a dark room.”

Utica is still a long way from its former prominence as one of New York’s most prosperous cities. But housing values increased 52 percent between 2001 and 2006. In a fiscal analysis, Paul Hagstrom, a local economics professor at Hamilton College, found that the initial costs of refugee resettlement may be high, but after about 15 years, the city’s investment bears fruit. Which is to say, Utica has developed a very effective long-term strategy for its economic survival.

And for those who value diversity, there are cultural payoffs as well. About 12 percent of the city’s population of 60,000 come from more than 30 foreign countries, and 31 different languages are spoken in the public schools. Utica now boasts a mosque, a Cambodian Buddhist temple, a Russian Orthodox church, and a dizzying array of ethnic restaurants and shops. Mayor Julian owns a laundry whose employees are all Asians and Bosnians—and whose clientele is even more diverse. “The place will be jammed, and nobody’s speaking English,” Julian says. “Different cultures coming together though they don’t understand each other’s language: That’s what makes a city.”

Since 9/11 The USA has curtailed the influx of refugees because of security concerns. Only 41,277 were resettled in the last fiscal year, down from 99,974 in 1995. Still, refugees continue to land in Utica: the Somali Bantus, the Karen people of Burma and, in the spring of 2006, a group of Meskhetian Turks from Russia. Like some 11,000 others before them, they have a chance to start a new life.

If anyone is poised to seize that opportunity, it is Abdi Ibrahim, the young Somali Bantu so thrilled to be living in his own room. Having never encountered a flush toilet before coming to the United States, he has made remarkable progress. Since arriving, Ibrahim has learned English, gotten his driver’s license, translated for the coach of a local soccer team and held a succession of upwardly mobile jobs —

the latest as an academic coach in Utica city schools. He is determined to one day become a doctor and says he won't rest until it happens. "That is my goal," he adds. "I am praying to God to help me." In a little-known American city that's become, for many, a land of opportunity, Ibrahim is likely to find the answer to those prayers.

**Ex. 3. Work individually. Scan the article and choose 10 words worth being shared with the rest of the class.**

**Ex. 4. Work individually. Do on-line research into the problem of refugees and factors causing forced human migration.**

CLASS 3  
**THERE SHOULD BE WAYS TO COPE**

**Ex. 1. Watch the beginning of the movie *The Full Monty*. What problem do you think the film explores and how?**

**Ex. 2. In pairs, discuss the problem of redundancy and unemployment. Why is this problem so acute? In what way does it influence family relationships? Does it have any psychological impact as well?**



**Ex. 3. In small groups, recollect some books and films devoted to the same social issue. In what way do the authors reveal and explore it?**

**Ex. 4. Read an autobiographical short story by a modern American educator and social activist. Do you accept his idea about great sacrifice and talent necessary to get out of poverty?**

**Text 9.5**

From GRANDMA'S CHERRIES  
by Geoffrey Canada

I grew up in the Bronx. My mother raised my three brothers and me by herself. When she couldn't find work, we went on welfare. When she could find work, it was jobs that paid women — especially

black women — so little money that we couldn't tell the difference between welfare and work except that our mother wasn't home when she was working.

People talk about poverty and the poor like it's so easy not to be poor. But I know a different story. It takes great sacrifice and talent to work your way out of poverty. My mother used to make all of her own clothes. You couldn't raise four boys on her salary and afford to buy dresses to wear to work. When we were young, she used to make our clothes, cut our hair and make toys for us out of cereal boxes. All her life she sacrificed for us. She put off getting her college degree and her master's degree until we were grown and on our own.

And you know what? We hated being poor. We loved our mother but we ruined her Christmas every year with our tears of disappointment at not getting exactly what we wanted. I couldn't help but be angry when my shoes had holes in them and there was no money to buy new ones. And I couldn't help but to stare angrily when I needed money to go on a school trip and there wasn't any money to be had.

And while there was much love in our family, being poor strained our loving bonds. We had to blame someone, and my mother was the only target. And here she was giving up all she had for us, going without lunch, without movies and nights out, walking 10 blocks to the train because she couldn't afford to pay the 15 cents extra to take the bus. And she would come home to four boys with their hands out, angry because we wanted something, needed something she could not give.

There are some Americans who think poverty stems from a lack of values and determination. But you can work hard all your life, have impeccable values and still be poor. My grandfather was the pastor of Mount Pleasant Baptist Church in Harlem. My grandmother was a Christian woman. They were hard-working, moral people. They were poor.

I lived with my grandparents during my high school years. My grandmother worked all her life: caring for other people's children, selling baked goods or Avon products, doing whatever she could do to help bring money into the house. She was a beautiful woman, kind and intelligent. She was determined to save my soul.

I was a wild and reckless adolescent whose soul was indeed in peril. And I fell in love with my grandmother. A deep love that any of us would develop if an angel came into our lives. The more time I spent with her, the more I loved her. She cooled my hot temper and anger over being poor, and she showed me there was dignity even in poverty.

In all the years I knew her, she was never able to afford material things that others took for granted. She worked very hard but never could afford anything of luxury. She taught me how one could enjoy a deep spiritual love of life that was not tied to material things. This is a tough lesson to teach in a country that places so much value on materialism.

But each summer my grandmother and I would conspire to indulge her one vice: cherries. She loved cherries. Two or three times a week when my grandfather was at work we would walk the mile to the supermarket and buy half a pound of cherries. My grandmother and I would eat them secretly because grandfather would have had a fit if he'd known we spent an extra dollar a week on them.

My summers with my grandmother were measured by how good the cherries were that year. It was our little secret. And I was amazed by how much she loved cherries, and how expensive cherries were. Later when I went off to Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Me., I would sit in my room and think how much grandmother and grandfather had sacrificed for me to be in college.

I would fantasize about how when I graduated and got a good job, the first thing I would buy with my first check in August would be a whole crate of cherries. It would have to be August because our cherry summers taught us that August cherries were the sweetest. I would dream of wrapping the crate up in gift paper, putting a bow on it and presenting it to Grandma. And many a night I would go to sleep in the cold winter Maine night warmed by the vision of my grandmother's excitement when I brought her this small treasure.

Grandma died during my sophomore year. I never got to give her the cherries she would eat. And if you want my opinion, the summer of 1971, the last summer she was alive, was really the last great summer for cherries.

Poverty is tough on families in many ways. It's not quite as simple to get out of as people make out. We must be careful to make sure we build ladders so children and their families can climb out of poverty. It's not an easy climb. You can climb all your life and never make it out.

Grandma, who sacrificed so much for all of us, I just want to say I know that in all I've been acknowledged for, I still haven't reached the level of love and compassion that you tried to teach me. I think you accomplished your goal: you saved my soul. And I hope they let me bring gifts to Heaven.

You'll know what's in the box.

**Ex. 5. Work in pairs. Scan the text and decide what other issues apart from that of poverty the author explores. Are these issues still topical?**

**Ex. 6. Work in small groups. Discuss the message of the phrase “There is dignity even in poverty.” Do you grasp the author’s meaning?**

**Ex. 7. Work in small groups. Read the following passage from the text again “...one could enjoy a deep spiritual love of life that was not tied to material things. This is a tough lesson to teach in a country that places so much value on materialism.” What does it mean? Can it be referred only to the USA these days?**

**Ex. 8. Work individually. Think over Jeffrey Canada’s quote, “Education is the best way out of poverty” and put down your ideas in writing (100 words).**

### HOME ASSIGNMENT

**Ex. 1. Watch the movie *The Full Monty*. Prepare to talk about the social problems reflected in the film.**

**Ex. 2. Read the magazine article about one of the ways to cope with a major social problem. Can you predict what problem it is? Use the title and the picture as sort of a clue.**

### Text 9.6

#### From SCHOOL OF LAST RESORT by Jeff Truesdell

In the fall of 2010, Jakayla Ivory stabbed a classmate in the neck with an ice pick during a fight. That crime — second-degree assault — had now brought the stubborn 16-year-old to a St. Louis courtroom to face a Family Court judge. She’d already been bounced out of four schools since the seventh grade for “mischievous stuff,” says her mom, Nichole Scott, who sat nervously in court that day in November 2010.

Now Jakayla, after spending 26 days in lockup, could be kicked out of the school system altogether, all but dooming her to be a dropout. Head down, expecting the worst, she waited to hear the judge hand down her fate.

Then something surprising happened. Instead of throwing the book at



her, Judge Jimmie Edwards — stern-faced, soft-spoken, no-nonsense — threw young Jakayla a lifeline. “If you’re interested in graduating high school,” he told her, “I can help.” And so, as a condition of her supervision, Jakayla joined the Innovative Concept Academy, an experimental new school created by Edwards as a last resort for wayward teens. The only school of its kind in the U.S., the Academy plucks the most desperate cases out of the St. Louis legal system and gives them one final chance to change their behavior and re-enter mainstream schools. “I knew I could do better than just taking away someone’s liberty,” says Edwards, 56, who had sentenced hundreds of men and women to prison before transferring himself to juvenile court in 2007. “You have to get these kids while they’re impressionable. If you lock them up, they only learn how to be better criminals.”

The Academy, while not quite a boot camp, has mandatory classes and activities designed to keep students off the streets in the after-school hours when many teens get in trouble. Besides a basic curriculum, the Academy also exposes students to what are, for them, new and unlikely pursuits: music, tennis, fashion, golf, even ballroom dancing. “In order to dream,” says Edwards, “you have to know what to dream about.”

At the center of it all, is the judge himself, who on breaks from court two or three times a day journeys two miles to a formerly shuttered, three-story public-school building the district allowed him to take over in 2009. Edwards — raised by a single mom on St. Louis’s violent, gang-ridden North Side and now a father of three and youth football coach — prowls the hallways in his dark suits and ties, making sure students are in uniform, giving them firm pep talks, dispensing his Judge Jimmie lessons.

So far it’s too early to tell if his tough but supportive approach is working, but of the 700 6th-to-12th-grade students who entered the Academy since it opened, only four students have gotten in trouble with the criminal justice system since enrolling and been returned to jail by the judge. School officials across the country are keeping an eye on the program, which, say many, shows promise. With funding from corporate foundations, nonprofits and the public school system, the Academy delivers better attendance than other alternative schools, while its partnership with the courts provides police and justice officials as mentors. “We sent him the toughest students in our city, and he created a safe-and-disciplined environment for them,” says Kelvin Adams, the St. Louis Public Schools superintendent. “I know this school has saved children’s lives.”

But could Edwards's Academy make a difference in the life of Jakayla, a seemingly incorrigible case? People tracked Jakayla's progress starting in December 2010, when she showed up as defiant as ever. "School can't change me," she said. Jakayla signed up for an after-school class focusing on self-esteem and chose to write a report about the rapper Tupac Shakur. In February she ran into Edwards during one of his hallway visits.

"C'mere, little girl," he beckoned. The language was deliberate. Outside in the world, "you might be a parent," says the school's principal, Michael McCrory, 31. "But when you're here, be a kid." Edwards asked Jakayla about her paper. "I think Tupac Shakur has been a bad influence on a lot of kids," he told her. "Are you going to put that in your report?" Jakayla said, "I'm going to write, 'Judge Edwards said he's a bad influence.'" They both laughed. "When you're done," he said, "I want to read it, okay?"

Like most kids at the Academy, Jakayla's home life can be fractured. Her mother, a certified nursing assistant, works nights and takes college classes, leaving Jakayla to care for her two younger brothers much of the time; her father is serving time for murder. But her quick temper is less an issue at the Academy, where there is more supervision than at public schools. As a result, "I don't get in trouble," Jakayla says. Two months into her first term, her grades have improved from F's to B's and C's.

Another student, Beatrice Gibson, 18, was expelled from school after jumping into a gang fight. After three months at the Academy, she didn't want to leave. What turned her around? Chess. "It taught me to be patient, to be precise, to think," she says. "That overlaps in my personal life."

Gerrell Rodgers, 16, entered the Academy after being kicked out of school for fighting and brought his temper with him. To avoid more fights, he ducked into a conference room during lunch hours and began playing a piano there. He got so good, Edwards took him to perform at a country club — an afternoon that changed his life. "He exposed me to other people," says Rodgers, now in mainstream high school and dreaming of college and a music career.

Four months into her stay at the Academy, Jakayla had a confrontation with a cop — this time across a chess board. She'd signed up for the program and found herself in a match with Officer Darrin Young, 45, who is assigned to a police substation at the Academy and mentors students. "They have to earn the victory," he said as he sat across from Jakayla.



Before long she checkmated Young, high-fived the chess coach and ran out to make a call. “Momma!” she exclaimed. “I beat Officer Young!”

This spring Jakayla earned her first A, in consumer education. On the last day of her first term, this May, Edwards tracked her down in the hallway. “Gurrrrrl,” he said, giving her a hug. “You’ve grown up a lot. I’m really proud of you, okay? But you’ve still got to become academically strong, with good grammar and not being so shy, and able to talk to folks.”

“All right,” said Jakayla. “Thank you, Judge Edwards.”

The two would meet again in court, in June, to review her progress. Eventually Edwards allowed Jakayla to return to public school, where she is now doing well and is a cheerleader — though she still goes to the Academy after school to play chess. In court Edwards told Jakayla he planned to keep riding her until she graduated high school. “And then I’m going to make you go to college,” he said. “What do you think about that?”

“You won’t have to make me,” said Jakayla clearly. “I’ll go on my own.”

**Ex. 3. Work individually. Scan the article and choose 10 interesting words. Be ready to share them in class.**

**Ex. 4. Geoffrey Canada is both a creator and coordinator of an ambitious project called *Harlem Children’s Zone*. Research it on-line and compare it with the Innovative Concept Academy. What is the goal both projects are working for?**

#### 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) Choose one of the additional texts from the selection offered and prepare a set of tasks to facilitate an in-class exchange of opinions and ideas.

(2) Choose a meaningful episode from one of the four movies. Present it to your group mates and motivate them to comment on it in various ways.

(3) Produce the results of Internet research based on such acute social issues as juvenile crime and ways to cope with it, the problem of refugees and some others.

- (4) Share the favorite passages from the books mentioned (and more).
- (5) Share written work samples — read, evaluate, improve.
- (6) 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 Pursuit of Happyness*, *Slumdog Millionaire*, *August Rush* and *The Full Monty* and have found them great 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 Street Lawyer* and *My Favourite Wife*. Find them or borrow them from someone else and read them.

### ADDITIONAL TEXTS

**Ex. 1. Read an excerpt from a contemporary British novel. Pay special attention to the passage in italics. What message does the author strive to convey?**

#### Text 9.7

From MY FAVOURITE WIFE  
by Tony Parsons

They had told him it was a village, but it was not quite that – just a jumbled collection of shacks surrounded by rain-lashed paddy fields on one side and a broad, rising river on the other. There was a thick red slime on the banks of the river. That was the reason Nancy Deng was here.

The car bumped down a dirt-track road and the firm's new driver, the driver who wasn't Tiger, an older man who was less likely to rush

off to join the gold rush, clung to the wheel and tried to avoid an old woman wheeling her bicycle, her bare feet sloshing through the mud. There were no other cars here.

“I can see her,” Bill said. “Pull over.”

He could see Nancy out in the fields. She was surrounded by a group of villagers, small figures in transparent plastic macs, looking like ghosts against the lush green landscape. Bill got out of the car and took one of the paths that weaved through the paddy fields, his umbrella buckling in the wind. There were streams running through the fields. They were the colour of rust. He said her name and she looked up.

The villagers began to drift away, their heads bowed in the rain. They moved in single file down the path between the paddy fields towards their homes, and he thought it looked like a funeral procession. He stared down at the orange-coloured water beneath their feet.

“That’s it, isn’t it?” he said. “From the factories.”

Nancy pointed down river. “I have a scientist who helps me. Pro bono.” She took off her glasses and wiped them with her fingers. “He has found traces of heavy metals in the water from the factories.” She put her glasses back on. “They dump their waste in the river and nobody can stop them.”

The rusty water was soaking through his shoes. “What do they make?”

“Pesticides. Insecticides. Fluorides. Plastics. The villagers rely on the river for their rice crop, for their drinking water. The rice crops have failed because of the poisoned water. Babies are being born with birth defects. This place has a population of a few thousand, and hundreds of them have died.”

Bill looked at the pitiful little shacks. A cancer village. That’s what they called it. “But what can you do, Nancy?” he said.

“Stop them,” she said. “Establish the link between the factories and the sickness. Force the government to apply its own laws. Prove that the factories upstream have poisoned these people. Protect the living. Compensate the bereaved. Care for the sick. There are children here with no parents. There are mothers and fathers who are dying. Everybody has let them down. They have nobody. Not the party. Not the government. Nobody to fight for them.”

“Well,” he said. “They do now.”

She shook her head. “I’m nothing. I know that. But there are others like me. At legal aid centres. Running hotlines. Working within universities. All over the country.”

He had always felt hope for the future when he looked at Nancy. He knew that there were countless villages like this one, but he also knew there were young Chinese lawyers like her, offering their services for nothing, or a pittance, sometimes holding down jobs in commercial law firms to fund their pro bono work, or until they could afford to quit and do work that meant something beyond a fat salary and a glittering future. And Bill guessed that's exactly what Nancy had been doing in all her years at Butterfield, Hunt and West. Saving up for the day when she knew she would have to work for nothing.

"What I want," she told him, "what I want is for the poorest people in the land to have access to the law of the land." She looked down at the rust-coloured water on her boots.

Bill looked away. He looked back at her. "That's why I'm here. Devlin sent me. We've got more work than we can handle. There are new guys coming in from London, but it's not going to be enough. The firm wants you to come back. We need you."

She shook her head, and indicated the plastic-coated ghosts disappearing into their modest homes. "They need me more," she said.

He did not push it. He had known that she would never come back. He had told Devlin that she would never come back. And in his heart he did not want her to come back. He wanted her to stay here and fight for these people. He did not want her to be like him.

"You need to be careful, Nancy," he said. He had heard what could happen to idealistic young lawyers who did pro bono work for the poor. "You're dealing with people who get away with murder."

"I'll be all right," she said, sounding as if she believed nothing could touch her, and he knew she was wrong.

"It doesn't matter how rich we get. China will always be a Third World country until the courts are willing to protect the little man. Until we have the rule of law, we will be a nation of peasants."

"You sound like Mad Mitch," he said.

"He was the one who talked to me about the rule of law. Did you notice? He talked about it all the time. *The rule of law means that the law applies to everyone in equal measure. Where the rule of law does not apply, legal solutions are imperfect. The rule of law is the root and branch of democracy.* Mitch believes that what we do is a sacred profession. Like a doctor, you know? He's a good lawyer."

“But all wrong for this place,” Bill said. “There’s not a lot of the sacred in China.”

“And how are you?” Nancy asked him.

He seemed almost embarrassed. “They’re making me a partner.”

She congratulated him, smiling for the first time, really pleased for him, because she knew it was what he wanted, and why he was here, and everything he had worked for.

Bill thanked her, and they stood under his umbrella watching the rain on the paddy fields and the red-etched river beyond, and he knew that he would be long gone from this place before it ever broke its banks, but that she would still be here.

**Ex. 2. Read an excerpt from a contemporary American legal thriller. Speak about the problem of social injustice raised by the author. Do you think such cases are few and far between?**

**Text 9.8**

From THE RAINMAKER by John Grisham

“What can I do for you folks?” I ask, looking at the bundle of papers with wide rubber bands wrapped tightly around it. My first client is a multimillionaire, and my next clients are pensioners. My fledgling career has come crashing back to earth.

“We don’t have much money,” she says quietly as if this is a big secret and she’s embarrassed to reveal it. I smile compassionately. Regardless of what they own, they’re much wealthier than I, and I doubt if they’re about to be sued.

“And we need a lawyer,” she adds as she takes the papers and snaps off the rubber bands.

“What’s the problem?”

“Well, we’re gettin’ a royal screwin’ by an insurance company.”

“What type of policy?” I ask. She shoves the paperwork toward me, then wipes her hands as if she’s rid of it and the burden has now been passed to a miracle worker. A smudged, creased and well-worn policy of some sort is on the top of the pile.

“It’s a medical policy,” she says. “We bought it five years ago, Great Benefit Life, when our boys were seventeen. Now Donny Ray is dying of leukemia, and the crooks won’t pay for his treatment.”

“Great Benefit?”

“Right.”

“Never heard of them,” I say confidently as I scan the declaration page of the policy, as if I’ve handled many of these lawsuits and personally know everything about every insurance company. Two dependents are listed, Donny

Ray and Ronny Ray Black. They have the same birth dates.

“Well, pardon my French, but they’re a bunch of sum-bitches.”

“Most insurance companies are,” I add thoughtfully, and Dot smiles at this. I have won her confidence. “So you purchased this policy five years ago?”

“Something like that. Never missed a premium, and never used the damned thing until Donny Ray got sick.”

I’m a student, an uninsured one. There are no policies covering me or my life, health or auto. I can’t even afford a new tire for the left rear of my ragged little Toyota.

“And, uh, you say he’s dying?”

She nods with the cigarette between her lips. “Acute leukemia. Caught it eight months ago. Doctors gave him a year, but he won’t make it because he couldn’t get his bone marrow transplant. Now it’s probably too late.”

She pronounces “marrow” in one syllable: “mare.”

“A transplant?” I say, confused.

“Don’t you know nothin’ about leukemia?”

“Uh, not really.”

She clicks her teeth and rolls her eyes around as if I’m a complete idiot, then inserts the cigarette for a painful drag. When the smoke is sufficiently exhaled, she says, “My boys are identical twins, you see. So Ron, we call him Ron because he don’t like Ronny Ray, is a perfect match for Donny Ray’s bone mare transplant. Doctors said so. Problem is, the transplant costs somewhere around a hundred-fifty thousand dollars. We ain’t got it, you see. The insurance company’s supposed to pay it because it’s covered in the policy right there. Sumbitches said no. So Donny Ray’s dying because of them.”

She has an amazing way of getting to the core of this.

“Where does he live?” I ask, just searching for a question the answer to which will allow me to write for a few seconds on my pad and ignore the tears.

“He’s never left home. Lives with us. That’s another reason the insurance company turned us down, said since he’s an adult he’s no longer covered.”

I pick through the papers and glance at letters to and from Great Benefit. “Does the policy terminate his coverage when he becomes an adult?”

She shakes her head and smiles tightly. “Nope. Ain’t in the policy, Rudy. I’ve read it a dozen times, and there’s no such thing. Even read all the fine print.”

“Are you sure?” I ask, again glancing at the policy. “I’m positive. I’ve been reading that damned thing for almost a year.”

“Who sold it to you? Who’s the agent?” “Some little goofy twerp who knocked on our door and talked us into it. Name was Ott or something like that, just a slick little crook who talked real fast. I’ve tried to find him, but evidently he’s skipped town.”

I pick a letter from the pile and read it. It’s from a senior claims examiner in Cleveland, written several months after the first letter I looked at, and it rather abruptly denies coverage on the grounds that Donny’s leukemia was a preexisting condition, and therefore not covered. If Donny in fact has had leukemia for less than a year, then he was diagnosed four years after the policy was issued by Great Benefit. “Says here coverage was denied because of a preexisting condition.”

“They’ve used every excuse in the book, Rudy. Just take all those papers there and read them carefully. Exclusions, exemptions, preexisting conditions, fine print, they’ve tried everything.”

“Is there an exclusion for bone marrow transplants?”

“Hell no. Our doctor even looked at the policy and said Great Benefit ought to pay because bone marrow transplants are just routine treatment now.”

The next letter is also from Great Benefit, and at first looks like all the rest. It is quick, nasty and to the point. It says: “Dear Mrs Black: On seven prior occasions this company has denied your claim in writing. We now deny it for the eighth and final time. You must be stupid, stupid, stupid!” It was signed by the Senior Claims Supervisor, and I rub the engraved logo at the top in disbelief. Last fall I took a course called Insurance Law, and I remember being shocked at the egregious behavior of certain companies in bad-faith cases. Our instructor had been a visiting Communist who hated insurance companies, hated all corporations in fact, and had relished the study of wrongful denials of legitimate claims by insurers. It was his belief that tens of thousands of bad-faith cases exist in this country and are never brought to justice. He’d written books about

bad-faith litigation, and even had statistics to prove his point that many people simply accept the denial of their claims without serious inquiry.

I read the letter again while touching the fancy Great Benefit Life logo across the top.

“And you never missed a premium?” I ask Dot.

“No sir. Not a single one.”

“I’ll need to see Donny’s medical records.”

“I’ve got most of them at home. He ain’t seen a doctor much lately. We just can’t afford it.”

“Do you know the exact date he was diagnosed with leukemia?”

“No, but it was in August of last year. He was in the hospital for the first round of chemo. Then these crooks informed us they wouldn’t cover any more treatment, so the hospital shut us out. Said they couldn’t afford to give us a transplant. Just cost too damned much. I can’t blame them, really.”

If Donny’s illness is in fact leukemia, and he’s had it for only eight months, then there’s no way it could be excluded as a preexisting condition. If there’s no exemption or exclusion for leukemia, Great Benefit must pay. Right? This makes sense to me, seems awfully clear in my mind, and since the law is rarely clear and seldom makes sense, I know there must be something fatal awaiting me deep in the depths of Dot’s pile of rejections.

“I don’t really understand this,” I say, still staring at the Stupid Letter.

Dot blasts a dense cloud of blue fog at her husband, and the smoke boils around his head. I think his eyes are dry, but I’m not certain. She smacks her sticky lips and says, “It’s simple, Rudy. They’re a bunch of crooks. They think we’re just simple, ignorant trash with no money to fight ’em. I worked in a blue jean factory for thirty years, joined the union, you know, and we fought the company every day. Same thing here. Big corporation running roughshod over little people.”

In addition to hating lawyers, my father also frequently spewed forth venom on the subject of labor unions. Naturally, I matured into a fervent defender of the working masses. “This letter is incredible,” I say to her.

“Which one?”

“The one from Mr Krokkit, in which he says you’re stupid, stupid, stupid.”

“That son of a bitch. I wish he’d bring his ass down here and call me stupid to my face. Yankee bastard.”

“It will take a few hours to review all this,” I say.



“Well, you need to hurry. Donny Ray ain’t got long. He weighs a hundred and ten pounds now, down from a hundred and sixty. He’s so sick some days he can barely walk. I wish you could see him.”

I have no desire to see Donny Ray. “Yeah, maybe later.” I’ll review the policy and the letters, and Donny’s medicals, then I’ll consult with my Professor and write a nice two-page letter to the Blacks in which I’ll explain with great wisdom that they should have the case reviewed by a real lawyer, and not just any real lawyer, but one who specializes in suing insurance companies for bad faith. And I’ll throw in a few names of such lawyers, along with their phone numbers, then I’ll be finished with this worthless course.

Graduation is thirty-eight days away.

“I’ll need to keep all this,” I explain to Dot as I organize her mess and gather her rubber bands. “I’ll be back here in two weeks with an advisement-letter.”

“Why does it take two weeks?”

“Well, I, uh, I’ll have to do some research, you know, consult with my professors, look up some stuff. Can you send me Donny’s medical records?”

“Sure. But I wish you’d hurry.”

“I’ll do my best, Dot.”

“Do you think we’ve got a case?”

Though a mere student of the law, I’ve already learned a great deal of double-talk. “Can’t say at this point. Looks promising, though. But it’ll take further review and careful research. It’s possible.”

“What the hell does that mean?”

“Well, uh, it means I think you’ve got a good claim, but I’ll need to review all this stuff before I know for sure.”

“What kind of lawyer are you?”

“I’m a law student.”

“I’ll see you folks in a couple of weeks,” I say warmly with a fake smile.

Dot stubs her cigarette in an ashtray, and leans closer again. Her lip is suddenly quivering and her eyes are wet. She gently touches my wrist and looks helplessly at me. “Please hurry, Rudy. We need help. My boy is dying.”

We stare at each other forever, and I finally nod and mumble something. These poor people have just entrusted the life of their son to me, a third-year law student.

**Ex. 3. Read a magazine article and pay attention to the pressing social issues its hero is trying to combat. How successful is his fight?**

## **Text 9.9**

From WAR AT HOME by Ann Groer

Tyrone Parker was no stranger to violence. A one time street hustler, he'd served eight years in prison for armed robbery. But when a 12-year-old boy was kidnapped and brutally murdered in a housing complex terrorized by warring gangs, he knew he had to try to end the bloodbath.

By that time, Parker had turned his own life around. As a co-founder of a Washington, D.C. — based group called the Alliance of Concerned Men, he spent time counseling youngsters who appeared headed where he once was, trying to show them there was an alternative to street life. But the 1997 death of young Darryl Dayan Hall, whose frozen body was found with a bullet in the back of his head, stunned him into taking direct action.

“Kids were up there killing each other,” he remembers today. “It was war, war, war. We were 10 minutes from the Capitol, and the people in Benning Terrace were under house arrest, scared to come out of doors because these kids hanging around the corners were terrifying them.”

What he and fellow Alliance members then did, in conjunction with community activist Robert Woodson and with Washington's top housing officials, was nothing short of extraordinary. First they identified the leaders of the two rival gangs, and risked their lives crossing into the war zone to speak with them. Amazingly, they got them to agree to meet on neutral territory. Even more amazingly, the young men showed up, listened to Parker and other Alliance leaders, agreed to a truce, and eventually began talking about what they could do to improve their futures. The result was a new organization formed from the two gangs, Concerned Brothers and Sisters of Benning Terrace, whose members were hired by the D.C. Housing Authority at \$6.50 an hour to clean up trash and graffiti and landscape the battle-scarred grounds of their housing complex. And from those jobs came other jobs, high-school degrees, and a sense of responsibility for themselves and their families.

“From the truce, we were able to get these kids involved in education programs, some life skills, some training, substance abuse training. We have been enormously successful,” Parker says. “Even those who fell short are not the same people they were.”

Four years later, the Alliance has expanded to include a \$1,2 million annual budget supplied by government and philanthropic sources, a presence in 7 Washington public housing projects, a 32-unit transitional home for juvenile offenders, a program for female gang members, and parenting classes for fathers behind bars. It shares a building 12 blocks from the White House with its institutional mentor, the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise, a nonprofit group that works at solving the problems of low-income communities.

And Parker, whose felony parole still runs until 2013, became an impressive symbol of how straight talk, direct involvement, and positive influence can turn around young lives. As he put it, in a reference to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.’s famous speech, the Alliance is “men wrapping their arms around children to show them that they, too, have a dream.”

For Parker, the dream was a long time coming. Born in Washington on November 6, 1946, he was the oldest of three children. His father, Curtis, was largely absent; his mother, Ruby, was a hard-working waitress. When money got short, young Tyrone got creative. “We had a big window,” he remembers, “and I put all our pictures in that window and stood outside with a little cup and charged five cents for people to look. Then I went across the street to buy candy for my sister and brother.”

The young boy clearly missed his father — and a father’s influence. “I take the excuse that probably if I had some real guidance, there is no telling what I could have been. Instead I got in trouble at an early age. I kind of had a liking for school but I also had a liking for materialistic things — clothes, cars, people.”

At 20, a month after graduating from high school, Parker was arrested for robbery. He posted bail, went to college in Ohio for one semester, then dropped out. “I just wasn’t ready for school, considering the charges that were pending.” Instead he returned home and became immersed in a cycle of crime: pull a robbery, get arrested, hire a lawyer, commit another crime. At one point, he was out on four different bonds and even became the subject of several Washington Post stories about flaws in the bail system that allowed him to go free while charged with multiple crimes.

Finally, convicted in 1969 of two bank robberies, Parker said good-bye to his wife, whom he married in 1967, and baby son from a previous relationship, Rodney, and left for Virginia's Lorton Reformatory to serve two concurrent sentences.

In 1976, after serving "eight years, five months, three days, five hours, four minutes, and a couple of seconds," he was released and "got out of the car on Route 95 and kissed the side of the road."

With no career prospects at hand, Parker entered cosmetology school after visiting a friend with a successful home beauty parlor. Using a small inheritance from his mother, he ultimately bought his own shop, then two more.

Parker worked hard and reached out to those around him. "I did hair demonstrations in public schools, I did a cut-a-thon to raise money for the community. I gave discounts for seniors, government workers, and for students too."

Things went smoothly until 1989, when Parker's then-19-year-old son Rodney, an aspiring rap singer, was fatally shot while trying to break up an argument. "He was just in the wrong place at the wrong time," Parker says.

But from that tragedy ultimately came good. Deeply affected by his son's murder, Parker and five high-school buddies — some of whom also were ex-cons — got together in 1991 and formed the Alliance of Concerned Men. Arthur "Rico" Rush Jr., an Alliance member and one-time prisoner who conquered homelessness and addiction to become a drug counselor, said the men were "outraged by the constant siege of drugs, violence, teenage pregnancy, illiteracy, and murder. We wanted to work with kids and inmates, get fathers to talk to their kids, convince a kid not to pull a gun and kill our sons and daughters."

Persuading the kids sometimes took work. Thomas "Derrick" Ross says he was initially puzzled when Parker and Rush stepped onto his turf. Now, he realizes, they were the first adults to be seriously interested in the young gang members. "I guess it was just that they were there. After hours they were there. Nobody else tried to understand what happened to us. We were a little too old for father figures. Most of us were already fathers. We looked at them as older brother figures."

Today Ross, 26, works for the city Housing Authority. He echoes Parker when he says, "We are taking responsibility. I didn't understand that you can't do things to your community without doing it to your child, your woman."

Parker says his proudest Alliance moment came on the first-year anniversary of brokering the Benning Terrace truce. “We marched down the street ...you go back there now and you see the kids out in the community playing, the people walking around without the element of fear, people just enjoying themselves.”

There have been some potential relapses, of course. About 18 months after the Benning Terrace cease-fire, Parker confronted a young tough threatening the new peace. “He was in a crack house and I went inside to see him and he said, ‘Get out of my face.’ He had a colostomy bag on one side where he had been shot in the stomach and an Uzi machine gun on the other. And I said, ‘we are men trying to help you.’ He was just out of jail and had worked with us but said he made more money hustling. We couldn’t let him take back the projects to how it used to be.” Parker spoke with the youth, but in the long run was unable to turn him around.

“He’s locked up in jail now,” he says.

Today, thanks to his Alliance work, Parker finds himself in places he never dreamed of. In 1998, he testified on Capitol Hill. The last time he’d sat at a witness table he was a criminal defendant. Now he was a guest of Congress, describing to House members a proposal for how Washington police could work with juvenile offenders. His goal, as always, was to rescue potential criminals early, while still making sure they assumed responsibility for their actions.

Parker also has been to the White House, where he chatted with then-President Clinton about the Alliance, and has traveled the country speaking to grass-roots groups. But his main work is always where it began, in the troubled neighborhoods of Washington.

“The greatest thing about this,” he says, “is that the kids see black, strong men in their communities. When they see us, our attire is always nice, our demeanor is always strong. I tell them, ‘You need to be respecting your wife, you need a job, you need to be part of your community.’ We call for them to measure up.”

## LITERATURE

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