

МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ
ПРИКАРПАТСЬКИЙ НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ
ІМЕНІ ВАСИЛЯ СТЕФАНІКА
КАФЕДРА АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ ФІЛОЛОГІЇ

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AFTERMATH

By *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
 And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
 And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
 Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
 In the silence and the gloom.

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REMEMBER

By *Christina Rossetti*

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

STUDENT'S SELF-STUDY

- Read the poem.
- Work out the number of syllables and decide which ones are stressed. Mark the syllable pattern on the paper showing unstressed syllables as *dots* and stressed syllables as *boxes*.
- Add a small '*intonation arrow*' coming out from the right of each box, showing the direction of the intonation e.g. If the intonation starts high and then falls, draw the arrow from the top-right corner of the box going diagonally down.
- Record your reading the poem following the syllable and intonation marks you have provided.

THE CLOUD

By *Percy Bysshe Shelley*

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

INTRODUCTION

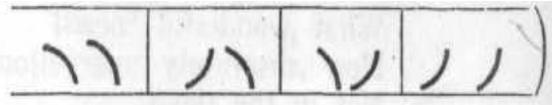
Intonation proves to be the most difficult aspect of the English language studying for foreigners. The research of this aspect reveals the complexity of the interrelation of the components of the intonation on the articulatory, acoustic, perceptive and linguistic levels. The manual supplies the material intended for the students who have already studied the connection existing between this or that intonation contour and this or that communicative type of utterance and realize the predominance of the semantic principle over the syntactic one.

The old strict rules recommending the use of the falling tones in statements or special questions and rising tones in general questions or requests remain; they are reliable in the case of utterances without any connotations and are treated as the most typical rules, illustrating the main tendency in the relations between form and function in English intonation. In many of the exercises supplied in the manual the situational principle has been used, which makes it clear that the intonation of the subsequent utterance is usually conditioned by the intonation of the preceding one.

In sentences containing more than one sense-group, the choice of tone for the final sense-group is determined by the communicative type of the sentence, e. g. a categoric statement, an ordinary special question, a command, an exclamation require a falling tone, while a non-categoric statement, a general question, a request require a rising tone, and a statement with implication requires a falling-rising tone, etc.

In the choice of tone to be used in a non-final sense-group one should be guided by the degree of semantic completeness of this sense-group, its semantic importance in comparison with the subsequent sense-group, and its independence of what comes after it. Thus, **the sequence of tones**

in sentences of more than one sense-group (this sequence can be graphically represented by the following possible variants:



is derived from the content and the aim of the sentence as a whole, and the semantic weight of its parts, represented by its sense-groups.

The falling tone is used in a non-final sense-group that makes complete sense and can stand by itself, being more or less independent of the subsequent sense-group.

Example:

It was 'cold and comfortless, | for there was 'no fire in the grate.

The **rising** tone is used in a non-final sense-group that is not fully understandable, cannot stand by itself, and is closely connected in meaning with the subsequent sense-group. It also implies continuation, or secondary importance in comparison to the sense-group which comes after it.

The general rules given above can be illustrated by the use of both falling and rising tones in the example given below:

The 'old 'woman who con'fronted me in the 'passage of the inn | 'turned 'out to be the landlady. On 'learning that I in'tended to 'pass the 'night at her house, | she con'ducted me into a 'small 'room on the 'right-hand 'side of the passage, | which 'proved to be the parlour. It was 'cold and comfortless, | for there was 'no fire in the grate.

Emphatic Speech

When the speaker's aim is to express only the intellectual content of the thought, i. e. when he does not mean to express his own attitude or emotions, and does not wish to

became quite clear again, and he saw as well as he had ever done. Then he led her to his kingdom, where they were received and welcomed with great joy, and they lived happily ever after.

during the day. The old Witch, of course, knew nothing of what was going on, till one day Rapunzel, not thinking of what she was about, turned to the Witch and said:

'How is it, good, mother, that you are so much harder to pull up than the young Prince? He is always with me in a moment.'

'Oh! You wicked child,' cried the Witch. 'What is this I hear? I thought I had hidden you safely from the whole world, and in spite of it you have managed to deceive me.'

In her wrath she seized Rapunzel's beautiful hair, wound it round and round her left hand, and then grasping a pair of scissors in her right, snip snap, off it came, and the beautiful plaits lay on the ground. And, worse than this, she was so hard-hearted that she took Rapunzel to a lonely desert place, and there left her to live in loneliness and misery.

But on the evening of the day in which she had driven poor Rapunzel away, the Witch fastened the plaits on to a hook in the window, and when the Prince came and called out:

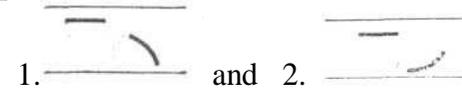
'Rapunzel, Rapunzel, Let down your golden hair,' she let them down, and the Prince climbed up as usual, but instead of his beloved Rapunzel he found the old Witch, who fixed her evil, glittering eyes on him, and cried mockingly:

'Ah, ah! You thought to find your lady love, but the pretty bird has flown and its song is dumb; the cat caught it, and will scratch out your eyes too. Rapunzel is lost to you for ever—you will never see her more.'

The Prince was beside himself with grief, and in his despair he jumped right down from the tower, and, though he escaped with his life, the thorns among which he fell pierced his eyes out. Then he wandered, blind and miserable, through the wood, eating nothing but roots and berries, and weeping and lamenting the loss of his lovely bride. So he wandered about for some years, as wretched and unhappy as he could well be, and at last he came to the desert place where Rapunzel was living. Of a sudden he heard a voice which seemed strangely familiar to him. He walked eagerly in the direction of the sound, and when he was quite close, Rapunzel recognised him and fell on his neck and wept. But two of her tears touched his eyes, and in a moment they

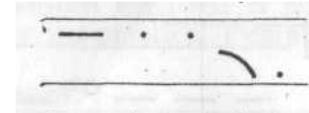
give any particular prominence to any part of the utterance, his speech may be called unemphatic (emphasis = prominence).

Two intonation contours are most commonly used in unemphatic speech:



Examples:

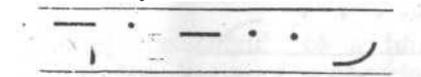
1. 'Let's take a taxi



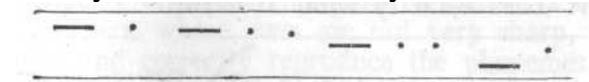
I 'want to 'talk to you about a 'very 'private matter.



2. 'Have you 'been to the zoo?



'Will you 'show me the 'way to the station?



However, people often desire either to make the whole of the utterance particularly significant or to make one or more words more prominent than the others. Such aims can be achieved in many ways by using special intonation.

All of the main components of intonation (speech melody, sentence stress, rhythm, tempo and timbre) can be used for this purpose, individually as well as jointly.

To emphasize the whole of the utterance we can:

(a) Widen the range of the utterance or narrow it.

Compare: 'Which of the 'books have you read?

unemphatic	emphatic	
	with a widened range	with a narrowed range

(b) Modify the head of the intonation contour, i. e. instead of the stepping head, typical of unemphatic speech, use the low head or the sliding head.

Compare: unemphatic (with the stepping head):
It 'isn't e'xactly what I want.

emphatic (with the low head):
It isn't e xactly what I want.

emphatic (with the sliding head):
It isn't e xactly what I want.

(c) Increase stress on all the stressed words.

To give the prominence to one or more separate words of the utterance we can:

spun gold. Whenever she heard the Witch's voice she unloosed her plaits, and let her hair fall down out of the window about twenty yards below, and the old Witch climbed up by it.

After they had lived like this for a few years, it happened one day that a Prince was riding through the wood and passed by the tower. As he drew near it he heard someone singing so sweetly that he stood still spell-bound, and listened. It was Rapunzel in her loneliness trying to while away the time by letting her sweet voice ring out into the wood. The Prince longed to see the owner of the voice, but he sought in vain for a door in the tower. He rode home, but he was so haunted by the song he had heard that he returned every day to the wood and listened. One day, when he was standing thus behind a tree, he saw the old Witch approach and heard her call out: 'Rapunzel, Rapunzel, Let down your golden hair.'

Then Rapunzel let down her plaits, and the Witch climbed up by them.

'So that's the staircase, is it?' said the Prince. 'Then I too will climb it and try my luck.'

So on the following day, at dusk, he went to the foot of the tower and cried:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel, Let down your golden hair,' and as soon as she had let it down the Prince climbed up.

At first Rapunzel was terribly frightened when a man came in, for she had never seen one before; but the Prince spoke to her so kindly, and told her at once that his heart had been so touched by her singing, that he felt he should know no peace of mind till he had seen her. Very soon Rapunzel forgot her fear, and when he asked her to marry him she consented at once. 'For,' she thought, 'he is young and handsome, and I'll certainly be happier with him than with the old Witch.' So she put her hand in his and said:

'Yes, I will gladly go with you, only how am I to get down out of the tower? Every time you come to see me you must bring a skein of silk with you, and I will make a ladder of them, and when it is finished I will climb down by it, and you will take me away on your horse.'

They arranged that till the ladder was ready, he was to come to her every evening, because the old woman was with her

became quite pale and wretched. Then her husband grew alarmed and said: 'What ails you, dear wife?'

'Oh,' she answered, 'if I don't get some rampion to eat out of the garden behind the house, I know I shall die.'

The man, who loved her dearly, thought to himself, 'Come! Rather than let your wife die you shall fetch her some rampion, no matter the cost.' So at dusk he climbed over the wall into the witch's garden, and, hastily gathering a handful of rampion leaves, he returned with them to his wife. She made them into a salad, which tasted so good that her longing for the forbidden food was greater than ever. If she were to know any peace of mind, there was nothing for it but that her husband should climb over the garden wall again, and fetch her some more. So at dusk over he got, but when he reached the other side he drew back in terror, for there, standing before him, was the old witch.

'How dare you,' she said, with a wrathful glance, 'climb into my garden and steal my rampion like a common thief? You shall suffer for your foolhardiness.'

'Oh!' he implored, 'pardon my presumption; necessity alone drove me to the deed. My wife saw your rampion from her window, and conceived such a desire for it that she would certainly have died if her wish had not been gratified.' Then the Witch's anger was a little appeased, and she said:

'If it's as you say, you may take as much rampion away with you as you like, but on one condition only—that you give me the child your wife will shortly bring into the world. All shall go well with it, and I will look after it like a mother.'

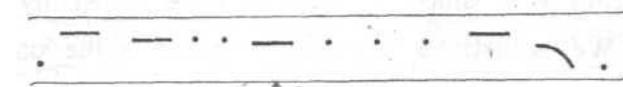
The man in his terror agreed to everything she asked, and as soon as the child was born the Witch appeared, and having given it the name of Rapunzel, which is the same as rampion, she carried it off with her.

Rapunzel was the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve years old the Witch shut her up in a tower, in the middle of a great wood, and the tower had neither stairs nor doors, only high up at the very top a small window. When the old Witch wanted to get in she stood underneath and called out:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel, Let down your golden hair,'
for Rapunzel had wonderful long hair, and it was as fine as

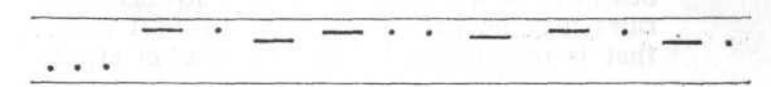
(a) Break the regularly descending scale of the stepping head by raising the pitch of the word to be made prominent slightly higher than the pitch of the preceding stressed word, e. g.

I 'saw 'clearly e'nough that I was ↑not welcome.

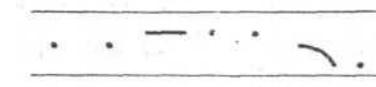


This "**special**" rise [↑] can be used more than once in the same utterance, e. g.

In about 'half an 'hour one of the 'girls came to 'tell me



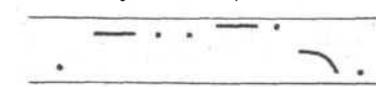
that my supper was ready.



After each rise the gradual descent is renewed. The **special rise** does not reach the pitch of the first stressed syllable in the sense group.

Only when the special rise is used on the second stressed word is the pitch of this word higher than that of the first stressed syllable, e. g:

The 'boy is an ↑awful liar.



The degree of prominence achieved by the special rise is in this case greater.

(b) Omit stresses on all the words which are normally stressed in unemphatic speech, leaving stress only on the nucleus; the latter will receive great prominence, particularly

if one of the widely-ranged tones is used on it, e. g.

Compare:

unemphatic – 'What are you 'going to do a bout it?

emphatic – What are you going to do about it?

(c) Stress one of the words that are normally unstressed in unemphatic speech (personal pronouns, prepositions, auxiliary verbs, etc.), e. g.

You should go there.

The book is under the table.

How 'are you 'going to get home?

(d) Use one of the main widely-ranged tones (high fall, rise-fall, fall-rise) on the word to be made prominent, e. g.

Compare:

unemphatic – You 'can't walk, it's 'too far.

emphatic – You can't walk, it's 'too far.

unemphatic – I could 'hardly be'lieve my eyes.

emphatic – I could hardly believe my eyes.

unemphatic – You 'look lovely, my dear.

Goldilocks heard their voices and woke up with a start. She saw the Three Bears standing there looking right . . . at . . . HER! She was so surprised she forgot to be frightened. She just sat and stared.

Then Goldilocks remembered where she was —and that she shouldn't have been there at all! Quick as a wink she jumped out of bed and ran down the stairs. Out the door she went. And she didn't stop to look back until she was safe at home.

But the Three Bears laughed when they saw her go. "Well," said Papa Bear. "That's quite an adventure for one day!"

"It was indeed!" said Mama Bear, "quite an adventure!"

"It certainly was! And ...and now...now I want my breakfast."



RAPUNZEL

Once upon a time there lived a man and his wife who were very unhappy because they had no children. These good people had a little window at the back of their house, which looked into the most lovely garden, full of all manner of beautiful flowers and vegetables; but the garden was surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to enter it, for it belonged to a witch of great power, who was feared by the whole world. One day the woman stood at the window overlooking the garden, and saw there a bed full of the finest rampion: the leaves looked so fresh and green that she longed to eat them. The desire grew day by day, and just because she knew she couldn't possibly get any, she pined away and

fast asleep.

Just about this time, the Three Bears came walking back through the woods. The basket Papa Bear carried on his arm was filled to the brim with acorns.

Mama Bear was wearing a blue flower in the brim of her hat.

And Baby Bear was running round and round in circles and jumping up and down.

When they came to the house they saw the front door was wide open. They ran inside and looked all around.

"Why! Someone has been sitting on my chair!" said Papa Bear in his rough voice.

"Yes, indeed! And someone has been sitting on my chair!" cried Mama Bear in a middle-sized voice.

"And look!" squeaked Baby Bear, "someone has been sitting on my chair and it's broken all to pieces!"

Then the Three Bears looked at the table.

"Someone has been eating my porridge!" said Papa Bear in a rough, gruff voice.

"And someone has been eating my porridge!" said Mama Bear in her middle-sized voice.

"And somebody —somebody has been eating my porridge and has eaten it all up!"

Then up the stairs they ran. First they opened the door to Papa Bear's room.

"Someone has been sleeping in my bed!" he said in his rough voice.

Then they ran down the hall to Mama Bear's room. "And someone has been sleeping in my bed!" she said in her middle-sized voice.

Then they all ran down the hall to Baby Bear's room and carefully pushed open the door.

Papa Bear stuck his nose around the corner. Mama Bear looked under his elbow.

Baby Bear got down on his four little paws and peeped between their feet.

"Someone has been sleeping in my bed! And there she is now!"

emphatic – You look lovely, my dear.

There seem to be two main motives for giving prominence, i. e. emphasis, in speech; they are intensity and contrast.

Intensity emphasis is often used on words which contain in their lexical meaning a possibility of some degree or quantity, such as: *crowds, tons, miles, hours, enormous, tiny, etc., adore, lovely, awful, wonderful, etc.*

Examples:

Lots!

Terribly foolish.

It's so expensive.

He 'used to enjoy it so.

It was a mazing.

Contrast emphasis is possible with any words, including purely grammatical ("empty") words.

Examples:

'Now it's your turn.

Would you have liked it?

'I think you're optimistic.

Why 'must you be so obstinate?

Listen to the recording and read the conversational passages sticking to the intonation contours.

Conversational passage 1.

ˈðæts əˌnaɪs ˌsju:t aɪˈhævŋt ˈsi:nɪt bɪˌfɔ: | ˌhævaɪ
 || ˈnəʊ ɪtsðəˈfɜ:s ˈtaɪm aɪvˈwɔ:nɪt ˌæktʃəli aɪˈəʊnlɪ ˈɡɒtɪt əˌbaʊt
 ˌfɔ: ˌdeɪz əˌgəʊ ju:ˈlaɪkɪt ˌdu:ju:
 ˈveri ˈmʌtʃ ˈdɪdju: ˈhævɪt ˈspeɪlɪ ˌmeɪd ˈɔ: ˈdɪdju: ˈbaɪt ˈɒf
 ðəˈpeg||
 aɪˈhædɪt ˈmeɪd| aɪˈveri ˈreəli ˌbaɪ əˌsju:t | səʊaɪˈθɔ:t aɪdˈhævɪt
 ˈteɪləd əˌnaɪmˈkwaɪt ˈpli:zdwɪðɪt
 || aɪˌʃʊd ˈθɪŋksəʊ | ɪtsˈveri ˈhænsəm ˈmeɪaɪ ˈɑ:sk ˈweə ju: ˌɡɒtɪt |
 | ðəˈseɪm ˈpleɪs əˌzɑ:ˈɡɒt məɪˈlɑ:stwʌŋ | ˈnaɪnti:n ˈjɪz əˌgəʊ
 ˈnaɪnti:n ˌjɪz | dɛju:ˈriəli ˈmi:n təˌtelmɪ: | ju:ˈhævnt ˈhæd əˈsju:t
 ˈsɪns ˌðen
 ˈðæts ˌraɪt aɪˈdəʊnt ˈɒfn ˈweər əˌsju:t ju:ˌsi: | səʊðerˈtend
 təˈlɑ:st əˈlɒŋ ˈtaɪm
 | ˈnaɪnti:n ˈjɪz ɪzˈsɜ:tŋli əˈlɒŋ ˈtaɪm | ənˈi:vən ɪfju:ˈdəʊnt ˈweəðəm
 ˌmʌtʃ ɔ:ˈrəʊldwʌŋ ˈmʌstəv ˈlɑ:stɪd ˈwel |
 ˈəʊ ɪtˈdɪd ðerˌdɪd əˌveri ˈɡʊd ˈdʒɒbɒnɪt
 ˌwɒt wəzðəˌneɪm əvðəˈteɪlə
 ˈfɪlɪpsŋ ɪtsˈkwaɪt əˈsmɔ:l ˌʃɒp | ˈraɪt əˈði:ˈend əvˈkɪŋ ˌstri:t||
 ˈaɪ ˌnəʊɪt ˈrɑ:ðər əˈʃæbi ˌlʊkɪŋ ˌpleɪs | aɪvˈnevə bi:n ˈɪndəə
 aɪˈwʊdnt ˈkɔ:lɪt ˈʃæbi bəˈtɪt ˈɪzŋt ˈveri ˈmɒdŋ aɪədˈmɪt haʊˈevə |
 ðerəˈveri əˈblaɪdzɪŋ ənˌteɪk əˈɡreɪt ˈdi:l əvˈtrʌb||
 ˈsəʊ aɪkənˈsi: aɪˈθɪŋk aɪˌgəʊ əˈlɒŋðer aɪˈni:d əˌn]u: ˌsju:t ˈəʊ |
 ˈbaɪ ðəˈwei ˈwɒt ɔ:t əvˈpraɪsɪz dæðerˌtʃɑ:dʒ
 ˈprɪtɪ ˈri:znəbl ˌriəli ˈðɪs wəzˈeɪtɪ ˈpaʊndz
 ˈðæts ˌnɒt ˌbæd aɪˈθɪŋk aɪˌlʊk ˈɪndəə təˈmɒrəʊ |
 ˈjes ˈdu: | ˈmenʃən ˈmaɪ ˈneɪm ɪfju: ˌlaɪk | ɪtˈwəʊnt ˈdu:enɪ ˈhɑ:m |
 ənɪtˈmaɪt ˈdu: səmˈɡʊd aɪvˈdʒʌs ˈpeɪd məɪˈbɪl |

right! But when she sat down, it broke into a hundred pieces!

"Oh," cried Goldilocks, "that chair was much too small!"

Then she ran over to the table. First she dipped the spoon into the big, red bowl.

"Oh, this porridge is too hot!"

Then she dipped the spoon into the middle-sized blue bowl. "Oh, this porridge is too cold!"

Then Goldilocks tasted the porridge in the little yellow bowl. It wasn't too hot and it wasn't too cold. It was just right! So she ate it all up.

By this time Goldilocks was very sleepy. Slowly she went up the stairs. There wasn't a sound in the house. Outside a fat cricket and a green katydid sang, to each other in the morning air. Goldilocks walked down the hallway and pushed open a door.

Inside was a room with a great big bed. Goldilocks was so tired she thought she'd lie down and take a nap. But the bed was very high and she had to jump to get on top. And she landed thump-bump!

"Oh my!" cried Goldilocks. "This bed is much too hard. I can't sleep in this one!" So she jumped off and went on down the hall.

The next room also had a bed in it. This was a middle-sized bed with a soft, blue cover and two white pillows tied with blue ribbons. At the foot of the bed was a blanket of soft, soft wool. Goldilocks thought she could snuggle under it and be fast asleep in no time at all. But when she climbed onto the bed she sank down—down-down into the deep mattress.

"Oh-h-h-h, this bed is much too soft! If I sleep here I might sink all the way down to the floor." So Goldilocks climbed to the edge and jumped off.

At the end of the hall there was another door. Inside was a room with a tiny little bed. It had a yellow checked cover and a neat little pillow to cushion her head.

It wasn't too high and it wasn't too low.

It wasn't too hard and it wasn't too soft.

It wasn't too long and it wasn't too short.

It was just right.

So Goldilocks pulled the covers up to her chin and fell fast,

And Baby Bear just went skippity-yippity, bumpity, bumble-bee, hippity-hoppity, wham-bip-bobbity-all over the place!

Off they went down the woody path until they were out of sight.

Now, just at this very moment a little girl was walking in the woods. And because her hair was the color of buttercups and summer sunshine, she was called Goldilocks. She had gone into the woods to fill her apron with flowers and it seemed the farther she went the more beautiful the flowers became.

Goldilocks came down the path looking first to the left and then to the right.

But when she saw the little house of tree-bark and branches she stopped short.

"Why, what a cute little house!" she thought. "It has a thatched roof. And a green door. I think I'll just peep in!"

There was no one about to tell her not to, so she ran to the house and peeked around the door. There was no one inside.

She knocked. No one answered.

So she walked right in.

She was standing in the cutest little room you ever saw. Over by the window was a table set for breakfast. There were three bowls – a red one, a blue one, and a yellow one – and they were steaming with delicious porridge.

Goldilocks sniffed. Then she sniffed again. It smelled so good, she went a little closer and gave a really big sniff. Oh, it smelled like the most delicious porridge in the whole world!

And then she saw three chairs.

The first one was a big, tall chair with a red cushion on the seat. She climbed into it and sat down. It was so high the tips of her toes didn't even touch the floor!

"Oh, this chair is much too high!" So she jumped off.

Next she tried the middle-sized chair. This one had a blue, silk cushion on the seat and a little ruffled frill all around the edge.

Goldilocks sat down and leaned back. "Oh, this chair is much too soft for me!" And she jumped down.

Then Goldilocks saw the smallest chair of all. It had a round yellow cushion tied to the back with tassels. It looked just

That's a nice suit. I haven't seen it before, have I?

No. It's the first time I've worn it, actually. I only got it about four days ago. You like it, do you?

Very much. Did you have it specially made, or did you buy it off the peg?

I had it made. I very rarely buy a suit, so I thought I'd have it tailored, and I'm quite pleased with it.

I should think so. It's very handsome. May I ask where you got it?

The same place as I got my last one, nineteen years ago.

Nineteen years? Do you really mean to tell me you haven't had a suit since then?

That's right. I don't often wear a suit, you see, so they tend to last a long time.

Nineteen years is certainly a long time; and even if you don't wear them much, your old one must have lasted well.

Oh, it did. They did a very good job on it.

What was the name of the tailor?

Philipson. It's quite a small shop right at the end of King Street.

I know it. Rather a shabby-looking place. I've never been in there.

I wouldn't call it shabby, but it isn't very modern, I admit. However, they're very obliging, and take a great deal of trouble.

So I can see. I think I'll go along there. I need a new suit. Oh, by the way, what sort of prices do they charge?

Pretty reasonable, really. This was eighty pounds.

That's not bad. I think I'll look in there tomorrow.

Yes, do. Mention my name if you like. It won't do any harm, and it might do some good. I've just paid my bill.

Conversational passage 2.

aɪ'ni:d ə'kʌp| əv\ ʃə:ts 'greɪ 'terəli:n ,pli:z
 |'sɜ:tɪnli ,sɜ: aɪ'dʒʌs 'getsʌm 'aʊt 'wʊdju: 'maɪnd 'teɪkɪŋ ə ,si:t
 fəə'mɪnɪt aɪ'ʃɑ:nt bɪ ,lɒŋ
 'nəʊ 'dəʊnt bɪ ,tu: ,lɒŋ aɪ'hævŋt 'veri 'mʌtʃ 'taɪm
 'veri ,gʊd 'sɜ: 'hɪəz ə ,naɪs ,ʃɜ:t wi:'sel ə'lət əv ,ðɪswʌn
 'du:ju: ,naʊ 'jes ɪtsðə'sɔ:təv 'stʌɪl aɪ ,wɒnt bə'taɪ'ɑ:st fə'greɪ
 'ðɪsɪz 'pɜ:p|
 ,pɜ:p| 'sɜ: 'ʃʊəli ,nɒt ɪts'wɒt 'wi: kɔ:l 'sɪlvə 'blu:
 welɪt'lʊks 'pɜ:p| tə ,mi: 'enɪweɪ aɪd'lʌk 'sʌmθɪŋ ə'ɪt| les
 'braɪt 'mɔ: 'lʌk ðə'wʌn aɪm 'weəriŋ
 'əʊ 'ðæt ,sɔ:t əv ,greɪ aɪ hævŋt 'si:n 'ðæt fə'jɪəz
 aɪ'bo:tɪt 'hɪə , 'sɪks 'mʌnθs ə gəʊ
 dɪdju: ,rɪəli 'sɜ: ɪt mʌstəvbi:n 'əʊld 'stɒk
 wel'si: ɪfju:v'stɪl gɒt'eni 'left ,wɪlju:
 'ɑ: ,jes 'hɪə wi: ɑ: aɪm 'sɒri ə ,baʊt ðə ,dʌst 'sɜ: kænəɪ 'lendju:
 ə ,hæŋkətʃi:f
 'nəʊ ,θæŋkju: aɪl sə ,vaɪv 'jes 'ðæt ,lʊks ,betə 'hævju: ə'nʌðəwʌn
 ,lʌkɪt
 aɪmə freɪd 'nɒt ,sɜ: ɪts'prɒbəblɪ ðə lɑ:st ɪnðə'kʌntrɪ
 'əʊ ɔ:l ,raɪt aɪl'teɪkɪt 'hʌʊmʌtʃ 'ɪzɪt
 'twelv 'paʊndz ,sɜ: ɪtwəzə'veri 'gʊd 'ʃɜ:t ɪnɪts ,taɪm
 aɪʃʊd'θɪŋk ,səʊ ət twelv ,paʊndz 'kænəɪ 'peɪ baɪ ,tʃek
 'sɜ:tɪnli ,sɜ: ju: 'hæv ə ,tʃekkɑ:d
 'jes aɪ'hæv
 ən wʊdju: 'dʒʌs 'pʊtjɔ: neɪm ənə'dres ɒndə ,bæk
 aɪkən'nevər ʌndə'stænd ,ðæt 'ɪf ðə'tʃek wəz'nəʊ 'gʊd aɪd'pʊt
 ə'fɒls ,neɪm ənə ,dres| 'wʊdŋt ,ju:
 jɔ: 'dʒʊkɪŋ ,sɜ:r| əf'kɔ:s aɪ nætʃərəli ə'sju:m jɔ:'tʃek ɪz'gʊd |
 'veri 'trʌstɪŋ ,ɒvju: ɪt'ɪz əzə ,mætər əv ,fækt
 ɪzðəə'eniθɪŋ 'els ju: ,ni:d ,sɜ: | ,taɪz ,sɒks ,vests
 aɪ ,dəʊnt ,θɪŋk 'səʊ | ,θæŋkju: 'gʊd ,mɔ:nɪŋ
 'gʊd ,deɪ ,sɜ: |

I need a couple of shirts. Grey terylene, please.

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

Adapted by Nancy Sokoloff • Original music composed and conducted by Curtis Biever • David Allen, narrator

Once upon a time, in the very middle of the deep, dark wood, there lived three bears. There was Papa Bear. He was big and woolly and black.

There was Mama Bear. She was medium and curly and brown. And there was Baby Bear. He was little and silky and blond. They all lived together in a house of tree-bark and branches. And they roamed all day in the woods.

One morning Papa Bear looked out of the window and he said in his rough, gruff voice: "Looks like a fine, fine day!"

And Mama Bear said in her in-between-voice: "That's nice for a change."

And Baby Bear piped: "Just-the-kind-of-a-day-to-go-for-a-walk!"

And he ran to get his red hat and coat. Mama Bear thought for a moment...

"Well," she said, "It just happens that I do need a few more acorns for my pie. So we'll take a basket and go for a walk in the woods. But first, we must pour the porridge in the bowls. When we come back it will be just cool enough to eat."

"Acorn pie!" Papa Bear pulled down his vest and he licked his nose. He loved acorn pie better than anything else in the world. "Acorn pie! I'll go with you and I'll even carry the basket! Um-m-m-m-Acorn pie!"

So the Three Bears set out for a walk in the woods. Papa Bear led the way. He carried a cane in his hand and the basket on his arm.

Behind him came Mama Bear. She held a blue parasol over her head to keep her nose from being sunburned.

And last of all came Baby Bear. He wore new striped trousers and his red hat and coat.

Papa Bear took long steps.

Mama Bear took medium steps.

Cinderella stepped into the magic coach, and quickly drove away. As the clock struck for the twelfth time, the magic ended! Cinderella was left with a pumpkin, some mice, and the memory of her wonderful evening.

The next morning, the whole kingdom was wondering who the mysterious girl was. The only clue was the lost slipper. The Grand Duke carried the glass shoe from house to house looking for its owner, for the Prince had said he would marry no one but the girl who could wear the tiny slipper.

Every girl in the land tried hard to put the slipper on. The ugly stepsisters tried hardest of all! But it was no use. Not a single girl could fit her foot into the glass shoe.

And where was Cinderella? Locked in her room. The mean old stepmother was taking no chances that poor Cinderella would try on the slipper. But Cinderella's mice friends found the key and rushed it up to the locked room.

The Duke was just about to leave. "Well, madam, if you have no other daughters, I'll bid you good day." Just then, he heard a voice calling to him.

"Please wait! May I try the slipper?" It was Cinderella.

"Of course," said the Duke. "Every girl must have a chance. Please sit down." He slid the glass shoe onto Cinderella's foot, and it fit perfectly.

Cinderella's dream had come true. No longer would she slave for her cruel stepmother and her foolish stepmother and her foolish stepsisters. She would marry the Prince and live happily ever after.

And what became of the little mice who had been Cinderella's friends? They went to the palace, too. And they all lived happily ever after.



Certainly, sir. I'll just get some out. Would you mind taking a seat for a minute. I shan't be long.

No, don't be too long. I haven't very much time.

Very good, sir. Here's a nice shirt; we sell a lot of this one.

Do you, now? Yes, it's the sort of style I want, but I asked for grey. This is purple.

Purple, sir? Surely not. It's what we call silver-blue.

Well, it looks purple to me. Anyway, I'd like something a little less bright, more like the one I'm wearing.

Oh, that sort of grey. I haven't seen that for years.

I bought it here, six months ago.

Did you really, sir? It must have been old stock.

Well, see if you've still got any left, will you?

Ah, yes, here we are. I'm sorry about the dust, sir. Can I lend you a handkerchief?

No, thank you, I'll survive. Yes, that looks better.

Have you another one like it?

I'm afraid not, sir. It's probably the last in the country.

Oh, all right, I'll take it. How much is it?

Twelve pounds, sir. It was a very good shirt in its time I should think so, at twelve pounds. Can I pay by cheque?

Certainly, sir. You have a cheque card?

Yes, I have.

And would you just put your name and address on the back?

I can never understand that. If the cheque was no good, I'd put a false name and address, wouldn't you?

You're joking, sir, of course. I naturally assume your cheque is good.

Very trusting of you. It is, as a matter of fact.

Is there anything else you need, sir? Ties, socks, vests?

I don't think so, thank you. Good morning.

Good day, sir.

Conversational passage 3.

| ʲɔ:r ə,ɡɑ:d nər | ʼɑ:ntju: dəʲju:nəs ʼenɪθɪŋ əʼbaʊt ʼbɪzɪ
|lɪzɪz
əʼbaʊt ,wɒt ʼbɪzɪ ,lɪzɪz wɒtɒn ʼɜ:θ əʼðeɪ |
| ʼəʊ aɪ ʼθɔ:tju:d ʼnəs ðeɪə ʼhɑʊs ,plɑ:nts aɪv ʼdʒʌsbɪ:n ʼɡɪvŋwʌn |
bɑɪmɑɪ ʼsɪstər ənɑɪ wɒnt tə ʼnəs ʼhɑʊ təlʊk ʼɑ:ftərɪt
aɪmə freɪd aɪ ʼdəʊnt ʼnəs ,mɑtʃ ə ,baʊt ,hɑʊs ,plɑ:nts bətɑɪv ʼɡɒt
əʼbʊk ,sʌmwɛə ðæt ,mɑɪt ,help lets ʼsi: ʼɑ: ,jes ʼhɪər ɪt ,ɪz
ðə ʼkeər əv ʼhɑʊs ,plɑ:nts ʼm: ʼðæt ,lʊks ,ju:zɪf |
dəju: hæpən tə ʼnəs ðə ,lætɪn ʼneɪməvɪt
aɪmə ʼfreɪd aɪ ʼdəʊnt ʼbɪzɪ ʼlɪzɪz ði: ,əʊnlɪ ,neɪm aɪv ,hɜ:d |
ʼwɒt dəzɪt ʼlʊk ,lɑɪk
welɪts ,ɡɒt ə rɑ:ðə ʼwɔ:tərɪt ʼlʊkɪŋ ʼstem ʼverɪ ʼpeɪl ,ɡri:n ən ʼfeəlɪ
ʼsmɔ:l ʼpɪŋk ʼflaʊəz
ʼhɑʊ mənɪ ʼpetɪz
ʼɡʊd ʼɡreɪʃəs aɪv ʼnevə ʼkaʊntɪdðəm ʼfɔ:r ɔ: ʼfaɪv aɪsə ,pəʊz |
ðeɪə ʼrɑ:ðə lɑɪk ʼwaɪld ʼrəʊz petɪz
aɪl ʼlʊkʌp ʼbɪzɪ ʼlɪzɪ ɪn ði: ʼɪndeks ðeɪ ʼmeɪ ,ɡɪvɪt | ʼjes | ʼhɪər
ɪt ,ɪz pɛɪdʒ nɑɪntɪ ʼeɪt ʼðeər ɪz ,ðætɪt
mɑɪ ʼwɜ:d ʼðæts ə ,bɪɡwʌn ʼmaɪnz əʊnlɪ ʼɡɒt ʼwʌn ʼstem | ən ʼðæt
ʼsi:mz tə hæv ʼdʌzŋz bətɑɪ θɪŋk ɪtsðə seɪm ʼwʌn
welðeɪ ʼlɑɪk ʼlɑɪt bət ʼnɒt ʼhɪ:t ʼwɔ:təðəm ʼwel ɪn ðə ʼsʌmə | bət ʼnɒt
ʼverɪ ʼmɑtʃ ɪn ʼwɪntə ən ðæts ə ʼbaʊt ʼɔ:l ʼəʊ | ʼðæts ,rɑ:ðə ,nɑɪs |
ɪt ʼsez ʼhɪə ðætðə ʼdʒɜ:mən ,neɪmfərɪt | ,mɪ:nz ɪn ʼdʌstrɪəs ɪ ʼlɪzəbəθ
ʼmɑtʃ ʼɡrændə ðən ʼbɪzɪ ʼlɪzɪ
aɪ ʼθɪŋk aɪd ʼrɑ:ðə hævə ʼbɪzɪ ʼlɪzɪ ɪn mɑɪ ,hɑʊs | ðənənɪn ʼdʌstrɪəs
ɪ ʼlɪzəbəθ bət ʼθæŋkju: ʼverɪ ʼmɑtʃ | aɪm verɪ ʼɡreɪt | tu:ju: ʼpræps
aɪl bɪ: ʼeɪb | tə ʼki: pɪt ə ʼlaɪv ,nɑʊ aɪ ju: zʊəlɪ ʼhæv ədɪ ʼzɑ:stɪrəs ɪ ,fekt
ɒn ,plɑ:nts
| aɪfʊd ʼəʊnlɪ ʼwɔ:tərɪt ʼwʌns ə ʼmʌnθ ,nɑʊ | ʌn ʼtɪl ðə ʼsprɪŋ |
ʼlðə ,wɑɪz ju: ʼl ʼprɒbəblɪ ʼkɪlɪt |
| ʼɡʊd | aɪ ʼdu: ðæt ʼθæŋks ə ʼgen |

Cinderella looked up, and there stood her fairy godmother.

"Let's see, now," said the fairy godmother. "I'll need a pumpkin and some mice." Then she waved her magic wand and said some magic words, "Bibidi-bobbidi-boo!" To Cinderella's amazement, the pumpkin became a splendid coach, and the mice turned into elegant horses.

"Oh, this is wonderful," cried Cinderella. But then she looked down at her rags. "I'll need a..."

"A coachman, of course," interrupted the fairy godmother. And she changed a horse into the coachman.

"Now hop in, my dear! You mustn't be late."

"But don't you think my dress..."

"Lovely, my dear," began the fairy godmother. Then she looked again. "Oh good heavens, child! You can't go in that. Bibbidi-bobbidi, bibbidi-bobbidi, boo!" And there stood Cinderella in the loveliest gown she had ever seen. On her tiny feet were delicate glass slippers.

Cinderella was delighted. "Oh, fairy godmother - it's like a dream come true!"

"Yes, child. But like all dreams, it can't last forever. On the stroke of midnight, the spell will be broken, and everything will be as it was before."

"I'll remember," promised Cinderella. "Oh, it's more than I ever hoped for! Thank you, fairy godmother."

"Bless you, my child. Now hurry up. It's getting late."

Cinderella stepped into the pumpkin coach and was whisked away to the royal ball.

The King's ballroom was magnificent. Every lady in the land was dressed in her finest gown. But Cinderella was the loveliest of them all.

When the Prince saw the charming Cinderella, he fell in love instantly. The Duke said to the King, "You see, Your Majesty, the Prince has danced with that girl all evening. It looks like he's found the girl he wants to marry."

All at once, the tower clock began to strike midnight, Cinderella cried, "Oh, I almost forgot!" And without another word, away she ran, out of the ballroom and down the palace stairs. On the way, she lost one of the glass slippers, but she couldn't stop to get it.

FAIRY~TALES

CINDERELLA

Disney Abridged Version

Once upon a time, in a tiny kingdom, there was a gentle and lovely girl named Cinderella. She lived with her cruel stepmother and two ugly stepsisters. They were jealous of Cinderella's goodness and beauty, and made her work night and day. The mice and the birds were Cinderella's only friends.

Cinderella did all the cooking, scrubbing, washing and mending, while her selfish stepsisters did nothing. But Cinderella never complained. She believed that someday her dreams of happiness would come true.

One day, an invitation arrived from the King. That night, a royal ball was to be held in honor of the Prince. Every young maiden in the kingdom was commanded to attend.

Cinderella was very excited. "That means I can go, too!"

Her stepsisters just laughed.

"But the announcement said every maiden was to attend."

"Very well, Cinderella, you can go - after you finish all your chores. Now, wash this slip for me. Mend these buttonholes. Where's my sash? Press this dress. Curl my hair. Oh, and find my fan."

They kept Cinderella busy all day long. Then it was time to leave. "Why, Cinderella, it's time to go. You're not even dressed for the ball!"

"I didn't have time to dress." But the wicked stepsisters just laughed and left for the ball.

Cinderella tried not to feel badly. "Oh, well. What's a royal ball? I suppose it would be frightfully dull and, and ... completely wonderful."

She burst into tears and ran away, into the garden.

"I thought someday my dreams would come true," sobbed Cinderella. "Now I'll never get to the royal ball."

"Yes, you will, child, but we must hurry."

You're a gardener, aren't you? Do you know anything about Busy Lizzies?

About what? Busy Lizzies? What on earth are they?

Oh, I thought you'd know. They're house-plants; I've just been given one, by my sister, and I want to know how to look after it.

I'm afraid I don't know much about house-plants, but I've got a book somewhere that might help. Let's see. Ah, yes, here it is.

'The Care of House-Plants'. Mm, that looks useful.

Do you happen to know the Latin name of it?

I'm afraid I don't. Busy Lizzie's the only name I've heard.

What does it look like?

Well, it's got a rather watery-looking stem, very pale green, and fairly small pink flowers.

How many petals?

Good gracious, I've never counted them. Four or five, I suppose. They're rather like wild rose petals.

I'll look up Busy Lizzy in the index. They may give it. Yes, here it is Page ninety-eight. There, is that it?

My word, that's a big one! Mine's only got one stem, and that seems to have dozens. But I think it's the same one.

Well they like light, but not heat; water them well in the summer, but not very much in winter. And that's about all. Oh, that's rather nice; it says here that the German name for it means Industrious Elizabeth! Much grander than Busy Lizzie.

I think I'd rather have a Busy Lizzie in my house than an Industrious Elizabeth. But thank you very much, I'm very grateful to you. Perhaps I'll be able to keep it alive now. I usually have a disastrous effect on plants.

I should only water it once a month now, until the spring. Otherwise, you'll probably kill it.

Good. I'll do that. Thanks again.

STORIES

Learn the stories by heart listening to the recording and sticking to the intonation contours.

HELEN AND HER GLASSES

Helen's eyes were not very good, so she ↑usually wore glasses. But when she was seventeen and she began going out with a young man, she never wore her glasses when she was with him. When he came to the door to take her out, she took off her glasses, and when she came home again and he left, she put them back on.

One day her mother said to her, 'But Helen, why do you never wear your glasses when you are with Jim? He takes you to ↑such beautiful places in his car, but you don't see anything.'

'Well, Mother,' said Helen, 'I look prettier to Jim when I am not wearing my glasses- and he looks better to me too!'

A BEAUTIFUL DRESS

One day Mrs Jones went shopping. When her husband came home in the evening, she began to tell him about a ↑beautiful cotton dress. "I saw it in a shop this morning," she said, "and..."

William Blake

I went to the Garden of Love, of Love
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of the Chapel were shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love,
That so many sweet Bowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.



It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.



THE SMILE

William Blake

There is a smile of love,
And there is a smile of deceit,
And there is a smile of smiles
In which these two smiles meet;

And there is a frown of hate,
And there is a frown of disdain,
And there is a frown of frowns
Which you strive to forget in vain,

For it sticks in the heart's deep core,
And it sticks in the deep back bone,
And no smile that ever was smil'd,
But only one smile alone

That betwixt the cradle and grave
It only once smil'd can be,
But when it once is smil'd,
There's an end to all misery.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE

"And you want to buy it," said her husband. "How much does it cost?"

"Forty pounds."

"Forty pounds for a cotton dress? That is too much!"

But every evening, when Mr Jones came back from work, his wife continued to speak [↑]only about the dress, and at last, after a week, he said, "Oh, buy the dress! Here is the money!" She was very happy.

But the next evening, when Mr Jones came home and asked, "Have you got the famous dress?" she said, "No."

"Why not?" he said.

"Well, it was still in the window of the shop after a week, so I thought, nobody else wants this dress, so I don't want it either."

BALZAC AS A HANDWRITING EXPERT

Balzac, the famous French writer was a man of great talent. But he himself was proud of his ability to tell a person's character by his or her handwriting. He often told his friends that he could tell [↑]anyone's character exactly by his handwriting.

One day, a woman friend brought him a young boy's exercise book. She said that she wanted to know what Balzac thought of the boy's character.

Balzac studied the handwriting [↑]carefully for a few

minutes. The woman, however, told him that the boy was not her son and that he might tell her the truth.

"All right," said Balzac, "I shall tell you the truth". And he said that the boy was a bad, lazy fellow.

"It's strange," said the woman smiling. "This is a page from your own exercise book which you used when you were a boy".

THE KING AND THE CRITIC

A king liked to write stories which he thought were very good. The people to whom he showed them were afraid to criticise them. They told him his stories were good.

One day he showed some of them to a well-known critic who said that his stories were poor. The King got angry with him and sent the critic to prison.

After some time the King pardoned the critic and when he returned invited him to his palace to dinner. Again he showed him some of his stories and asked him what he thought of them.

The critic turned to the guards who were standing behind him and said, "Take me back to prison."

MARK TWAIN IN FRANCE

Mark Twain, the famous American writer, was travelling in France. Once he was going by train Dijon. That

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Robert Burns

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.



THE ARROW AND THE SONG

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,

No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: aye, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.



afternoon he was very tired and wanted to sleep. He therefore asked the conductor to wake him up when they arrived at Dijon. But first he explained that he was a very heavy sleeper. "I'll probably protest [↑]very loudly when you try to wake me up," he said. "But take no notice, just put me off the train anyway".

Then Mark Twain went to sleep. Later, when he woke up, it was night-time and the train was already in Paris. He realized at once that the conductor had forgotten to wake him up at Dijon. He was very angry. He ran up to the conductor and began to shout at him. "I have [↑]never been so angry in [↑]all my life", Mark Twain said.

The conductor looked at him calmly and said: "You are not half as angry as the American whom I put off the train at Dijon."

TIT FOR TAT

A boy bought a [↑]twopenny loaf at a baker's. It struck him that it was much smaller, than usual, so he said to the baker: "I don't believe this loaf is the right weight." "Oh, never mind,"- said the baker. "You'll have the less to carry." "Quite right," said the boy and put three-halfpence on the counter. Just as he was leaving the shop the baker called out to him, "I say, Tommy! You haven't given me the price of the loaf!" "Oh, never mind," said the boy, "you'll have the less to

count."

A WISE JUDGE

Once upon a time there were two brothers. They worked together on their father's farm. They were very honest and got along together very well. One day their father died leaving his property to his two sons. In his last will he told them to divide the property between them.

But the brothers could not agree how. Each wanted to have the better part for himself. After some time they even did not speak to each other. At last they went to a judge who was very wise and always knew how to settle such difficult matters.

The judge listened to them ↑very carefully and then he said: "The matter is very simple. We should divide the property in this way. One of you will divide it in the way he thinks is best and the other one will then have the right to choose whichever of the two parts he prefers."

So in this way the case was settled.

NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT

An intelligent small boy was accosted on a bus by a well meaning but fatuous passenger, with the question:

"And how old are you?"

"I'm four," replied the child tersely.

Read the poems.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

George Gordon Byron

She walks in Beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling - place.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent.
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!



Poems from "Hamlet"

William Shakespeare

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;

SONNET 130

William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.



Listen to the recording and mark the intonation.

“I wish I were four,” observed the passenger ingratiatingly.

He was considerably taken aback, however, when the child, turning a candid and rather surprised gaze upon him, replied with calm practicality,

“But you were four once.”

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

A poor man had a parrot which could only say the words ‘There is no doubt about it’. Its name was Paul, and all day long it cried out, “There is no doubt about it.” To every question Paul always gave the same reply.

One day its master went to the market to sell it. “Who will buy my parrot?” he cried, “Seventy pounds for my parrot!”

A man hearing the high price that was asked turned round to the parrot and said: “Paul, are you worth twenty pounds?”

“There is no doubt about it!” was Paul’s reply.

The man was so pleased with this answer that he bought the bird and carried it home. Some time later he was sorry for his bargain. Standing beside that parrot’s cage he said: “What a fool I was to throw away so much money!”

“There is no doubt about it!” cried the bird.

*Listen to the recording and mark the intonation.
Read the stories.*

CHRISTMAS CARDS

It was two weeks before Christmas, and Mrs Smith was very busy. She bought a lot of Christmas cards to send to her friends and to her husband's friends, and put them on the table in the living-room. Then, when her husband came home from work, she said to him, 'Here are the Christmas cards for our friends, and here are some stamps, a pen and our book of addresses. Will you please write the cards while I am cooking the dinner?'

Mr Smith did not say anything, but walked out of the living-room and went to his study. Mrs Smith was very angry with him, but did not say anything either.

Then a minute later he came back with a box full of Christmas cards. All of them had addresses and stamps on them.

'These are from last year,' he said. 'I forgot to post them.'

MRS. JONES

Mrs. Jones was still cleaning the house when her husband came back from work. She was wearing dirty, old clothes and no stockings, her hair was not tidy, she had dust on her face, and she looked dirty and tired. Her husband looked at her and said, "Is this what I come home to see after a hard day's work?"

Mrs Jones's neighbour, Mrs Smith, was there. When she heard Mr Jones's words, she quickly said goodbye and ran back to her house. Then she washed, brushed and combed her hair carefully, put on her best dress and her prettiest stockings, painted her face, and waited for her husband to

SONNET 29

William Shakespeare

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.



SONNET 18

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.



come home.

When he arrived, he was hot and tired. He walked slowly into the house, saw his wife and stopped. Then he shouted angrily, "And where are you going this evening?"

SATURDAY NIGHT THOUGHTS

Now, where are my pyjamas?

It's Sunday tomorrow. I usually sit around and do nothing on Sundays but tomorrow I'm going to make a special effort. I'm going to get up early and see to lots of jobs that I've been meaning to do for ages but just haven't got round to. First of all I'm going to cut the garden hedge and then I'm going to dig the weeds out of the vegetable patch and plant some cabbages and onions. If I have time after that I'll mow the front lawn before the lunch. In the afternoon I'm going to polish the car and give it a service. The car needs a service badly. But I'm not going to take it to the garage because labor costs are so high nowadays. What's the point in wasting money and why pay someone to do a simple job when it costs you nothing to do it yourself. I phoned Ted and since he is at a loose end tomorrow he'll come round as soon as he finishes his lunch and we'll work on the car together. We've agreed that he will help me with my car this week, and, in return, I'll go round to his place next Sunday and help him paint his garage.

Ah well, into bed...

BLUNDERS

English homework
James Filding

Professor Bumble.

Professor Bumble is not only absent-minded but short-sighted as well. His mind is always busy with learn and thoughts and he seldom notices what is going on around him.

One fine day recently he went for a stroll in the

countryside but as always he had a book in his hand and he had no sooner set off for his walk then became engrossed in reading. He hadn't gone far when he bumped into a massive cow and fell down. He had lost his spectacles in the pool and he thought he had stumbled over a fat lady. "I beg your pardon, madam", he said politely before searching for his glasses. As soon as he put them on he realized his mistake.

Soon he was concentrating on his book again and paying no attention to anything else. He'd scarcely been walking for five minutes when he fell over again losing both his book and his glasses. This time he became furious. Seizing his umbrella he struck the cow in anger. Then after finding his glasses he realized with horror that he had made his second blunder: a large fat woman was fleeing from him in terror.

HOW OLD IS SHE?

A woman was having some trouble with her heart, so she went to see the doctor. He was a new doctor, and did not know her. So he first asked some questions, and one of them was: "How old are you?"

"Well," she answered, "I don't remember, doctor, but I will try to think." She thought for a minute and then said, "Yes. I remember now, doctor! When I married, I was eighteen years old, and my husband was thirty. Now my husband is sixty, I know. And that is twice thirty. So I am twice eighteen. That is thirty-six, isn't it?"

THEY DON'T TALK

Mr. Jones was very angry with his wife, and she was very angry with her husband. For several days they did not speak to each other at all. One evening Mr. Jones was very tired when he came back from work, so he went to bed soon after

In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.



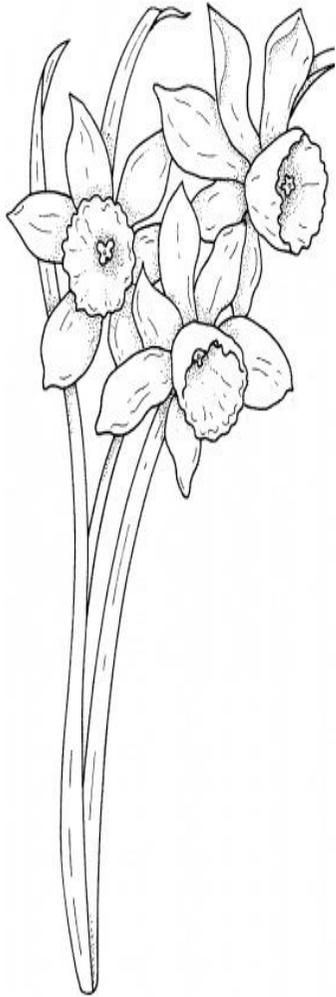
THOSE EVENING BELLS

Thomas Moore

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of love, and home, and that sweet time.
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are past away!
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells.
And hears no more those evening bells!

And so' twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!



I wandered ↑lonely as a cloud,
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in ↑never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them dance; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee.
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed – and gazed – but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

dinner. Of course, he did not say anything to Mrs Jones before he went upstairs. Mrs Jones washed the dinner things and then did some sewing. When she went up to bed much later than her husband, she found a piece of paper on the small table near her bed. On it were the words, "Mother, wake me up at 7 a. m. Father"

When Mr. Jones woke up the next morning, it was nearly 8 a. m. and on the small table near his bed he saw another piece of paper. He took it and read these words: "Father, wake up. It is 7 a.m. Mother. "

HONESTY

A man went to an insurance office to have his life insured. The manager of the office asked him how old his parents were when they died.

"Mother had a bad heart and died at the age of thirty. Father died of tuberculosis when he was thirty-five. "

"I am very sorry," said the manager, "We cannot insure your life as your parents were not healthy."

As the man was leaving the office, depressed, he met a clerk who had overheard the conversation.

"You must not be so frank and tell the truth," said the clerk, "no office will insure you if you speak like that. Use your imagination a little. "

The man went to another office and was shown into the manager's room.

"Well, young man, how old were your parents when they died?"

"Mother was ninety-three, and she died from a fall off her bicycle. Father was ninety-eight and he died while he was playing football. "

For oft, when on my couch I lie

THEY ARE HERE IN MY HAND!

Mrs. Williams loved flowers and had a small but beautiful garden. In the summer, her roses were always the best in her street. One summer afternoon her bell rang, and when she went to the front door, she saw a small boy outside. He was about seven years old, and was holding a big bunch of beautiful roses in his hand.

"I am selling roses", he said. "Do you want any? They are quite cheap. Five pence for a big bunch. They are fresh. I picked them this afternoon. "

"My boy," Mrs. Williams answered, "I pick roses whenever I want, and don't pay anything for them, because I have lots in my garden."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said the small boy. "There aren't any roses in your garden because they are here in my hand!"



THE DAFFODILS

William Wordsworth

Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves,
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land – Good night!



EVENING

Percy Bysshe Shelley

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes ↑not one ripple from its silent dream.
There are no dews on the dry grass tonight,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

DIALOGUES

Learn the dialogues by heart listening to the recording and sticking to the intonation contours.

DINNER-TABLE TALK

- Good evening. I'm so glad you were able to come. Dinner's ready. Let's go into the dining room. Mrs. Thompson, will you sit here on my left, and you, Mr. Thompson, there... So, how long have you been in London?
- Oh, only a few days, since last Monday, to be exact, and I'm sorry to say we have to return home a week tomorrow.
- Oh, is this your first visit?
- It's my wife's first visit, but I've been here several times before. I have to come to London at ↑least once a year on business, and I feel quite at home in London.
- And what do you think of London, Mrs. Thompson?
- Er- I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch what you said.
- I was asking what you thought of London.
- Oh, I think it's a ↑wonderful place. There always

seems to be something interesting to do.

- And how do you like our weather?
- Well, it's rather changeable, isn't it?
- Yes, it is, but on the whole it's not so bad, once you get used to it... Will you have some more chicken?
- Oh no, thank you.
- What about you, Mr. Thompson?
- Oh yes, please, just a little. It's delicious.
- I'm so glad you like it... and now what sweet will you have, Mrs. Thompson? There's apple tart and cream or chocolate trifle.
- Er- trifle for me, please.
- And you, Mr Thompson?
- Er - trifle for me, too, please. Thank you.

DRIVING LESSONS

- I say, Arhtur. Seen anything of Jack Taylor recently?
- Jack Naylor?
- No, Taylor, with a T.
- Who's Jack Taylor, may I ask?
- Don't you remember? The man who gave you those driving lessons last autumn.
- Oh, him! No, I'm afraid I haven't. Why d'you ask? You don't need more lessons, do you? I thought you

"Adieu, Adieu! My Native Shore"

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage", Canto the First, IV, "Childe Harold's Good Night")

George Gordon Byron

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the water blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land – Good Night!

A few short hours and He will rise,
To give the Morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother Earth.
Deserted is my own good Hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,
My Dog howls at the gate.
.....
With thee my bark , I'll swiftly go

POEMS

Learn the poems by heart listening to the recording and sticking to the intonation contours.

TWILIGHT

George Gordon Byron

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour — when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;

And gentle winds and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,

And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the Heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
That follows the decline of day
As twilight melts beneath the moon away

- passed your test.
- So I did, soon after Christmas. No, I don't need lessons, but my sister does.
 - But didn't you say your father was teaching her?
 - He was, but he literally couldn't stand the pace. My sister has no conception of speed; and if you'd seen her tearing along the country lanes, you'd have said she was competing in a Grand Prix, rather than having elementary instruction in handling our poor old Morris.
 - So she's pretty confident, is she?
 - Confident! That's putting it mildly. Anyway, Father stood up to this hurricane treatment rather well, actually. He had a few nasty moments, of course, but on the whole he stuck \uparrow manfully to his task; a father's duty, and all that. Personally, I think he was trying to protect the car from harm rather than Janet.
 - And did he succeed?
 - For a long time he did. A few dents here and there, after minor skirmishes with a couple of car-transporters and an inconclusive brush with the odd doubledecker, but generally speaking, nothing really serious. But then yesterday when dear old Janet, the least mechanically minded of us all, started taking the

engine to pieces, Father threw in a towel. “You can experiment as much as you like,” he said, “but not on this car. And while we’re on the subject, you can find yourself another instructor.”

- So that’s why you were asking about Jack Taylor. Let’s hope he’s fully insured!

SIGHTSEEING

- Is it possible to see anything of London in one or two days?
- Well, yes, but of course not half enough.
- What do you think I ought to see first?
- Well, if you are interested in churches and historic places you should go to Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul’s and the Tower. Do you like art galleries?
- Rather.
- Then why not go to the National Gallery and Tate?
- I’m told one ought to see the British Museum. Do you think I shall have time for that?
- Well, you might but if I were you I should leave that for some other day. You could spend a whole day there. It’s much too big to be seen in an hour or so.
- I suppose it is. What about going to the Zoo?

take up careers they are not cut out for. I wonder how James’ll develop in a couple of years’ time.

THE SUSPECT

Policeman: Good evening, sir. I’d like to ask you a few questions if you don’t mind.

Suspect: By all means, officer. Only to glad to help if I can but I know nothing about it.

Policeman: About what?

Suspect: About the murder that someone committed next door two nights ago of course.

Policeman: Hm! Did you hear anything unusual at night?

Suspect: Oh, no. I heard nothing at all.

Policeman: Did you see anything out of the ordinary?

Suspect: No, I saw nothing officer.

Policeman: Did you speak to anybody that evening?

Suspect: No, nobody. I was sitting here watching television. I was minding my own business.

Policeman: So murder is not your business, sir. Someone fired six shots with a revolver but you heard nothing. A man ran through that door five minutes after the crime but you saw nothing and spoke to no one. Did you say you sat in that chair the whole evening and went nowhere? It all sounds very suspicious to me, sir. Have you anything to add?

Suspect: Nothing at all.

Policeman: And I have no more questions to ask. But you won’t get away with it.

Suspect: What was that?

Policeman: We shall proceed with our enquiries, sir.

Mrs. Smith: She may lose count, Mrs. Jones, but we certainly won't.

CAREER PROSPECTS

Susan: How have your two sons been doing at school lately, Andy?

Andy: Terrible. James never starts working and Malcolm never stops working.

Susan: You are joking, of course. I've heard that Malcolm is likely to win all the prizes in the exams this year.

Andy: Yes, so his teachers say. But he deserves to do well, he's always been so conscientious and hard working and he's been slaving at his books every evening for months on end recently. He wants to go to Oxford University next year.

Susan: Maybe, he'll become a University lecturer himself eventually.

Andy: Maybe. But I think he studies too hard. I sometimes wish he'd go out and enjoy himself for a change.

Susan: Yes... What about the younger one?

Andy: Well, James' teachers say that he has ability but he is too inconsistent and he rarely does his best. In other words, he is not bad when he makes an effort but he is too idle. He couldn't care less about exams. He does his homework in ten minutes every evening and then rushes out to play tennis.

Susan: He's crazy about tennis, isn't he? Perhaps he can make his fortune at it. You can make more money from sport than from an old-fashioned profession these days.

Andy: So I believe. But my wife always worries about our children's future. She wants James to give up tennis and study law. And I don't believe in forcing boys to

- That's not a bad idea. You could spend a whole couple of hours there comfortably or even a whole afternoon watching the wild animals, birds and reptiles. You could have tea there too.
- I'll do that. How do you get there?
- Let me see. Where are we? Oh, there's the BBC. I think your best way from here is to walk across Regent's Park.
- Is it much of a walk?
- Oh, no, a quarter of an hour or so, but if you are in a hurry, why not take a taxi?
- I think I will. Taxi! The Zoo, please.

SPORTS AND GAMES

- What would you say are the most popular games in England today?
- Well, I suppose football, that is soccer or rugger, and cricket.
- What are the other outdoor games?
- Oh, there's tennis, hockey, golf and so on. Tennis is played all the year round – on hard courts or grass courts in summer and on hard or covered courts in winter.
- What about horse-racing?

- I should say that is one of the most popular sports in Britain. Then there are of course walking, running, swimming and boxing.
- I have been told that there are no winter sports in England.
- Well, you see, the English winter isn't very severe and as a rule we don't often have the chance to ski, skate or toboggan but winter is the great time for hunting provided the ground is not too hard.
- Is there any golf to be heard near London?
- Oh, yes. Any amount. There are dozens of good golf courses within an hour or so of London. You ought to join a golf club if you are keen on the game.
- I think I shall if I get a chance. What about indoor games?
- Well, there's chess, billiards, cards, table-tennis...
- By the way, do you play billiards?

Well, I do, but of course I'm not a professional or a champion, just an ordinary amateur and not a very good one at that.

*Listen to the recording and mark the intonation.
Read the dialogues.*

A LITTLE GOSSIP

Mrs. Jones: Good morning, Mrs. Smith. What beautiful weather again!

Mrs. Smith: Yes, lovely. What a splendid summer we've had so far this year.

Mrs. Jones: Yes, but some people are complaining about the heat and grumbling that we haven't much rain for the gardens.

Mrs. Smith: Some people are never satisfied.

Mrs. Jones: By the way, have you heard that the young Patrick Ellis has had another accident in his car?

Mrs. Smith: How awful! Is he badly hurt?

Mrs. Jones: Well, they took him to hospital but I don't think it was serious because he is coming home again today.

Mrs. Smith: I suppose he was driving flat out again. Only yesterday I was telling Mrs. Taylor how madly he drives and all his friends are just the same.

Mrs. Jones: I know. What wild things young men are these days.

Mrs. Smith: Mm ... I've got some news for you, too. Have you heard that Eva Browning is getting married for the third time on September the tenth?

Mrs. Jones: Fancy that! She only got her second divorce in this spring. What a dreadful woman she is!

Mrs. Smith: Her first marriage only lasted six months and that was in 1972, wasn't it?

Mrs. Jones: Yes, that's right. At this rate she'll lose count of her husbands before she is forty.