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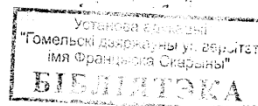
МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РЕСПУБЛИКИ  
БЕЛАРУСЬ

Учреждение образования  
"Гомельский государственный университет  
имени Франциска Скорины"

Кафедра теории и практики английского языка

## ФОНЕТИЧЕСКИЕ ТЕКСТЫ

Практическое пособие для студентов II курса  
специальности "Английский язык"



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Практическое пособие предназначено для студентов 2-го курса факультета иностранных языков специальности «английский язык». Оно составлено в соответствии с программой по данному курсу и включает проинтонированные диалоги, прозаические тексты и стихотворения. Цель пособия – помочь учащимся развить и закрепить навыки интонации современной английской монологической и разговорной диалогической речи.

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## Введение

Настоящее пособие по практической фонетике имеет целью помочь студентам 2-го курса специальности «английский язык» как с помощью преподавателя, так и самостоятельно, отработать и закрепить навыки английской интонации (в особенности, такие ее аспекты, как мелодику и ритм) на основе аутентичного материала, почерпнутого из современных учебников и классических произведений лучших английских авторов.

Структура пособия проста и единообразна. Фонетические тексты расположены по принципу возрастающей сложности. Все диалоги, стихотворения и почти все прозаические тексты записаны на магнитных пленках носителями языка. Это значительно облегчает самостоятельную отработку материала. Большинство текстов предназначены для заучивания наизусть и их воспроизведения с правильной интонацией, что является одним из основных методов обучения произношению.

Ударения и терминальные тоны в фонетически размеченных текстах пособия обозначены по системе Р. Кингдона.

## Dialogue 1 HELLO

(S: Sue; Ph: Phil)

S: He<sub>1</sub>llo, °Phil.Ph: He<sub>1</sub>llo, °Sue. °How are °you?

S: ✓Fine. And /you?

Ph: I'm i fine ✓too.

S: → Oh, a photo of i you and °Joe in a °boat.

Ph: ✓Yes.

S: It's a nice ✓boat.

Ph: ✓Yes, it is, nice.

\*\*\* Proverb: *As nice as pie.*

## Dialogue 2 FAMILY PHOTOS

S: °More, photos?

Ph: ✓Yes, i this is my °family.

S: Is i this your ✓daughter?

Ph: ✓Yes, it's °Wendy, my ✓daughter.

S: How °old is °she?

Ph: She's °four.

РЕПОЗИТОРИЙ ГЛ

S: She's very pretty.  
 Ph: And this is my son, Tim. He's seven.  
 S: Oh, he's like you. Is this your wife?  
 Ph: No, it's a friend. This is Jan, my wife.  
 S: She's very pretty too.

\*\*\* Proverb: *Like father like son.*

### Dialogue 3 ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

S: Where's Jan from?  
 Ph: Scotland.  
 S: Oh, my father's Scottish. Are you Scottish too?  
 Ph: No, I'm not. I'm from London.  
 S: So your children are half-English and half-Scottish?  
 Ph: That's right.  
 S: So am I. My mother's from the north of England and my father's from Glasgow. Is Jan from Glasgow?

Ph: No, she isn't. She's from Edinburgh.  
 S: Edinburgh's a lovely city.

\*\*\* Proverb: *Home sweet home.*

### Dialogue 4 A FRIEND

S: Who's this?  
 Ph: Oh, that's Nick. Nick Johnson. A friend.  
 He can speak five languages.  
 S: Really?  
 Ph: And he can play six musical instruments.  
 S: Wow! That's very impressive. Is he a musician?  
 Ph: No, he's an artist.  
 S: Oh, is he married?  
 Ph: No, he's divorced. You're very interested in Nick.  
 S: Yes, I am. He's very good-looking.  
 Ph: Well, I can introduce you if you like.  
 S: All right. When?

\*\*\* Proverb: *A friend in need (is a friend indeed).*

#### Dialogue 5 MAKING PLANS

S: Can Nick speak Italian?

Ph: No, he can't. He can speak French, Spanish, German and Hindi. And English, of course.

S: Wow! What languages can you speak, Phil?

Ph: Only English. What about you?

S: Uh. A bit of French and a bit of Italian. Well, when can I meet him?

Ph: Tomorrow if you like. We can go to the pub.

Nick's always at the pub on Thursdays.

S: Oh, that's really great!

\*\*\* Proverb: *Tomorrow is another day.*

#### Dialogue 6 A CHANGE OF PLAN

S: Phil, phone.

Ph: Right. ... Hello? Oh, hello, Nick. ... Yes, she's here. ... Oh, o, kay. ... Er, Never mind. ... No, I

can't make it. ... Yes, o, kay. ... No, Jan's in

Scotland with the kids until the tenth. ... Right,

I see you then. Bye. ... Nick can't make it to night.

S: Oh, what a shame. What about next Thursday?

Ph: No, I can't make it then. Can you come on the seventh? It's a Saturday. Nick and I are

both free then.

S: Yes, I'm free on the seventh too.

Ph: Right. Well, we can meet at the Royal Oak.

S: Oh, can't we meet here?

Ph: Er, yes, if you like. About eight o'clock?

S: Yes, that's fine.

\*\*\* Proverb: *Better late than never.*

#### Dialogue 7 MORE ABOUT NICK

Ph: Oh, hello, Sue. You're early. Ah, I'm not ready.

S: That's o, kay. I can wait.

Ph: The 'pub' isn't √ far. 'It's' '15 √ minutes on √ foot  
 ° or we can ' take a √ bus.  
 S: → Oh, √ we can √ walk.  
 Ph: √ Right. I'm √ ready.  
 S: √ So, { Nick's an √ artist. ° Is he √ rich?  
 Ph: → Well, { he √ isn't √ really √ rich, { but he √ lives in a  
 √ lovely √ big √ house. → Er, { what √ else can I √ tell you  
 a √ bout → Nick? ° He's { √ thirty-√ two. He's √ not very  
 √ tall. → Um, { he √ likes √ good √ food, { wine. He √ loves his  
 √ car. It's a √ Porsche. A √ red √ Porsche √ 9 √ 11.  
 S: √ Mm, { √ very √ nice.

\*\*\* Proverb: *Eat, drink and be merry.*

#### Dialogue 8

#### MEETING NICK

(S: Sue; Ph: Phil; N: Nick)

Ph: √ Well, { ° here we √ are.  
 S: → Mm, { it's √ very √ nice √ in √ here. I Can you √ see  
 √ Nick?

Ph: √ No ° I √ can't. ° Oh, √ yes, I √ can. √ Look, he's √ over  
 √ there. In the √ green √ jacket. ... He, √ lo, √ Nick. √ This  
 is √ Sue.

N: He, √ lo, √ Phil. √ How are √ you? He, √ lo, ° Sue. √ Pleased  
 to √ meet you. Can I √ get you a √ drink?

S: √ Yes, √ please. An √ orange √ juice.

N: What √ a √ bout √ you, √ Phil?

Ph: A √ pint of √ bitter for √ me.

N: √ Right √ then. ... √ There you √ are.

S: √ Thanks. I √ like √ this √ pub.

N: → Yes √ it √ is √ nice. It's √ one of my √ favourite  
 √ pubs.

Ph: √ Oh √ there's √ Carol. I √ want to √ have a √ word  
 with √ her. Ex √ cuse me, you √ two. √ Back in a √ minute.

\*\*\* Proverb: *Two's a company (three's a crowd).*

#### Dialogue 9 GETTING TO KNOW NICK

N: √ Do you √ work with ° Phil?

S: √ No, { I'm √ in com √ puters.

N: Oh, so how do you know Phil?  
 S: We go to the same squash club.  
 N: Oh, do you play squash? I can play squash, but I prefer tennis. I'm lucky, you see. I'm good at all sports.  
 S: Oh, really?  
 N: Yes, but of course for me art is more important than sport. I'm an artist, you know.  
 Are you interested in art?  
 S: Well, yes I am. I like ...  
 N: People aren't really interested in art. How many people go to exhibitions? Do you?  
 S: Not often but ...  
 N: Of course an artist is usually misunderstood. ...  
 \*\*\* Proverb: *Beauty is only skin deep.*

#### Dialogue 10 A BORING EVENING

Ph: So, what do you think of Nick?  
 S: He's awful. I think he's rude and conceited.

Ph: Oh, poor old Nick.  
 S: He's a real bore. He talks about himself all the time. He's only interested in one thing - Nick Johnson.  
 Ph: Don't you think he's funny?  
 S: No, I don't. He's just boring. And he drinks like a fish.  
 Ph: Yes, he drinks a lot.  
 S: He drinks too much. I really don't like him.  
 Ph: Well, he likes you. He wants to see you again. He thinks you're interesting and attractive.  
 S: Too bad. I'm not interested.

\*\*\* Proverb: *It takes all sorts (to make a world).*

#### Dialogue 11 A PHONE CALL (N: Neil; K: Karen)

N: Hello.  
 K: Yes, hello. Er, my name's Karen Jones. It's about the flat.

N: 'Oh \yes. → Well, {actually,} it's a \house, {not a  
✓ flat.

K: 'Oh {right. → Well,} can you \tell me a \bit a \bout \it?

N: \Sure. It's \fully \furnished. It's £ 50 ( \fifty  
pounds) a \week \plus elec\tricity. There are  
 \three \bedrooms { and we \all \share the \kitchen {  
 \and the \bathroom.

K: \Yes, { I \see. → Er, { can I \come and \see it?

N: \Yes, { you can \come \round \any \evening.

K: \What a \bout to \night? \A \bout \eight o' \clock?

N: \Yes, \that's \fine.

K: → Er, \what's the \address?

N: → Oh, \15 ( \fif\teen) \Shipley \Road. It's \near  
 the \library.

K: \O\kay. \See you \this \evening \then.

\* \*\*\* Proverb: *An Englishman's home is his castle.*

Dialogue 12

### ASKING THE WAY

(K: Karen; S: Mr Smith)

K: Ex\cuse me \please. \Can you \tell me the \way to  
 the \library?

S: The \library? The \library \isn't \open at \this  
 \time of \day.

K: \Yes \I \know. \Actually { it's \Shipley \Road I  
 \want. It's \near the \library.

S: \Shipley \Road? \Oh \yes. \Now → then. \Are \you  
 \on \foot?

K: \Yes.

S: \Well, { I \go \down to the \traffic \lights { and \turn  
 \left. → Then { you \go \straight \on { for a \bout { → oh, {  
 a \hundred \yards { and you \come to a \small

\roundabout. You \can't \miss it. → Well, \Shipley  
 \Road { is \one of the \roads \off the \roundabout.

The \first \or { the \second I \think. It's a \bout  
 \ten \minutes from here.

K: \Thank you \very \much.

S: \You're \welcome.

\*\*\* Proverb: *All roads lead to Rome.*



### Dialogue 13 LOOKING OVER THE HOUSE

(K: Karen; N: Neil)

K: He, llo. I'm Karen.

N: Oh he llo. Come in. My name's Neil by the way. Well, we can start down stairs. This is the living room. Er it's a colour T.V.

K: Mm, it's a very nice room.

N: This is the kitchen.

K: U, huh. Is there a washing machine?

N: No, but there's a laundrette just a round the corner. That's Vicky's room. She's not in at the moment. She's a nurse.

K: Oh yes?

N: The other bedrooms are up stairs. That's my room, and this is the bathroom.

K: Oh, there's a shower. That's good.

N: Yes, and this is the other bedroom. There's plenty of cupboard space and it's a new bed.

K: U, huh. Well, yes, I like it.

N: O'kay. Well, let's go down stairs and have a cup of coffee and we can talk about it.

\*\*\* Proverb: *Cleanliness is next to godliness.*

### Dialogue 14 A NEW FLATMATE

N: What do you do by the way, Karen?

K: I work in a bank. What about you?

N: I'm a teacher. So, er, well, if you decide to move in, you pay a month's rent in advance and you give a month's notice when you want to leave. We've got a non-smoking rule in the rooms we share. Of course, you can smoke in your own room.

K: I don't smoke, so that's no problem.

N: Er, what else? We've got a rota for the housework but we're fairly casual about it.

What else can I tell you?

K: Nothing, really. Well, I think it's all very

nice. Can I take it?

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БИБЛИОТЕКА

РЕПОЗИТОРИЙ ГЛ

N: vYes, \certainly. \Welcome!

K: vThanks. → Well, \when can \I move \in?

N: It's \up to \you. The \rooms \free \now.

K: \What a\bout \next \Friday?

N: vYes, \that's \fine. \No \problem.

Proverb: *There's no place like home.*

#### Dialogue 15 TALKING ABOUT THE NEW FLATMATE

(N: Neil; V: Vicky)

N: I've \got \some\one \for the \other \room.

V: \Oh \really? \Male or \female?

N: \Female. She \seems \very \nice. \Friendly. Her \name's \Karen. She \doesn't \smoke.

V: \Oh \good, \that's \lucky. \What does she \do?

N: She \works in a \bank.

V: \When can she \move \in?

K: On \Friday.

V: \That's \good. \Then she's \got the week\end to \settle \down.

N: → Mm. \We can \take her to the \sports \centre on \Sunday.

V: → Yes \o, \kay. \Have you \got a \key for her?

N: \No, \but I can \get one to \morrow.

V: I \hope she's \got some \good \C \D's. I'm \sick of the \ones we've \got.

N: → Yeah, \so am \I.

Proverb: *The more the merrier.*

#### Dialogue 16 MOVING IN

N: \He \llo, \Karen. \Can I \help?

K: \Oh \he\llo, \Neil. \That's \kind of \you. \Can you \carry that \box? It's \very \heavy. It's \full of \books.

N: \Where do you \want them: \in the \living \room \or in \your \room?

K: → Oh, \in the \living \room. \I \think \if \that's \o \kay.

N: \Right. What \else can I \do?

K: 'Can you 'take that suitcase? It's 'full of clothes. It's 'not very heavy.

N: 'Sure. 'Anything else?

K: →Er, 'is there 'somewhere I can 'put my 'bike?

N: 'Oh yes. You can 'put it in the 'shed in the 'garden. 'Vicky 'puts 'hers in there. 'Come and 'meet her. She's 'in the 'kitchen. ... 'Vicky, 'this is 'Karen, 'our 'new 'flatmate.

V: He, 'llo, 'Karen, 'nice to 'meet you. 'Welcome to the 'house. 'If there's 'any 'thing you →need, 'don't hesitate to 'ask.

K: 'Thanks.

\*\*\* Proverb: *Many hands make light work.*

#### Dialogue 17 A NICE QUIET EVENING

N: 'Oh, 'there you are, 'Karen. 'Are you 'all 'sorted out?

K: 'Yes, 'more or 'less. I'm 'glad it's 'Saturday to-morrow. I 'need the 'weekend to re-cover.

V: 'Well, 'now you can 'sit down and 'have a 'nice 'cup of 'tea. 'We can 'get 'fish and 'chips later and 'watch a 'film on the 'box.

K: 'What's 'on to 'night?

N: 'No 'idea, but the 'programme's in the 'paper. 'Where 'is the 'paper, 'Vicky?

V: →Uh, it's 'under the 'teapot.

N: 'Right, 'here we are. 'Now, 'let's 'see. 'Well, there are 'two 'films - a 'Western, 'High Noon' with 'Gary 'Cooper or a 'musical 'comedy, 'Singing in the 'Rain.

V: 'Well, 'now that there are 'three of us, 'we can 'have a 'demo-cratic 'vote. 'Karen?

K: →Well, 'I 'like 'Westerns.

N: 'Great! 'High Noon' then. 'Hard 'luck, 'Vicky!

\*\*\* Proverb: *If you can't beat them (join them).*

#### Dialogue 18 SATURDAY MORNING

N: 'Good 'morning, 'Karen. 'Sleep 'well?

K: √ Mm. √ Like a √ log. It's √ very √ quiet √ here.  
 N: √ Yes, it √ is. √ Now, { √ what a √ bout √ breakfast?  
 There's { √ bread in the, bread √ bin, { √ butter and √ milk {  
 in the √ fridge {, and √ cereal { in √ that √ cupboard. √ Help  
 your √ self.  
 K: √ Thanks. I √ must do some √ shopping this, morning.  
 √ Where's √ Vicky?  
 N: √ She's at √ work. √ She's on the √ early √ morning  
 √ shift this, week so she √ leaves the √ house at √ five  
 o' √ clock.  
 K: √ Oh, √ rather √ her √ than √ me. √ What √ time do  
 √ you √ leave?  
 N: √ A √ bout { √ quarter √ past, eight. But √ not at √ week  
 √ ends of √ course. √ Don't √ you √ work on √ Saturdays,  
 √ Karen?  
 K: √ Only √ every √ other √ Saturday. √ Not to √ day. √ Mm, {  
 √ this is √ lovely √ jam. √ Is it √ home- √ made?  
 N: √ Yes, { √ Vicky's √ mother √ makes it.

K: It's √ de √ licious. √ Oh, { √ how √ often do the √ buses  
 go, √ Neil?  
 N: There's √ one { √ every { √ twelve { √ minutes. √ In { √ theory.  
 \*\*\* Proverb: *The early bird catches the worm.*

#### Dialogue 19 (31) BARRY AND TERESA

(B: Barry; T: Teresa)

B: He √ llo. √ Anyone √ home? It's √ me.  
 T: We're √ up √ stairs, { in √ Simon's √ room. ... He √ llo.  
 You're √ back √ early.  
 B: This √ after, noon's √ meeting { √ was √ cancelled.  
 T: √ That's √ nice. Were you √ very √ late √ this √ morning?  
 B: √ Actually, { I was √ only √ ten √ minutes √ late { in the  
 √ end.  
 T: √ Oh, √ good. √ I was √ worried. We √ don't √ want  
 √ Daddy to √ get the √ sack, { √ do we, √ Simon?  
 B: Hello, √ Simon. Are you √ pleased { to, see √ your  
 √ Daddy? √ What √ are you √ doing? Is √ Mummy √ reading  
 you a √ book?

T: → Yes, he's tired. We were in the park for most of the afternoon. It was lovely, really hot and sunny.

B: Good. Oh, by the way, there's a lovely old-fashioned rocking horse in the toy shop, next to the office. I'm sure Simon would love it for his birthday. Can you meet me for lunch tomorrow and we can have a look at it together?

T: No, I can't. Your mother's coming round for lunch tomorrow.

B: Oh yes. What a shame. Some time next week then.

T: Yes, okay. Monday's a good day for me.

\*\*\* Proverb: *Blood is thicker than water.*

#### Dialogue 20 (33) A WORKING FATHER

(B: Barry; J: Jane; P: Patricia)

J: → Barry, can you give me a printout of the sales figures for last February? Hey, Barry,

wake up! What's the matter with you this morning?

B: → Oh, sorry, Jane. I can hardly keep my eyes open. I only slept about three hours last night. Simon's teething. We had to get up six times in the night. It's the third night running. We're both exhausted.

P: Oh yeah. It's awful when they're teething.

J: You should just leave him to cry. If you ignore him, he'll soon stop.

B: He's rather difficult to ignore. He's got incredible lungs. Anyway, Teresa would never agree. She thinks he should be picked up every time he cries. → Actually, I must say, I intend to agree.

J: → Well, just don't let it affect your work.

B: I'm sure it won't last much longer.

P: Don't you believe it. It can last for months.

My eldest cried every night for ten months.

B: \*My God. I'd never sur\ vive ,that ,long.  
 P: ~You \*get ,used to \*it. Re\ member, { the "first  
 ,month 'is the \worst.  
 B: →So \*I can 'look ,forward { to 'twenty-\*seven  
 ,more { 'really "bad ,nights. Great.  
 J: /Hey, { ~come ,on, \*Barry, I 'need \*those \sales  
 / figures.  
 \*\*\* Proverb: *Spare the rod (and spoil the child).*

Dialogue 21 (36) INVITING FRIENDS

(B: Barry; T: Teresa)

T: By the \way, { I've in\ vited \*Linda and \Dennis  
 ,round for a \meal on \Friday \night.  
 B: •Not { "this ,Friday?  
 T: ~Yes. \Why?  
 B: " 'Citizen \Kane" { which I've ,never 'actually  
 ,seen, { 'is on 'T \V on ,Friday.  
 T: →Well, { ~never ,mind. ~You can ,tape \*it.  
 B: /Yes, { I su\ppose ,so.

T: /Dennis →said they've 'just \*bought a ↑new \board  
 ,game. They're \*going to 'bring it \round to \play.  
 B: /What is \it?  
 T: →Er, they \did ,tell me, { but I • can't re\member |  
 ,what it's \called. A\pparently, it's 'all the "rage in  
 A \merica.  
 B: It is \not \that ,thing about ^famous ,people, {  
 ,is it?  
 T: I've ,no i\dea. They 'didn't \*say ,what it was a\bout.  
 B: →Mm. Well, I 'hope it's \better than the \last  
 one. /That was the 'most "boring \game { I've ever  
 ,played in my \life. I'd ~rather \*play \cards, { or  
 \Scrabble, or, something.  
 T: Su\ggest ,that, ,then. I've ,found a ↑nice ,recipe  
 for a \vegetable \curry, which I ,want to \make, for  
 \*them.  
 B: ~Oh \good, { we \haven't had a \curry for \ages.  
 \*\*\* Proverb: *Once bitten (twice shy).*

Dialogue 22 (37) A CAR-BOOT SALE

(T: Teresa; G: Gail)

G: He, llo, Te'resa. Come 'in. What a lovely jumper. It 'really 'suits you. 'Where's 'Simon?  
 T: I 'left him with his 'grandparents. They 'offered to 'have him for the ,morning so I'm 'making the 'most ,of it.  
 G: 'What would you ,like, 'tea or ,coffee?  
 T: I ,don't ,mind. What,ever you're 'making.  
 G: Ex'cuse 'all 'this ,junk. 'Kevin's 'Scout Troup is 'organizing a car-'boot sale so we 'thought we'd 'try and 'get rid of a few ,things. The 'kids have 'got 'so many ,toys they 'don't 'play with anymore.  
 T: You -> know I've never 'been to a ,car-'boot ,sale.  
 G: Really? Oh, you 'must 'come. They're 'good 'fun. We've 'never 'taken ,stuff to ,sell be ,fore, but we 'often go to ,have a 'look. Sometimes you 'find 'real 'bargains.

T: 'What 'sort of 'things 'do 'people 'sell?

G: -> Oh, 'all 'sorts of ,things. ,Books, ,toys, ,furniture, ,clothes, 'even 'plants - 'you 'name / it.

T: How 'much do you 'pay to 'take 'part?

G: -> Well, it 'varies. The 'Scouts are ,asking for £10 (1 ten 'pounds).

T: 'Mm, I 'don't 'think we've 'got a 'car load of ,things we 'don't 'want but I'll ,come a ,long and 'have a / look.

G: 'Yes, 'do. I'm 'sure you'll en'joy 'it.

\*\*\* Proverb: *Nothing ventured, nothing gained.*

Dialogue 23 (40) HAVING FRIENDS ROUND

(T: Teresa; B: Barry; L: Linda; D: Dennis)

D: He, llo. 'Sorry we're a ,bit / late. They're 'doing some 'roadworks on the 'Ashford ,Road and 'we 'got 'stuck in the 'tailback.

T: 'Oh, 'yes, I 'got 'caught ,there the other / day.

'Oh, what 'gorgeous 'flowers! You 'shouldn't 'have!

B: Let me take your coats. ... What will you have to drink?

L: A small whisky, please, Barry.

D: Just a tonic for me. I'm in training.

T: In training? In training for what?

D: You have in front of you a future participant in the London Marathon.

B: You're not serious, are you?

D: I certainly am. You know, I go running with some blokes from work? Well, we decided it would be a good idea to train for the Marathon. Why don't you join us, Barry? Get rid of that spare tyre.

B: What spare tyre? Speak for yourself. I'll have you know I'm in perfect shape.

T: When is it, Dennis?

D: The first Sunday in April. We're going to run for charity. If you don't join us, then at least you'll sponsor us, I hope.

T: Oh yes. Of course we will.

\*\*\* Proverb: *The spirit is willing (but the flesh is weak).*

### THE DOG AND THE BONE

A dog was walking over a bridge, carrying a large bone in his mouth. Looking down into the stream she saw another dog there. It was carrying an even bigger bone in its mouth. Immediately the dog on the bridge jumped into the water, snatching for the bigger bone and dropping her own. And then there was just one cold wet dog and no bone at all.

### THE SELFISH GIANT

Oscar Wilde

- Once upon a time a very rich Giant lived in a huge mansion surrounded by a big garden. The Giant had grown rich because being a giant he



had wandered "all over the world and collected much treasure. But although he was rich he was very mean. On his travels he had met many other giants so one day he thought to himself, "If I go to stay with other giants all over the world I will save a lot of money". He locked up his own house, closed the gates into his garden, pulled the curtains across his huge windows and set off. After a year or two his house became cold and damp, the walls round his garden began to crumble and the locks fell off the gates.

2. There were many children living nearby who had never dared to go into the Giant's garden. But now they did and the sound of their laughter was heard every day. The garden was filled with fruit-trees. The children loved to play among the blossom and when the fruit appeared the children climbed the trees and ate the fruit. It

didn't matter because the fruit would only have fallen to the ground. But at last the Giant came home again. When he saw the children playing in his garden he flew at them in a rage. Waving his stick he shouted: "Get out of here! This is a private garden! Be off with you! The children fled and the Giant was left alone. He repaired the walls and renewed all the locks. Now nobody could get into his garden.

3. But a "strange thing happened when spring came along. All over the country the blossom was blooming on the trees, the flowers were pushing their pretty heads through the soil, the birds were making nests in the trees and under the eaves of the houses but a little patch of winter stayed over the Giant's house. A big black cloud hung over the house, the trees did not blossom and not one single flower appeared. It was cold, so cold, and the snow stayed on the

he was • in the \clouds. Then he saw a \giant \castle  
with a \huge \door, \so he \went and \knocked on it.  
A \woman \came to the \door. "You're \just the boy  
I need to \help me • with some \housework," she  
→ said, \but "listen \very \carefully. My \husband is a  
\giant. When he • comes \home \you will \have to  
\hide. He is \very \fierce."

4. \Jack \helped the \woman with the \housework \until  
they \heard a \great \rumbling \noise \and the "castle"  
be'gan to \shake. "Quick," said the \woman, \Hide  
in the \cupboard". \Jack \heard the \Giant \come \in,  
then he \heard him → say, "Fee, \fi, \faw, \fum." I  
\smell the \blood of an "Englishman." Be • he a \live or  
be he → dead, \I'll \grind his \bones to \make my  
\bread." \Jack \was \very \frightened \but the  
\Giant didn't \see him. \Then the \Giant \went to  
\sleep. \Jack could \hear him \snoring \very \loud.  
\After a \while \Jack \crept • out of the \cupboard.  
He \saw the \Giant was \fast a \sleep and his \wife

was • in the \kitchen, \so \Jack \ran a \way \as \fast as  
he \could. \When he was \home a \gain, \he \told his  
\mother. "v Ha", she • said, "That is the \wicked  
\Giant who \stole from "your \father. He \took the  
→ hen that \lays \golden \eggs "and the \harp that  
\plays it \self."

5. The \next \day, \Jack a \gain \climbed \up the \bean-  
stalk. The \woman \let him \in, \when he \knocked  
and \told him \he must \hide \if the \Giant \came  
\home. \Presently they \heard the \great \rumbling  
\noise \and the "castle" be'gan to \shake. \Then the  
\Giant \came \in. \Jack \heard him → say, "Fee, \fi,  
\faw, \fum. I "smell the \blood of an "Englishman." Be  
he a \live or be he → dead, \I'll \grind his \bones  
to \make my \bread." \Jack \waited \until he \heard  
the \Giant \snoring \as he \fell a \sleep. \Then \Jack  
\crept \out. The \wife was • in the \kitchen, \so \Jack  
\went and \found the \hen that \lays the \golden \eggs  
"and the \harp that \plays it \self. \Quick as a \flash

ground. That "silly 'old Giant" huddled under the heap of blankets on his bed, getting up only to refill his six hot water bottles. Some times he looked out of his window at the snow-covered garden and → said, "Surely, this cold weather can't go on forever," but it did. There was no sign of spring in his garden, although everywhere else the sun was shining and the wind wasn't cold any more.

4. Then one morning he saw a little robin perched on his window ledge. He had a twig in his beak. "A robin making a nest in winter. Surely, not", thought the Giant. He got out of bed to look through the window and he got a big surprise: the snow was melting, the trees were blossoming and he saw that many children had climbed the garden walls and were playing happily. "So, that's it", thought the Giant, "The spring wouldn't come because I kept the children out." He

went down to thank the children, but when they saw the Giant, they all ran away from him. Only a tiny boy was left. He was "too frightened to run away. His little legs just wouldn't move. The Giant went up to him. "It's all right," he said. "I won't hurt you." He picked up the little boy and sat him on a branch of a cherry-tree. "You can play in my garden any time you like, and so can all your friends. I've learned my lesson." When the other children saw how kindly the Giant had treated their friend, they all came back to play.

5. The "huge Giant" tried to dance with them, but he was "rather clumsy" and he knocked down part of the garden wall. "I'll knock it all down," he told the children. "I want you to play here." So he knocked down the wall and made sure that any child could get in, big or small. However, the little boy he had put in the cherry-

tree had disappeared. No one seemed to know where he had gone. The years went by and the Giant grew old. He liked to sit in a large basket chair watching the children playing and dozing in the sun when it shone. "All the children grew to love him. Sometimes when the Giant was asleep they covered him with blossoms and flowers and one evening when the sun had almost gone down and the Giant wakened up from a nap in his basket chair he saw the little boy he had lost. The little fellow was there again sitting in the cherry tree swinging his legs and smiling. The Giant rubbed his eyes and looked again. "Am I dreaming," he said, "or is it really you?" "Yes, it's me," replied the little boy. "I've come to take you to Paradise if you'll go with me." The Giant tottered towards the boy leaning heavily on his stick and took his hand. When the children came next day they saw a

The Giant rubbed his eyes and looked again. "Am I dreaming," he said, "or is it really you?" "Yes, it's me," replied the little boy. "I've come to take you to Paradise if you'll go with me." The Giant tottered towards the boy leaning heavily on his stick and took his hand. When the children came next day they saw a mound under the tree a grassy mound speckled with little flowers. They called it the Giant's Chair. It reminded them so of the basket chair he used to sit in.

#### JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

1. Jack was a poor boy who lived with his widowed mother on a small farm. When Jack's father had been alive the farm was much bigger but after he had died much of the land had to be sold. They used to have lots of sheep, and two or three cows and many chickens and ducks, and

geese. Then they "all 'had to go {except ↑one cow} which the woman {kept} for 'milk. There 'wasn't a lot of furniture {left in the house} either: || 'Jack had a bed {his mother had a bed,} they had 'one table {and two chairs} and that was all. Then 'one day his mother said to →Jack: "You will 'have to take the cow to 'market. We 'just 'can't afford to 'keep it 'any more {and 'with the money} we can 'live for a year. Per'haps ↑things will go 'better for us."

2. • So the 'very 'next →day {Jack 'got the cow ready} to 'take to 'market. He 'put a rope {around its neck} and 'walked be'side it. "On the way {he 'had to 'pass} through a wood. Just as he was 'walking through a part {which everybody called} The Fairy 'Glen {Jack saw a 'funny 'little man} 'leaning on a tree. He 'wasn't as 'small as a fairy but {he 'wasn't as 'big as a man} and he 'wore a 'suit of 'green. He 'smiled at Jack {and 'bade him the 'time of 'day.

"Are 'you 'taking that old cow to 'market?" he asked. Jack re'plied that he 'was {where} upon the 'funny 'little man {danced a 'jig} in 'front of him. "Why are 'you 'dan'cing?", asked Jack. "I 'always 'do a 'little 'jig." {said the 'little man} "When I {want to 'cast} a 'magic 'spell."

3. Jack waited {un'til he 'had 'finished} and then the 'little man said, { "Sell that cow to me. 'Here's a bag of {magic 'beans. It 'may not 'look much} but • I 'promise you {your 'fortune will 'change} if • you 'agree." So Jack sold the cow to him {and 'went 'home} to 'his mother. But she 'wasn't at "all {pleased with him. →Oh {dear," she 'cried. "We 'need 'money {not a bag of beans." And she 'threw the beans {out of the 'window. The 'next morning {Jack 'saw {that the beans {had 'grown so 'high {they 'reached 'up to the 'clouds. He decided to 'climb up to the 'top of 'one of the 'bean stalks. Up he 'went {higher and {higher and {higher, un'til

he was in the clouds. Then he saw a giant castle with a huge door, so he went and knocked on it. A woman came to the door. "You're just the boy I need to help me with some housework," she said, "but listen very carefully. My husband is a giant. When he comes home you will have to hide. He is very fierce."

4. Jack helped the woman with the housework until they heard a great rumbling noise and the castle began to shake. "Quick," said the woman, "Hide in the cupboard." Jack heard the Giant come in, then he heard him say, "Fee, <sup>af</sup>fi, <sup>oi</sup>faw, fum." "I smell the blood of an Englishman. Be he alive or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread." Jack was very frightened but the Giant didn't see him. Then the Giant went to sleep. Jack could hear him snoring very loud. After a while Jack crept out of the cupboard. He saw the Giant was fast asleep and his wife

was in the kitchen, so Jack ran away as fast as he could. When he was home again, he told his mother. "Ha", she said, "That is the wicked Giant who stole from your father. He took the hen that lays golden eggs and the harp that plays itself."

5. The next day Jack again climbed up the beanstalk. The woman let him in when he knocked and told him he must hide if the Giant came home. Presently they heard the great rumbling noise and the castle began to shake. Then the Giant came in. Jack heard him say, "Fee, fi, faw, fum. I smell the blood of an Englishman. Be he alive or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread." Jack waited until he heard the Giant snoring as he fell asleep. Then Jack crept out. The wife was in the kitchen, so Jack went and found the hen that lays the golden eggs and the harp that plays itself. Quick as a flash

he ran a-way, with them. But the Giant { woke up  
and came after him. Down the beanstalk, climbed  
Jack and the Giant; was following. When Jack got  
to the bottom, he seized an axe and cut down  
the beanstalk. The Giant came tumbling down  
with a huge crash and made a great big hole in  
the ground. So Jack's mother once again, had  
the hen that lays the golden eggs and they had  
lots of money and every evening they listened to  
the harp that played itself. Jack's mother said  
to him, "I'm glad you've sold our cow for that bag  
of beans. Now our fortunes are changed and  
we're so much better off."

#### THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat {  
Went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat. ||  
They took some honey and plenty of money

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up at the moon above {  
And sang to a small guitar, |  
"O beautiful Pussy, o Pussy my love, {  
What a beautiful Pussy you are, o you are, {  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!" ||  
Said the Cat to the Owl, {  
"You elegant fowl, {  
How charmingly sweet you sing! |  
O let us be married \*too long we have tarried {  
But what shall we do for a ring?" ||  
So they sailed away for a year and a day {  
To the land where the bong-trees grow, |  
And there in the wood a Piggy-Wig stood {  
With a ring in the end of his nose, his nose, |  
With a ring in the end of his nose. ||  
Said the Cat, "Are you willing {  
To sell for one shilling your ring?" |  
Said the Piggy, "I will". ||

So they 'took it a way {  
 And were , married \*next 'day  
 By the 'Turkey { who 'lived { on the 'hill. ||  
 And they 'dined upon , mince {  
 and \slices of , quince {  
 Which they , ate with a 'runcible → spoon. ||  
 And 'hand in , hand { on the edge of the , sand {  
 They 'danced { by the 'light of the 'moon, the , moon {  
 They , danced { by the 'light of the , moon. ||

#### THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

'This is the , house that 'Jack , built.  
 'This is the , malt that 'lay in the , house that 'Jack  
 , built.  
 'This is the , rat that 'ate the , malt that 'lay in the  
 , house that 'Jack built.  
 'This is the , cat that 'chased the , rat that 'ate the  
 , malt that 'lay in the house that 'Jack built.  
*This is a dog but worried a cat*

'This is the , maiden 'all for , lorn who 'milked the , cow  
 with the 'crumpled , horn that 'tossed the , dog ...  
 'This is the , man all 'tattered and , torn who 'loved the  
 , maiden 'all for , lorn who 'milked the , cow ...  
 'This is the , priest all 'shaven and , shone who 'married  
 the , man all 'tattered and , torn who 'loved the , maiden  
 'all for lorn who ...

#### ENGLISH SPELLING

'When the 'English , tongue { , we , speak |  
 'Why is 'BREAK { \*not , rhymed { with 'WEAK? ||  
 'Won't you , tell me { , why it's → true  
 'We , say { 'SEW { but 'also { 'FEW? ||  
 And the 'maker of a , verse {  
 'Cannot , rhyme his 'HORSE { \*with 'WORSE. ||  
 'BEARD is 'not the 'same as 'HEARD {  
 'CORD { is 'different { from 'WORD. ||  
 'COW \*is 'COW { but 'LOW is 'LOW |  
 'SHOE is \*never rhymed with 'FOE. ||



'Think of 'HOSE, {and /DOSE, {and /LOSE |  
 And 'think of /GOOSE, {and ,yet of /CHOOSE |  
 'Think of ,COMB, {and /TOMB, {and /BOMB, {  
 /DOLL, {and ,ROLL, {and /HOME, {and /SOME. ||  
 'And 'since /PAY, {is, rhymed with /SAY, |  
 'Why not /PAID, {with 'SAID, 'I, pray? ||  
 'Think of 'BLOOD, {and ,FOOD, {and 'GOOD. |  
 /MOULD, {is 'not pronounced like /COULD. |  
 'Why is it 'DONE, {but /GONE, {and 'LONE? |  
 'Is there any 'reason known? ||  
 To 'sum it up, {it "seems to me  
 That ,sounds and 'letters /don't {agree. ||

## SONNET CXXX

W. Shakespeare

'My 'mistress' 'eyes are "nothing like the ,sun; |  
 'Coral, {is "far, more, red, {than her "lips, red; |  
 If 'snow be ,white, | "why, then, {her 'breasts are  
 ^ dun; |

If 'hairs be ,wires, | black wires grow on her  
 head. ||  
 'I have 'seen ,roses, {damask'd, {red and ,white, |  
 But 'no such 'roses 'see I 'in her ,cheeks; |  
 And in 'some 'perfumes, {is there 'more de' light |  
 Than in the 'breath, {that from my ^mistress, reeks. ||  
 I ^love to 'hear her 'speak, {yet 'well I ,know, {  
 That 'music hath a "far, more, pleasing, sound; |  
 'I grant I never 'saw a ,goddess, go; |  
 My mistress when she walks, treads on the  
 ground: ||  
 'And ,yet, | 'by ,heaven, | 'I 'think my ,love as -> rare |  
 As "any, she | be 'lied | with 'false com,pare. ||

## SHE IS NOT FAIR

Hartley Coleridge

She is 'not, fair, {to, outward, view, |  
 As 'many, maidens, be; |  
 Her 'loveliness I 'never 'knew |

Un'til she, smiled on me. ||  
 Oh, { then I, saw { her 'eye was 'bright, |  
 A 'well of 'love, | a 'spring of 'light. ||  
 But → now { her 'looks are 'coy and 'cold | -  
 To 'mine they 'never reply: |  
 And → yet { I 'cease 'not to be, hold {  
 The 'love, light { in her, eye. ||  
 Her 'very 'frowns { are, sweeter 'far |  
 Than 'smiles of 'other, maidens, are. ||

# AS YOU LIKE IT

by W. Shakespeare

Act II Scene 7

Jacques:

1 "All the "world's { a, stage, |  
 And "all the 'men and, women { 'merely 'players: ||  
 They 'have { their, exits { and 'their { entrances: ||  
 And 'one, man, in his 'time { plays { "many, parts, ||  
 5 His "acts { "being { "seven { 'ages. ||

At, first | the 'in, fant, || mewling and "puking  
 in the, nurse's, arms. ||  
 And → then | the "whining { school, boy, { with his  
 "satchel and "shining, morning → face, | "creeping  
 10 'like { "snail | un 'willingly to, school. || And "then {  
 the, lover, | sighing {, like, / furnace, { with a "woeful  
 "ballad | made to his 'mistress' | eyebrow.  
 → Then a "soldier { full of, strange { / oaths, { and  
 "bearded { like the "pard, {  
 15 "Jealous in, honour, { "sudden | and { "quick | in  
 "quarrel, | seeking { the "bubble | "reputation, |  
 Even { in the "cannon's | mouth. || And → then | the "justice ||  
 In "fair { round { belly { with "good { capon { "lin'd, |  
 With "eyes { "se, vere, { and "beard { of "formal, cut, |  
 20 "Full of "wise, saws { and "modern { instances, ||  
 And "so { "he plays { his, part. || The "sixth { age || shifts |  
 Into the "lean and "slipper'd { panta, loon |  
 With "spectacles, on, nose { and "pouch, on, side, |

His youthful hose well sav'd a world too wide;  
 25 For his shrank shank; and his big manly  
 voice, turning a gain to ward childish treble,  
 Pipes and whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends his strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion  
 30 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans  
 everything.

### YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM

Lewis Carroll

"You are old, Father William," the young man  
 → said,  
 "And your hair has become very white;  
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head,  
 "Do you think at your age it is right?"  
 "In my youth," Father William replied to his son,  
 I feared it might injure the brain;  
 But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,

Why, I do it a gain and a gain."  
 "You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned  
 before,

And have grown most in commonly fat;  
 Yet you've turned a back-somersault, in at the  
 door. Pray, what is the reason of that?"  
 "In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his  
 grey locks,

"I kept all my limbs very supple;  
 By the use of this ointment one shilling a  
 box. Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth,  
 "And your jaws are too weak for anything tougher  
 than suet;  
 Yet you've finished the goose, with the bones,  
 and the beak. Pray, how did you manage to do it?"  
 "In my youth," said the father, "I took to the law,  
 And argued each case with my wife;  
 And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw

Has lasted the 'rest of my \life."

"'You are \old", said the \youth, "One would \hardly  
suppose { that your ^eye was as ^steady as \ever:|  
Yet you \balanced an \eel { on the \end of \your \nose.|  
'What \made you so \awfully \clever?"||

"I have \answered \three \questions,  
And \that is \enough," said the \father,

"\Don't \give yourself \airs!||

'Do you \think I can \listen \all \day to \such \stuff?|

'Be \off { or I'll \kick you down \stairs!|||

### READING

'When we were \children| we \used to enjoy \playing on  
the \beach,| \making \castles { and \forts { and \channels  
in the \sand. 'I ex\pect \you did the \same when you  
were \young,| because it's \really one of the \most  
de\lightful \holidays for \children. We \used to \love {  
'playing about on the \sand| and \paddling in the \water|  
and getting \splashed by the \waves. \Sometimes { \we'd

\get our \clothes \wet,| and \Nurse would \get \very  
\cross| and I tell us we \oughtn't to have \gone \so \far  
into the \water. ^When you are \tired of \London,| 'go  
'down to the \sea { for a \week or a \fortnight. You can  
'walk up and \down the \front,| 'listen to the \band on the  
'pier| and \do \more or less \anything you \please. If you  
'wish to \bathe| you can \hire a \hut or a \tent. A \swim  
now and \then { or \better still \every \day { will \do you a  
'lot of \good. 'Take your \car \with you { if you've \got  
'one,| choose a \good ho\tel| and you are \sure to \spend  
a \thoroughly en\joyable \time.

### BRISTOL

'Bristol { is \not a \very \large \port. It is \smaller than  
'Plymouth { 'Liverpool { 'Portsmouth and \Dover| but it is  
'very \beautiful.

'Bristol { is di\vided into \two \parts. \One of them { is the  
port on the \Avon { with \narrow \streets,| 'old  
'churches { and \half \timber \houses. It has a \wooden {

'eighteenth century theatre { un'touched { since 'those days.

'This was the port { from which 'many ships sailed { in Elizabeth's reign. The 'eighteenth century 'stone houses { climb up the hills { past the beautiful { and 'little-known cathedral { to the 'second part of Bristol. 'This part { is more modern { and it has 'many 'fine houses { built of 'pink stone { and 'many 'wonderful monuments { and churches. Bristol has a college { named 'College Green { the 'University { the 'art gallery { and some museums. The 'University building { has a very high tower { from the top of which { you can see 'College Green { many churches { and Park Street.

#### A STREET IN LONDON

We're 'now at 'Oxford Circus { 'half-way a long 'Oxford Street { one of the 'busiest streets { in the 'West End of London { and 'that street over there is 'Regent Street { famous 'all over the world { for its

'splendid shops. Near one of the 'street corners { you can see an entrance to the 'subway { leading to the 'Underground Railway { or Tube, as we call it. On 'both sides of the street { there are 'shops { banks { and restaurants. In the roadway { there's a 'constant stream { of cars { taxis { buses { and lorries. In some parts of London { there are 'trolley-buses { and 'trams as well. The 'noise is 'deafening { but one soon gets used to it. The pavements are 'crowded with people { and it's 'dangerous to attempt to cross the road until the 'traffic is stopped { either by a policeman on point duty { or by the 'red traffic lights. In any case { before crossing the road { take care to 'look to your right { and when you reach the middle of the road { look to your left. At night { the streets are lit by electricity { or in some districts { by gas. You can see the 'lamp-posts and standards { on the pavements { and on the 'islands in the middle of the road. The 'main streets { are flooded with light { from

the 'brilliant' shop- windows and the i'lluminated signs and advertisements: so that after dark everything looks as bright as in broad daylight.

### NEW YORK

It is easy to find your way about in New York, it is laid out so regularly. In stead of streets wandering and twisting as they do in London, they are all regular and planned. The streets running north and south are called 'avenues' and are numbered, e.g. 1st Avenue, 2nd Avenue, 3rd Avenue etc. the streets going east and west are called 'streets' and are also numbered, e.g. 5th Street, 6th Street, etc. It's all very much more logical and sensible than London's street names; but I couldn't help thinking how much more fascinating than these dull, cold numbers are London's 'illogical but colourful' 'Paternoster Row' and 'Amen Corner', 'Drury Lane' and 'Pettycoat Lane' (which are not lanes at all), 'Bishopsgate'

(which isn't a gate and hasn't a bishop in it), 'Haymarket' or 'Corn Market' (where you won't see any hay or corn), 'Poultry' (with not a live chicken anywhere in sight) or 'Thread-needle Street' where you will find not little girls learning to sew but the fortress-like Bank of England.

### MEALS IN ENGLAND

Meals in England are much the same as in other countries, with the exception of breakfast. I expect you've heard all about the English breakfast with its porridge or cereal, bacon and eggs, toast, marmalade and tea or coffee. Very few people like chocolate or cocoa for breakfast. In the afternoon, about four o'clock or half-past, nearly everybody has tea. The two main meals of the day, lunch and dinner, are both more or less alike. Most people have lunch about one o'clock and → dinner at half-past seven or later.

## WINNIE-THE-POOH

A.A. Milne

## Story 1

In which we are introduced to Winnie-the-Pooh and some bees and the stories begin.

Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Friday, Winnie-the-Pooh lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders.

One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak-tree, and, from the top of the tree, there came a loud buzzing-noise.

Winnie-the-Pooh sat down at the foot of the tree, put his head between his paws and began to think.

First of all he said to himself, "That buzzing-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing-noise like that, just buzzing and buzzing, without its meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing-noise, and the only reason for making a buzzing-noise that *I* know of is because you're a bee." Then he thought another long time, and said, "And the only reason for being a bee that *I* know of is making honey."

And then he got up, and said, "And the only reason for making honey is so as *I* can eat it."

So he began to climb the tree. He climbed and he climbed and he climbed, and as he climbed he sang a little song to himself. It went like this,

Isn't it funny  
How a bear likes honey?  
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!  
I wonder why he does?

Then he climbed a little further ... and a little further ... and then just a little further. By that time he had thought of another song.

It's a very funny thought that, if Bears were Bees,

They'd build their nests at the bottom of trees.

And that being so (if the Bees were Bears),  
We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs.

He was getting rather tired by this time, so that is why he sang a Complaining Song. He was nearly there now, and if he just stood on that branch ...

*Crack!*

"Oh, help!" said Pooh, as he dropped ten feet to the branch below him.

"If only I hadn't - " he said, as he bounced twenty feet on to the next branch.

"You see, what I meant to do," he explained, as he turned head-over-heels, and crashed on to another branch thirty feet below, "what I meant to do ..."

"Of course, it was rather - " he admitted, as he slithered very quickly through the next six branches.

"It all comes, I suppose," he decided, as he said good-bye to the last branch, spun round three times, and flew gracefully into a gorse-bush, "it all comes of liking honey so much. Oh, help!"

He crawled out of the gorse-bush, brushed the prickles from his nose, and began to think again. And the first person he thought of was Christopher Robin.

So Winnie-the-Pooh went round to his friend Christopher Robin, who lived behind a green door in another part of the Forest.

"Good morning, Christopher Robin," he said.

"Good morning, Winnie-the-Pooh," said you.

"I wonder if you've got such a thing as a balloon about you?"

"A balloon?"

"Yes, I just said to myself coming along, I wonder if Christopher Robin has such a thing as a balloon about him? I just said it to myself, thinking of balloons, and wondering."

"What do you want a balloon for?" you said.

Winnie-the-Pooh looked round to see that nobody was listening, put his paw to his mouth, and said in a deep whisper, "Honey!"

"But you don't get honey with balloons!"

"I do," said Pooh.

Well, it just happened that you had been to a party the day before at the house of your friend Piglet, and you had balloons and the party. You had had a big green

balloon; and one of Rabbit's relations had had a big blue one, and had left it behind, being really too young to go to a party at all; and so you had brought the green one and the blue one home with you.

"Which one would you like?" you asked Pooh.

He put his head between his paws and thought very carefully.

"It's like this," he said. "When you go after honey with a balloon, the great thing is not to let the bees know you're coming. Now, if you have a green balloon, they might think you were only part of the tree, and not notice you, and if you have a blue balloon, they might think you were only part of the sky, and not notice you, and the question is, 'Which is most likely?'"

"Wouldn't they notice you underneath the balloon?" you asked.

"They might or they might not," said Winnie-the-Pooh.

"You can never tell with bees." He thought for a moment and said, "I shall try to look like a small black cloud. That will deceive them."

"Then you had better have the blue balloon," you said; and so it was decided.

Well, you both went out with the blue balloon, and you took your gun with you, just in case, as you always did, and Winnie-the-Pooh went to a very muddy place that he knew of, and rolled and rolled until he was black all over; and then, when the balloon was blown up as big as big, and you and Pooh were both holding on to the

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string, you let go suddenly, and Pooh Bear floated gracefully up into the sky, and stayed there - level with the top of the tree and about twenty feet away from it.

"Hooray!" you shouted.

"Isn't that fine?" shouted Winnie-the-Pooh down to you. "What do I look like?"

"You look like a Bear holding on to a balloon," you said.

"Not," said Pooh anxiously, "not like a small black cloud in a blue sky?"

"Not very much."

"Ah, well, perhaps from up here it looks different. And, as I say, you can never tell with bees."

There was no wind to blow him nearer to the tree so there he stayed. He could see the honey, he could smell the honey, but he couldn't quite reach the honey. After a little while he called down to you. "Christopher Robin!" he said in a loud whisper.

"Hello!"

"I think the bees suspect something!"

"What sort of thing?"

"I don't know. But something tells me that they're suspicious!"

"Perhaps they think that you're after their honey?"

"It may be that. You can never tell with bees."

There was another little silence, and then he called down to you again.

"Christopher Robin!"

"Yes?"

"Have you an umbrella in your house?"

"I think so."

"I wish you would bring it out here, and walk up and down with it, and look up at me every now and then, and say, 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain.' I think, if you did that, it would help the deception which we are practising on these bees."

Well, you laughed to yourself, "Silly old Bear!" but you didn't say it aloud because you were so fond of him, and you went home for your umbrella.

"Oh, there you are!" called down Winnie-the-Pooh, as soon as you got back to the tree. "I was beginning to get anxious. I have discovered that the bees are now definitely suspicious."

"Shall I put my umbrella up?" you said.

"Yes, but wait a moment. We must be practical. The important bee to deceive is the Queen Bee. Can you see which is the Queen Bee from down there?"

"No."

"A pity. Well, now, if you walk up and down with your umbrella, saying 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain,' I shall do what I can by singing a little Cloud Song, such as a cloud might sing. ... Go!"

So, while you walked up and down and wondered if it would rain, Winnie-the-Pooh sang this song:

How sweet to be a cloud  
Floating in the blue!

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Every little cloud  
Always sings aloud.

"How sweet to be a cloud  
Floating in the blue!"  
It makes me very proud  
To be a little cloud.

The bees were still buzzing as suspiciously as ever. Some of them, indeed, left their nests and flew all round the cloud as it began the second verse of this song, and one bee sat down on the nose of the cloud for a moment, and then got up again.

"Christopher - ow - Robin," called out the cloud.

"Yes?"

"I have just been thinking, and I have come to a very important decision. These are the wrong sort of bees."

"Are they?"

"Quite the wrong sort. So I should think they would make the wrong sort of honey, shouldn't you?"

"Would they?"

"Yes. So I think I shall come down."

"How?" asked you.

Winnie-the-Pooh hadn't thought about this. If he let go of the string, he would fall - *bump* - and he didn't like the idea of that. So he thought for a long time, and then he said, "Christopher Robin, you must shoot the balloon with your gun. Have you got your gun?"

"Of course I have," you said. "But if I do that, it will spoil the balloon," you said.

"But if you don't," said Pooh, "I shall have to let go, and that would spoil *me*."

When he put it like this, you saw how it was, and you aimed very carefully at the balloon, and fired.

"Ow!" said Pooh.

"Did I miss?" you asked.

"You didn't exactly miss," said Pooh, "but you missed the balloon."

"I'm so sorry," you said, and you fired again, and this time you hit the balloon, and the air came slowly out, and Winnie-the-Pooh floated down to the ground.

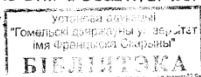
But his arms were so stiff from holding on to the string of the balloon all that time that they stayed up straight in the air for more than a week, and whenever a fly came and settled on his nose he had to blow it off.

And I think - but I'm not sure - that *that* is why he was always called Pooh.

#### DESIDERATA

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant: they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is. Many persons strive for high ideals and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love, for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars. You have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be; and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusions of life, keep peace with your soul. With all its sham and drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.



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