



ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННЫЙ ПЕРЕВОД

Учебное пособие

Практикум

Скачкова Е.А.,

Ещеркина Л.В.,

Казаченок Ю.В.

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Авторы-составители:

Скачкова Е.А. – к.п.н., и.о. зав. кафедрой лингвистики и гуманитарных дисциплин ОУ ВО «Южно-Уральский технологический университет»;

Ещеркина Л.В. – старший преподаватель кафедры лингвистики и гуманитарных дисциплин ОУ ВО «Южно-Уральский технологический университет»;

Казаченок Ю.В. – к.п.н., доцент кафедры лингвистики и гуманитарных дисциплин ОУ ВО «Южно-Уральский технологический университет».

Рецензенты:

Канд. филол. наук, доцент, доцент кафедры делового иностранного языка факультета лингвистики и перевода ФГБОУ ВО ЧелГУ И.В. Денисова

Канд. филол. наук, доцент, доцент кафедры делового иностранного языка факультета лингвистики и перевода ФГБОУ ВО ЧелГУ И.В. Телешева

Канд. пед. наук, доцент лингводидактики, доцент кафедры лингвистики и гуманитарных дисциплин ОУ ВО ЮУТУ Т.В. Жаркова

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Предлагаемое пособие содержит учебно-тренировочный материал по художественному переводу. Практикум состоит из 5 разделов, содержащих тексты из произведений современной английской литературы, упражнения и творческие задания для активизации и закрепления полученных знаний, умений и навыков по дисциплине «Художественный перевод»; также в данном пособии имеется краткий базовый теоретический материал по дисциплине «Художественный перевод», справочный грамматический материал по морфологии, словообразованию и синтаксису английского языка.

Целью данного учебного пособия является развитие знаний, умений и навыков по дисциплине «Художественный перевод» на базе английского языка.

Учебное пособие предназначено для студентов, осваивающих образовательные программы бакалавриата направления обучения 45.03.02 «Лингвистика».

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СОДЕРЖАНИЕ

Введение	4
Предисловие. Специфика перевода художественного текста	5
Unit 1. Part 1. Daring greatly by Brené Brown: Practicing gratitude	10
Unit 1. Part 2. Daring greatly by Brené Brown: Three lessons	12
Unit 1. Part 3. Daring greatly by Brené Brown: The shield: Perfectionism	15
Unit 1. Part 4. Daring greatly by Brené Brown: Appreciating the beauty of cracks	18
Unit 1. Part 5. Daring greatly by Brené Brown: Perfection vs perfectionism	20
Unit 2. Part 1. Perfect Daughter by Amanda Prowse	24
Unit 2. Part 2. Perfect Daughter by Amanda Prowse	27
Unit 3. Part 1. My Lovely Wife by Samantha Downing	31
Unit 3. Part 2. My Lovely Wife by Samantha Downing	33
Unit 3. Part 3. My Lovely Wife by Samantha Downing	38
Unit 4. Part 1. Need to Know by Karen Cleveland	42
Unit 4. Part 2. Need to Know by Karen Cleveland	45
Unit 4. Part 3. Need to Know by Karen Cleveland	49
Unit 4. Part 4. Need to Know by Karen Cleveland	53
Unit 5. Part 1. Иван Дуняшин. Лед	55
Unit 5. Part 2. Иван Дуняшин. Я с тобою	57
Unit 5. Part 3. Иван Дуняшин. Огня здесь больше нет	58
Unit 5. Part 4. Людмила Ещеркина. Мой Питер	59
Unit 5. Part 5. Никита Казанцев. Отчий дом	61
Unit 5. Part 6. Никита Казанцев. Дело жизни	62
Unit 5. Part 7. Сергей Яцук. Математика	63
The Annex	65
Список используемых источников	80

ВВЕДЕНИЕ

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Предлагаемое пособие представляет собой практикум по темам рабочей программы дисциплины и направлено на формирование следующих компетенций:

ПК-1: Способен владеть методикой подготовки к выполнению перевода и предпереводческого анализа текста, включая поиск информации в справочной, специальной литературе и компьютерных сетях

ПК-2: Способен осуществлять письменный перевод, применяя основные приемы перевода с соблюдением лексических, грамматических, синтаксических и стилистических норм

Данные компетенции формируются в процессе выполнения лексических упражнений и творческих заданий для активизации и закрепления полученных знаний, умений и навыков на базе актуальной информации предлагаемых текстов указанной тематики.

ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

СПЕЦИФИКА ПЕРЕВОДА ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТЕКСТА

В современной теории художественного перевода выделяются три основные тенденции: 1) основная ориентация переносится с оригинала на текст перевода; 2) оценочный подход заменяется дескриптивным; 3) от текста как единицы языка теория идет к функции перевода как части культуры языка перевода.

Современная теория художественного перевода базируется на ряде положений, главным из которых является то, что при формальной непередаваемости отдельного языкового элемента подлинника может быть воспроизведена его эстетическая функция в системе целого. Основной принцип теории художественного перевода заключается в следующем: нужно рассматривать каждое предложение как часть целого, передавать не только то, что в нем говорится, но и работать над созданием художественного образа, общего настроения, характеристики атмосферы, персонажей и т. п. Здесь важен и выбор отдельного слова, и синтаксической структуры, и т.д.

Само выделение теории художественного перевода как отдельного научного направления возможно на том основании, что текст художественного произведения может быть типологически противопоставлен всем текстам нехудожественного характера. Художественным текстом называют единство, характеризуемое общностью идейно-тематического содержания и эстетического воздействия на читателя – своей основной функцией. Эта функция реализуется на основе эстетизации автором текста изображаемой им действительности с помощью художественных приемов, которые наиболее адекватно подходят для создания желаемого эмоционального эффекта. Художественный текст также выполняет коммуникативную и когнитивную функции.

Сравнивая художественные тексты с логическими текстами нехудожественного характера, выделяют ряд следующих отличий художественных текстов:

1) способ описания действительности, которая в художественном тексте представлена в виде образа;

2) цель создания текста: помимо эстетического воздействия на читателя, художественный текст призван сформировать отношение читателя к содержанию художественного произведения;

3) характер и способ передаваемой информации. Художественный текст характеризуется высокой степенью образности. Часть информации художественного текста может быть передана имплицитно, за счет особого свойства художественной литературы, называемого «смысловой емкостью». Это свойство проявляется в способности писателя сказать больше, чем говорит прямой смысл слов в их совокупности, заставить работать и мысли, и чувства, и воображение читателя. В пределах художественного текста язык тоже становится носителем информации, поэтому произведение художественной литературы представляет собой многократно закодированный текст, что обуславливает его множественность прочтений и истолкований;

4) степень активности читателя: художественный текст предполагает определенную степень «домысливания», «сотворчество» читателя при создании произведения;

5) наличие авторской позиции, образа автора, которые и создают внутреннее единство художественного текста;

6) композиционное разнообразие;

7) высокая степень национально-культурной и временной обусловленности;

8) самодостаточность, поскольку любое художественное произведение можно рассматривать как произведение искусства.

По отношению ко всем этим особенностям, характерным для художественного произведения, выявляется индивидуальная манера писателя, сохранение и передача которой являются первоочередными задачами переводчика. Однако эти задачи являются трудновыполнимыми, поскольку любой перевод неизбежно ведет к замене тех или иных выразительных средств другими, принятыми в литературной традиции языка перевода, а выбор варианта перевода имеет субъективный характер, ориентированный на личность переводчика. В этом случае неизбежно возникает противоречие: с одной стороны, чтобы осуществлять художественный перевод, переводчик сам должен обладать литературным талантом, т. е., по сути быть писателем. С другой стороны, чтобы быть писателем, нужно иметь свое эстетическое видение мира, свой стиль и манеру письма, которые могут не совпадать с авторскими. Таким образом, при переводе происходит столкновение двух творческих личностей, предполагающее либо сотрудничество, либо конфликт. Для того чтобы оно стало сотрудничеством, переводчик должен не просто глубоко вникнуть в авторскую эстетику, в его образ мыслей и способ их выражения, он должен вжиться в них, сделать их на время своими. Для полноценного перевода требуется глубокое знание всего творчества автора и всех обстоятельств создания переводимого произведения.

Трудности передачи идиостиля писателя имеют непосредственное отношение к стилистическим проблемам перевода художественного текста. Поскольку перевод художественного текста это прежде всего интерпретация, то неизбежны стилистические сдвиги, имеющие как объективный, так и субъективный характер. Сдвиги стилистического характера выражают определенные тенденции, в которых переводчик проявляет себя как творческая личность и в своей совокупности отражают творческую индивидуальность переводчика, под которой понимается система отклонений от текста подлинника, восходящая к определенным творческим принципам, к определенному подходу к задачам перевода и к определенному методу. Текст перевода содержит маркеры, основываясь на которых можно сделать вывод о

личностных особенностях человека, переводившего текст. У любого переводчика художественного текста существуют свои, наиболее частотные для него приемы. Одна и та же метафора может быть переведена по-разному, и это вовсе не обязательно сказывается на качестве перевода.

При переводе художественного текста необходимо учитывать прагматическую задачу перевода, заключающуюся в достижении желаемого коммуникативного эффекта на читателя. Прочтя художественное произведение в переводе, читатель должен почувствовать силу литературного таланта автора оригинала. Если переводчику удалось этого добиться, можно говорить об адекватном воспроизведении коммуникативного эффекта оригинала. В связи с этим художественный перевод может быть приравнен к коммуникативному переводу. То, что в обиходе часто называется литературным и художественным переводом, на самом деле представляет собой именно коммуникативный перевод, учитывающий или программирующий – прагматику получателя.

Принимая во внимание прагматический аспект перевода художественного текста под художественным переводом понимают вид переводческой деятельности, основная задача которого заключается в порождении на языке перевода речевого произведения, способного оказывать художественно-эстетическое воздействие на рецептора перевода, равное тому воздействию, которое оказывает данное художественное произведение на исходном языке. Отличительная черта художественного перевода заключается в том, что при переводе имеет место столкновение двух культурных систем, неизбежно порождающее смешивание культурных тенденций. Текст перевода в тематическом и стилистическом отношении характеризуется тем, что в нем взаимоперекрываются две культуры. Каждый перевод отражает это противоречие, обозначаемое в рамках переводческой коммуникации термином межпространственный фактор в переводе. Задача переводчика – выравнять этот фактор. Каждое слово и каждый языковой элемент заряжен бесконечным количеством разного рода смысловых оттенков, и переводчику

необходимо выбрать наиболее подходящий смысловой оттенок в данном контексте языка перевода. Перевод должен читаться как оригинал, и этой задаче подчинены все переводческие решения.

Вопрос о достоинствах и недостатках в художественном переводе, чрезвычайно труден. Перевод всегда можно подвергнуть критике, и эта критика будет обоснованной, поскольку перевод – это всегда лишь одно из возможных решений и не бывает идеального перевода. Однако при оценке качества переводов нужно исходить из соответствия образов оригинала образам перевода. Критерий верности перевода подлиннику должен быть заключен в целостном образе художественного бытия оригинала, причем критерий верности каждого отдельного образа перевода – соответствующий ему образ в оригинале.

Итак, художественный текст как объект перевода имеет ряд отличительных свойств, влияющих на процесс и качество перевода. Перевод художественного текста – это сложный и многогранный вид человеческой деятельности, в процессе которого сталкиваются различные культуры, личности, складывания мышления, эпохи, традиции и установки. В основе перевода художественного текста лежит передача мысли, содержания оригинала, которое выражается еще раз в переводе, но уже с помощью других средств, образующих другую систему знаков, имеющих свои собственные законы.

Unit 1. Daring greatly by Brené Brown

Part 1. Practicing gratitude

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

Even those of us who have learned to "lean into" joy and embrace our experiences are not immune to the uncomfortable quake of vulnerability that often accompanies joyful moments. We've just learned how to use it as a reminder rather than a warning shot. What was the most surprising (and life changing) difference for me was the nature of that reminder: For those welcoming the experience, the shudder of vulnerability that accompanies joy is an invitation to practice gratitude, to acknowledge how truly grateful we are for the person, the beauty, the connection, or simply the moment before us.

Gratitude, therefore, emerged from the data as the antidote to foreboding joy. In fact, every participant who spoke about the ability to stay open to joy also talked about the importance of practicing gratitude. This pattern of association was so thoroughly prevalent in the data that I made a commitment as a researcher not to talk about joy without talking about gratitude.

It wasn't just the relationship between joy and gratitude that took me by surprise. I was also startled by the fact that research participants consistently described both joyfulness and gratitude as spiritual practices that were bound to a belief in human connectedness and a power greater than us. Their stories and descriptions expanded on this, pointing to a clear distinction between happiness and joy. Participants described happiness as an emotion that's connected to circumstances, and they described joy as a spiritual way of engaging with the world that's connected to practicing gratitude. While I was initially taken aback by the relationship between joy and vulnerability, it now makes perfect sense to me, and I can see why gratitude would be the antidote to foreboding joy.

Scarcity and fear drive foreboding joy. We're afraid that the feeling of joy won't last, or that there won't be enough, or that the transition to disappointment (or

whatever is in for us next) will be too difficult. We've learned that giving in to joy is, at best, setting ourselves up for disappointment and, at worst, inviting disaster. And we struggle with the worthiness issue. Do we deserve our joy, given our inadequacies and imperfections? What about the starving children and the war-ravaged world? Who are we to be joyful?

If the opposite of scarcity is enough, then practicing gratitude is how we acknowledge that there's enough and that we're enough. I use the word practicing because the research participants spoke of tangible gratitude practices, more than merely having an attitude of gratitude or feeling grateful. In fact, they gave specific examples of gratitude practices that included everything from keeping gratitude journals and gratitude jars to implementing family gratitude rituals.

Actually, I learned the most about gratitude practices and the relationship between scarcity and joy that plays out in vulnerability from the men and women who had experienced some of the most profound losses or survived the greatest traumas. These included parents whose children had died, family members with terminally ill loved ones, and genocide and trauma survivors. One of the questions I'm most often asked is "Don't you get really depressed talking to people about vulnerability and hearing about people's darkest struggles?" My answer is no, never. That's because I've learned more about worthiness, resilience, and joy from who courageously shared their struggles with me than from any other part of my work.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Part 2. Three lessons

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

And nothing has been a greater gift to me than the three lessons I learned about joy and light from people who have spent time in sorrow and darkness:

1. Joy comes to us in moments-ordinary moments. We risk missing out on joy when we get too busy chasing down the extraordinary. Scarcity culture may keep us afraid of living small, ordinary lives, but when you talk to people who have survived great losses, it is clear that joy is not a constant. Without exception, all the participants who spoke to me about their losses, and what they missed the most, spoke about ordinary moments. "If I could come downstairs and see my husband sitting at the table and cursing at the newspaper ..." "If I could hear my son giggling in the backyard ..." "My mom sent me the craziest texts - she never knew how to work her phone. I'd give anything to get one of those texts right now."

2. Be grateful for what you have. When I asked people who had survived tragedy how we can cultivate and show more compassion for people who are suffering, the answer was always the same: Don't shrink away from the joy of your child because I've lost mine. Don't take what you have for granted - celebrate it. Don't apologize for what you have. Be grateful for it and share your gratitude with others. Are your parents healthy? Be thrilled. Let them know how much they mean to you. *When you honor what you have, you're honoring what I've lost.*

3. Don't squander joy. We can't prepare for tragedy and loss. When we turn every opportunity to feel joy into a test drive for despair, we actually diminish our resilience. Yes, softening into joy is uncomfortable. Yes, it's scary. Yes, it's vulnerable. But every time we allow ourselves to lean into joy and give in to those moments, we build resilience and we cultivate hope. The joy becomes part of who we are, and when bad things happen - and they do happen - we are stronger.

It took me a couple of years to understand and integrate this information, and to start to cultivate a gratitude practice. Ellen, on the other hand, seemed to intuitively understand the importance of acknowledging and owning joy. When she was in the first grade, we played hooky one afternoon and spent the day at the park. At one point we were on a paddleboat, feeding ducks stale bread that we had brought from home, when I realized that she had stopped pedaling and was sitting perfectly still in her seat. Her hands were wrapped around the bread sack, her head was tilted back, and her eyes were closed. The sun was shining on her uplifted face and she had a quiet smile on her face. I was so struck by her beauty and her vulnerability that I could barely catch my breath.

I watched for a full minute, but when she didn't move, got a little nervous. "Ellie? Is everything okay, sweetie?"

Her smile widened and she opened her eyes. She looked at me and said, "I'm fine, Mama. I was just making a picture memory."

I had never heard of a picture memory, but I liked the sound of it. "What's that mean?"

"Oh, a picture memory is a picture I take in my mind when I'm really, really happy. I close my eyes and take a picture, so when I'm feeling sad or scared or lonely, I can look at my picture memories."

I'm not as eloquent or poised as my then six-year-old daughter, but I've been practicing. For me, expressing gratitude is still bumpier than it is graceful or fluid. I still get overwhelmed with vulnerability in the midst of joyful experiences. But now

I've learned to literally say aloud, "I'm feeling vulnerable and I'm so grateful for _____".

Okay, this can be fairly awkward in the middle of a conversation, but it's much better than the alternative - catastrophizing and controlling. Just recently, Steve told me that he was thinking about taking the kids to his family's farmhouse in Pennsylvania while I was out of town for work. I immediately thought it was a great idea, until I started boarding the crazy train of *Oh, my God, I can't let them fly without me; what if something happens?* Rather than picking a fight, being critical, or making up something to quash the idea without revealing my unreasonable fears (e.g., "That's a terrible idea. Airfare is really high right now," or, "That's selfish. I want to go too."), I just said, "Vulnerability. Vulnerability. I'm grateful for ... for ... the kids getting to spend alone time with you and explore the country outside."

Steve smiled. He's well aware of my practice, and he knew I meant it. Before I put this research on countering foreboding joy into practice, I never knew how to get past that immediate vulnerability shudder. I didn't have the information to get from what I feared, to how I actually felt, and to what I really craved: gratitude-fueled joy.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
3.		
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Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
1.		
2.		
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Part 3. The shield: Perfectionism

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

One of my favorite features on my blog is my *Inspiration Interviews* series. It's special to me because I only interview people whom I find truly inspirational - people who engage with the world in a way that inspires me to be more creative and a little bit braver with my own work. I've always asked interviewees the same group of questions, and after the Wholehearted research emerged, I started asking questions about vulnerability and perfectionism. As a recovering perfectionist and an aspiring good-enough-ist, I'm always finding myself skimming down the list to read the answer to this question first: *Is perfectionism an issue for you? If so, what's one of your strategies for managing it?*

I ask this question because, in all of my data collecting, I've never heard one person attribute their joy, success, or Wholeheartedness to being perfect. In fact, what I've heard over and over throughout the years is one clear message: "The most valuable and important things in my life came to me when I cultivated the courage to be vulnerable, imperfect, and self-compassionate." Perfectionism is not the path that leads us to our gifts and to our sense of purpose; it's the hazardous detour.

I'm going to share a few of my favorite answers from the interviews with you, but first I want to tell you about the definition of *perfectionism* that bubbled up from the data. Here's what I learned:

Like vulnerability, perfectionism has accumulated around it a considerable mythology. I think it's helpful to start by looking at what perfectionism *isn't*:

- Perfectionism is not the same thing as striving for excellence. Perfectionism is not about healthy achievement and growth. Perfectionism is a defensive move. It's the belief that if we do things perfectly and look perfect, we can minimize or avoid the pain of blame, judgment, and shame. Perfectionism is a twenty-ton shield that we lug around, thinking it will protect us, when in fact it's the thing that's really preventing us from being seen.

- Perfectionism is not self-improvement. Perfectionism is, at its core, about trying to earn approval. Most perfectionists grew up being praised for achievement and performance (grades, manners, rule following, people pleasing, appearance, sports). Somewhere along the way, they adopted this dangerous and debilitating belief system: "I am what I accomplish and how well I accomplish it. Please. Perform. Perfect." Healthy striving is self-focused: How can I improve? Perfectionism is other focused: What will they think? Perfectionism is a hustle.

- Perfectionism is not the key to success. In fact, research shows that perfectionism hampers achievement. Perfectionism is correlated with depression, anxiety, addiction, and life paralysis or missed opportunities. The fear of failing, making mistakes, not meeting people's expectations, and being criticized keeps us outside of the arena where healthy competition and striving unfolds.

- Last perfectionism is not a way to avoid shame. Perfectionism is a form of shame. Where we struggle with perfectionism, we struggle with shame.

After using the data to bushwhack my way through the myths, I then developed the following definition of *perfectionism*:

- Perfectionism is a self-destructive and addictive belief system that fuels this primary thought: If I look perfect and do everything perfectly, I can avoid or minimize the painful feelings of shame, judgment, and blame.

- Perfectionism is self-destructive simply because perfection doesn't exist. It's an unattainable goal. Perfectionism is more about perception than internal

motivation, and there is no way to control perception, no matter how much time and energy we spend trying.

- Perfectionism is addictive, because when we invariably do experience shame, judgment, and blame, we often believe it's because we weren't perfect enough. Rather than questioning the faulty logic of perfectionism, we become even more entrenched in our quest to look and do everything just right.

- Perfectionism actually sets us up to feel shame, judgment, and blame, which then leads to even more shame and self-blame: "It's my fault. I'm feeling this way because I'm not good enough."

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
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Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
1.		
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Part 4. Daring greatly: Appreciating the beauty of cracks

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

Just as our experiences of foreboding joy can be located on a continuum, I found that most of us fall somewhere on a perfectionism continuum. In other words, when it comes to hiding our flaws, managing perception, and wanting to win over folks, we're all hustling a little. For some folks, perfectionism may only emerge when they're feeling particularly vulnerable. For others, perfectionism is compulsive, chronic, and debilitating - it looks and feels like an addiction.

Regardless of where we are on this continuum, if we want freedom from perfectionism, we have to make the long journey from “What will people think?” to “I am enough.” That journey begins with shame resilience, self-compassion, and owning our stories. To claim the truths about who we are, where we come from, what we believe, and the very imperfect nature of our lives, we have to be willing to give ourselves a break and appreciate the beauty of our cracks or imperfections. To be kinder and gentler with ourselves and each other. To talk to ourselves the same way we'd talk to someone we care about.

Dr. Kristin Neff, a researcher and professor at the University of Texas at Austin, runs the Self-Compassion Research Lab, where she studies how we develop and practice self-compassion. According to Neff, self-compassion has three elements: self-kindness, common humanity, and mindfulness. In her new book, *Self-Compassion: Stop Beating Yourself Up and Leave Insecurity Behind*, she defines each of these elements:

- Self-kindness: Being warm and understanding toward ourselves when we suffer, fail, or feel inadequate, rather than ignoring our pain or flagellating ourselves with self-criticism.
- Common humanity: Common humanity recognizes that suffering and feelings of personal inadequacy are part of the shared human experience—something we all go through rather than something that happens to “me” alone.

- Mindfulness. Taking a balanced approach to negative emotions so that feelings are neither suppressed nor exaggerated. We cannot ignore our pain and feel compassion for it at the same time. Mindfulness requires that we not "overidentify" with thoughts and feelings, so that we are caught up and swept away by negativity.

I love how her definition of mindfulness reminds us that being mindful also means not overidentifying with or exaggerating our feelings. For me, it's so easy to get stuck in regret or shame or self-criticism when I make a mistake. But self-compassion requires an observant and accurate perspective when feeling shame or pain. Neff has a great website where you can take a self-compassion inventory and learn more about her research. The Web address is www.self-compassion.org.

In addition to practicing self-compassion (and trust me, like gratitude and everything else worthwhile, it's a practice), we must also remember that our worthiness, that core belief that we are enough, comes only when we live inside our story. We either own our stories (even the messy ones), or we stand outside of them - denying our vulnerabilities and imperfections, orphaning the parts of us that don't fit in with who/what we think we're supposed to be, and hustling for other people's approval of our worthiness. Perfectionism is exhausting because hustling is exhausting. It's a never-ending performance.

I want to go back now to the *Inspiration Interviews* series from my blog and share some of the responses with you. In these responses I see the beauty of being real - of embracing the cracks - and I'm inspired by the self-compassion. I think they'll inspire you too. The first is from Gretchen Rubin, the best-selling writer whose book *The Happiness Project* is the account of the year she spent test-driving studies and theories about how to be happier. Her new book, *Happier at Home*, focuses on the factors that matter at home, such as possessions, marriage, time, parenthood, neighborhood. Here's how she answered the question about managing perfectionism:

I remind myself, "Don't let the perfect be the enemy of the good." (Cribbed from Voltaire.) A twenty-minute walk that I do is better than the four-mile run that I don't do. The imperfect book that gets published is better than the perfect book that

never leaves my computer. The dinner party of take-out Chinese food is better than the elegant dinner that I never host.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
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Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
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Part 5. Daring greatly: Perfection vs perfectionism

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

Andrea Scher is a photographer, writer, and life coach living in Berkeley, California. Through her e-courses "Superhero Photo" and "Mondo Beyondo" and her award-winning blog Superhero Journal, Andrea inspires others to live authentic, colorful, and creative lives. You can often find her sitting on the kitchen floor, holding her new baby, and asking her four-year-old son to leap so she can take a superhero portrait. She writes here about perfectionism (I love her mantras!):

I was a competitive gymnast as a kid, got perfect attendance every year in school, was terrified of getting anything worse than an A minus, and had an eating disorder in high school.

Oh, and I think I was the homecoming queen.

Yep. I think I have some issues with perfectionism!

But I have been working on it. As a kid, I equated being perfect with being loved ... and I think I still confuse the two. I often find myself doing what Brené calls “the hustle for worthiness.” That dance we do so that people don't see how incredibly flawed and human we are. Sometimes I have my self-worth wrapped up in what I do and how good I look doing it, but mostly I am learning to let go. Parenthood has taught me a lot about that. It's messy and humbling, and I am learning to show my mess.

To manage my perfectionism I give myself tons of permission to do things that are good enough. I do things quickly (having two small children will teach you how to do most task at lightning speed), and if it's good enough, it gets my stamp of approval. I have a few mantras that help:

Quick and dirty wins the race.

Perfection is the enemy of done.

Good enough is really effin' good.

Nicholas Wilton is the artist behind the beautiful illustrations on my earlier book covers and my website. In addition to showings in gallery exhibitions and

inclusion in private collections, he is the founder of the Artplane Method, a system of fundamental painting and intuition principles that help enable the creative process.

I absolutely love what he writes about perfectionism and art. It completely aligns with the research finding that perfectionism crushes creativity-which is why one of the most effective ways to start recovering from perfectionism is to start creating. Here's what Nick has to say:

I always felt that someone, a long time ago, organized the affairs of the world into areas that made sense - categories of stuff that is perfectible, things that fit neatly in perfect bundles. The world of business, for example, is this way-line items, spreadsheets, things that add up, that can be perfected. The legal system - not always perfect, but nonetheless a mind-numbing effort to actually write down all kinds of laws and instructions that cover all aspects of being human, a kind of umbrella code of conduct we should all follow.

Perfection is crucial in building an aircraft, a bridge, or a high-speed train. The code and mathematics residing just below the surface of the Internet is also this way. Things are either perfectly right or they will not work. So much of the world we work and live in is based upon being correct, being perfect.

But after this someone got through organizing everything just perfectly, he (or probably a she) was left with a bunch of stuff that didn't fit anywhere-things in a shoe box that had to go somewhere.

So in desperation this person threw up her arms and said, “OK! Fine. All the rest of this stuff that isn't perfectible, that doesn't seem to fit anywhere else, will just have to be piled into this last, rather large, tattered box that we can sort of push behind the couch. Maybe later we can come back and figure where it all is supposed to fit in. Let's label the box art.”

The problem was thankfully never fixed, and in time the box overflowed as more and more art piled up. I think the dilemma exists because art, among all the other tidy categories, most closely resembles what it is like to be human. To be alive. It is our nature to be imperfect. To have uncategorized feelings and emotions. To make or do things that don't sometimes necessarily make sense.

Art is all just perfectly imperfect.

Once the word *Art* enters the description what you're up to, it is almost like getting hall pass from perfection. It thankfully releases us from any expectation

In relation to my own work not being perfect, I just always point to the tattered box behind the couch and mention the word *Art*, and people seem to understand and let you off the hook about being perfect and go back to their business.

There's a quote that I share every time I talk about vulnerability and perfectionism. My fixation with these words from Leonard Cohen's song "Anthem"

comes from how much comfort and hope they give me as I put «enough» into practice: «There's crack in everything. That's how the light gets in».

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
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Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
1.		
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Unit 2. Perfect Daughter by Amanda Prowse.

Part 1.

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

Jacks opened the cupboard under the stairs, unhooked her pale linen duster coat with oversized wooden buttons from the back of the door and slipped her slender frame into it. She pulled on her battered brown cowboy boots and picked up her car keys and the box of recycling that Pete had sorted for Jonty.

‘Oh, Jacks, can you pick up some razor blades? And we need cornflakes, kids have just polished off the last.’ This Pete shouted with his head poking over the banister from upstairs.

Jacks nodded. ‘Will do. See you later. Kids, come on! We are leaving now!’

Out on the pavement in Sunnyside Road, she shoved the box into the boot.

‘Morning, Ivor!’ She raised her hand to wave at the young man who lived next door with his wife; he was loading up his van ready for the day.

‘All right, Jacks! Bit nippy, innit?’ He rubbed his big hands together, a labouring man like Pete.

This made her smile. He, like her husband, seemed constantly surprised by the cold weather. She wanted to remind him that this was September and they lived in Weston-super-Mare, not the Bahamas. ‘Baba okay?’ she shouted back as she walked to the driver’s side – he and his wife Angela had an eight-week-old boy, Jayden.

‘Sound as a pound!’ He grinned. ‘Keeping us up all hours, screaming and shouting to be fed.’ He tutted.

‘Ah, sounds like mine and she’s eighty-one.’ She laughed.

‘Could be worse, Jacks.’ He laughed and she laughed too, although she wasn’t sure why. ‘Hope he doesn’t keep you awake,’ he said sheepishly.

‘Mate, don’t forget I’ve got two, been there done that. You have to not worry about him, he’s part of our little neighbourhood and that’s his way of letting us all know he’s here. He’s just chatting.’

Ivor picked up his toolbox and stowed it in the back. Jacks noted a flask and sandwich box and thought how lovely that Angela found time to make her man his lunch. Poor old Pete, who now had to make do with a quick drive-through when time allowed.

‘I just wish he’d chat between the hours of nine and five and the rest of the time keep quiet!’ Ivor chuckled.

‘Ah, if only it were that simple.’ She smiled as the kids ran from the front door, leaving it open for their dad to shut behind them as they jumped in the car.

‘I heard that baby last night. Drives me nuts.’ Martha tutted.

‘Oh, he’s a sweet little thing,’ Jacks said.

‘He’s a squirmy pink little thing that shouts a lot, very loudly. He just poos, sleeps and shouts. Don’t see what’s sweet about that.’

‘It’s different when it’s your own, you’ll see.’ Jacks laughed.

‘It’d have to be.’

‘All buckled up?’ Jacks asked.

They ignored her as usual, as the idea of not buckling up had never occurred to them.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
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Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
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Unit 2. Part 2.

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

Jacks parked in the lay-by and waved Jonty first and then Martha into their adjoining schools. She watched as her son wrestled with his school bag and the shallow box full of beer cans, the exercise hampered somewhat by his hands that were, as ever, covered by at least three inches of sleeve on his too-big sweatshirt that had to last the year.

‘Bless him. Clifton bloody Suspension Bridge!’ And she laughed, before letting the window roll down an inch and breathing deeply.

There was a bus that practically went door to door on the four-mile round-trip to school. In fact, she allowed the kids to travel home under their own steam as long as they were together or with friends. Pete had offered on more than one occasion to take them in, but Jacks always refused the help. This daily venture out in the car meant so much more to her than simply dropping the kids off. It was the only twenty minutes in the entire day that she was completely alone, where no one could get to her, and she needed it.

Sitting back in the seat, with her head on the headrest, she took another deep breath. The faintest scent of her dad still lingered in the fabric and she welcomed it, letting this small fragment of him envelop her in a hug. A vast black 4x4 pulled in behind her, dispensed three blonde children of various ages from the back seat and quickly pulled out again. Jacks looked into the car as it passed and caught sight of the occupants: the female passenger had a large pair of sunglasses on, despite the chilly morning, and pouted into the vanity mirror of the sun visor as she applied a coat of lipstick, pressing her lips together against a tissue to blot and spread.

Jacks closed her eyes and pictured herself in the passenger seat of one of those huge flashy cars. Her mind wandered further and suddenly she was no longer alone. Sven was in the driver’s seat. ‘Where to?’ he asked. ‘My meeting’s been cancelled and we’ve got the whole day.’

She threw her head back and sighed, running her hand over her tailored designer jeans. 'I don't mind as long as I'm with you. How about lunch in Bristol? Somewhere with a view.'

'I know just the place.' Sven reached over for her hand and brought it up to his lips, grazing her knuckles with a kiss. 'I think a nice walk and then lunch, with champagne.'

'What are we celebrating?' she asked.

'Another day together.' He smiled.

'You spoil me,' she simpered, placing her hand on his thigh.

'That's because I love you.' He grinned as he put his foot down and headed for the motorway. She pictured the two of them travelling along the motorway with the windows down and the wind whipping through her hair. They had no responsibilities and no timeframe on their day. Jacks chortled and indicated to pull out of the lay-by. The dream dissolved, but although fleeting, it had lifted her spirits.

Sitting in the traffic, she beamed as she cleaned the dash with a spare bit of tissue that she had found in her pocket. The car in front moved forwards and Jacks followed suit in her dad's old Skoda Fabia, waving and smiling at her various neighbours, whom she knew by sight if not by name.

Turning on to the Marine Parade, with the seafront to her left, her eye was drawn as it always was to the Weston Wheel. 'Like the London Eye,' as Pete always said, 'but better, cos it's in the West Country!' She smiled at the big sky and the outline of the pier on the horizon, a beautiful sight to gladden any heart on such a bright blue autumn day. She ignored the druggies and dispossessed who gathered in the shelters dotted along the front. The season had finished and so they lay undisturbed on the benches, whiling away the day with nothing to stand up for. She passed the parade of shops, her attention caught only when yet another one had changed hands or been boarded up, which happened with regularity in Weston, especially when the grim reality of winter in a seaside town hit home.

Jacks thought about what she might make for tea, noting the students who clutched A4 files to their chests as they waited for buses in skinny jeans and silly

woolly hats that made it look like they had animals or puddings on their heads. They stood next to young professionals who commuted to Bristol and Portishead and who were fast buying up Weston's vast Victorian villas, extending them, improving them and pushing up the prices. She had admired those houses for as long as she could remember: beautiful, spacious buildings with grand fireplaces, wide staircases, tiled hall floors, boot scrapers by the heavy front doors and the odd turret perched whimsically above an attic corner. When she was younger she used to dream of sleeping in one of those round rooms, like a princess. They were now and always had been beyond her wildest dreams.

Sven and his family had lived in one of those villas and with hindsight she supposed that had been part of his appeal. Until she met Sven, Jacks had thought her own family were quite worldly: unlike her mates' families, her mum and dad took her to the pub, where they would eat scampi and chips or, in the summer, give her the choice of KP cheese-and-onion crisps or nuts while they sat outside. Her dad would always have a pint, her mum a Martini-and-lemonade with a slice of lemon on the side of the glass, and she would have Pepsi in a bottle, which she drank through a straw. To her, Pepsi meant America, and she coveted all things American. But Sven made her realise that her family was anything but worldly. Their occasional holiday in a Devon caravan park and the odd day trip to London were nothing compared to his globetrotting childhood. She listened in awe to his tales of aeroplanes, mountains, deserts and palm-fringed tropical beaches. Another world entirely. The more she learnt of exotic destinations far and wide, the less enamoured she became with the familiar streets of Weston-super-Mare.

'Ah, Sven...'

She pictured her dad's disapproving stare. 'Don't look at me like that! I can remember him, can't I? There's no harm in that, Dad.'

Ever since he'd passed away, she'd carried a little image of him inside her head. Not the sort of snapshot that might materialise when she visited a place they used to go to together or heard a piece of music he'd liked. No, this was literally a mini picture of him, a younger and happier version, his hair still dark and lustrous,

his eyes crinkling with humour and a twist about his mouth as though he was about to laugh. An image of him from the days before the gauze of sickness had muted every part of him. And this image sat at the centre of her mind, always. So much so that if she wanted to read a page or look at a picture, she almost had to duck around him.

The lights in the town centre were in her favour and she got through the one-way system in a haze of green. She thought that she was probably the only person who hoped for red lights, wanting to enjoy the solitude a little longer.

Turning the key in the front-door lock, she shouted, ‘I’m back, Mum!’ She climbed the stairs, opened the bedroom and was unsurprised to see her mother sitting upright, her fingers fidgeting with the bow of her bed jacket.

‘Have you got my letter?’ Ida asked anxiously. ‘I need it.’

‘No. Postman hasn’t been yet.’ Jacks walked to the open window and closed it a little. The place smelt fresher, better now that the bed had been stripped and the air had had a chance to circulate. ‘How about I make you some porridge? Or would you prefer toast today?’

‘When’s Don coming?’ she asked.

‘I’m not sure.’ Jacks smiled, still uncertain how best to respond to the request for her father.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
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Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
1.		
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Unit 3. My Lovely Wife by Samantha Downing

Part 1.

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

We sit in Millicent's car. She drives the nicer one, a luxury model crossover, because she often drives clients around while showing them houses. The leather seats are comfortable, it's roomy, and with the doors shut, the kids can't eavesdrop.

My hand rests between us, on the center console, and she put hers on top of it.

"You're nervous," she says.

"You aren't?"

"They won't find anything that leads to us."

"How can you be sure? Did you think they'd find her?"

She shrugs. "Maybe I didn't care."

It feels like what I know could fit in my hand and everything I don't know would fill the house. I have so many questions but don't want to know the answers.

"The others have never been found," I say. "Why Lindsay?"

"Lindsay." She says the name slowly. It makes me think back to when we first found her. We did that together: We looked, we chose, I was a part of every decision.

After I went hiking with Lindsay a second time, I told Millicent she was the one. That was when we first devised the code, our special date night, except we didn't meet in the garage. While a neighbor watched the kids for a little while,

Millicent and I went out for frozen yogurt. She got vanilla, I got butter pecan, and we walked through the mall, where everything was closed except the movie theater. We stopped in front of an upscale kitchen store and stared at the window display. It was one of Millicent's favorite stores.

"So," she said, "tell me."

I glanced around. The closest people were at least a hundred yards away, in line to buy movie tickets. Still, I lowered my voice. "I think she's perfect."

Millicent raised her eyebrows, looking surprised. And happy. "Really?"

"If we're going to do it, then yes. She's the one." She wasn't the only one; she was the third. Lindsay was different because she was a stranger we chose from the Internet. We picked her out of a million other options. The first two we didn't pick at all. They had come to us.

Millicent ate a spoonful of vanilla yogurt and licked the spoon. "You think we should, then? We should do it?"

Something in her eyes made me look away. On occasion, Millicent makes me feel like I cannot breathe. It happened right then, as we stood in the mall deciding Lindsay's fate. I looked away from Millicent and into the closed kitchen store. All that new and sparkly equipment stared back at me, mocking me with its unattainability. We could not afford everything we wanted. Not that anyone could, but it still bothered me.

"Yes," I said to Millicent. "We should definitely do it."

She leaned over and gave me a cold vanilla kiss.

We never said anything about holding Lindsay captive.

Now, we are sitting in the garage having another date night. No frozen yogurt, just a small bag of pretzels I have in the glove compartment. I offer them to Millicent, and she turns up her nose.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
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Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
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Unit 3. Part 2.

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

Naomi could not have written Tobias's name. She had never met him.

I turn this over in my mind, trying to figure out how it happened. Lindsay knew Tobias. She knew he was deaf.

But her body was found before Naomi disappeared. They could not have spoken, could not have exchanged information like that.

Millicent was the only one.

It does not make sense. None of this does.

As I get my food and drive out, I turn on the radio to hear the end of the press conference. When it's over, the announcers keep talking. They say those words on the wall again and again.

Tobias.

Deaf.

Naomi didn't know about Tobias.

Lindsay did.

And Millicent.

I pull over to the side of the road. My mind is so muddled I cannot think and drive at the same time.

Tobias.

Deaf.

I turn the radio off and close my eyes. All I see is Naomi in the basement of the church, chained up on that wall. I try to force it from my mind, to think clearly. But I still see her, huddled in a corner, dirty and covered in blood.

It makes me sick. Bile rises in my throat; I taste it in my mouth. I step out of the car, feeling nauseous, and the phone rings.

Millicent.

She is already talking when I answer the call.

"Flat tire?" she says.

"Excuse me?"

"You're sitting on the side of the road."

I look up, as if a drone or a camera is looking down on me, but the sky is clear. Not even a bird. "How do you know where I am?"

She sighs. A big, exasperated sigh, and I hate when she does that. "Look under the car," she says.

"What?"

"Under. The. Car."

I kneel down and look. A tracker. Just like the one I'd put on her car.

That's why I never knew about the church.

She knew I was tracking her.

The realization of what is happening explodes like a bomb in my head.

There is only one person who could have written that message using Naomi's blood. I knew this when I heard about it—I've just been looking for another explanation.

There isn't one.

"You set me up," I say. "For all of them. Lindsay, Naomi—"

"And the other three. Don't forget about them."

My mind is flooded with images of Millicent killing women alone, framing me for the murders.

Now, I know what she has been doing while I was at home with Jenna all those days and nights when she was sick.

The future rolls out in front of me like a bloody red carpet.

I pull over to the side of the road. Close my eyes, lean my head back, and think of all the ways Millicent could set me up. All the DNA she has access to. Everything she could plant, could give to the police. That does not even include the people who knew me as a deaf man named Tobias.

Annabelle. Petra. Even the bartenders.

They will remember.

Everything will point to me.

My mind fights against this idea. Around in circles I go, mapping out an idea, following it to the end, realizing it will never work. Every path is blocked, every idea already thought of by Millicent. It feels like a giant maze with no exit. I'm not a planner after all, not like my wife.

I pace up and down the length of the car. My head feels like it's being shocked again and again.

"Millicent, why would you do this?"

She laughs. It sounds like a bite. "Open your trunk."

"What?"

"Your trunk," she says. "Open it."

I hesitate, imagining what could be inside. Wondering how much worse it could get.

“Do it,” she says.

I open the trunk.

Nothing inside except my tennis equipment. Not a single racket out of place.

“What are you—”

“The spare tire,” she says.

My phone, the disposable one. The one with messages from Lindsay and Annabelle. I reach inside the rim of the tire, but I don’t find it. Instead, I find something else.

Pixy Stix.

Lindsay.

The first one I slept with.

It happened after that second hike.

You’re cute. That’s what Lindsay had said.

No, you’re the cute one.

Millicent’s voice brings me back to now. “You know, it’s amazing what people will tell you when they’re locked up for a year.”

“What are you—”

“She saw you the night we took her. Lindsay was waking up before you left. She was pretty surprised you weren’t deaf, actually.”

A wave of nausea hits. Because of what I did. Because of what my wife has done.

“The funny thing,” she says, “is that Lindsay thought I was torturing her because she slept with you. I tried to tell her it wasn’t like that, not at first anyway, but I don’t think she ever believed me.”

“Millicent, what have you done?”

“I didn’t do anything,” Millicent says. “You did. You did all of this.”

“I don’t know what you think happened—”

“Do not patronize me with a denial.”

I bite my tongue until I taste blood. “How long have you been planning this?”

“Does it matter?”

No. Not anymore.

“Can I explain?” I ask.

“No.”

“Millicent—”

“What? You’re sorry, it just happened, and it didn’t mean anything?”

I bite my tongue. Literally.

“So what are you going to do?” she says. “Run and hide, or stay and fight?”

Neither. Both. “Please don’t do this.”

“See, this is your problem.”

“What?”

“You always focus on the wrong things.”

I start to ask her about what the wrong things are but stop myself. I am making her point.

She laughs.

The line goes dead.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Unit 3. Part 3.

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text.

I should get sick. I should vomit up whatever is in my stomach, because when my wife of fifteen years has set me up for murdering multiple women, this should make me sick to my stomach. Instead, it feels like my whole body has been injected with Novocain.

Not a bad thing, because I can think instead of feel.

Run and hide. Stay and fight.

Neither is appealing. Nor is prison, the death penalty, lethal injection.

Run.

First, I take stock. Car, half a tank of gas, panini, partial iced coffee, and about two hundred in cash. Credit cards I cannot use, because Millicent will be watching.

I wonder if there is time to make a cash withdrawal at the bank.

Beyond that, my options narrow considerably. Can't keep the car for long unless I get rid of the license plate, and then there is the issue of where to go. Canada is too far. By the time I make it there, my picture will be all over the news.

Mexico is the only driving option, and even that would be a stretch. It depends on how quickly this all plays out. My name and picture could be out within hours.

I could fly out of the country, but then I would definitely need to use my passport. They would know where I landed. At no time did I prepare for this kind of escape.

Millicent knows this.

Running will get me caught.

It also means leaving my kids. With Millicent.

Now, I get sick. On the side of the road, behind my car, I empty my stomach.

I do not stop until there is nothing left.

Run and hide. Stay and Fight.

I start to consider a third option. What if I just walk into a police station and tell them everything?

No. Millicent might be arrested, but so would I. Claiming innocence is not an option, because it is not true.

There has to be a way, though. A way to implicate her instead of me, because I never killed anyone. A deal could be made with the right lawyer, the right prosecutor, the right proof. Except I don't have any. Unlike Millicent, I have not been setting up my spouse for murder.

You always focus on the wrong things.

Maybe she is right; maybe the why does not matter. But it will. The why is what will haunt me, what I will think about at night when I am lying in bed. If I am in a bed. Maybe it will be a prison cot. She is right about the why. It's the wrong thing to think about.

Run and hide. Stay and fight.

The options repeat over and over, like those words written on the wall of the basement. Millicent stated these options as if they were the only ones that existed. As if it were an either-or choice.

She is wrong. The options are wrong.

First, I will stay. Leaving my kids isn't going to happen.

And if I stay, I have to hide. At least until I can find a way to make the police believe me about Millicent.

That means I have to fight.

Stay, hide, fight. The first is easy. No running.

The police. I could go to the police and tell them everything, tell them ...

No. Cannot do that. I have real blood on my hands, and even a rookie will figure that out. And if I cannot go to the police, I will have to avoid them.

Money. I have two hundred dollars in my wallet, and that will not last long. I head straight to the bank and withdraw as much cash as I can without triggering an alert to the IRS. Millicent will know about it, because the tracker is still on my car.

Millicent. How long did she know? How long has she been tracking me? When did she start to plan this? The questions are endless, unanswerable.

With all we have been through, with all we have done together, it is unfathomable to me that she did not talk to me, ask me about it, even give me the benefit of the doubt. Instead, I had no chance, no opportunity to explain.

It seems a little bit crazy.

And heartbreaking.

But I do not have time to think about either one. In less than an hour, my life has been reduced to its most base level: survival.

So far, I am not very good at it. Millicent knows where I am, and I have no idea what to do next.

Home. It is still where I always go.

I grab what I can—clothes, toiletries, my laptop. The one we used to search for the women is gone, probably destroyed, but I find Millicent's tablet and take it. And photographs. I take a couple of pictures of the kids right off the walls. I also send them a text.

Don't believe everything you hear. I love you.

Before leaving, I turn off the GPS tracker but keep it with me. For a while, she will wonder if I am just sitting in our house. Maybe. But that is assuming I know my wife at all.

I pull out of the driveway and drive down the street, having no idea where to go next.

An empty building, a roadside motel, a parking lot? The swamp, the woods, the hiking trails? I have no idea, but it does not seem smart to be in a place I am

unfamiliar with. I need somewhere quiet, somewhere I can think. Somewhere no one will bother me for a few hours.

A complete lack of options and originality sends me to the country club.

As an employee, I have a key to the office, which I never use, along with the equipment rooms and the courts. I make a quick stop at the store for a bag of food, mostly junk, and stay out of sight until after nine o'clock. That's when the lights are shut down on the tennis courts, and security locks them up for the night.

This is where I go. The club has cameras inside the building. There are none on the courts.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Unit 4. Need to Know by Karen Cleveland

Part 1

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text, write out new words

Footsteps are coming closer. I hear them, even through the pounding in my ears. The haze in my mind crystallizes, in an instant, into a single command. Hide it. I guide the cursor to the X in the corner of the picture and click, and Matt's face disappears, just like that.

I turn toward the sound, the open wall of my cubicle. It's Peter, approaching. Did he see? I glance back at the screen. No pictures, just the folder, open, five lines of text. Did I close it in time?

A niggling voice in my head asks me why it matters. Why I felt the need to hide it. This is Matt. My husband. Shouldn't I be running to security, asking why the Russians have a picture of him in their possession? There's a wave of nausea starting to churn deep in my stomach.

"Meeting?" Peter says. One eyebrow is raised above his thick-rimmed eyeglasses. He's standing in front of me, loafers and pressed khakis, a button-down that's buttoned a touch too close to the top. Peter's the senior analyst on the account, a holdover from the Soviet era, and my mentor for the past eight years. There's no one more knowledgeable about Russian counterintelligence. Quiet and reserved, it's impossible not to respect the guy.

And right now there's nothing strange in his expression. Just the question. Am I coming to the morning meeting? I don't think he saw.

"Can't," I say, and my voice sounds unnaturally high-pitched. I try to lower it, try to keep the tremor out of it. "Ella's sick. I need to pick her up."

He nods, more of a tilt of his head than anything. His expression looks even, unfazed. "Hope she feels better," he says, and turns to walk away, over to the conference room, the glass-walled cube that's better suited for a tech start-up than CIA headquarters. I watch him long enough to see that he doesn't look back.

I swivel back to my computer, to the screen that's now blank. My legs have gone weak, my breath coming quick. Matt's face. On Yury's computer. And my first instinct: Hide it. Why?

I hear my other teammates ambling toward the conference room. Mine is the closest cubicle to it, the one everyone walks past to get there. It's usually quiet down here, the farthest reaches of the sea of cubicles, unless people are heading to the conference room or to the Restricted Access room just beyond it—the place where analysts can lock themselves away, view the most sensitive of sensitive files, the ones with information so valuable, so hard to obtain, that the Russians surely would track down and kill the source if they knew we had it.

I take a shaky breath, then another. I turn as their footsteps come closer. Marta's first. Trey and Helen, side by side, a quiet conversation. Rafael and then Bert, our branch chief, who does little more than edit papers. Peter's the real boss and everyone knows it.

We're the sleeper team, the seven of us. An odd bunch, really, because we have so little in common with the other teams in the Counterintelligence Center, Russia Division. They have more information than they know what to do with; we have virtually nothing.

"You coming?" Marta asks, pausing at my cubicle, laying a hand on one of the high walls. The scent of peppermint and mouthwash wafts over when she speaks. There are bags under her eyes, a thick layer of concealer. One too many last night, by the look of things. Marta's a former ops officer, likes whiskey and reliving her glory days in the field in equal measure; she once taught me how to pick a lock with a credit card and a bobby pin I found at the bottom of my work bag, one that keeps Ella's hair in a bun for ballet class.

I shake my head. "Sick kid."

"Germy beasts."

She drops her hand, continues on. I offer a smile to the others as they pass. Everything's normal here. When they're all in the glass cube and Bert pulls the door

shut, I turn back to the screen. The files, the jumble of Cyrillic. I'm trembling. I look down at the clock in the corner of the screen. I should have left three minutes ago.

The knot in my stomach is twisted tight and thick. I can't actually leave now, can I? But I have no choice. If I'm late to get Ella, it's strike two. Three and we're out; the school has waiting lists for every class and wouldn't think twice. Besides, what would I do if I stayed?

There's one sure way to find out exactly why Matt's picture is here, and it's not by looking through more files. I swallow, feeling sick, and guide the cursor to close Athena, shut down the computer. Then I grab my bag and coat and head for the door.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Unit 4. Part 2.

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

He's being targeted.

By the time I reach my car, my fingers like icicles, my breath coming in little white bursts, I'm certain.

He wouldn't be the first. The Russians have been more aggressive than ever this past year. It started with Marta. A woman with an Eastern European accent befriended her at the gym, had some drinks with her at O'Neill's. After a few, the woman flat out asked if Marta would be interested in continuing their "friendship" with a discussion about work. Marta refused and never saw her again.

Trey was next. Still in the closet at the time, he'd always come to work functions with his "roommate," Sebastian. One day I saw him, shaken and pale, on his way up to security. I later heard through the grapevine he'd received a blackmail package in the mail—photos of the two of them in some compromising positions, a threat to send them to his parents if he didn't agree to a meeting.

So it's not a stretch to think the Russians know who I am. And if they know that, then learning Matt's identity would be a piece of cake. Figuring out where we're vulnerable would be, too.

I turn the key in the ignition and the Corolla makes its usual choking sound. "Come on," I murmur, turning the key again, hearing the engine gasp to life. Seconds later a blast of icy air hits me from the vents. I reach down, turn the dial so that it's on the hottest setting, rub my hands together, then throw the car into reverse. I should let it warm up, but there isn't time. There's never enough time.

The Corolla is Matt's car, the one he had even before we met. To say it's on its last legs is an understatement. We traded in my old car when I was pregnant with the twins. Got a minivan, used. Matt drives that one, the family car, because he does more of the drop-offs and pickups.

I'm driving by rote, as if in a daze. The farther I go, the more the knot in my stomach tightens. It's not the fact that they're targeting Matt that worries me. It's that word. Friends. Doesn't that suggest some level of complicity?

Matt's a software engineer. He doesn't know how sophisticated the Russians are. How ruthless they can be. How they'd take just the smallest of openings, the tiniest sign that he might be willing to work with them, and they'd exploit it, twist it to compel him to do more.

I reach the school with two minutes to spare. A blast of warm air strikes me when I step inside. The director, a woman with sharp features and a permanent scowl, glances pointedly at the clock and gives me a hard look. I'm not sure if it's What took you so long? Or If you're back this early, clearly she was sick when you dropped her off. I offer a half-hearted apologetic smile as I walk by, though on the inside I'm screaming. Whatever Ella has, she caught it from here, for God's sake.

I walk down the hall lined with kids' artwork—handprint polar bears and glittery snowflakes and watercolor mittens—but my mind is elsewhere. Friends. Did Matt do something to make them think he'd be willing to work with them? All they'd need is the smallest sign. Something, anything, to exploit.

I find my way into Ella's classroom, tiny chairs and cubbies and toy bins, an explosion of primary colors. She's in the far corner of the room, alone on a bright red kid-size couch, a hardcover picture book open on her lap. Segregated from the other kids, it seems. She's in purple leggings I don't recognize; I vaguely remember Matt mentioning he'd taken her shopping. Of course he did. She's been outgrowing clothes left and right.

I walk over with outstretched arms, an exaggerated smile. She looks up and eyes me warily. "Where's Daddy?"

Inside I cringe, but I keep the smile plastered on my face. "Daddy's taking Caleb to the doctor. I'm picking you up today."

She closes the book and sets it back on the shelf. "Okay."

“Can I have a hug?” My arms are still outstretched, albeit drooping. She looks at them for a moment, then walks into a hug. I clasp her tightly, burying my face in her soft hair. “I’m sorry you’re not feeling well, sweetie.”

“I’m okay, Mom.”

Mom? My breath catches in my throat. Just this morning I was Mommy. Please don’t let her stop calling me Mommy. I’m not ready for that. Especially not today.

I face her and paste another smile on my face. “Let’s go get your brother.”

Ella sits on the bench outside the infant room while I walk inside to get Chase. The room depresses me as much today as it did seven years ago, when I first dropped off Luke. The diaper-changing station, the row of cribs, the row of high chairs.

Chase is on the floor when I walk in. One of his teachers, the young one, scoops him up before I get to him, cuddles him close, lays kisses on his cheek. “Such a sweet boy,” she says, smiling at me. I feel a pang of jealousy, watching. This is the woman who got to see his first steps, the one whose outstretched arms he toddled into for the first time, while I was at the office. She looks so natural with him, so comfortable. But then, of course she does. She’s with him all day long.

“Yes, he is,” I say, and the words sound awkward.

I get both kids bundled into puffy jackets, hats on their heads—it’s unseasonably cold today for March—and then into their car seats, the ones that are hard and narrow enough to fit three across the back of the Corolla. The good ones, the safe ones, are in the minivan.

“How was your morning, sweetie?” I ask, glancing at Ella in the rearview mirror as I back out of the parking spot.

She’s quiet for a moment. “I’m the only girl who didn’t go to yoga.”

“I’m sorry,” I say, and as soon as the words are out of my mouth I know they’re not the right ones, that I should have said something else. The silence that follows feels heavy. I reach for the stereo dial, turn on the kids’ music.

I glance in the rearview mirror again, and Ella’s looking out the window, quiet. I should ask another question, engage her in conversation about her day, but I

say nothing. I can't get the picture out of my head. Matt's face. It was recent, I think. Within the past year or so. How long have they been watching him, watching us?

The drive from school to home is short, winding through neighborhoods that are a study in contradictions: new-construction McMansions interspersed with older homes like ours, a house far too small for six, old enough that my parents could have grown up in it. The D.C. suburbs are notoriously expensive, and Bethesda's one of the worst. But the schools are some of the best in the country.

We pull up to our house, neat and boxlike, two-car garage. There's a small front porch that the previous owners added, one that doesn't really match the rest of the house, that we don't use nearly as much as I thought we would. We bought the place when I was pregnant with Luke, when the schools made it seem worth the massive price tag.

I look at the American flag hanging near the front door. Matt hung that flag. Replaced the last one when it faded. He wouldn't agree to work against our country. I know he wouldn't. But did he do something? Did he do enough to make the Russians think he might?

There's one thing I know for certain. He was targeted because of me. Because of my job. And that's why I hid the picture, isn't it? If he's in trouble, it's my fault. And I need to do what I can to get him out of it.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
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2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Unit 4. Part 3.

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

I let ella watch cartoons on the couch, one after another. Usually we cap it at a single episode, an after-dinner treat, but she's sick, and I can't get my mind to focus on anything except the picture. While Chase naps and she's zoned out in front of the TV, I clean the kitchen. Wipe down the countertops, the blue ones that we'd replace if we had the cash. Scrub stains off the stovetop, around the three burners that still work. Organize the cabinet full of plastic containers, matching lids with containers, stacking the ones that fit together.

In the afternoon, I bundle up the kids and we walk to the bus stop to pick up Luke. His greeting is the same as Ella's. Where's Dad?

Dad's taking Caleb to the doctor.

I make him a snack and help him with his homework. A math worksheet, adding two-digit numbers. I didn't know they were already up to two digits. Matt's the one who usually helps.

Ella hears Matt's key in the lock before I do, and she's off the couch like a shot, bounding for the front door. "Daddy!" she shouts as he opens the door, Caleb in one arm, groceries in the other. Somehow he still manages to squat down and give her a hug, ask her how she's feeling, even as he's wriggling Caleb's jacket off. Somehow the smile on his face looks genuine, is genuine.

He stands up and ambles over to me, gives me a peck on the lips. “Hi, honey,” he says. He’s in jeans and the sweater I gave him last Christmas, the brown one that zips at the top, a jacket over it. He sets the bag of groceries down on the counter, adjusts Caleb on his hip. Ella’s clinging to one of his legs; he rests his free hand on her head and strokes her hair.

“How’d it go?” I reach for Caleb and I’m almost surprised when he willingly moves into my arms. I squeeze him and kiss his head, inhale the sweet smell of baby shampoo.

“Great, actually,” Matt says, peeling off his jacket, laying it on the counter. He walks over to Luke and musses his hair. “Hey, kiddo.”

Luke looks up, beaming. I can see the gap where he lost his first tooth, the one that went under his pillow before I got home from work. “Hey, Dad. Can we play catch?”

“In a bit. I need to talk to Mom first. Did you already work on your science project?”

There’s a science project?

“Yeah,” Luke says, and then his eyes dart to me, like he forgot I was there.

“Tell the truth,” I say, my voice sharper than I mean it to be. My eyes find Matt’s, and I see his eyebrows rise, just the smallest bit. But he doesn’t say anything.

“I thought about the science project,” I hear Luke murmur.

Matt walks back over, leans against the counter. “Dr. Misrati’s really happy with the progress. The echo and EKG looked good. She wants to see us back in three months.”

I squeeze Caleb again. Finally, some good news. Matt starts unloading the contents of the grocery bag. A gallon of milk. A package of chicken breasts, a bag of frozen vegetables. Cookies from the bakery—the kind I always ask him not to buy, because we can make the same thing for a fraction of the price. He’s humming to himself, some tune I don’t recognize. He’s happy. He hums when he’s happy.

He bends down, pulls out a pot and a pan from the bottom drawer, sets them on the stove. I give Caleb another kiss as I watch him. How is he so good at all this? How can he have so many balls in the air and not drop them?

I turn away from him, toward Ella, who's back on the couch. "You doing okay in there, sweetie?"

"Yeah, Mom."

I can hear Matt stop, his movements frozen. "Mom?" he says softly. I turn around, see the concern etched on his face.

I shrug, but I'm sure he can see the hurt in my eyes. "Guess today's the day."

He sets down the box of rice he's holding and wraps me in a hug, and all of a sudden the wall of emotion that's been building inside me threatens to come crashing down. I hear his heartbeat, feel his warmth. What happened? I want to ask. Why didn't you tell me?

I swallow, take a breath, pull away. "Can I help with dinner?"

"I got it." He turns around, adjusts the dial on the stove, then leans over and grabs a bottle of wine from the metal rack on the counter. I watch as he uncorks it, then pulls a glass out of the cabinet. Fills it halfway, carefully. He hands it to me. "Have a drink."

If only you knew how much I need one. I offer him a small smile and take a sip.

I get the kids' hands washed, strap the babies into their high chairs, one at either end of the table. Matt scoops stir-fry into bowls, sets them down in front of us at the table. He's chatting with Luke about something, and I'm making the right expressions, like I'm part of the conversation, but my mind is elsewhere. He looks so happy today. He's been happier than usual lately, hasn't he?

In my mind, I see the picture. The folder name. Friends. He wouldn't have agreed to anything, would he? But this is the Russians we're talking about. All he had to do was give them the slightest opening, the slightest indication he might consider it, and they'd pounce.

There's a tingle of adrenaline running through me, a sensation that's akin to disloyalty. That thought shouldn't even be crossing my mind. But it is. And sure, we need the money. What if he thought he was doing us a favor, providing another source of income? I try to remember the last time we argued about money. He came home with a Powerball ticket the next day, stuck it to the fridge under the corner of the magnetic dry-erase board. Wrote I'm sorry on the board, a little smiley face beside it.

What if they pitched him, and in his mind it was like winning the lotto? What if he doesn't even know he was pitched? What if they tricked him, if he thinks he's lining up some perfectly legitimate side job, something to help us make ends meet?

God, it all comes down to money. How I hate that it all comes down to money.

If I'd known, I'd have told him to be patient. It'll get better. So we're in the red right now. But Ella's almost in kindergarten. The twins will be out of the infant room soon; we'll save some money in the toddler room. We'll be in better shape next year. Much better. This is just a rough year. We knew it would be a rough year.

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
1.		
2.		
3.		

4.		
5.		

Unit 4. Part 4.

Practical tasks

Task 1. Read and translate the text

He's talking with Ella now, and her sweet little voice pierces through the fog in my mind. "I'm the only girl who didn't go to yoga," she says, the same thing she told me in the car.

Matt takes a bite of his food, chews carefully, watching her the whole time. I hold my breath, wait for his response. He finally swallows. "And how did that make you feel?"

She cocks her head to the side, just the slightest bit. "Okay, I guess. I got to sit in the front for story time."

I stare at her, my fork suspended in midair. She didn't care. She didn't need an apology. How does Matt always find the right words, always know exactly what to say?

Chase is sweeping the remnants of his dinner onto the floor with chubby, food-stained hands, and Caleb starts laughing, slamming his own hands down on his tray, sending stir-fry sauce flying. Matt and I push back our chairs at the same time, off to get the paper towels, to start wiping faces and hands covered in sauce and globs of food, a well-practiced routine at this point, the tandem cleanup.

Luke and Ella are excused from the table and tear off to the family room. When the twins are clean, we set them down in the family room, too, and start cleaning the kitchen. I pause midway through spooning leftovers into plastic containers to refill my wineglass. Matt glances over, shoots me a quizzical look as he wipes down the kitchen table.

"Rough day?"

“A bit,” I answer, and I try to think of how I would have answered the question yesterday. How much more would I have said? It’s not like I’m telling Matt anything classified. Anecdotes about coworkers, maybe. Hinting around at things, talking around issues, like the big information load today. But it’s scraps. Nothing the Russians would actually care about. Nothing they should be paying for.

When the kitchen’s finally looking clean, I throw my last paper towel into the trash and sink back down into my chair at the table. I look at the wall, the blank wall. How many years have we been in this place now, and it’s still not decorated. From the family room I hear the television, the show about monster trucks, the one Luke likes. The faint melody of one of the twins’ toys.

Matt comes over, pulls out his chair, sits down. He’s watching me, concern on his face, waiting for me to speak. I need to say something. I need to know. The alternative is going directly to Peter, to security, telling them what I found. Allowing them to begin investigating my husband.

There must be an innocent explanation for all this. He hasn’t been approached yet. He has been, but he doesn’t realize it. He didn’t agree to anything. He certainly didn’t agree to anything. I drain the last of my wine. My hand is trembling as I set the glass back on the table.

I stare at him, no idea what I’m going to say. You’d think in all these hours I would have come up with something.

His expression looks totally open. He must know something big is coming. I’m sure he can read it all over my face. But he doesn’t look nervous. Doesn’t look anything. Just looks like Matt.

“How long have you been working for the Russians?” I say. The words are raw, unprocessed. But they’re out now, so I watch his face closely, because his expression matters far more to me than his words. Will there be honest confusion? Indignation? Shame?

There’s nothing. Absolutely no emotion crosses his face. It doesn’t change. And that sends a bolt of fear through me.

He looks at me evenly. Waits a beat too long to answer, but just barely.
 “Twenty-two years.”

Task 2. Write out new words from the text, translate them into Russian.

Complete the table

	Englisch	Russian
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Task 3. Make sentences with the words from Task 2

	Word	Example
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Unit 5. Part 1.

Лед (Иван Дуняшин, «Белый переулоч», перевод Людмила Ещеркина)

Practical tasks

Task 1. Compare the original text in Russian and the translation into English, suggest your version of the translation in English

<https://my.mail.ru/music/songs/белый-переулоч-челябинск-лёд-dd83ebb376dd814c141788e4ce309a4a>

Лед

1. Чужие адреса,
на полках и шкафах слова
Останутся
Я больше никогда, ты больше
никогда
в "прощай"
Сливаются

Когда придет весна, не опускай
своей руки
Не уходи
В бескрайних небесах начнется
звездопад
Смотри!

Припев:

Я ближе к тебе не дойду
По этому тонкому льду,
Битые стекла,
надежды оставим ему.

Уйду на слепую войну,
Ладони подставлю к огню
Чтобы согреться
Без твоего сердца.

2. История моя, но красками твоими
дни
Разбавлены.
Ты станешь для меня мелодией
внутри души
Оставленной

Когда придет весна,
не опускай своей руки,
Не уходи.
В бескрайних небесах
начнется звездопад,
Лови!

Припев:

Ice

1. Another strange addresses
On shelves of memory, like lost,
For keeps remain.
Words "I will never be"
With "I will never be, goodbye!"
Merge into pain.

But when the spring arrives,
Don't free your hand from mine,
Don't go away.
Downpour of shooting stars
Is starting in the skyes,
Just look and stay!

Refrain:

I can't get closer to you.
Ice is thin, water's blue.
Leave all hopes:
Broken glass won't be glued.

I'll put my palms to the fire,
Keeping secret desire:
How to find a way
To melt ice again?

2. The story is my life
But days are painted down
By your fine art.
You will become my dream,
My melody inside my soul,
Abandoned heart.

But when the spring arrives,
Don't free your hand from mine,
Don't go away.
Downpour of shooting stars
Is starting in the skyes,
Just catch and stay!

Refrain:

<p>Я ближе к тебе не дойду По этому тонкому льду, Битые стекла, надежды оставим ему.</p> <p>Уйду на слепую войну, Ладони подставлю к огню Как здесь согреться? Нет твоего сердца...</p>	<p>I can't get closer to you. Ice is thin, water's blue. Leave all hopes: Broken glass won't be glued.</p> <p>I'll put my palms to the fire, Keeping secret desire: How to find a way To melt ice again?</p>
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Unit 5. Part 2.

Я с тобою (Иван Дуняшин, «Белый переулочек», перевод Людмила Ещеркина)

Practical tasks

Task 1. Compare the original text in Russian and the translation into English, suggest your version of the translation in English

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qUUa1myr7zc>

<p>Я с тобою</p> <p>Припев: Я с тобою, я как ветер, За спиною не заметишь, Как дотронешься рукою, Спи спокойно, я с тобою!</p> <p>1. Снова расстояние между нами, Я не знаю где ты, я не знаю, как ты. Чем жить нам остается: Надеждой, чудесами? А если мир взорвется, Придумаем все сами.</p> <p>Припев: Я с тобою, Я как ветер, За спиною не заметишь, Как дотронешься рукою, Спи спокойно, я с тобою!</p>	<p>I'm with you</p> <p>Refrain: I am with you. I'm behind you like the wind together flying. Let me touch you light and tender. I am with you, please remember!</p> <p>1. Again there are far distances between us. I don't know where you're you driving, What cities you're arriving. What will my heart keep beating - Just miracles or hopes? And if the world explodes, We'll find our lucky roads!</p> <p>Refrain: I am with you. I'm behind you Like the wind together flying. Let me touch you light and tender. Now I'm with you, please remember!</p>
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<p>2. Стали открывать другие дали И где то в этих далях Друг друга потеряли. Но отчего-то верю, Что все еще вернется, Звездою в моем небе Зажжется твое солнце!</p>	<p>2. Looking for another universes We found amazing places But lost familiar faces. And I believe in marvel Desiring revival. Your sun will rise above me. My star, I hope you'll love me!</p>
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Unit 5. Part 3.

Огня здесь больше нет (Иван Дуняшин, «Белый переулок», перевод Людмила Ещеркина)

Practical tasks

Task 1. Compare the original text in Russian and the translation into English, suggest your version of the translation in English

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vsWvW4cSwCo>

<p>Огня здесь больше нет</p> <p>1. Расскажет сюжеты, объяснится холстами, Осенним листом вниз упадет на серые камни, Проснется под утро с живыми цветами, Коснется до капельки росы своими губами.</p> <p>Ворвется как ветер в окна и двери, Будет кричать о любви, Только ей никто не поверит.</p> <p>Припев:</p> <p>Огня здесь больше нет, Одни гудки в ответ, Тебе пошлю привет.</p>	<p>No Fire</p> <p>1. She will tell stories, Explain with old canvas, Like autumn leaf she will fall down Into grey sadness. Woke up in the morning, She'll see lovely flowers. Cold dew on her lips helps forget Lonely hours.</p> <p>She will burst into window Through the doors like a north wind. She'll cry again and call love back, But no one believes it.</p> <p>Refrain:</p> <p>No fire any more... Just beeps in your smartphone... I'll send you my Hellooo...</p>
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<p>2.Допишет до точки, устанет бороться С холодными днями и сама достанет до солнца, Растает как планы на раннее лето, Продолжит искать в глазах людей Хоть капельку света.</p> <p>Ворвется как ветер в окна и двери, Будет кричать о любви, Только ей никто не поверит.</p> <p>Припев:</p> <p>Огня здесь больше нет, Одни гудки в ответ, Тебе пошлю привет.</p>	<p>2. She will write to the end point, And tired from the vain fight With boring days, and she'll achieve Herself sun light. She will melt under rain drops Like summer intentions, In people's eyes still searching For light reflections.</p> <p>She will burst into window Through the doors like a north wind. She'll cry again and call love back, But no one believes it.</p> <p>Refrain:</p> <p>No fire any more... Just beeps in your smartphone... I 'll send you my Hellooo...</p>
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Unit 5. Part 4.

Мой Питер (Людмила Ещеркина)

Practical tasks

Task 1. Translate into English

1. Так бывает однажды:

Пароходик бумажный

Приплывёт к мечте.

И моя бригантина

Приплыла в край старинный,

В город на Неве.

2. Жарким солнцем согретый,

Город полураздетый

Кружит и зовёт.

По широким парадным,

Переулкам прохладным

За собой ведёт.

3. На тенистой Садовой,

По дороге к Дворцовой

Затеряюсь в ночной тиши.

Вдоль по Яблочкова,

К Биржевому мосту

Ты за мной спеши.

4. У Сенной и налево,

И к Апраксину прямо - по дубль-ГИС.

У Арроры, как друг,

Обнимает за плечи

Балтийский бриз.

5. Лахты стройной хрусталь

В бесконечную даль,

Как маяк, манит.

Белой чайкой душа

Над Разливом седымс

В рассвет летит.

6. С Петропавловки ангел

Махнул мне крылом -

Это добрый знак.

Из объятий садов,

Площадей и мостов

Не уйти никак.

8. Чтоб вернуться сюда,

Город милый

В душе храня,

Как монетку в фонтан

Брошу искорку сердца

В Фонтанку я.
9. Будь со мною всегда
Гулких станций мотив
Ночи напролет!
Питер строгий и нежный
Исполняет надежды
Всех, кто чуда ждёт.

Unit 5. Part 5.

Отчий дом (Никита Казанцев)

Practical tasks

Task 1. Translate into English

Уходя сегодня на улицу,
Я вдруг остановился на секунду,
Остановиться решило даже время,
Чтобы показать мне какую-то схему.
Схема эта напоминала мне что-то,
Только что? Понять я не смог.
Но пройдя обратно,
Переступив через порог,
Понял, что на схеме той было.
Та схема была прямым напоминанием
О том, что есть Отчий дом.
Этот дом твоей семьи и, соответственно, твой.
Тут каждый будет за тебя, начиная от кошки, и заканчивая мамой.
Просто та секунда дала мне понять одно,
Что, как бы ни было тебе печально,
Обидно, грустно и плохо,
Этот дом, и все, кто в нём живёт, не закроют двери от тебя,

Наоборот, они отдадут всего себя.
Поймите же вы наконец-то, подростки,
Что на улице вас никто не ждёт!
Никто не встанет за тебя стеной, как папа!
Никто не накормит тебя там, как мама!
Никто не поймёт тебя, как твоя семья.
Рай для многих - это деньги и любовь,
Но мой рай - это здоровье моей семьи,
Мне никаких денег будет не жаль,
Чтобы родные были в безопасности.
И закончить бы хотелось простыми словами –
Твоя семья, твой дом - это твой фронт и доспехи,
Которые становятся крепкими,
Если ты помнишь о них.

Unit 5. Part 6.

Дело жизни (Никита Казанцев)

Practical tasks

Task 1. Translate into English

Человек за жизнь свою
Пробует огромное количество дел
И участвует в главном бою –
За победу, в котором он даже постарел.
В поисках заветного дела,
Сильный горы подвинет,
Сожжёт любые преграды дотла,
Добьётся своего и вскрикнет:
«Да, я лучший, я как скала!»
И заслугами близких себя окинет.

Слабый не сдвинет горы,
Обойдёт и снова в путь,
Для него все эти победы
Лишь сплошная золотая муть.
И как итог жизни всей:
Дело своё нашёл и слабый, и сильный,
Но каждый выбирал свою дорогу,
Двигаясь к цели понемногу.
Как найти дело жизни своей?
Чей для этого выбрать путь?
Но знай, что судьба ещё тот сенсей,
Может где-то подстегнуть.

Unit 5. Part 7.

Математика (Сергей Яцук)

Practical tasks

Task 1. Translate into English

Математика расчеты жизни вычисляет,
Здесь можно встретить очень много строк.
Матрицы: квадратная, прямоугольная и нулевая,
Определение порядка - вот важный жизненный урок.

Познать науку эту и не так уж сложно,
А-строка и В-столбец, свойства $a+v$ важны.
Что такое "матриц равенство" понять возможно,
Для прогресса умственного эти знания нужны.

Хочешь, выучи ты теорему,
Или же запомни алгоритм.

Возникнуть никакие не должны проблемы,
Главное учесть Вам счета ритм.

Есть так же тут и произвольные, и матриц равенство, миноры элемента,
Все это как система существует прочно.
Вам формулы помогут все решить, как при поломке изолянта,
И хорошо все станет, это точно!

Скоро праздник, волшебство настанет - Новый Год,
И все мы ждём Мороза Деда, а кто-то Санта Клауса.
Помогут точно жить Вам без забот,
Как в сказке, Метод Крамера и Гаусса.

The Annex

Table 1. Standard Phrases for Retelling, Report and Presentations in English

Beginning:	
Dear colleagues! Dear friends! I'd like to tell you about...	Уважаемые коллеги! Дорогие друзья! Я хотел бы Вам рассказать о...
The topic of my presentation is...	Тема моей презентации ...
The purpose of my talk is to illustrate...	Цель моего доклада – обрисовать картину...
I'd like to give you an overview of... I would like to focus on	Я хотел(а) бы дать общее представление о... Я хотел бы сосредоточиться на...
Report:	
So, first/To begin with/Let's start with... At the beginning ... Firstly / Secondly / Finally Let us consider Let us start by considering the facts It is generally agreed that	Итак, во-первых/Для начала/Начнем с... В начале... Во-первых / Во-вторых / Наконец Рассмотрим Начнем с рассмотрения фактов Общепризнано, что...
Let's move on to the next part, which is...	Перейдём к следующей части, которая...
Now I want to describe ...	Теперь я хочу описать...
That brings me to.../So now we come to...	Таким образом, переходим к...
Conclusion:	
I'd like to finish with...- a summary of the main points, with some conclusions.	Я хотел бы закончить...- кратким изложением основных моментов, некоторыми выводами.
I'd like to finish by the main point(s). In conclusion..., As a result..., To summarize..., In other words, ...	В завершение мне бы хотелось подчеркнуть основные моменты. В заключение Другими словами,
Now I'd be very interested to hear your comments. I am ready to answer your questions.	Я с интересом выслушаю ваши замечания. Я готов ответить на Ваши вопросы.
Thank you for your attention!	Благодарю вас за внимание!

Table 2. Standard Phrases for Discussing

<p>1. Introductory words (вводные слова)</p> <p>Well (Ну, итак) Anyway (В любом случае. Так или иначе) First of all (Прежде всего) By the way (Кстати) Look here (Послушайте) After all (В конце концов) And so on (И так далее) If I'm not mistaken (Если я не ошибаюсь) In other words (Другими словами) As for me/ in my opinion (По моему мнению) As far as I know (Насколько я знаю)</p>	<p>2. Consent and refusals (согласие или несогласие)</p> <p>Really? (Правда? В самом деле?) Maybe (Возможно) Probably (Вероятно) Perhaps (Возможно, может быть) Yes, sure (Да, конечно) You are right (Вы правы) Of course (Конечно) I think so too (Я тоже так думаю) What do you think about it? (Что Вы думаете об этом?) Very well (Очень хорошо) Most likely (Очень похоже на то) I believe so / I suppose so (Полагаю, что это так) Actually (На самом деле, действительно) I agree with you (Согласен с Вами) I'm sure (Уверен) I'm not sure (Не уверен) I'm afraid, it isn't so (Боюсь, что это не так) I don't believe it! (Что-то не верится) I don't think so (Я так не думаю; вряд ли) It's a good idea! (Хорошая идея!) It's a great idea! (Отличная идея!) It is true! (Это правда) Certainly! (Конечно) With pleasure (С удовольствием) It's unbelievable! (Невероятно!)</p>
<p>3. Thanks (благодарность)</p> <p>May I help you? (Могу ли я Вам помочь?) Thank you in advance (Спасибо заранее) I'm very grateful to you (Я Вам очень благодарен) It's very kind of you (Это так мило с Вашей стороны) Not at all (Да не за что) Don't mention it (Не стоит благодарности) You are welcome (Всегда пожалуйста) No problem/ that's ok (Все в порядке, нет проблем) Never mind (Ничего страшного. Не имеет значения) Don't worry about it (Не беспокойтесь об этом) My pleasure (Пожалуйста)</p>	

Table 3. The Main Types of Questions

Вопросительное слово	Вспомогательный/ Модальный глагол / Глагол – связка	Подлежащее	Смысловый глагол/ именная часть сказуемого	Второстепенные члены предложения
1. General Question				
	Is	He/She/It	A doctor?	
	Was		tired	yesterday?
	Does		work	every day?
	Has		bought	a car?
	Will		drive	to the city?
	Can		play	tennis?
2. Special Question				
Where	are	You/we/they	working	now?
What	were		doing	Yesterday at 6 o'clock?
When	do		learn	Maths?
Whom	have		written	recently?
When	must		start	the work?
Why	will		get	this book?
3. Alternative Question = General Question + Or + Word				
	Is	he	A doctor Or a teacher?	
	Has		bought	a car Or a bike?
	Will		drive	to the city Or to the country?
4. Tag-questions – прямой порядок слов				
Основная часть – утвердительная Students do their homework every day,				Хвостик (Tag) – отрицательный don't they?
Основная часть – отрицательная, Students don't do their homework every day,				Хвостик (Tag) – утвердительный do they?
5. Subject Questions				
Вопросительное слово = Подлежащее	Глагол-связка	+ именная часть сказуемого	Второстепенные члены предложения	Второстепенные члены предложения
	Смысловый глагол			
	Модальный глагол	+ Смысловый глагол		
Who	helped		you	yesterday?
What	was	written	in that letter	from Germany?
Who	can	ride	a bike	well?

Table 4. Verb Tences. Active Voice. Examples

	Continuous (продолженное)	Indefinite (Simple) (простое)	Perfect (завершенное)	Perfect Continuous (завершенное продолженное)
Present (настоящее)	I am reading now. – Я читаю сейчас.	He goes to the office every day. - Он ходит в офис каждый день.	He has already written a letter.- Он уже написал письмо.	I have been explaining English since 9 a.m. It's 12 o'clock now. - Я объясняю английский с 9 утра. Сейчас 12 часов.
	now, at the moment, this week (month, year)	every day, every morning, every evening, usually, sometimes, often, seldom, always, never, at first, then, after, in the morning, in the evening	many times, several times, lately, recently, yet, already, ever, never, just, up to now, often, seldom, once, twice, this time (week, year), for (for a long time, for years, for ages), since (since morning, since 2 o'clock)	since 2 a.m., for 3 hours, when
Past (прошедшее)	He was watching TV at 6 o'clock yesterday. – Он смотрел телевизор вчера в 6 часов.	I learned new words yesterday– Вчера я учил новые слова.	He had translated the text by 5 p.m. – Он перевел текст к 5 часам вечера.	She had been doing her lessons for 3 hours, when her mother came. – Она делала свои уроки в течение 3-х часов, к моменту, когда пришла ее мама.
	at, when, while, at 2 o'clock yesterday, at that moment	yesterday, last year/month/week in 2000, 10 years ago ,	by, before	since, for, when
Future (будущее)	This time tomorrow I will be attending Mrs. Brown's lecture. - Завтра в это самое время я буду	I will make a cake tomorrow morning. – Я испеку пирог завтра утром.	She will have cleaned the room by 2 o'clock tomorrow. –	He will have been translating this article for 2 hours, when his friend comes. –

	<p>присутствовать на лекции миссис Браун.</p> <p><u>Will you be playing at 6 o'clock tomorrow?</u> <u>The secretary will have typed ///</u></p>		<p>Она уберет комнату завтра к 2 часам.</p>	<p>Он будет переводить эту статью в течение 2х часов, к моменту, когда придет его друг.</p>
	<p>at, when, while, this time tomorrow</p>	<p>tomorrow, next week, next month, soon, some day</p>	<p>by, before</p>	<p>since, for, when</p>
<p>Future in the Past (будущее в прошедшем)</p>	<p>He said that he would be sleeping at 5 o'clock. – Он сказал, что будет спать в 5 утра.</p>	<p>He said that he would go to Moscow. – Он сказал, что он поедет в Москву.</p>	<p>He said that he would have finished the report by 3 o'clock. – Он сказал, что он закончит доклад к 3 часам.</p>	<p>He said that he would have been reading the newspaper for 30 minutes by 8 a.m. – Он сказал, что будет читать газету на протяжении 30 минут, к моменту, когда будет 8 утра.</p>
	<p>at 5 o'clock, at that time</p>	<p>for, when</p>	<p>by, when</p>	<p>since, for, when, by</p>

Table 5. Verb Tenses. Active Voice. Formation

ФОРМЫ Время	Continuous (действие, происходящее в данный момент)	Indefinite (Simple) (повторяющееся действие)	Perfect (действие закончилось к данному моменту: результат, законченность)	Perfect Continuous (действие, начавшееся в указанный момент и совершается (продолжается) до другого момента)
Present	I am } <u>to be + doing</u> He is } We } are } <u>working</u> You } They }	I work } <u>do, don't + do; doesn't + do</u> He works } I don't He doesn't } We } work You } don't } They }	I have } He has } } worked We } } shown You } } They } } have } I haven't worked	I have } <u>(for, since)</u> He has } } We } } } You } } } } been They } } } } } working } } } } } (doing)
Past	I was } He was } } } We } } } } working You } } } } They } } } } were }	I } He } } } We } } } } work + ed => worked You } } } } did + not => didn't work They } } } } Did you work yesterday?	I } We } } } He } } } } had worked You } } } } They } } } }	I } He } } } We } } } } had been working You } } } } } (doing) They } } } }
Future	I } } } We } } } } shall (will) He } } } } } } be working You } } } } will } They } } } }	I } } } We } } } } shall work (will) He } } } } } } You } } } } will work They } } } }	I } } } We } } } } shall (will) He } } } } } } by the time You } } } } will } } } } have worked (done) They } } } }	I } } } We } } } } shall (will) He } } } } } } have been working You } } } } will } } } } by + for They } } } }
Future in the past	I } } } We } } } } should He } } } } } } be working You } } } } would } They } } } }	I } } } We } } } } should He } } } } } } work You } } } } would } They } } } }	I } } } We } } } } should He } } } } } } have worked (done) You } } } } would } } } } They } } } }	I } } } We } } } } should (would) He } } } } } } have been working You } } } } would } } } } working They } } } }

Table 6. Verb Tenses. Passive Voice. Formation

	Continuous (продолженное)	Indefinite (Simple) (простое)	Perfect (завершенное)	Perfect Continuous (завершенное продолженное)
Present (настоящее)	is/am/are + being + asked (sent)	is/am/are + asked (sent)	has/have + been + asked (sent)	-
	I am being asked now. – Меня сейчас спрашивают. Letters are being sent now. — Письма отправляют сейчас.	I am usually asked. – Меня обычно спрашивают. Letters are sent every day. — Письма посылают каждый день.	I have been lately asked. – Меня недавно спросили. Letters have been already sent. — Письма уже отправлены.	
Past (прошедшее)	was/were + being + asked (sent)	was/were + asked (sent)	had + been + asked (sent)	-
	I was being asked at 12 the day before yesterday. — Меня спрашивали позавчера в 12 часов. Letters were being sent at 5 yesterday. — Письма вчера отправляли в 5 часов.	I was asked yesterday. — Меня спросили вчера. Letters were sent yesterday. — Письма были отправлены вчера.	I had been asked before the lesson finished. – Меня спросили до того, как кончился урок. Letters had been sent before he phoned. — Письма были отправлены до того, как он позвонил.	
Future (будущее)	-	will/shall + be + asked (sent)	will/shall + have + been + asked (sent)	-
		I will be asked next week. – Меня спросят на следующей неделе. Letters will be sent tomorrow. — Письма будут отправлены завтра.	I will have been asked by 9 tomorrow. – Меня спросят завтра к 9 часам. Letters will have been sent by 5 tomorrow. — Письма будут отправлены завтра до 5 часов.	

Future in the Past (будущее в прошедшем)	-	would + be + asked (sent)	would + have + been + asked (sent)	-
		I knew I would be asked next day. – Я знал, что меня спросят к завтрашнему дню. The said that the letters would be sent by tomorrow. – Они сказали, что письма будут отправлены завтра.	I knew I would have been asked for 20 minutes for 10. – Я знал, что меня спросят к 10 часам. They said that the letters would have been sent by 7 o'clock the next day. – Они сказали, что письма будут отправлены к 7 часам завтра.	-

Table 7. Numerals

КОЛИЧЕСТВЕННЫЕ ЧИСЛИТЕЛЬНЫЕ			
ПРОСТЫЕ			СОСТАВНЫЕ
0 - 12	13 - 19 (+teen)	20 - 90 (+ty), 100, 1000, 1000000	1. Составные числительные от 20 до 100 образуются так же, как и в русском языке: 25 - twenty-five, 93 - ninety-three. 2. В составных числительных после 100 перед десятками, а если их нет, то перед единицами, ставится союз and : 375 (three hundred and seventy-five), 2941 (two thousand nine hundred and forty-one)
0 — zero 1 — one 2 — two 3 — three 4 — four 5 — five 6 — six 7 — seven 8 — eight 9 — nine 10 — ten 11 — eleven 12 — twelve	13 — thirteen 14 — fourteen 15 — fifteen 16 — sixteen 17 — seventeen 18 — eighteen 19 — nineteen	20 — twenty 30 — thirty 40 — forty 50 — fifty 60 — sixty 70 — seventy 80 — eighty 90 — ninety 100 — one (a) hundred 1,000 — one (a) thousand 1,000,000 — one (a) million 1,000,000,000 — a (one) milliard (в Англии); a (one) billion (в США)	

N. B.	Числительные hundred, thousand, million не приобретают окончание s как показатель <u>множественного</u> числа, однако если эти слова выполняют функцию существительных, т. е. перед ними нет числительного (а после них обычно стоит предлог of), то во множественном числе добавляется s : hundreds of people <i>сотни людей</i> , thousands of words <i>тысячи слов</i> .
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ПРОСТЫЕ ДРОБИ (THE FRACTIONS)			
ПИШЕТСЯ	ЧИТАЕТСЯ	ПИШЕТСЯ	ЧИТАЕТСЯ
1/2	a (one) half	2/3	two thirds
1/3	a (one) third	3/4	three fourths/quarters
1/4	a (one) fourth/quarter	4/7	four sevenths
1/5	a (one) fifth	7/18	seven eighteenths
1/10	a (one) tenth	9/10	nine tenths
1/25	a (one) twenty-fifth	2 1/2	two and a half
1/100	a (one) hundredth	3 1/4	three and a quarter/fourth
1/1225	a (one) thousand two hundred and twenty-fifth	2/5 ton	two fifths of a ton
		1/4 kilometre	quarter of a kilometre
		1/2 kilometre	half a kilometre

ДЕСЯТИЧНЫЕ ДРОБИ (THE DECIMAL FRACTIONS)		
ОСОБЕННОСТИ	ПИШЕТСЯ	ЧИТАЕТСЯ
В десятичных дробях в английском языке ставится точка (point) вместо запятой	0.2	(zero) point two
	.2	point two
	0.5	(zero) point five
	3.4	three point four
	3.215	three point two one five
	53.75	fifty-three point seven five

ДАТЫ

При чтении обозначения года называют два двузначных числа, соответствующих двум первым и двум последним цифрам обозначения:

ЧТЕНИЕ ОБОЗНАЧЕНИЯ ГОДА	
ПИШЕТСЯ	ЧИТАЕТСЯ
1612	sixteen twelve
1812	eighteen twelve
1941	nineteen forty-one
1960	nineteen sixty
1900	nineteen hundred
1905	nineteen o [əu] five

В таком чтении слово **year** год не добавляется:
Pushkin was born in seventeen ninety-nine. *Пушкин родился в 1799 году.*

Годы могут читаться и по-другому: **1754 - the year seventeen hundred and fifty-four.**
Такое чтение иногда встречается в документах.

N. B.	2000 год — the year two thousand Начиная с 2001 , годы читаются как количественные числительные: 2007 — two thousand (and) seven Начиная с 2010 года встречается чтение года как двух чисел: 2014 - twenty fourteen , 2020 - twenty twenty Так, к примеру, 2013 год можно прочитать как (the year) two thousand (and) thirteen , либо twenty thirteen .
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ОБОЗНАЧЕНИЕ И ЧТЕНИЕ ДАТ		
ПИШЕТСЯ	ЧИТАЕТСЯ	ПЕРЕВОД
25th July, 1976	The twenty-fifth of July, nineteen seventy-six; July the twenty-fifth, nineteen seventy-six	<i>25 июля 1976 года</i>
July 25 (25th), 1976		
25 July 1976		

АНГЛИЙСКИЕ МЕРЫ И ИХ ЭКВИВАЛЕНТЫ	
МЕРА	ЭКВИВАЛЕНТ
1 inch <i>1 дюйм</i>	2.54 centimetres <i>2,54 см</i>
1 foot <i>1 фут</i>	30.4799 centimetres <i>30,4799 см</i>
1 yard <i>1 ярд</i>	0.914399 metre <i>0,914399 м</i>
1 mile <i>1 миля</i>	1.609344 kilometres <i>1,609344 км</i>
1 ounce <i>1 унция</i>	28.35 grams <i>28,35 г</i>
1 pound <i>1 фунт</i>	453.59 grams <i>453,59 г</i>

Table 8. Participle

Form		Действительный залог Active	Страдательный залог Passive
Participle I	Simple Одновременность	V+ing (asking) спрашивающий, спрашивая 1) The man waiting in the car called me yesterday. 2) Reading English books I wrote out new words.	Being + III (being asked) опрашиваемый, будучи опрашиваемым, так как был опрошен 1) The house being built in our street is very good. 2) Being invited to the conference he left for London.
	Perfect Завершенность	Having+III (having asked) спросив 1) Having done the work he went home.	Having been + III (having been asked) так как был опрошен 1) Having been written by the composer before he began to study seriously, the song was rather simple.
Participle II (Past Participle)		-	III (asked) опрошенный 1) She was reading the book bought the day before.

Table 9. The Suffixes of Parts of Speech

Suffixes of Nouns		
Suffix	Meaning	Example
-acy	состояние или качество	Privacy – приватность
-al	действие или процесс	Refusal – отказ
-ance, -ence	состояние или качество	Difference - разница Assurance – гарантия
-dom	место нахождения или состояние	Freedom – свобода
-er, -or	тот, кто чем-то занимается	Trainer – тренер Protector – защитник
-ism	доктрина, убеждение	Socialism – социализм
-ist	деятель	Pianist – пианист
-ity, -ty	качество	Serenity – спокойствие

-ment	состояние, условие	Argument – аргумент
-ness	состояние	Happyness - счастье
-ship	занимаемая позиция, статус	Internship – стажировка
-sion, -tion	состояние	Concession – концессия Abbreviation – сокращение
Suffixes of Verbs		
Suffix	Meaning	Example
-ate	становиться, начинать что-то делать	Regulate – регулировать
-en	происходить	Strengthen – укреплять
-ify, -fy	создавать или становиться	Rectify – исправлять
-ize, -ise	придавать какое-то качество	Socialize – социализировать(ся)
Suffixes of Adjectives		
Suffix	Meaning	Example
-able, -ible	возможность осуществления, обладание качеством	Presentable – презентабельный Credible – надежный
-al	относящийся к чему-то	Regional – региональный Emotional – эмоциональный
-esque	напоминающий что-то	Picturesque –
-ful	наполненный каким-то качеством	Doubtful — сомнительный
-ic, -ical	относящийся к чему-то	Musical – музыкальный Domestic – домашний
-ous	характеризующийся чем-то	Nutritious – питательный

-ish	имеющий какое-либо качество	Childish – ребяческий
-ive	носящий какой-либо характер	Creative – творческий
-less	отсутствие чего-либо	Endless – бесконечный
-y	характеризующийся чем-то	Hasty – поспешный
Suffix of Adverbs		
-ly	характеризующийся чем-то	Easily - легко

Table 10. Gerund. Functions of Gerund in Sentences

Gerund= Verb+ -ing

Function in Sentence	<i>Comments</i>	<i>Examples</i>
Subject (подлежащее)		<i>Reading helps us learn English.</i> — <i>Чтение помогает нам изучать английский язык.</i>
Part of the Compound Nominal Predicate, Complement (часть составного именного сказуемого)		<i>One of his duties is attending lectures.</i> — <i>Одна из его обязанностей — посещать лекции .</i>
Modifier (определение)	With prepositions: <i>of, for, at, about, to, in.</i> In word combinations: idea of (идея о), thought of (мысль о), hope of (надежда на), reason for (причина для) и т. д.	<i>He has a reason for going abroad.</i> — <i>У него есть причина поехать за границу.</i>
Direct Object (прямое дополнение)	Gerund is used after some verbs only. (Герундий употребляется только некоторых глаголов). Table 11. Using Gerund	<i>We've finished preparing for the holiday.</i> — <i>Мы закончили подготовку к празднику.</i>
Prepositional Object (косвенное предложное дополнение)		<i>Thank you for coming.</i> — <i>Спасибо, что пришли.</i>
Adverbial (обстоятельство)	With prepositions: <i>in, on, before, after, without, by, about, at, to, of, for, through, besides, instead of.</i>	<i>We arrived in Madrid after driving all night.</i> — <i>Мы приехали в Мадрид (когда?) после того, как провели за рулем всю ночь.</i>

Table 11. Using Gerund

<p>After verbs</p>	<p>admit (признавать), advise (советовать), avoid (избегать), burst out (разразиться), delay (задерживать), deny (отрицать), dislike (не нравиться), enjoy (получать удовольствие), escape (вырваться, избавиться), finish (закончить), forgive (прощать), give up (отказываться, бросать), keep on (продолжать), mention (упоминать), mind (возражать — только в вопросах и отрицаниях), miss (скучать), put off (отложить), postpone (откладывать), recommend (рекомендовать), suggest (предлагать), understand (понимать).</p>
<p>After expression: can't help, can't stand, to be worth, it's no use:</p>	<p>- can't help — не могу не, нельзя не She couldn't help <u>laughing</u>. — Она не могла не засмеяться. - can't stand — не могу терпеть I can't stand his complaining. — Я не могу терпеть его жалобы. - to be worth — стоить чего-либо This place is worth <u>visiting</u>. — Это место стоит посетить. - it's no use — бесполезно It's no use <u>trying</u> to escape. — Бесполезно пытаться сбежать.</p>
<p>After verbs with prepositions</p>	<p>accuse of (обвинять в), agree to (соглашаться с), blame for (винить за), complain of (жаловаться на), consist in (заключаться в), count on /upon (рассчитывать на), congratulate on (поздравлять с), depend on (зависеть от), dream of (мечтать о), feel like (хотеть, собираться), hear of (слышать о), insist on (настаивать на), keep from (удерживать(ся) от), look forward to (с нетерпением ждать, предвкушать), look like (выглядеть как), object to (возражать против), persist in (упорно продолжать), praise for (хвалить за), prevent from (предотвращать от), rely on (полагаться на), result in (приводить к), speak of, succeed in (преуспевать в), suspect of (подозревать в), thank for (благодарить за), think of (думать о) и другие.</p>
<p>to be + Adjective + Preposition</p>	<p>be afraid of (бояться чего-либо), be ashamed of (стыдиться чего-либо), be engaged in (быть занятым чем-либо), be fond of (любить что-либо, увлекаться чем-либо), be good at (быть способным к), be interested in (интересоваться чем-либо), be pleased at (быть довольным), be proud of (гордиться чем-либо), be responsible for (быть ответственным за), be sorry for (сожалеть о чем-либо), be surprised at (удивляться чему-либо), be tired of (уставать от чего-либо), be used to (привыкать к) и другие.</p>

Table 12. Using «Have, have got»

	POSITIVE	NEGATIVE	QUESTIONS
Have	I have He/She/It has We/You/They have	I don't have He/She/It doesn't have We/You/They don't have	Do I have ...? Does he/she/it have ... ? Do we/you/they have ...?
Have got	I have got He/She/It has got We/You/They have got	I haven't got He/She/It hasn't got We/You/They haven't got	Have I got ...? Has he/she/it got ...? Have we/you/they got ...?

<p>We can use have or have got:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ➤ to talk about the things we possess; ➤ to talk about families; ➤ to describe people; ➤ to say that we are not feeling well. 	<p>We use have (not have got) :</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ➤ to talk about meals; ➤ to talk about holidays; ➤ with <i>a bath, a shower, a wash.</i>
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Table 13. «Used to»

	used to	get used to	be used to
Form	used to + base verb	get used to + -ing verb get used to + noun	be used to + -ing verb be used to + noun
Meaning	An action was performed repeatedly in the past, but is no longer performed now	Start to become accustomed to doing something (something is becoming familiar)	Be accustomed to doing something (something has become familiar)
Example - Statement	I used to study English when I was in high school.	I am getting used to living in a big city. (I moved here one week ago.)	I am used to living in a big city. (I have been living here for two years.)
Example - Negative	She didn't use to eat meat when she lived in China.	She didn't get used to snowboarding after one lesson.	She is not used to speaking English in this country.
Example - Question	Did he use to date your sister?	Has he got used to taking a taxi?	Is he used to studying English?

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