

REVIEW OF A VIDEO GAME SAM & MAX (PC)

By Christovsky

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/joyypad 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.

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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.

TOEFL

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!

excellent variety

hate jazz!

discounts?

better than disco

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.

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

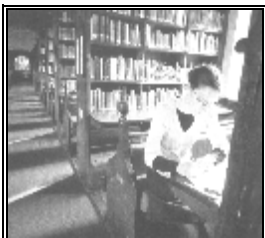
There's _____ embarrassment at being given the award.

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, well, 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.”

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.

Text 7.9

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* in 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 границ*. And he is just as (17) *энтузиаст* of 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. 2. 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 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. 3. 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. This.

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. 4. Read the final paragraph again. Do you agree with the author? Prepare to talk about it in class.

Ex. 5. 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 like Mister, 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 homeless-ness.”

“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’U 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 Pampers, 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 Jinjin Li. 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?”

“Bugger all,” 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?

Text 9.4

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 MVRCCR 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 MVRCCR. 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, MVRCCR'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 MVRCCR, 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—

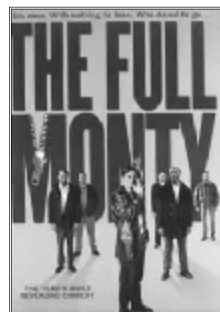
the latest as an academic coach in Utica city schools. He is determined to one day become a doctor and says he won't rest until it happens. "That is my goal," he adds. "I am praying to God to help me." In a little-known American city that's become, for many, a land of opportunity, Ibrahim is likely to 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. “Gurrrrrr!” 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 mare 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 Krokitt, 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."

"Ill 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 women.”

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.”

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Репозиторий БарГУ

Производственно-практическое издание

Маслов Юрий Всеволодович
Маслова Марина Еновна

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Заведующий РИО *Е. Г. Хохол*

Технический редактор *А. Н. Охрименко*

Подписано в печать 26.05.2014.
Формат 60 × 84 1/16. Бумага офсетная.
Гарнитура Таймс. Отпечатано на ризографе.
Усл. печ. л. 15,11. Уч.-изд. л. 13,29.
Заказ 51. Тираж 90 экз.

ЛИ 02330/0552803 от 09.02.2010

Издатель и полиграфическое исполнение:
учреждение образования
«Барановичский государственный университет»,
225404, г. Барановичи, ул. Войкова, 21.

Факультет

славянских

и германских

языков

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Специальности:

- ✓ Английский язык. Немецкий язык;
- ✓ Немецкий язык. Английский язык;
- ✓ Иностранный язык (английский);
- ✓ Белорусский язык и литература. Иностранный язык (английский).

Учебные планы по всем специальностям создают основу для овладения иностранными языками на профессиональном уровне. Среди основных дисциплин — практика устной и письменной речи, практическая и теоретическая фонетика, практическая и теоретическая грамматика, методика преподавания иностранного языка, типология родного и иностранного языков, история языка, страноведение, зарубежная литература.

Особой популярностью у студентов пользуются курсы «Профессиональная культура», «Основы межкультурной коммуникации», «Интерпретация иноязычного поэтического текста», «Методическая грамотность», «Видеотехнологии в обучении иностранным языкам» и др.

**РЕДАКЦИОННО-
ИЗДАТЕЛЬСКИЙ
ОТДЕЛ**

БарГУ

- √ Учебные пособия
- √ Учебно-методические комплексы
- √ Практические пособия
- √ Практические руководства
- √ Монографии
- √ Сборники научных статей
- √ Материалы конференций
- √ «Вестник БарГУ»

