Міністерство освіти і науки України
Західноукраїнський національний університет

кафедра іноземних мов
та інформаційно-комунікаційних технологій

Завдання для самостійної роботи із дисципліни « Теорія і практика художнього перекладу» (Частина 1)

для студентів
спеціальності «Бізнес комунікації та переклад»

Тернопіль - 2022

Завдання для самостійної роботи із дисципліни «Теорія і практика художнього перекладу» (Частина 1) для студентів спеціальності «Бізнес комунікації та переклад». / Укл.: І. Стецько, О.Ничко – Тернопіль: ЗУНУ, 2022. – 72с.

Рецензенти:

Шилінська І. Ф. кандидат педагогічних наук, доцент кафедри іноземних мов та інформаційно-комунікаційних технологій Західноукраїнського національного університету.

Чумак Г. В. кандидат філологічних наук, доцент кафедри теорії і практики перекладу Тернопільського національного педагогічного університету імені Володимира Гнатюка.

Завдання для самостійної роботи із дисципліни «Теорія і практика художнього перекладу» (Частина 1) призначені для студентів спеціальності «Бізнес комунікації та переклад» та студентів-філологів закладів вищої освіти, викладачів, учителів, а також усіх, хто самостійно вивчає англійську мову.

Затверджено
на засіданні кафедри іноземних мов та інформаційно-комунікаційних технологій Західноукраїнського національного університету
(протокол № 4 від 1 грудня 2021 р.).

Передмова

Збірка завдань для самостійної роботи із дисципліни «Теорія і практика художнього перекладу» (Частина 1) призначена для студентів-філологів закладів вищої освіти, які вивчають англійську мову як іноземну і має за мету формування навичок адекватного літературного перекладу фрагментів прозового, поетичного та драматичного текстів.

Матеріали складаються із добірки автентичних прозових, поетичних творів та драматичного текстів, фольклору, які дають студентам можливість удосконалити навички художнього перекладу зокрема, та іншомовної компетенції загалом

Task 1 Read and translate a piece of prose into Ukrainian

“The Story of an Hour”

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under hte breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women

believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhold, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

(From "The Story of an Hour" by Kate Chopin)

Task 2 Read and translate a piece of prose into Ukrainian

“The School”

Well, we had all these children out planting trees, see, because we figured that ... that was part of their education, to see how, you know, the root systems ... and also the sense of responsibility, taking care of things, being individually responsible. You know what I mean. And the trees all died. They were orange trees. I don’t know why they died, they just died. Something wrong with the soil possibly or maybe the stuff we got from the nursery wasn’t the best. We complained about it. So we’ve got thirty kids there, each kid had his or her own little tree to plant and we’ve got these thirty dead trees. All these kids looking at these little brown sticks, it was depressing.

It wouldn’t have been so bad except that just a couple of weeks before the thing with the trees, the snakes all died. But I think that the snakes – well, the reason that the snakes kicked off was that ... you remember, the boiler was shut off for four days because of the strike, and that was explicable. It was something you could explain to the kids because of the strike. I mean, none of their parents would let them cross the picket line and they knew there was a strike going on and what it meant. So when things got started up again and we found the snakes they weren’t too disturbed.

With the herb gardens it was probably a case of overwatering, and at least now they know not to overwater. The children were very conscientious with the herb gardens and some of them probably ... you know, slipped them a little extra water when we weren’t looking. Or maybe ... well, I don’t like to think about sabotage, although it did occur to us. I mean, it was something that crossed our minds. We were thinking that way probably because before that the gerbils had died, and the white mice had died, and the salamander ... well, now they know not to carry them around in plastic bags.

Of course we expected the tropical fish to die, that was no surprise. Those numbers, you look at them crooked and they’re belly-up on the surface. But the lesson plan called for a tropical fish input at that point, there was nothing we could do, it happens every year, you just have to hurry past it.

We weren’t even supposed to have a puppy.

We weren’t even supposed to have one, it was just a puppy the Murdoch girl found under a Gristede’s truck one day and she was afraid the truck would run over it when the driver had finished making his delivery, so she stuck it in her knapsack and brought it to the school with her. So we had this puppy. As soon as I saw the puppy I thought, Oh Christ, I bet it will live for about two weeks and then... And that’s what it did. It wasn’t supposed to be in the classroom at all, there’s some kind of regulation about it, but you can’t tell them they can’t have a puppy when the puppy is already there, right in front of them, running around on the floor and yap yap yapping. They named it Edgar – that is, they named it after me. They had a lot of fun running after it and yelling, “Here, Edgar! Nice Edgar!” Then they’d laugh like hell. They enjoyed the ambiguity. I enjoyed it myself. I don’t mind being kidded. They made a little house for it in the supply closet and all that. I don’t know what it died of. Distemper, I guess. It probably hadn’t had any shots. I got it out of there before the kids got to school. I checked the supply closet each morning, routinely, because I knew what was going to happen. I gave it to the custodian.

And then there was this Korean orphan that the class adopted through the Help the Children program, all the kids brought in a quarter a month, that was the idea. It was an unfortunate thing, the kid’s name was Kim and maybe we adopted him too late or something. The cause of death was not

stated in the letter we got, they suggested we adopt another child instead and sent us some interesting case histories, but we didn't have the heart. The class took it pretty hard, they began (I think, nobody ever said anything to me directly) to feel that maybe there was something wrong with the school. But I don't think there's anything wrong with the school, particularly, I've seen better and I've seen worse. It was just a run of bad luck. We had an extraordinary number of parents passing away, for instance. There were I think two heart attacks and two suicides, one drowning, and four killed together in a car accident. One stroke. And we had the usual heavy mortality rate among the grandparents, or maybe it was heavier this year, it seemed so. And finally the tragedy.

The tragedy occurred when Matthew Wein and Tony Mavrogordo were playing over where they're excavating for the new federal office building. There were all these big wooden beams stacked, you know, at the edge of the excavation. There's a court case coming out of that, the parents are claiming that the beams were poorly stacked. I don't know what's true and what's not. It's been a strange year.

I forgot to mention Billy Brandt's father who was knifed fatally when he grappled with a masked intruder in his home.

One day, we had a discussion in class. They asked me, where did they go? The trees, the salamander, the tropical fish, Edgar, the poppas and mommas, Matthew and Tony, where did they go? And I said, I don't know, I don't know. And they said, who knows? and I said, nobody knows. And they said, is death that which gives meaning to life? And I said no, life is that which gives meaning to life. Then they said, but isn't death, considered as a fundamental datum, the means by which the taken-for-granted mundanity of the everyday may be transcended in the direction of –I said, yes, maybe.They said, we don't like it.I said, that's sound.They said, it's a bloody shame!I said, it is.They said, will you make love now with Helen (our teaching assistant) so that we can see how it is done? We know you like Helen.I do like Helen but I said that I would not.We've heard so much about it, they said, but we've never seen it.I said I would be fired and that it was never, or almost never, done as a demonstration. Helen looked out the window.They said, please, please make love with Helen, we require an assertion of value, we are frightened.

I said that they shouldn't be frightened (although I am often frightened) and that there was value everywhere. Helen came and embraced me. I kissed her a few times on the brow. We held each other. The children were excited. Then there was a knock on the door, I opened the door, and the new gerbil walked in. The children cheered wildly.

***(*From "*Sixty Stories"* by Donald Barthelme)**

Task 3 Read and translate a piece of prose into Ukrainian

“Last Day”

Charlotte and Wilbur were alone. The families had gone to look for Fern. Templeton was asleep. Wilbur lay resting after the excitement and strain of the ceremony. His medal still hung from his neck; by looking out of the corner of his eye he could see it.

“Charlotte,” said Wilbur after awhile, “why are you so quiet?”

“I like to sit still,” she said. “I’ve always been rather quiet.”

“Yes, but you seem specially so today. Do you feel all right?”

“A little tired, perhaps. But I feel peaceful. Your success in the ring this morning was, to a small degree, my success. Your future is assured. You will live, secure and safe, Wilbur. Nothing can harm you now. These autumn days will shorten and grow cold. The leaves will shake loose from the trees and fall. Christmas will come, and the snows of winter. You will live to enjoy the beauty of the frozen world, for you mean a great deal to Zuckerman and he will not harm you, ever. Winter will pass, the days will lengthen, the ice will melt in the pasture pond. The song sparrow will return and sing, the frogs will awake, the warm wind will blow again. All these sights and sounds and smells will be yours to enjoy, Wilbur—this lovely world, these precious days…”

Charlotte stopped. A moment later a tear came to Wilbur’s eye. “Oh, Charlotte,” he said. “To think that when I first met you I thought you were cruel and bloodthirsty!”

When he recovered from his emotion, he spoke again.

“Why did you do all this for me?” he asked. “I don’t deserve it. I’ve never done anything for you.”

“You have been my friend,” replied Charlotte. “That in itself is a tremendous thing. I wove my webs for you because I liked you. After all, what’s a life, anyway? We’re born, we live a little while, we die. A spider’s life can’t help being something of a mess, with all this trapping and eating flies. By helping you, perhaps I was trying to lift up my life a trifle. Heaven knows anyone’s life can stand a little of that.”

“Well,” said Wilbur. “I’m no good at making speeches. I haven’t got your gift for words. But you have saved me, Charlotte, and I would gladly give my life for you—I really would.”

“I’m sure you would. And I thank you for your generous sentiments.”

“Charlotte,” said Wilbur. “We’re all going home today. The Fair is almost over. Won’t it be wonderful to be back home in the barn cellar again with the sheep and the geese? Aren’t you anxious to get home?”

For a moment Charlotte said nothing. Then she spoke in a voice so low Wilbur could hardly hear the words.

“I will not be going back to the barn,” she said. Wilbur leapt to his feet. “Not going back?” he cried. “Charlotte, what are you talking about?”

“I’m done for,” she replied. “In a day or two I’ll be dead. I haven’t even the strength enough to climb down into the crate. I doubt if I have enough silk in my spinnerets to lower me to the ground.”

Hearing this, Wilbur threw himself down in an agony of pain and sorrow. Great sobs wracked his body. He heaved and grunted with desolation. “Charlotte,” he moaned. “Charlotte! My true friend!”

“Come now, let’s not make a scene,” said the spider. “Be quiet, Wilbur. Stop thrashing about!”

“But I can’t stand it,” shouted Wilbur. “I won’t leave you here alone to die. If you’re going to stay here I shall stay, too.”

"Don't be ridiculous," said Charlotte. "You can't stay here. Zuckerman and Lurvy and John Arable and the others will be back any minute now, and they'll shove you into that crate and away you'll go. Besides, it wouldn't make any sense for you to stay. There would be no one to feed you. The fair Ground will soon be empty and deserted."

Wilbur was in a panic. He raced round and round the pen. Suddenly he had an idea—he thought of the egg sac and the five hundred and fourteen little spiders that would hatch in the spring. If Charlotte herself was unable to go home to the barn, at least he must take her children along.

Wilbur rushed to the front of his pen. He put his front feet up on the top board and gazed around. In the distance he saw the Arables and the Zuckermans approaching. He knew he would have to act quickly.

"Where's Templeton?" he demanded.

"He's in that corner, under the straw, asleep," said Charlotte.

Wilbur rushed over, pushed his strong snout under the rat, and tossed him into the air.

"Templeton!" Screamed Wilbur. "Pay attention!"

The rat, surprised out of a sound sleep, looked first dazed then disgusted.

"What kind of monkeyshine is this?" he growled. "Can't a rat catch a wink of sleep without being rudely popped in the air?"

"Listen to me!" cried Wilbur. "Charlotte is very ill. She only has a short time to live. She cannot accompany us home, because of her condition. Therefore, it is absolutely necessary that I take her egg sac with me. I can't reach it, and I can't climb. You are the only one that can get it. There is not a second to be lost. The people are coming—they'll be here in no time. Please, please, please, Templeton, climb up and get the egg sac."

The rat yawned. He straightened his whiskers. Then he looked up at the egg sac.

"So!" he said, in disgust. "So, it's old Templeton to the rescue again, is it? Templeton do that, Templeton please run down to the dump and get me a magazine clipping, Templeton please lend me a piece of string so I can spin a web."

"Oh, hurry!" said Wilbur. "Hurry up, Templeton!"

But the rat was in no hurry. He began imitating Wilbur's voice.

"So, it's 'Hurry up, Templeton,' is it?" he said. "Ho, ho. And what thanks do I ever get for these services, I would like to know? Never a kind word for old Templeton, only abuse and wisecracks and snide remarks. Never a kind word for a rat."

"Templeton," said Wilbur in desperation, "if you don't stop talking and get busy, all will be lost, and I will die of a broken heart. Please climb up!" Templeton lay back in the straw. Lazily he placed his forepaws behind his head and crossed his knees, in an attitude of complete relaxation.

"Die of a broken heart," he mimicked. "How touching! My, my! I notice that it's always me you come to when in trouble. But I've never heard of anyone's heart breaking on my account. Oh, no. Who cares anything about old Templeton?"

"Get up!" screamed Wilbur. "Stop acting like a spoiled child!"

Templeton grinned and lay still. "Who made trip after trip to the dump?" he asked. "Why, it was old Templeton! Who saved Charlotte's life by scaring that Arable boy away with a rotten goose egg? Bless my soul, I believe it was old Templeton. Who bit your tail and got you back on your feet this morning after you had fainted in front of the crowd? Old Templeton. Has it occured to you that I'm sick of running errands and doing favors? What do you think I am, anyway, a rat-of-all-work?

Wilbur was desperate. The people were coming. And the rat was failing him. Suddenly he remembered Templeton's fondness for food.

"Templeton," he said. "I will make you a solemn promise. Get Charlotte's egg sac for me, and from now on I will let you eat first, when Lurvy slops me. I will let you have your choice of

everything in the trough and I won't touch a thing until you're through."

The rat sat up. "You mean that?" he said.

"I promise. I cross my heart."

"All right, it's a deal," said the rat. He walked to the wall and started to climb. His stomach was still swollen from last night's gorge. Groaning and complaining, he pulled himself slowly to the ceiling. He crept along till he reached the egg sac. Charlotte moved aside for him. She was dying, but she still had strength enough to move a little. Then Templeton bared his long ugly teeth and began snipping the treads that fastened the sac to the ceiling. Wilbur watched from below.

"Use extreme care!" he said. "I don't want a single one of those eggs harmed."

"Thith thtuff thicks in my mouth," complained the rat. "It'th worth than caramel candy."

But Templeton worked away at the job, and managed to cut the sac adrift and carry it to the ground, where he dropped it in front of Wilbur. Wilbur heaved a great sigh of releif.

"Thank you, Templeton," he said. "I will never forget this as long as I live."

"Neither will I," said the rat, picking his teeth. "I feel as though I'd eaten a spool of thread. Will, home we go!"

Templeton crept into the crate and buried himself in the straw. He got out of sight just in time. Lurvy and John Arable and Mr. Zuckerman came along at that moment, followed by Mrs. Arable and Mrs. Zuckerman and Avery and Fern. Wilbur had already decided how he would carry the egg sac—there was only one way possible. He carefully took the little bundle in his mouth and held it there on top of his tongue. He remembered what Charlotte had told him—that the sac was waterproof and strong. It felt funny on his tongue and made him drool a bit. And of course he couldn't say anything. But as he was being shoved into the crate, he looked up at Charlotte and gave her a wink. She knew he was saying good-bye in the only way he could. And she knew her children were safe.

"Good-bye!" she whispered. Then she summoned all her strength and waved one of her front legs at him.

She never moved again. Next day, as the Ferris wheel was being taken apart and the race horses were being loaded into vans and the entertainers were packing up their belongings and driving away in their trailers, Charlotte died. The Fair Grounds were soon forlorn. The infield was littered with bottles and trash. Nobody, of the hundreds of people what had visited the Fair, knew that a grey spider had played the most important part of all. No one was with her when she died.

As time went on, and the months and years came and went, he was never without friends. Fern did not come regularly to the barn any more. She was growing up, and was careful to avoid childish things, like sitting on a milk stool near a pigpen. But Charlotte's children and grandchildren and great grandchildren, year after year, lived in the doorway. Each spring there were new little spiders hatching out to take the place of the old. Most of them sailed away, on their balloons. But always two or three stayed and set up housekeeping in the doorway.

Mr. Zuckerman took fine care of Wilbur all the rest of his days, and the pig was often visited by friends and admirers, for nobody ever forgot the year of his triumph and the miracle of the web. Life in the barn was very good—night and day, winter and summer, spring and fall, dull days and bright days. It was the best place to be, thought Wilbur, this warm delicious cellar, with the garrulous geese, the changing seasons, the heat of the sun, the passage of swallows, the nearness of rats, the sameness of sheep, the love of spiders, the smell of manure, and the glory of everything.

Wilbur never forgot Charlotte. Although he loved her children and grandchildren dearly, none of the new spiders ever quite took her place in his heart. She was in a class by herself. It is not often that someone comes along who is a true friend and a good writer. Charlotte was both.

(From *"Charlotte's Webby"* E.B. White)

Task 4. Read and translate a piece of prose into Ukrainian

“The Last Night of the World”

"What would you do if you knew this was the last night of the world?"

"What would I do; you mean, seriously?"

"Yes, seriously."

"I don't know — I hadn't thought. She turned the handle of the silver coffeepot toward him and placed the two cups in their saucers.

He poured some coffee. In the background, the two small girls were playing blocks on the parlor rug in the light of the green hurricane lamps. There was an easy, clean aroma of brewed coffee in the evening air.

"Well, better start thinking about it," he said.

"You don't mean it?" said his wife.

He nodded.

"A war?"

He shook his head.

"Not the hydrogen or atom bomb?"

"No."

"Or germ warfare?"

"None of those at all," he said, stirring his coffee slowly and staring into its black depths. "But just the closing of a book, let's say."

"I don't think I understand."

"No, nor do I really. It's just a feeling; sometimes it frightens me, sometimes I'm not frightened at all — but peaceful." He glanced in at the girls and their yellow hair shining in the bright lamplight, and lowered his voice. "I didn't say anything to you. It first happened about four nights ago."

"What?"

"A dream I had. I dreamt that it was all going to be over and a voice said it was; not any kind of voice I can remember, but a voice anyway, and it said things would stop here on Earth. I didn't think too much about it when I awoke the next morning, but then I went to work and the feeling as with me all day. I caught Stan Willis looking out the window in the middle of the afternoon and I said, 'Penny for your thoughts, Stan,' and he said, 'I had a dream last night,' and before he even told me the dream, I knew what it was. I could have told him, but he told me and I listened to him."

"It was the same dream?"

"Yes. I told Stan I had dreamed it, too. He didn't seem surprised. He relaxed, in fact. Then we started walking through offices, for the hell of it. It wasn't planned. We didn't say, let's walk around. We just walked on our own, and everywhere we saw people looking at their desks or their hands or out the windows and not seeing what was in front of their eyes. I talked to a few of them; so did Stan."

"And all of them had dreamed?"

"All of them. The same dream, with no difference."

"Do you believe in the dream?"

"Yes. I've never been more certain."

"And when will it stop? The world, I mean."

"Sometime during the night for us, and then, as the night goes on around the world, those

advancing portions will go, too. It'll take twenty-four hours for it all to go."

They sat awhile not touching their coffee. Then they lifted it slowly and drank, looking at each other.

"Do we deserve this?" she said.

"It's not a matter of deserving, it's just that things didn't work out. I notice you didn't even argue about this. Why not?"

"I guess I have a reason," she said.

"The same reason everyone at the office had?"

She nodded. "I didn't want to say anything. It happened last night. And the women on the block are talking about it, just among themselves." She picked up the evening paper and held it toward him. "There's nothing in the news about it."

"No, everyone knows, so what's the need?" He took the paper and sat back in his chair, looking at the girls and then at her. "Are you afraid?"

"No. Not even for the children. I always thought I would be frightened to death, but I'm not."

"Where's that spirit of self-preservation the scientists talk about so much?"

"I don't know. You don't get too excited when you feel things are logical. This is logical. Nothing else but this could have happened from the way we've lived."

"We haven't been too bad, have we?"

"No, nor enormously good. I suppose that's the trouble. We haven't been very much of anything except us, while a big part of the world was busy being lots of quite awful things."

The girls were laughing in the parlor as they waved their hands and tumbled down their house of blocks.

"I always imagined people would be screaming in the streets at a time like this."

"I guess not. You don't scream about the real thing."

"Do you know, I won't miss anything but you and the girls. I never liked cities or autos or factories or my work or anything except you three. I won't miss a thing except my family and perhaps the change in the weather and a glass of cool water when the weather's hot, or the luxury of sleeping. Just little things, really. How can we sit here and talk this way?"

"Because there's nothing else to do."

"That's it, of course, for if there were, we'd be doing it. I suppose this is the first time in the history of the world that everyone has really known just what they were going to be doing during the last night."

"I wonder what everyone else will do now, this evening, for the next few hours."

"Go to a show, listen to the radio, watch the TV, play cards, put the children to bed, get to bed themselves, like always."

"In a way that's something to be proud of — like always."

"We're not all bad."

They sat a moment and then he poured more coffee. "Why do you suppose it's tonight?"

"Because."

"Why not some night in the past ten years of in the last century, or five centuries ago or ten?"

"Maybe it's because it was never February 30, 1951, ever before in history, and now it is and that's it, because this date means more than any other date ever meant and because it's the year when things are as they are all over the world and that's why it's the end."

"There are bombers on their course both ways across the ocean tonight that'll never see land again."

"That's part of the reason why."

"Well," he said. "What shall it be? Wash the dishes?"

They washed the dishes carefully and stacked them away with especial neatness. At eight-thirty the girls were put to bed and kissed good night and the little lights by their beds turned on and the door left a trifle open.

"I wonder," said the husband, coming out and looking back, standing there with his pipe for a moment."

"What?"

"If the door should be shut all the way or if it should be left just a little ajar so we can hear them if they call."

"I wonder if the children know — if anyone mentioned anything to them?"

"No, of course not. They'd have asked us about it."

They sat and read the papers and talked and listened to some radio music and then sat together by the fireplace looking at the charcoal embers as the clock struck ten-thirty and eleven and eleven-thirty. They thought of all the other people in the world who had spent their evening, each in their own special way.

"Well," he said at last. He kissed his wife for a long time.

"We've been good for each other, anyway."

"Do you want to cry?" he asked.

"I don't think so."

They went through the house and turned out the lights and locked the doors, and went into the bedroom and stood in the night cool darkness undressing. She took the spread from the bed and folded it carefully over a chair, as always, and pushed back the covers. "The sheets are so cool and clean and nice," she said.

"I'm tired."

"We're both tired."

They got into bed and lay back.

"Wait a moment," she said.

He heard her get up and go out into the back of the house, and then he heard the soft shuffling of a swinging door. A moment later she was back. "I left the water running in the kitchen," she said. "I turned the faucet off."

Something about this was so funny that he had to laugh.

She laughed with him, knowing what it was that she had done that was so funny. They stopped laughing at last and lay in their cool night bed, their hands clasped, their heads together.

"Good night," he said, after a moment.

"Good night," she said, adding softly, "dear..."

(From *"Short Stories"* by Ray Brudbury)

Task 5 Read and translate a piece of prose into Ukrainian

"The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas"

With a clamor of bells that set the swallows soaring, the Festival of Summer came to the city Omelas, bright-towered by the sea. The rigging of the boats in harbor sparkled with flags. In the streets between houses with red roofs and painted walls, between old moss-grown gardens and under avenues of trees, past great parks and public buildings, processions moved. Some were decorous: old people in long stiff robes of mauve and grey, grave master workmen, quiet, merry women carrying their babies and chatting as they walked. In other streets the music beat faster, a shimmering of gong and tambourine, and the people went dancing, the procession was a dance. Children dodged in and out, their high calls rising like the swallows' crossing flights over the music and the singing. All the processions wound towards the north side of the city, where on the great water-meadow called the Green Fields boys and girls, naked in the bright air, with mud-stained feet and ankles and long, lithe arms, exercised their restive horses before the race. The horses wore no gear at all but a halter without bit. Their manes were braided with streamers of silver, gold, and green. They flared their nostrils and pranced and boasted to one another; they were vastly excited, the horse being the only animal who has adopted our ceremonies as his own. Far off to the north and west the mountains stood up half encircling Omelas on her bay. The air of morning was so clear that the snow still crowning the Eighteen Peaks burned with white-gold fire across the miles of sunlit air, under the dark blue of the sky. There was just enough wind to make the banners that marked the racecourse snap and flutter now and then. In the silence of the broad green meadows one could hear the music winding through the city streets, farther and nearer and ever approaching, a cheerful faint sweetness of the air that from time to time trembled and gathered together and broke out into the great joyous clanging of the bells.

Joyous! How is one to tell about joy? How describe the citizens of Omelas?

They were not simple folk, you see, though they were happy. But we do not say the words of cheer much any more. All smiles have become archaic. Given a description such as this one tends to make certain assumptions. Given a description such as this one tends to look next for the King, mounted on a splendid stallion and surrounded by his noble knights, or perhaps in a golden litter borne by great-muscled slaves. But there was no king. They did not use swords, or keep slaves. They were not barbarians. I do not know the rules and laws of their society, but I suspect that they were singularly few. As they did without monarchy and slavery, so they also got on without the stock exchange, the advertisement, the secret police, and the bomb. Yet I repeat that these were not simple folk, not dulcet shepherds, noble savages, bland utopians. They were not less complex than us. The trouble is that we have a bad habit, encouraged by pedants and sophisticates, of considering happiness as something rather stupid. Only pain is intellectual, only evil interesting. This is the treason of the artist: a refusal to admit the banality of evil and the terrible boredom of pain. If you can't lick 'em, join 'em. If it hurts, repeat it. But to praise despair is to condemn delight, to embrace violence is to lose hold of everything else. We have almost lost hold; we can no longer describe a happy man, nor make any celebration of joy. How can I tell you about the people of Omelas? They were not naive and happy children—though their children were, in fact, happy. They were mature, intelligent, passionate adults whose lives were not wretched. O miracle! but I wish I could describe it better. I wish I could convince you. Omelas sounds in my words like a city in a fairy tale, long ago and far away, once upon a time. Perhaps it would be best if you imagined it as your own fancy bids, assuming it will rise to the occasion, for certainly I cannot suit you all. For instance, how about technology? I think that there would be no cars or helicopters in and above the streets; this

follows from the fact that the people of Omelas are happy people. Happiness is based on a just discrimination of what is necessary, what is neither necessary nor destructive, and what is destructive. In the middle category, however—that of the unnecessary but undestructive, that of comfort, luxury, exuberance, etc.—they could perfectly well have central heating, subway trains, washing machines, and all kinds of marvelous devices not yet invented here, floating light-sources, fuelless power, a cure for the common cold. Or they could have none of that; it doesn't matter.

As you like it. I incline to think that people from towns up and down the coast have been coming in to Omelas during the last days before the Festival on very fast little trains and double-decked trams, and that the train station of Omelas is actually the handsomest building in town, though plainer than the magnificent Farmers' Market. But even granted trains, I fear that Omelas so far strikes some of you as goody-goody. Smiles, bells, parades, horses, bleh. If so, please add an orgy. If an orgy would help, don't hesitate. Let us not, however, have temples from which issue beautiful nude priests and priestesses already half in ecstasy and ready to copulate with any man or woman, lover or stranger, who desires union with the deep godhead of the blood, although that was my first idea. But really it would be better not to have any temples in Omelas—at least, not manned temples. Religion yes, clergy no. Surely the beautiful nudes can just wander about, offering themselves like divine souffles to the hunger of the needy and the rapture of the flesh. Let them join the processions. Let tambourines be struck above the copulations, and the glory of desire be proclaimed upon the gongs, and (a not unimportant point) let the offspring of these delightful rituals be beloved and looked after by all. One thing I know there is none of in Omelas is guilt. But what else should there be? I thought at first there were not drugs, but that is puritanical. For those who like it, the faint insistent sweetness of drooz may perfume the ways of the city, drooz which first brings a great lightness and brilliance to the mind and limbs, and then after some hours a dreamy languor, and wonderful visions at last of the very arcana and inmost secrets of the Universe, as well as exciting the pleasure of sex beyond belief; and it is not habit-forming. For more modest tastes I think there ought to be beer. What else, what else belongs in the joyous city? The sense of victory, surely, the celebration of courage. But as we did without clergy, let us do without soldiers. The joy built upon successful slaughter is not the right kind of joy; it will not do; it is fearful and it is trivial. A boundless and generous contentment, a magnanimous triumph felt not against some outer enemy but in communion with the finest and fairest in the souls of all men everywhere and the splendor of the world's summer: this is what swells the hearts of the people of Omelas, and the victory they celebrate is that of life. I really don't think many of them need to take drooz.

Most of the procession have reached the Green Fields by now. A marvelous smell of cooking goes forth from the red and blue tents of the provisioners. The faces of small children are amiably sticky; in the benign grey beard of a man a couple of crumbs of rich pastry are entangled. The youths and girls have mounted their horses and are beginning to group around the starting line of the course. An old women, small, fat, and laughing, is passing out flowers from a basket, and tall young men where her flowers in their shining hair. A child of nine or ten sits at the edge of the crowd, alone, playing on a wooden flute. People pause to listen, and they smile, but they do not speak to him, for he never ceases playing and never sees them, his dark eyes wholly rapt in the sweet, thin magic of the tune.

He finishes, and slowly lowers his hands holding the wooden flute.

As if that little private silence were the signal, all at once a trumpet sounds from the pavilion near the starting line: imperious, melancholy, piercing. The horses rear on their slender legs, and some of them neigh in answer. Sober-faced, the young riders stroke the horses' necks and soothe them, whispering, "Quiet, quiet, there my beauty, my hope...." They begin to form in rank along the

starting line. The crowds along the racecourse are like a field of grass and flowers in the wind. The Festival of Summer has begun.

Do you believe? Do you accept the festival, the city, the joy? No? Then let me describe one more thing.

In a basement under one of the beautiful public buildings of Omelas, or perhaps in the cellar of one of its spacious private homes, there is a room. It has one locked door, and no window. A little light seeps in dustily between cracks in the boards, secondhand from a cobwebbed window somewhere across the cellar. In one corner of the little room a couple of mops, with stiff, clotted, foul-smelling heads stand near a rusty bucket. The floor is dirt, a little damp to the touch, as cellar dirt usually is. The room is about three paces long and two wide: a mere broom closet or disused tool room. In the room a child is sitting. It could be a boy or a girl. It looks about six, but actually is nearly ten. It is feeble-minded. Perhaps it was born defective, or perhaps it has become imbecile through fear, malnutrition, and neglect. It picks its nose and occasionally fumbles vaguely with its toes or genitals, as it sits hunched in the corner farthest from the bucket and the two mops. It is afraid of the mops. It finds them horrible. It shuts its eyes, but it knows the mops are still standing there; and the door is locked; and nobody will come. The door is always locked; and nobody ever comes, except that sometimes—the child has no understanding of time or interval—sometimes the door rattles terribly and opens, and a person, or several people, are there. One of them may come in and kick the child to make it stand up. The others never come close, but peer in at it with frightened, disgusted eyes. The food bowl and the water jug are hastily filled, the door is locked, the eyes disappear. The people at the door never say anything, but the child, who has not always lived in the tool room, and can remember sunlight and its mother's voice, sometimes speaks. "I will be good," it says. "Please let me out. I will be good!" They never answer. The child used to scream for help at night, and cry a good deal, but now it only makes a kind of whining, "eh-haa, eh-haa," and it speaks less and less often. It is so thin there are no calves to its legs; its belly protrudes; it lives on a half-bowl of corn meal and grease a day. It is naked. Its buttocks and thighs are a mass of festered sores, as it sits in its own excrement continually.

They all know it is there, all the people of Omelas. Some of them have come to see it, others are content merely to know it is there. They all know that it has to be there. Some of them understand why, and some do not, but they all understand that their happiness, the beauty of their city, the tenderness of their friendships, the health of their children, the wisdom of their scholars, the skill of their makers, even the abundance of their harvest and the kindly weathers of their skies, depend wholly on this child's abominable misery.

This is usually explained to children when they are between eight and twelve, whenever they seem capable of understanding; and most of those who come to see the child are young people, though often enough an adult comes, or comes back, to see the child. No matter how well the matter has been explained to them, these young spectators are always shocked and sickened at the sight. They feel disgust, which they had thought themselves superior to. They feel anger, outrage, impotence, despite all the explanations. They would like to do something for the child. But there is nothing they can do. If the child were brought up into the sunlight out of that vile place, if it were cleaned and fed and comforted, that would be a good thing indeed; but if it were done, in that day and hour all the prosperity and beauty and delight of Omelas would wither and be destroyed. Those are the terms. To exchange all the goodness and grace of every life in Omelas for that single, small improvement: to throw away the happiness of thousands for the chance of the happiness of one: that would be to let guilt within the walls indeed. The terms are strict and absolute; there may not even be a kind word spoken to the child.

Often the young people go home in tears, or in a tearless rage, when they have seen the child and faced this terrible paradox. They may brood over it for weeks or years. But as time goes on they begin to realize that even if the child could be released, it would not get much good of its freedom: a little vague pleasure of warmth and food, no doubt, but little more. It is too degraded and imbecile to know any real joy. It has been afraid too long ever to be free of fear. Its habits are too uncouth for it to respond to humane treatment. Indeed, after so long it would probably be wretched without walls about it to protect it, and darkness for its eyes, and its own excrement to sit in. Their tears at the bitter injustice dry when they begin to perceive the terrible justice of reality, and to accept it. Yet it is their tears and anger, the trying of their generosity and the acceptance of their helplessness, which are perhaps the true source of the splendor of their lives. Theirs is no vapid, irresponsible happiness. They know that they, like the child, are not free. They know compassion. It is the existence of the child, and their knowledge of its existence, that makes possible the nobility of their architecture, the poignancy of their music, the profundity of their science. It is because of the child that they are so gentle with children. They know that if the wretched one were not there sniveling in the dark, the other one, the flute-player, could make no joyful music as the young riders line up in their beauty for the race in the sunlight of the first morning of summer.

Now do you believe in them? Are they not more credible? But there is one more thing to tell, and this is quite incredible.

At times one of the adolescent girls or boys who go to see the child does not go home to weep or rage, does not, in fact, go home at all. Sometimes also a man or woman much older falls silent for a day or two, and then leaves home. These people go out into the street, and walk down the street alone. They keep walking, and walk straight out of the city of Omelas, through the beautiful gates. They keep walking across the farmlands of Omelas. Each one goes alone, youth or girl, man or woman. Night falls; the traveler must pass down village streets, between the houses with yellow-lit windows, and on out into the darkness of the fields. Each alone, they go west or north, towards the mountains. They go on. They leave Omelas, they walk ahead into the darkness, and they do not come back. The place they go towards is a place even less imaginable to most of us than the city of happiness. I cannot describe it at all. It is possible that it does not exist. But they seem to know where they are going, the ones who walk away from Omelas.

(From "*The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas*" by *Ursula K. Le Guin)*

Task 6 Read and translate a piece of prose into Ukrainian

“Hills Like White Elephants”

The hills across the valley of the Ebro' were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went on to Madrid.

"What should we drink?" the girl asked. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table.

"It's pretty hot," the man said.

"Let's drink beer."

"Dos cervezas," the man said into the curtain.

"Big ones?" a woman asked from the doorway.

"Yes. Two big ones."

The woman brought two glasses of beer and two felt pads. She put the felt pads and the beer glasses on the table and looked at the man and the girl. The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.

"They look like white elephants," she said.

"I've never seen one," the man drank his beer.

"No, you wouldn't have."

" I might have," the man said. "Just because you say I wouldn't have doesn't prove anything."

The girl looked at the bead curtain. "They've painted something on it,"she said. "What does it say?"

"Anis del Toro. It's a drink."

"Could we try it?"

The man called "Listen" through the curtain. The woman came out from the bar.

"Four reales."

"We want two Anis del Toro."

"With water?"

"Do you want it with water?"

" I don't know," the girl said. "Is it good with water?"

"It's all right."

"You want them with water?" asked the woman.

"Yes, with water."

" I t tastes like licorice," the girl said and put the glass down.

"That's the way with everything."

"Yes," said the girl. "Everything tastes of licorice. Especially all the things you've waited so long for, like absinthe."

"Oh, cut it out."

"You started it," the girl said. " I was being amused. I was having a fine time."

"Well, let's try and have a fine time."

"All right. I was trying. I said the mountains looked like white elephants. Wasn't that bright?"

"That was bright."

" I wanted to try this new drink. That's all we do, isn't it—look at things and try new drinks?"

" I guess so."

The girl looked across at the hills.

"They're lovely hills," she said. "They don't really look like white elephants. I just meant the coloring of their skin through the trees."

"Should we have another drink?"

"All right."

The warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table.

"The beer's nice and cool," the man said.

"It's lovely," the girl said.

"It's really an awfully simple operation, Jig," the man said. "It's not really an operation at all."

The girl looked at the ground the table legs rested on.

" I know you wouldn't mind it, Jig. It's really not anything. It's just to let the air in."

The girl did not say anything.

"I'll go with you and I'll stay with you all the time. They just let the air in and then it's all perfectly natural."

"Then what will we do afterward?"

"We'll be fine afterward. Just like we were before."

"What makes you think so?"

"That's the only thing that bothers us. It's the only thing that's made us unhappy."

The girl looked at the bead curtain, put her hand out and took hold of two of the strings of beads.

"And you think then we'll be all right and be happy."

" I know we will. You don't have to be afraid. I've known lots of people that have done it."

"So have I , " said the girl. "And afterward they were all so happy."

"Well," the man said, "if you don't want to you don't have to. I wouldn't have you do it if you didn't want to. But I know it's perfectly simple."

"And you really want to?"

" I think it's the best thing to do. But I don't want you to do it if you, don't really want to."

"And if I do it you'll be happy and things will be like they were and you'll love me?"

" I love you now. You know I love you."

" I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you'll like it?"

"I'll love it. I love it now but I just can't think about it. You know how I get when I worry."

" I f I do it you won't ever worry?"

" I won't worry about that because it's perfectly simple."

"Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about me."

"What do you mean?"

" I don't care about me."

"Well, I care about you."

"Oh, yes. But I don't care about me. And I'll do it and then everything will be fine."

" I don't want you to do it if you feel that way."

The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees.

"And we could have all this," she said. "And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible."

"What did you say?"

" I said we could have everything."

"We can have everything."

"No, we can't."

"We can have the whole world."

"No, we can't."

"We can go everywhere."

"No, we can't. It isn't ours any more."

"It's ours."

"No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back."

"But they haven't taken it away."

"We'll wait and see."

"Come on back in the shade," he said. "You mustn't feel that way." " I don't feel any way," the girl said. " I just know things."

" I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do —"

"Nor that isn't good for me," she said. " I know. Could we have another beer?"

"All right. But you've got to realize —"

"I realize," the girl said. "Can't we maybe stop talking?"

They sat down at the table and the girl looked across at the hills on the dry side of the valley and the man looked at her and at the table.

"You've got to realize," he said, "that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means any-thing to you."

"Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could get along."

"Of course it does. But I don't want anybody but you. I don't want any one else. And I know it's perfectly simple."

"Yes, you know it's perfectly simple."

"It's all right for you to say that, but I do know it."

"Would you do something for me now?"

"I'd do anything for you."

"Would you please please please please please please please stop talking?"

He did not say anything but looked at the bags against the wall of the station. There were labels on them from all the hotels where they had spent nights.

"But I don't want you to," he said, " I don't care anything about it."

"I'll scream," the girl said.

The woman came out through the curtains with two glasses of beer and put them down on the damp felt pads. "The train comes in five minutes," she said.

"What did she say?" asked the girl.

"That the train is coming in five minutes."

The girl smiled brightly at the woman, to thank her.

"I'd better take the bags over to the other side of the station," the man said. She smiled at him.

"All right. Then come back and we'll finish the beer."

He picked up the two heavy bags and carried them around the station to the other tracks. He looked up the tracks but could not see the train. Coming back, he walked through the barroom, where people waiting for the train were drinking. He drank an Anis at the bar and looked at the people. They were all waiting reasonably for the train. He went out through the bead curtain. She was sitting at the table and smiled at him.

"Do you feel better?" he asked.

"I feel fine," she said. "There's nothing wrong with me. I feel fine."

(From *"Short Fiction"* by Ernest Hemingway)

Task 7 Read and translate a piece of prose into Ukrainian

“The Yellow Wall-Paper”

It is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral hall s for the summer. A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted house, and reach the height of romantic felicity-but that would be asking too much of fate! Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted? John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage. John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures. John is a physician, and perhaps -(I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind -) perhaps that is one reason I do not get well faster. You see he does not believe I am sick! . And what can one do?

If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression -a slight hysterical tendency -what is one to do?

My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing. •

So I take phosphates or phosphiteswhichever it is, and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise, and am absolutely forbidden to "work" until I am well again.

Personally, I disagree with their ideas.

Personally, I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it *does* exhaust me a good deal-having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

I sometimes fancy that in my condition if I had less opposition and more. society and stimulus -but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad. So I will let it alone and talk about the house. The most beautiful place! It is quite alone, standing well back from the road, quite three miles from the village. It makes me think of English places that you read about, for there are hedges and walls and gates that lock, and lots of separate little houses for the gardeners and people. There is a delicious garden! I never saw such a garden -large and shady, full of box-bordered paths, and lined with long grape-covered arbors with seats under them. There were greenhouses, too, but they are all broken now. There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the heirs and coheirs; anyhow, the place has been empty for years. That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid, but I don't care -there is something strange about the house -I can feel it. I even said so to John one moonlight evening, but he said what I felt was a draught, and shut the window.

I get unreasonably angry with John sometimes. I'm sure I never used to be so sensitive. I think it is due to this nervous condition.

But John says if I feel so, I shall neglect proper self-control; so I take pains to control myself-before him, at least, and that makes me very tired. I don't like our room a bit. I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the window, and such pretty old-fashioned chintz hangings! but John would not hear of it. He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no near room for him if he took another. He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and so I feel basely ungrateful not to value it ·more.

He said we came here solely on my account, that I was to have perfect rest and all the air I could get. "Your exercise depends on your strength, my dear," said he," and your food somewhat on your appetite; but air you can absorb all the time." So we took the nursery at the top of the house.

It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. It was nursery first and then playroom and gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children, and there are rings and things in the walls.

The paint and paper look as if a boys' school had used it. It is stripped off the paper -in great patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life.

One of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin.

It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate and provoke study, and when you follow the lame uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide - plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard of contradictions.

The color is repellant, almost revolting; a smouldering unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight. It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others. No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long. There comes John, and I must put this away, - he hates to have me write a word.

***

We have been here two·weeks, and I haven't felt like writing before, since that first day.

I am sitting by the window now, up in this atrocious nursery, and there is nothing to hinder my writing as much as I please, save lack of strength.

John is away all day, and even some nights when his cases are serious. I am glad my case is not serious! But these nervous troubles are dreadfully depressing. John does not know how much I really suffer. He knows there is no reason to suffer, and that satisfies him.

Ofcourse it is only nervousness. It does weigh on me so not to do my duty in any way!

I meant to be such a help to John, such a real rest and c**o**mfort, and here I am a comparative burden already!

Nobody would believe what an effort it is to do what little I am able, -to dress and entertain, and order things

It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby. Such a dear baby!

And yet I cannot be with him, it makes me so nervous.

I suppose John never was nervous in his life. He laughs at me so about this wall-paper!

At first he meant to repaper the room, but afterwards he said that I was letting it get the better of me, and that nothing was worse for a nervous patient than to give way to such fancies.

He said that after the wall-paper was changed it would be the heavy bedstead, and then the barred windows, and then that gate at the head of the stairs, and so on.

"You know the place is doing you good," he said, "and really, dear, I don't care to renovate the house just for a three months' rental."

"Then do let us go downstairs," I said, "there are such pretty rooms there."

Then he took me in his arms and called me a blessed little goose, and said he would go down cellar, if I wished, and have it whitewashed into the bargain.

But he is right enough about the beds and windows and things. It is an airy and comfortable room as anyone need wish, and, of course, I would not be so silly as to make him uncomfort able just for a whim.

I'm really getting quite fond of the big room, all but that horrid paper.

Out of one window I can see the garden, those mysterious deep-shaded arbors, the riotous old-fashioned flowers, and bushes and gnarly trees.

Out of another I get a lovely view of the bay and a little private wharf belonging to the estate. There is a beautiful shaded lane that runs down there from the house. I always fancy I see

people walking in these numerous paths and arbors, but John has cautioned me not to give way to fancy in the least. He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making, a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So I try.

I think sometimes that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the press of ideas and rest me.

But I find I get pretty tired when I try.

It is so discouraging not to have any advice and companionship about my work. When I get really well, John says we will ask Cousin Henry and Julia down for a long visit; but he says he would as soon put fireworks in my pillow-case as to let me have those stimulating people about now.

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it knew what a vicious influence it had!

There is a recurrent spot where the. pattern lolls like a broken neck and two bulbous eyes stare at you upside down.

I get positively angry with the impertinence of it and the everlastingness. Up and down and sideways they crawl, and those absurd, unblinking eyes are everywhere. There is one place where two breaths didn't match, and the eyes go all up and down the line, one a little higher than the other.

I never saw so much expression in an inanimate thing before, and we all know how much expression they have! I used to lie awake as a child and get more entertainment and terror out of blank walls and plain furniture than most children could find in a toy-store.

I remember what a kindly wink the knobs of our big, old bureau used to have, and there was one chair that always seemed like a strong friend.

I used to feel that if any of the other things looked too fierce I could always hop into that chair and be safe.

The furniture in this room is no worse than inharmonious, however, for we had to bring it all from downstairs. I sup pose when this was used as a playroom they had to take the nursery things out, and no wonder! I never saw such raV.lges as the children have made here.

The wall-paper, as I said before, is torn off in spots, and it sticketh closer than a brother - they must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

Then the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, the plaster itself is dug out here and there, and this great heavy bed which is all we found in the room, looks as if it had been through the wars.

But I don't mind it a bit -only the paper.

There comes John's sister. Such a dear girl as she is, and so careful of me ! I must not let her find me writing.

She is a perfect and enthusiastic housekeeper, and hopes for no better profession. I verily believe she thinks it is the writing which made me sick!

But I can write when she is out, and see her a long way off from these windows.

There is one that commands the road, a lovely shaded winding road, and one that just looks off over the country. A lovely country, too, full of great elms and velvet meadows.

This wallpaper has a kind of subpattern in a different shade, a particularly irritating one, for you can only seeis it in certain lights, and not clearly then.

But in the places where it isn't faded and where the sun is just so I can see a strange, provoking, formless sort of figure, that seems to skulk about behind that silly and conspicuous front design.

There's sister on the stairs!

***

Well, the Fourth of July is over! The people are all gone and I am tired out. John thought it might do me good to see a little company, so we just had mother and Nellie and the children down for a week.

Of course I didn't do a thing. Jennie sees to everything now.

But it tired me all the same.

John says if I don't pick up faster he shall send me to Weir Mitchell in the fall.

But I don't want to go there at all. I had a friend who was in his hands once, and she says he is just like John and my brother, only more so !

Besides, it is such an undertaking to go so far.

I don't feel as if it was worth while to turn my hand over for anything, and I'm getting dreadfully fretful and querulous.

I cry at nothing, and cry most of the time. Of course I don't when John is here, or anybody else, but when I am alone.

And I am alone a good deal just now. John is kept in town very often by serious cases, and Jennie is good and lets me alone when I want her to.

So I walk a little in the garden or down that lovely lane, sit on the porch under the roses, and lie down up here a good deal.

I'm getting really fond of the room in spite of the wallpaper. Perhaps *because* of the wallpaper.

It dwells in my mind so !

I lie here on this great immovable bed -it is nailed down, I believe -and follow that pattern about by the hour. It it as good as gymnastics, I assure you. I start, we'll say, at the bottom, down in the corner over there where it has nos been touched, and I determine for the thousandth time that I will follow that pointless pattern to some sort of a conclusion

I know a little of the principle of design, and I know this thing was not arranged on any laws of radiation, or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I ever heard of.

It is repeated, of course, by the breadths, but not otherwise. Looked at in one way each breadth stands alone, the bloated curves and flourishes -a kind of " debased Romanesque" with delirium tremens -go waddling up and down in isolated columns of fatuity.

But, on the other hand, they connect diagonally, and the sprawling outlines run off in great slanting waves of optic horror, like a lot of wallowing seaweeds in full chase.

The whole thing goes horizontally, too, at least it seems so, and I exhaust myself in trying to distinguish the order of its going in that " direction.

They have used a horizontal breadth for a frieze, and that adds wonderfully to the confusion.

There is one end of the room where it is almost intact, and there, when the crosslights fade and the low sun shines directly upon it, I can almost fancy radiation after all, -the interminable grotesque seem to form around a common centre and rush off in headlong plunges of equal distraction.

It makes me tired to follow it. I will take a nap I guess.

***

I don't know why I should write this.

I don't want to.

I don't feel able.

And I know John would think it absurd. But I *must* say what I feel and think in some way -it is such arelief!

But the effort is getting to be greater than the relief.

Half the time now I am awfully lazy,. and lie down ever so much.

John says I mustn't lose my strength,. and has me take cod liver oil and lots of tonics and things, to say nothing of aleand wine and rare meat. Dear John! He loves me very dearlYr and hates to have me sick. I tried to have a real earnest reasonable talk with. him the other day, and tell him how I wish he would let me go and make a visit to Cousin Henry and Julia. But he said I wasn't able to go, nor" able to stand it after I got there j and I did not make out a very good case for myself, for I was crying before I had finished.

It is getting to be a great effort for me to think straight. Just this nervous weakness I suppose.

And dear John gathered me up in his arms, and just carried me upstairs and laid me on the bed, and sat by me and read to me till it tired my head.

He said I was his darling and his comfort and all he had, and that I must take .care of myself for his sake, and keep well.

He says no one but myself can help me out of it, that I must use my will and self-control and not let any silly fancies run away with me.

There's one comfort, the baby is well .and happy, and does not have to occupy this nursery with the horrid wallpaper.

If we had not used it, that blessed child would have! What a fortunate escape! Why, I wouldn't have a child of mine, an impressionable little thing, live in such a room for worlds.

I never thought of it before, but it is lucky that John kept me here after all, I .can stand it so much easier than a baby, you see.

Of course I never mention it to them .any more -I am too wise, -but I keep watch of it all the same.

There are things in that paper that nobody knows but me, or ever will.

Behind that outside pattern the dim shapes get clearer every day.

It is always the same shape, only very numerrous.

And it is like a woman stooping down .and creeping about behind that pattern. I don't like it a bit. I wonder -I be-gin to think -I wish John would take ,me away from here!

***

It is so hard to talk with John about my case, because he is so wise, and be.cause he loves me so.

But I tried it last night.

It was moonlight. The moon shines in all around just as the sun does.

I hate to see it sometimes, it creeps so slowly, and always comes in by one win,dow or another.

John was asleep and I hated to waken nim, so I kept still and watched the moonlight on that undulating wallpaper till I felt creepy.

The faint figure behind seemed to shake the pattern, just as if she wanted to get out.

I got up softly and went to feel and see if the paper did move, and when I came back John was awake.

"What is it, little girl?" he said.

"Don't go walking about like that you'll get cold."

I thought it was a good time to talk, so I told him that I really was not gain ing here, and that I wished he would take me away.

"Why, darling!" said he, "our lease will be up in three weeks, and I can't see how to leave before.

"The repairs are not done at home, and I cannot possibly leave town just now. Of course if you were in any danger, I could and would, but you really are bet·ter, dear, whether you can 6ee it or not. I am a doctor, dear, and I know. You are gaining flesh and color, your appetite is better, I feel really much easier about you."

"I don't weigh a bit more," said I, "nor as much; and my appetite may be better in the evening when you are here, but it is worse in the morning when you are awav!"

"Bless her little heart!" s:1id he with a big hug, "she shall be as sick as she pleases! But now let's improve the shining hours by going to sleep, and talk about it in the morning! "

"And you won't go away?" I asked gloomily.

"Why, how can I, dear? It is only three weeks more and then we will take a nice little trip of a few days while Jennie is getting the house ready. Really dear you are better! "

" Better in body perhaps -" I began, and stopped short, for he sat up straight and looked at me with such a stern, reproachful look that I could not say another word.

"My darling," said he, " I beg of you, for my sake and for our child's sake, as well as for your own, that you will never for one instant let that idea enter your mind! There is nothing so dangerous, so fascinating, to a temperament like yours. It is a false and foolish fancy. Can you not trust me as a physician when I tell you so? "

So of course I said no more on that score, and we went to sleep before long. He thought I was asleep first, but I wasn't, and lay there for hours trying to .decide whether that front pattern and the back pattern really did move together or separately.

***

On a pattern like this, by daylight, there is a lack of sequence, a defiance of law, that is a constant irritant to a normal mind.

The color is hideous enough, and unreliable enough, and infuriating enough, but the pattern is torturing.

You think you have mastered it, but just as you get well underway in following, it turns a back-somersault and there you are. It slaps you in the face, knocks you down, and tramples upon you. It is like a bad dream.

The outside pattern is a florid arabesque, reminding one of a fungus. If you can imagine a toadstool in joints, an interminable string of toadstools, budding and sprouting in endless convolutionswhy, that is something like it.

That is, sometimes!

There is one marked peculiarity about this paper, a thing nobody seems to notice but myself, and that is that it changes as the light changes.

When the sun shoots in through the east window - I always watch for that first long, straight ray -it changes so quickly that I never can quite believe it.

That is why I watch it always.

By moonligh -the moon shines in all night when there is a moon - I wouldn't know it was the same paper.

At night in any kind of light, in twilight, candlelight, lamplight, and worst of all by moonlight, it becomes bars! The outside pattern I mean, and the woman behind it is as plain as can be.

I didn't realize for a long time what the thing was that showed behind, that dim sub-pattern, but now I am quite sure it is a woman.

By daylight she is subdued, quiet. I fancy it is the pattern that keeps her so still. It is so puzzling. It keeps me quiet by the hour.

I lie down ever so much now. John says it is good for me, and to sleep all I can.

Indeed he started the habit by making me lie down for an hour after each meal.

It is a very bad habit I am convinced,. for you see I don't sleep. And that cultivates deceit, for I don't tell them I'm awake – Oh no !

The fact is I am getting a little afraid of John. He seems very queer sometimes, and even Jennie has an inexplicable look.

It strikes me occasionally, just as a scientific hypothesis,-that perhaps it is· the paper!

I have watched John when he did not know I was looking, and come into the room suddenly on the most innocent excuses, and I've caught him several times. looking at the paper! And Jennie too. I caught Jennie with her hand on it once_

She didn't know I was in the room,. and when I asked her in a quiet, a very quiet voice, with the most restrained manner possible, what she was doing with the paper -she turned around as if she had been caught stealing, and looked quite angry -asked me why I should frighten . her so !

Then she said that the paper stained everything it touched, that she had found yellow smooches on all my clothes and John's, and she wished we would be more' careful!

Did not that sound innocent? But I know she was studying that pattern, and I am determined that nobody shall find it out but myself!

***

Life is very much more excltmg now than it used to be. You see I have something more to expect, to look forward to,. to watch. I really do eat better, and am more quiet than I was.

John is so pleased to see me improve! He laughed a little the other day, and said I seemed to be flourishing in spite of my wall-paper.

I turned it off with a laugh. I had no intention of telling him it was because of the wall-paper -he would make fun of me. He might even want to take me away.

I don't want to leave now until I have found it out. There is a week more, and I think that will be enough.

***

I'm feeling ever so much better! I don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting to watch developments; but I:sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perp lexing.

There are always new shoots on thefungus, and new shades of yellow all overjt. I cannot keep count of them, thoughI have tried conscientiously.

It is the strangest yellow, that wallpaper! It makes me think of all theyellow things I ever saw -not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

But there is something else about thatpaper -the smell! I noticed it the moment we came into the room, but with somuch air and sun it was not bad. Nowwe have had a week of fog and rain, andwhether the windows are open or not, the:smell is here.

It creeps all over the house.

I find it hovering in the dining-room,skulking in the parlor, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs.

It gets into my hair.

Even when I go to ride, if I turn mybead suddenly and surprise it -there is that smell!

Such a peculiar odor, too! I have:spent hours in trying to analyze it, to find what it smelled like.

It is not bad - at first, and verygentle, hut quite the subtlest, most enduring odor I ever met.

In this damp weather it is awful, I wake up in the night and fihd it hanging over me.

It used to disturb me at first. I thought seriously of burning the houseto reach the smell.

But now I am used to it. The only thing I can think of that it is like is the color of the paper! A yellow smell.

There is a very funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mopboard. A streak that runs round the room. It goesbehind every piece of furnitnre, exceptthe bed, a long, straight, even smooch, as if it had been rubbed over and over. I 'wonder how it was done and who didit, and what they did it for. Round andround and round -round and round and round -it makes me dizzy!

***

I really have discovered something at last.

Through watching so much at night, when it changes so, I have finally founu out.

The front pattern does move -and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!

Sometimes I think there are a great many women behind, and sometime;ony one, and she crawls around fast, and her crawling shakes it all over.

Then in the very ' bright spots she keeps still, and in the very shady spots she just takes hold of the bars and shakes them hard.

And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern - it strangles so; I think that is why it has so many heads.

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside down, and makes their eyes white!

If those heads were covered or taken off it would not be half so bad.

***

I think that woman gets out in the daytime!

And I'll tell you why - privately I've seen her!

I can see her out of everyone of my windows!

It is the same woman, I know, for she s always creeping, and most women do not creep by daylight.

I see her in that long shaded lane, creeping up and down. I see her in hose dark grape ' arbors, creeping all around the garden.

I see her on that long road under the rees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.

I don't blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight !

I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can't do it at night, for I know John would suspect something at once.

And John is so queer now, that I don't want to irritate him. I wish he would ake another room! Besides, I don't want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself.

I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once.

But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at one time. And though I always see her, she *may* be able to creep faster than I can turn !

I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.

***

If only that top pattern could be gotten off from the under one! I mean to try it, little by little.

I have found out another funny thing, but I shan't tell it this time! It does not do to trust people too much.

There are only two more days to get this paper off, and I believe John is beginning to notice. I don't like the look in his eyes.

And I heard him ask Jennie a lot of professional questions about me. She had a very good report to give.

She said I slept a good deal in the daytime.

John 'knows I don't sleep very well at night, for all I'm so quiet!

He asked me all sorts of questions, too, and pretended to be very loving and kind.

As if I couldn't see through him! Still, I don't wonder he acts so, sleeping under this paper for three months. It only interests me, but I feel sure John and Jennie are secretly affected by it.

***

Hurrah! This is the last day, but it is enough. John to stay in town over night, and won't be out until this evening.

Jennie wanted to sleep with me - the sly thing! but I told her I should undoubtedly rest better for a night all alone. .

That was clever, for really I wasn't alone a bit! As soon as it was moonlight and that poor thing began to crawl and shake the pattern, I got up and ran to help her.

I pulled and she shook, I shook and she pulled, and before morning we had. peeled off yards of that paper.

A strip about as high as my head and half around the room.

And then when the sun came and that awful pattern began to laugh at me, I declared I would finish it today !

We go away tomorrow, and they are moving all my furniture down again to leave things as they were before.

Jennie looked at the wall in amazement, but I told her merrily that I did it out of pure spite at the vicious thing.

She laughed and said she wouldn't mind doing it herself, but I must not get tired.

How she betrayed herself that time!

But I am here, and no person touches this paper but me,-not *alive!*

She tried to get me out of the roomit was too patent! But I said it was so quiet and empty and clean now that I believed I would lie down again and sleep all I could; and not to wake me even for dinner - I would call when I woke.

So now she is gone, and the servants are gone, and the things are gone, and there is nothing left but that great bedstead nailed down, with the canvas mattress we found on it.

We shall sleep downstairs tonight, and take the boat home tomorrow.

I quite enjoy the room, now it is bare again. How those children did tear about here!

This bedstead is fairly gnawed!

But I must get to work.

I have locked the door and thrown the key down into the front path.

I don't want to go out, and I don't want to have anybody come in, till John comes.

I want to astonish him.

I've got a rope up here that even Jennie did not find. If that woman does get out, and tries to get away, I can tie her!

But I forgot I could not reach far without anything to stand on !

This bed will not move!

I tried to lift and push it until I was lame, and then I got so angry I bit off a little piece at one corner - but it hurt my teeth.

Then I peeled off all the paper I could reach standing on the floor. It sticks horribly and the pattern just enjoys it ! All those strangled heads and bulbous eyes and waddling fungus growths just shriek with derision!

I am getting angry enough to do something desperate. To jump out of the bars are too strong even to try.

Besides I wouldn't do it. Of course not. I know well enough that a step like that is improper and might be miscon· strued.

I don't like to look out of the windows evell -there are so many of those creeping women, and they creep so fast.

I wonder if they all come out of that wall-paper as I did? But I am securely fastened now by my well-hidden rope -you don't get me out in the road there !

I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard!\

It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please!

I don't want to go outside. I won't, even if Jennie asks me to.

For outside you have to creep on the ground, and everything is green instead of yellow.

But here I can creep smoothly on the floor, and my shoulder just fits in that long smooch around the wall, so I cannot lose my way.

Why there's John at the door!

It is no use, young man, you can't open it!

How he does call and pound!

Now he's crying for an axe.

It would be a shame to break down that beautiful door! "

John dear! " said I in the gentlest voice, "the key is down by the front: steps, under a plaintain leaf! "

That silenced him for a few moments.

Then he said - very quietly indeed. " Open the door, my darling! "

"I can't," said 1. "The key is down by the front door under a plantain leaf!

And then I said it again, several times. very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it of course, and came in. He stopped short by the door.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "For God's sake, what are you doing! "

I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder.

"I've got out at last," said I, " in spite of you and Jane? And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back! "

Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!

(From "*The Yellow Wall-Paper" By Cltarlotte Perkins Stetson)*

Task 8 Read and translate a story into Ukrainian

“Mr. Vinegar”

Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar lived in a vinegar bottle. Now, one day, when Mr. Vinegar was from home, Mrs. Vinegar, who was a very good housewife, was busily sweeping her house, when an unlucky thump of the broom brought the whole house clitter-clatter, clitter-clatter, about her ears. In an agony of grief she rushed forth to meet her husband.

On seeing him she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Vinegar, Mr. Vinegar, we are ruined, I have knocked the house down, and it is all to pieces!" Mr. Vinegar then said: "My dear, let us see what can be done. Here is the door; I will take it on my back, and we will go forth to seek our fortune."

They walked all that day, and at nightfall entered a thick forest. They were both very, very tired, and Mr. Vinegar said: "My love, I will climb up into a tree, drag up the door, and you shall follow." He accordingly did so, and they both stretched their weary limbs on the door, and fell fast asleep.

In the middle of the night Mr. Vinegar was disturbed by the sound of voices underneath, and to his horror and dismay found that it was a band of thieves met to divide their booty.

"Here, Jack," said one, "here's five pounds for you; here, Bill, here's ten pounds for you; here, Bob, here's three pounds for you."

Mr. Vinegar could listen no longer; his terror was so great that he trembled and trembled, and shook down the door on their heads. Away scampered the thieves, but Mr. Vinegar dared not quit his retreat till broad daylight.

He then scrambled out of the tree, and went to lift up the door. What did he see but a number of golden guineas. "Come down, Mrs. Vinegar," he cried; "come down, I say; our fortune's made, our fortune's made! Come down, I say."

Mrs. Vinegar got down as fast as she could, and when she saw the money she jumped for joy. "Now, my dear," said she, "I'll tell you what you shall do. There is a fair at the neighbouring town; you shall take these forty guineas and buy a cow. I can make butter and cheese, which you shall sell at market, and we shall then be able to live very comfortably."

Mr. Vinegar joyfully agrees, takes the money, and off he goes to the fair. When he arrived, he walked up and down, and at length saw a beautiful red cow. It was an excellent milker, and perfect in every way. "Oh," thought Mr. Vinegar, "if I had but that cow, I should be the happiest, man alive."

So he offers the forty guineas for the cow, and the owner said that, as he was a friend, he'd oblige him. So the bargain was made, and he got the cow and he drove it backwards and forwards to show it.

By-and-by he saw a man playing the bagpipes—Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee. The children followed him about, and he appeared to be pocketing money on all sides. "Well," thought Mr. Vinegar, "if I had but that beautiful instrument I should be the happiest man alive—my fortune would be made."

So he went up to the man. "Friend," says he, "what a beautiful instrument that is, and what a deal of money you must make." "Why, yes," said the man, "I make a great deal of money, to be sure, and it is a wonderful instrument." "Oh!" cried Mr. Vinegar, "how I should like to possess it!" "Well," said the man, "as you are a friend, I don't much mind parting with it; you shall have it for that red cow." "Done!" said the delighted Mr. Vinegar. So the beautiful red cow was given for the bagpipes.

He walked up and down with his purchase; but it was in vain he tried to play a tune, and instead of pocketing pence, the boys followed him hooting, laughing, and pelting.

Poor Mr. Vinegar, his fingers grew very cold, and, just as he was leaving the town, he met a man with a fine thick pair of gloves. "Oh, my fingers are so very cold," said Mr. Vinegar to himself. "Now if I had but those beautiful gloves I should be the happiest man alive." He went up to the man, and said to him, "Friend, you seem to have a capital pair of gloves there." "Yes, truly," cried the man; "and my hands are as warm as possible this cold November day." "Well," said Mr. Vinegar, "I should like to have them.". "What will you give?" said the man; "as you are a friend, I don't much mind letting you have them for those bagpipes." "Done!" cried Mr. Vinegar. He put on the gloves, and felt perfectly happy as he trudged homewards.

At last he grew very tired, when he saw a man coming towards him with a good stout stick in his hand.

"Oh," said Mr. Vinegar, "that I had but that stick! I should then be the happiest man alive." He said to the man: "Friend! what a rare good stick you have got." "Yes," said the man; "I have used it for many a long mile, and a good friend it has been; but if you have a fancy for it, as you are a friend, I don't mind giving it to you for that pair of gloves." Mr. Vinegar's hands were so warm, and his legs so tired, that he gladly made the exchange.

As he drew near to the wood where he had left his wife, he heard a parrot on a tree calling out his name: "Mr. Vinegar, you foolish man, you blockhead, you simpleton; you went to the fair, and laid out all your money in buying a cow. Not content with that, you changed it for bagpipes, on which you could not play, and which were not worth one- tenth of the money. You fool, you—you had no sooner got the bagpipes than you changed them for the gloves, which were not worth one-quarter of the money; and when you had got the gloves, you changed them for a poor miserable stick; and now for your forty guineas, cow, bagpipes, and gloves, you have nothing to show but that poor miserable stick, which you might have cut in any hedge." On this the bird laughed and laughed, and Mr. Vinegar, falling into a violent rage, threw the stick at its head. The stick lodged in the tree, and he returned to his wife without money, cow, bagpipes, gloves, or stick, and she instantly gave him such a sound cudgelling that she almost broke every bone in his skin.

***(English Folktale*)**

Task 9 Read and translate a story into Ukrainian

“The three sillies”

Once upon a time there was a farmer and his wife who had one daughter, and she was courted by a gentleman. Every evening he used to come and see her, and stop to supper at the farmhouse, and the daughter used to be sent down into the cellar to draw the beer for supper. So one evening she had gone down to draw the beer, and she happened to look up at the ceiling while she was drawing, and she saw a mallet stuck in one of the beams. It must have been there a long, long time, but somehow or other she had never noticed it before, and she began a- thinking. And she thought it was very dangerous to have that mallet there, for she said to herself: "Suppose him and me was to be married, and we was to have a son, and he was to grow up to be a man, and come down into the cellar to draw the beer, like as I'm doing now, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" And she put down the candle and the jug, and sat herself down and began a-crying.

Well, they began to wonder upstairs how it was that she was so long drawing the beer, and her mother went down to see after her, and she found her sitting on the settle crying, and the beer running over the floor. "Why, whatever is the matter?" said her mother. "Oh, mother!" says she, "look at that horrid mallet! Suppose we was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down to the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" "Dear, dear! what a dreadful thing it would be!" said the mother, and she sat her down aside of the daughter and started a-crying too. Then after a bit the father began to wonder that they didn't come back, and he went down into the cellar to look after them himself, and there they two sat a- crying, and the beer running all over the floor. "Whatever is the matter?" says he. "Why," says the mother, "look at that horrid mallet. Just suppose, if our daughter and her sweetheart was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" "Dear, dear, dear! so it would!" said the father, and he sat himself down aside of the other two, and started a-crying.

Now the gentleman got tired of stopping up in the kitchen by himself, and at last he went down into the cellar too, to see what they were after; and there they three sat a-crying side by side, and the beer running all over the floor. And he ran straight and turned the tap. Then he said: "Whatever are you three doing, sitting there crying, and letting the beer run all over the floor?"

"Oh!" says the father, "look at that horrid mallet! Suppose you and our daughter was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him!" And then they all started a-crying worse than before. But the gentleman burst out a- laughing, and reached up and pulled out the mallet, and then he said: "I've travelled many miles, and I never met three such big sillies as you three before; and now I shall start out on my travels again, and when I can find three bigger sillies than you three, then I'll come back and marry your daughter." So he wished them good-bye, and started off on his travels, and left them all crying because the girl had lost her sweetheart.

Well, he set out, and he travelled a long way, and at last he came to a woman's cottage that had some grass growing on the roof. And the woman was trying to get her cow to go up a ladder to the grass, and the poor thing durst not go. So the gentleman asked the woman what she was doing. "Why, lookye," she said, "look at all that beautiful grass. I'm going to get the cow on to the roof to eat it. She'll be quite safe, for I shall tie a string round her neck, and pass it down the chimney, and tie it to my wrist as I go about the house, so she can't fall off without my knowing it." "Oh, you poor silly!" said the gentleman, "you should cut the grass and throw it down to the cow!" But the woman

thought it was easier to get the cow up the ladder than to get the grass down, so she pushed her and coaxed her and got her up, and tied a string round her neck, and passed it down the chimney, and fastened it to her own wrist. And the gentleman went on his way, but he hadn't gone far when the cow tumbled off the roof, and hung by the string tied round her neck, and it strangled her. And the weight of the cow tied to her wrist pulled the woman up the chimney, and she stuck fast half-way and was smothered in the soot.

Well, that was one big silly.

And the gentleman went on and on, and he went to an inn to stop the night, and they were so full at the inn that they had to put him in a double-bedded room, and another traveller was to sleep in the other bed. The other man was a very pleasant fellow, and they got very friendly together; but in the morning, when they were both getting up, the gentleman was surprised to see the other hang his trousers on the knobs of the chest of drawers and run across the room and try to jump into them, and he tried over and over again, and couldn't manage it; and the gentleman wondered whatever he was doing it for. At last he stopped and wiped his face with his handkerchief. "Oh dear," he says, "I do think trousers are the most awkwardest kind of clothes that ever were. I can't think who could have invented such things. It takes me the best part of an hour to get into mine every morning, and I get so hot! How do you manage yours?" So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and showed him how to put them on; and he was very much obliged to him, and said he never should have thought of doing it that way.

So that was another big silly.

Then the gentleman went on his travels again; and he came to a village, and outside the village there was a pond, and round the pond was a crowd of people. And they had got rakes, and brooms, and pitchforks, reaching into the pond; and the gentleman asked what was the matter. "Why," they say, "matter enough! Moon's tumbled into the pond, and we can't rake her out anyhow!" So the gentleman burst out a- laughing, and told them to look up into the sky, and that it was only the shadow in the water. But they wouldn't listen to him, and abused him shamefully, and he got away as quick as he could.

So there was a whole lot of sillies bigger than them three sillies at home. So the gentleman turned back home again and married the farmer's daughter, and if they didn't live happy for ever after, that's nothing to do with you or me.

(English Folktale)

Task 10 Read and translate a story into Ukrainian

“The story of the three bears”

Once upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge, a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths, by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little old Woman came to the house. She could not have been a good, honest old Woman; for first she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that anybody would harm them. So the little old Woman opened the door, and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little old Woman, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable. But she was an impudent, bad old Woman, and set about helping herself.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her; and she said a bad word about that. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her; and she said a bad word about that too. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot, nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up: but the naughty old Woman said a bad word about the little porridge-pot, because it did not hold enough for her.

Then the little old Woman sate down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard, nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sate till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came, plump upon the ground. And the naughty old Woman said a wicked word about that too.

Then the little old Woman went upstairs into the bed-chamber in which the three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head, nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now the little old Woman had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too. They were wooden spoons; if they had been silver ones, the naughty old Woman would have put them in her pocket.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!"

said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now the little old Woman had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what the little old Woman had done to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has sate the bottom out of it!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make farther search; so they went upstairs into their bedchamber. Now the little old Woman had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear, out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was the little old Woman's ugly, dirty head,—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed,—and here she is!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

The little old Woman had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice, of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bedchamber window when they got up in the morning. Out the little old Woman jumped; and whether she broke her neck in the fall; or ran into the wood and was lost there; or found her way out of the wood, and was taken up by the constable and sent to the House of Correction for a vagrant as she was, I cannot tell. But the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

(English Folktale)

Task 11 Read and translate a story into Ukrainian

“Henny-Penny”

One day Henny-penny was picking up corn in the cornyard when—whack!— something hit her upon the head. "Goodness gracious me!" said Henny- penny; "the sky's a-going to fall; I must go and tell the king."

So she went along and she went along and she went along till she met Cocky-locky. "Where are you going, Henny-penny?" says Cocky-locky. "Oh! I'm going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," says Henny- penny. "May I come with you?" says Cocky-locky. "Certainly," says Henny-penny. So Henny-penny and Cocky-locky went to tell-the king the sky was falling.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Ducky-daddles. "Where are you going to, Henny-penny and Cocky- locky?" says Ducky-daddles. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky. "May I come with you?" says Ducky-daddles. "Certainly," said Henny-penny and Cocky- locky. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddles went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Goosey-poosey, "Where are you going to, Henny-penny, Cocky- locky and Ducky-daddles?" said Goosey-poosey. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddles. "May I come with you," said Goosey-poosey. "Certainly," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddles. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles and Goosey-poosey went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Turkey-lurkey. "Where are you going, Henny-penny, Cocky- locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey?" says Turkey-lurkey. "Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles and Goosey-poosey. "May I come with you? Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles and Goosey-poosey?" said Turkey-lurkey. "Why, certainly, Turkey-lurkey," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, and Goosey-poosey. So Henny-penny, Cocky- locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey and Turkey-lurkey all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Foxy-woxy, and Foxy-woxy said to Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey and Turkey-lurkey: "Where are you going, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey?" And Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey said to Foxy-woxy: "We're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling." "Oh! but this is not the way to the king, Henny- penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey and Turkey-lurkey," says Foxy-woxy; "I know the proper way; shall I show it you?" "Why certainly, Foxy-woxy," said Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey. So Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky- daddles, Goosey-poosey, Turkey-lurkey, and Foxy-woxy all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling. So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they came to a narrow and dark hole. Now this was the door of Foxy-woxy's cave. But Foxy-woxy said to Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey- lurkey: "This is the short way to the king's palace you'll soon get there if you follow me. I will go first and you come after, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey." "Why of course, certainly, without doubt, why not?" said Henny-Penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey-poosey, and Turkey-lurkey.

So Foxy-woxy went into his cave, and he didn't go very far but turned round to wait for Henny-Penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-daddles, Goosey- poosey and Turkey-lurkey. So at last at first Turkey-lurkey went through the dark hole into the cave. He hadn't got far when "Hrumph," Foxy-

woxy snapped off Turkey-lurkey's head and threw his body over his left shoulder. Then Goosey-poosey went in, and "Hrumph," off went her head and Goosey-poosey was thrown beside Turkey-lurkey. Then Ducky- daddles waddled down, and "Hrumph," snapped Foxy-woxy, and Ducky-daddles' head was off and Ducky-daddles was thrown alongside Turkey- lurkey and Goosey-poosey. Then Cocky-locky strutted down into the cave and he hadn't gone far when "Snap, Hrumph!" went Foxy-woxy and Cocky- locky was thrown alongside of Turkey-lurkey, Goosey-poosey and Ducky- daddles.

But Foxy-woxy had made two bites at Cocky-locky, and when the first snap only hurt Cocky-locky, but didn't kill him, he called out to Henny-penny. So she turned tail and ran back home, so she never told the king the sky was a-falling.

***(English Folktale*)**

Task 12 Read and translate a story into Ukrainian

“The fish and the ring”

Once upon a time, there was a mighty baron in the North Countrie who was a great magician that knew everything that would come to pass. So one day, when his little boy was four years old, he looked into the Book of Fate to see what would happen to him. And to his dismay, he found that his son would wed a lowly maid that had just been born in a house under the shadow of York Minster. Now the Baron knew the father of the little girl was very, very poor, and he had five children already. So he called for his horse, and rode into York; and passed by the father's house, and saw him sitting by the door, sad and doleful. So he dismounted and went up to him and said: "What is the matter, my good man?" And the man said: "Well, your honour, the fact is, I've five children already, and now a sixth's come, a little lass, and where to get the bread from to fill their mouths, that's more than I can say."

"Don't be downhearted, my man," said the Baron. "If that's your trouble, I can help you. I'll take away the last little one, and you wont have to bother about her."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the man; and he went in and brought out the lass and gave her to the Baron, who mounted his horse and rode away with her. And when he got by the bank of the river Ouse, he threw the little, thing into the river, and rode off to his castle.

But the little lass didn't sink; her clothes kept her up for a time, and she floated, and she floated, till she was cast ashore just in front of a fisherman's hut. There the fisherman found her, and took pity on the poor little thing and took her into his house, and she lived there till she was fifteen years old, and a fine handsome girl.

One day it happened that the Baron went out hunting with some companions along the banks of the River Ouse, and stopped at the fisherman's hut to get a drink, and the girl came out to give it to them. They all noticed her beauty, and one of them said to the Baron: "You can read fates, Baron, whom will she marry, d'ye think?"

"Oh! that's easy to guess," said the Baron; "some yokel or other. But I'll cast her horoscope. Come here girl, and tell me on what day you were born?"

"I don't know, sir," said the girl, "I was picked up just here after having been brought down by the river about fifteen years ago."

Then the Baron knew who she was, and when they went away, he rode back and said to the girl: "Hark ye, girl, I will make your fortune. Take this letter to my brother in Scarborough, and you will be settled for life." And the girl took the letter and said she would go. Now this was what he had written in the letter:

"Dear Brother,—Take the bearer and put her to death immediately.

"Yours affectionately,

"Albert."

So soon after the girl set out for Scarborough, and slept for the night at a little inn. Now that very night a band of robbers broke into the inn, and searched the girl, who had no money, and only the letter. So they opened this and read it, and thought it a shame. The captain of the robbers took a pen and paper and wrote this letter:

"Dear Brother,—Take the bearer and marry her to my son immediately.

"Yours affectionately,

"Albert."

And then he gave it to the girl, bidding her begone. So she went on to the Baron's brother at Scarborough, a noble knight, with whom the Baron's son was staying. When she gave the letter to

his brother, he gave orders for the wedding to be prepared at once, and they were married that very day.

Soon after, the Baron himself came to his brother's castle, and what was his surprise to find that the very thing he had plotted against had come to pass. But he was not to be put off that way; and he took out the girl for a walk, as he said, along the cliffs. And when he got her all alone, he took her by the arms, and was going to throw her over. But she begged hard for her life. "I have not done anything," she said: "if you will only spare me, I will do whatever you wish. I will never see you or your son again till you desire it." Then the Baron took off his gold ring and threw it into the sea, saying: "Never let me see your face till you can show me that ring;" and he let her go.

The poor girl wandered on and on, till at last she came to a great noble's castle, and she asked to have some work given to her; and they made her the scullion girl of the castle, for she had been used to such work in the fisherman's hut.

Now one day, who should she see coming up to the noble's house but the Baron and his brother and his son, her husband. She didn't know what to do; but thought they would not see her in the castle kitchen. So she went back to her work with a sigh, and set to cleaning a huge big fish that was to be boiled for their dinner. And, as she was cleaning it, she saw something shine inside it, and what do you think she found? Why, there was the Baron's ring, the very one he had thrown over the cliff at Scarborough. She was right glad to see it, you may be sure. Then she cooked the fish as nicely as she could, and served it up.

Well, when the fish came on the table, the guests liked it so well that they asked the noble who cooked it. He said he didn't know, but called to his servants: "Ho, there, send up the cook that cooked that fine fish." So they went down to the kitchen and told the girl she was wanted in the hall. Then she washed and tidied herself and put the Baron's gold ring on her thumb and went up into the hall.

When the banqueters saw such a young and beautiful cook they were surprised. But the Baron was in a tower of a temper, and started up as if he would do her some violence. So the girl went up to him with her hand before her with the ring on it; and she put it down before him on the table. Then at last the Baron saw that no one could fight against Fate, and he handed her to a seat and announced to all the company that this was his son's true wife; and he took her and his son home to his castle; and they all lived as happy as could be ever afterwards.

(English Folktale)

Task 13 Read and translate a story into Ukrainian

“The magpie's nest”

Once upon a time when pigs spoke rhyme. And monkeys chewed tobacco, And hens took snuff to make them tough, And ducks went quack, quack, quack, O!

All the birds of the air came to the magpie and asked her to teach them how to build nests. For the magpie is the cleverest bird of all at building nests. So she put all the birds round her and began to show them how to do it. First of all she took some mud and made a sort of round cake with it.

"Oh, that's how it's done," said the thrush; and away it flew, and so that's how thrushes build their nests.

Then the magpie took some twigs and arranged them round in the mud.

"Now I know all about it," says the blackbird, and off he flew; and that's how the blackbirds make their nests to this very day.

Then the magpie put another layer of mud over the twigs.

"Oh that's quite obvious," said the wise owl, and away it flew; and owls have never made better nests since.

After this the magpie took some twigs and twined them round the outside.

"The very thing!" said the sparrow, and off be went; so sparrows make rather slovenly nests to this day.

Well, then Madge Magpie took some feathers and stuff and lined the nest very comfortably with it.

"That suits me," cried the starling, and off it flew; and very comfortable nests have starlings.

So it went on, every bird taking away some knowledge of how to build nests, but, none of them waiting to the end. Meanwhile Madge Magpie went on working and working without, looking up till the only bird that remained was the turtle-dove, and that hadn't paid any attention all along, but only kept on saying its silly cry "Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o."

At last the magpie heard this just as she was putting a twig across. So she said: "One's enough."

But the turtle-dove kept on saying: "Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o."

Then the magpie got angry and said: "One's enough I tell you."

Still the turtle-dove cried: "Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o."

At last, and at last, the magpie looked up and saw nobody near her but the silly turtle-dove, and then she got rare angry and flew away and refused to tell the birds how to build nests again. And that is why different birds build their nests differently.

(English Folktale)

Task 14 Read and translate a story into Ukrainian

“Fairy ointment”

Dame Goody was a nurse that looked after sick people, and minded babies. One night she was woke up at midnight, and when she went downstairs, she saw a strange squinny-eyed, little ugly old fellow, who asked her to come to his wife who was too ill to mind her baby. Dame Goody didn't like the look of the old fellow, but business is business; so she popped on her things, and went down to him. And when she got down to him, he whisked her up on to a large coal-black horse with fiery eyes, that stood at the door; and soon they were going at a rare pace, Dame Goody holding on to the old fellow like grim death.

They rode, and they rode, till at last they stopped before a cottage door. So they got down and went in and found the good woman abed with the children playing about; and the babe, a fine bouncing boy, beside her.

Dame Goody took the babe, which was as fine a baby boy as you'd wish to see. The mother, when she handed the baby to Dame Goody to mind, gave her a box of ointment, and told her to stroke the baby's eyes with it as soon as it opened them. After a while it began to open its eyes. Dame Goody saw that it had squinny eyes just like its father. So she took the box of ointment and stroked its two eyelids with it. But she couldn't help wondering what it was for, as she had never seen such a thing done before. So she looked to see if the others were looking, and, when they were not noticing she stroked her own right eyelid with the ointment.

No sooner had she done so, than everything seemed changed about her. The cottage became elegantly furnished. The mother in the bed was a beautiful lady, dressed up in white silk. The little baby was still more beautiful than before, and its clothes were made of a sort of silvery gauze. Its little brothers and sisters around the bed were flat-nosed imps with pointed ears, who made faces at one another, and scratched their polls. Sometimes they would pull the sick lady's ears with their long and hairy paws. In fact, they were up to all kinds of mischief; and Dame Goody knew that she had got into a house of pixies. But she said nothing to nobody, and as soon as the lady was well enough to mind the baby, she asked the old fellow to take her back home. So he came round to the door with the coal-black horse with eyes of fire, and off they went as fast as before, or perhaps a little faster, till they came to Dame Goody's cottage, where the squinny-eyed old fellow lifted her down and left her, thanking her civilly enough, and paying her more than she had ever been paid before for such service.

Now next day happened to be market-day, and as Dame Goody had been away from home, she wanted many things in the house, and trudged off to get them at the market. As she was buying the things she wanted, who should she see but the squinny-eyed old fellow who had taken her on the coal-black horse. And what do you think he was doing? Why he went about from stall to stall taking up things from each, here some fruit, and there some eggs, and so on; and no one seemed to take any notice.

Now Dame Goody did not think it her business to interfere, but she thought she ought not to let so good a customer pass without speaking. So she ups to him and bobs a curtsey and said: "Gooden, sir, I hopes as how your good lady and the little one are as well as——"

But she couldn't finish what she was a-saying, for the funny old fellow started back in surprise, and he says to her, says he: "What! do you see me today?"

"See you," says she, "why, of course I do, as plain as the sun in the skies, and what's more," says she, "I see you are busy too, into the bargain."

"Ah, you see too much," said he; "now, pray, with which eye do you see all this?"

"With the right eye to be sure," said she, as proud as can be to find him out.

"The ointment! The ointment!" cried the old pixy thief. "Take that for meddling with what don't concern you: you shall see me no more." And with that he struck her on her right eye, and she couldn't see him any more; and, what was worse, she was blind on the right side from that hour till the day of her death.

(English Folktale)

Task 15 Read and translate a piece of poetry into Ukrainian

“The Summer I Was Sixteen”

My father put his hands in the white light
of the lantern, and his palms became a horse
that flicked its ears and bucked; an alligator
feigning sleep along the canvas wall leapt up
and snapped its jaws in silhouette, or else
a swan would turn its perfect neck and drop
a fingered beak toward that shadowed head
to lightly preen my father's feathered hair.
Outside our tent, skunks shuffled in the woods
beneath a star that died a little every day,
and from a nebula of light diffused
inside Orion's sword, new stars were born.
My father's hands became two birds, linked
by a thumb, they flew one following the other.

(*“The Summer I Was Sixteen”* by Mary Cornish)

Task 16 Read and translate a piece of poetry into Ukrainian

“After Years”

Today, from a distance, I saw you
walking away, and without a sound
the glittering face of a glacier
slid into the sea. An ancient oak
fell in the Cumberlands, holding only
a handful of leaves, and an old woman
scattering corn to her chickens looked up
for an instant. At the other side
of the galaxy, a star thirty-five times
the size of our own sun exploded
and vanished, leaving a small green spot
on the astronomer's retina
as he stood on the great open dome
of my heart with no one to tell.

(“After Years” **by Ted Kooser)**

Task 17 Read and translate a piece of poetry into Ukrainian

“Love Song”

Love comes hungry to anyone’s hand.
I found the newborn sparrow next to
the tumbled nest on the grass. Bravely

opening its beak. Cats circled, squirrels.
I tried to set the nest right but the wild
birds had fled. The knot of pin feathers

sat in my hand and spoke. Just because
I’ve raised it by touch, doesn’t mean it
follows. All day it pecks at the tin image of

a faceless bird. It refuses to fly,
though I’ve opened the door. What
sends us to each other? He and I

had a blue landscape, a village street,
some poems, bread on a plate. Love
was a camera in a doorway, love was

a script, a tin bird. Love was faceless,
even when we’d memorized each other’s
lines. Love was hungry, love was faceless,

the sparrow sings, famished, in my hand.

(*“Love Song”* by Carol Muske-Dukes)

Task 18 Read and translate a piece of poetry into Ukrainian

“Reckless Poem”

Today again I am hardly myself.
It happens over and over.
It is heaven-sent.

It flows through me
like the blue wave.
Green leaves—you may believe this or not—
have once or twice
emerged from the tips of my fingers

somewhere
deep in the woods,
in the reckless seizure of spring.

Though, of course, I also know that other song,
the sweet passion of one-ness.

Just yesterday I watched an ant crossing a path, through the
tumbled pine needles she toiled.
And I thought: she will never live another life but this one.
And I thought: if she lives her life with all her strength
is she not wonderful and wise?
And I continued this up the miraculous pyramid of everything
until I came to myself.

And still, even in these northern woods, on these hills of sand,
I have flown from the other window of myself
to become white heron, blue whale,
red fox, hedgehog.
Oh, sometimes already my body has felt like the body of a flower!
Sometimes already my heart is a red parrot, perched
among strange, dark trees, flapping and screaming.

***(“Reckless Poem”* by Mary Oliver)**

Task 19 Read and translate a piece of poetry into Ukrainian

“Some Clouds”

Now that I've unplugged the phone,
no one can reach me—
At least for this one afternoon
they will have to get by without my advice
or opinion.
Now nobody else is going to call
& ask in a tentative voice
if I haven't yet heard that she's dead,
that woman I once loved—
nothing but ashes scattered over a city
that barely itself any longer exists.
Yes, thank you, I've heard.
It had been too lovely a morning.
That in itself should have warned me.
The sun lit up the tangerines
& the blazing poinsettias
like so many candles.
For one afternoon they will have to forgive me.
I am busy watching things happen again
that happened a long time ago.
as I lean back in Josephine's lawnchair
under a sky of incredible blue,
broken—if that is the word for it—
by a few billowing clouds,
all white & unspeakably lovely,
drifting out of one nothingness into another.

***(“Some Clouds”* by Steve Kowit)**

Task 20 Read and translate a piece of poetry into Ukrainian

“Coffee in the Afternoon”

It was afternoon tea, with tea foods spread out
Like in the books, except that it was coffee.

She made a tin pot of cowboy coffee, from memory,
That's what we used to call it, she said, cowboy coffee.

The grounds she pinched up in her hands, not a spoon,
And the fire on the stove she made from a match.

I sat with her and talked, but the talk was like the tea food,
A little of this and something from the other plate as well,

Always with a napkin and a thank-you. We sat and visited
And I watched her smoke cigarettes

Until the afternoon light was funny in the room,
And then we said our good-byes. The visit was liniment,

The way the tea was coffee, a confusion plain and nice,
A balm for the nerves of two people living in the world,

A balm in the tenor of its language, which spoke through our hands
In the small lifting of our cups and our cakes to our lips.

It was simplicity, and held only what it needed.
It was a gentle visit, and I did not see her again.

(“Coffee in the Afternoon” **by Alberto Ríos)**

Task 21 Read and translate a piece of poetry into Ukrainian

“Gretel”

A woman is born to this:
sift, measure, mix, roll thin.

She learns the dough until
it folds into her skin and there is

no difference. Much later
she tries to lose it. Makes bets

with herself and wins enough
to keep trying. One day she begins

that long walk in unfamiliar woods.
She means to lose everything

she is. She empties her dark pockets,
dropping enough crumbs

to feed all the men who have ever
touched her or wished.

When she reaches the clearing
she is almost transparent—

so thin
the old woman in the house seizes

only the brother. You know the rest:
She won’t escape that oven. She’ll eat

the crumbs meant for him, remember
something of his touch, reach

for the sifter and the cup.

***(“Gretel”* by Andrea Hollander)**

Task 22 Read and translate a piece of poetry into Ukrainian

“Summer in a Small Town”

When the men leave me,
they leave me in a beautiful place.
It is always late summer.
When I think of them now,
I think of the place.
And being happy alone afterwards.
This time it’s Clinton, New York.
I swim in the public pool
at six when the other people
have gone home.
The sky is grey, the air hot.
I walk back across the mown lawn
loving the smell and the houses
so completely it leaves my heart empty.

***(“Summer in a Small Town”* by Linda Gregg)**

Task 23 Read and translate a comedy piece into Ukrainian

"CINDY AND JULIE"

Time: One Upon A Time Place: A Waiting Room Characters: Cinderella Charming: – Young, pretty, disappointed. Juliet Montague (nee Capulet): - Younger than Cinderella. Pretty, hopeful. Young Woman - Younger Than Cinderella

LIGHTS UP: CINDY & JULIE 2 (Two young women sit nervously in a waiting room Juliet keeps glancing over at Cinderella. Finally, she gets up the nerve to speak.)

JULIET: Excuse me.

CINDERELLA: Yes?

JULIET: Have we met before?

CINDERELLA: I don't think so.

JULIET: You seem so familiar.

CINDERELLA: Sorry.

JULIET: You sure we haven't…

JULIET: I feel I know you from somewhere.

CINDERELLA: It happens. (Rebuffed, Juliet sits quietly for a moment then speaks again)

JULIET: Ohmygod… It's you, isn't it? (Cinderella looks over but doesn't respond) I knew it. My name is Juliet. (she extends her hand) Juliet Montague.

CINDERELLA: (responding reluctantly) I'm…

JULIET: (excited) I know… Cinderella Charming. (Cinderella nods) I can't believe I'm actually talking to you.

CINDERELLA: (world weary) Believe it… You're talking to me.

JULIET: Ow wow.

CINDERELLA: Yeah… Oh wow. (following another long pause) Montague. Did you say Juliet Montague?

JULIET: Yes, that's me. Juliet Montague.

CINDERELLA: Is that your maiden name?

JULIET: No… But, I am thinking about going back to it.

CINDY & JULIE 3 CINDERELLA: I've thought about going back to mine. But it seems such a hassle. Besides Charming sounds a lot nicer that Schekendorff. ..What was your maiden name?

JULIET: Capulet.

CINDERELLA: Capulet… (it hits her) You're Juliet Capulet?

JULIET: (shyly) Yeah.

CINDERELLA: I thought you were dead.

JULIET: I thought you lived happily ever after. (The ice has been broken. The two women start talking)

CINDERELLA: That was the plan.

JULIET: The best laid plans…

CINDERELLA: So, the suicide…?

JULIET: We faked it.

CINDERELLA: Faked your own suicide? Why?

JULIET: It was the only way we could think of to get away from all the craziness. His parents… My parents. The whole Capulet – Montague thing.

CINDERELLA: I gather it didn't work out. Between you and Romeo, I mean. Otherwise you wouldn't be here…

JULIET: We were so young. I was fourteen. I was in that rebellious period.

CINDERELLA: Tell me about it.

JULIET: My father said left, I went right. My mother said marry Paris, I picked Romeo. If she'd've said marry Romeo, I'd probably be divorced from Paris now.

CINDERELLA: I'm sorry.

JULIET: Live and learn. You and the Prince didn't work out, either?

CINDERELLA: It was doomed from the start.

JULIET: I'm beginning to wonder if they're all doomed from the start.

CINDY & JULIE 4 CINDERELLA: I'm not the one to ask.

JULIET: In the book you seemed so happy.

CINDERELLA: A fairy tale.

JULIET: None of it was true?

CINDERELLA: I was poor. That part was true.

JULIET: The fairy godmother? The pumpkin...?

CINDERELLA: Oh, please… A fairy godmother?

JULIET: Not even the carriage and the six white horses?

CINDERELLA: Rented.

JULIET: That was my favorite part. How disappointing.

CINDERELLA: No more so that finding out you didn't die.

JULIET: Excuse me.

CINDERELLA: I'm only speaking in literary terms. The whole dramatic arc of the story is predicated on you dying.

JULIET: Disappointed?

CINDERELLA: No… No… Well, in a way. I'm sorry.

JULIET: It's okay… The truth just isn't that romantic.

CINDERELLA: Sad… We're just the end result of a long tradition of romantic love as the answer to every woman's prayer.

JULIET: So Prince Charming…?

CINDERELLA: Wasn't that charming.

JULIET: I'm sorry to hear that.

CINDERELLA: He was an invention. Mostly my own invention. I had fantasized him to such a degree, it wasn't until we'd been married for two years that I realized what a total jerk he was.

CINDY & JULIE 5 JULIET: It took me five years. .

CINDERELLA: So Romeo wasn't…?

JULIET: He was Romeo, alright. No man was ever more suitably named.

CINDERELLA: He… uh...?

JULIET: Every chance he got.

CINDERELLA: I'm sorry.

JULIET: For years, I thought it was me. I wasn't attractive enough. I wasn't experienced enough.

CINDERELLA: Yeah.

JULIET: Was the Prince faithful? As long as we're baring our souls.

CINDERELLA: You know about him and Snow White?

JULIET: I did read something

INDERELLA: Did you know about him and Snow's wicked stepmother.

JULIET: Nooooo.

CINDERELLA: Yes.

JULIET: That's sick.

CINDERELLA: It turns out he had this weird thing for wicked stepmothers.

JULIET: That doesn't include your wicked…. Does it?

CINDERELLA: My stepmom is great.

JULIET: But in the story…

CINDERELLA: The whole idea was to make me sympathetic. It turned out the wicked stepmother was the part that turned him on.

JULIET: How creepy. (she shivers)

CINDERELLA: When he found out my stepmother was a kind and gentle… Well…

CINDY & JULIE. JULIET: You're better off without him.

CINDERELLA: Most of the fault was mine.

JULIET: You shouldn't say that. CINDERELLA: I concocted the whole phoney baloney scenario.

JULIET: You just wanted something better out of life.

CINDERELLA: I suppose.

JULIET: We both did.

CINDERELLA: Happily ever after. What a load of crap.

JULIET: I can't believe that.

CINDERELLA: Can't or won't?

JULIET: I have to believe that there's someone out there…

CINDERELLA: Someday my prince will come… Is that it?

JULIET: I know it's silly.

CINDERELLA: Hope springs eternal.

JULIET: So, you've given up on ever finding someone?

CINDERELLA: Romeo… Romeo, where for art thou, Romeo?

JULIET: I never said that. He was late. I was pissed. But, "where for art thou?." That was all Shakespeare.

CINDERELLA: Really?

JULIET: Sorry, to disappoint… again.

CINDERELLA: It's my own faul

CINDERELLA: God, it's so ingrained in us. Will we ever get past it?

JULIET: I don't know if I want to.

CINDY & JULIE 7 CINDERELLA: We all have to grow up sometime.

JULIET: If growing up means becoming cold and cynical, then maybe I should've killed myself when I had the chance.

CINDERELLA: I'm just being a downer. Don't listen to me. If I wasn't looking for some answers, would I be here?

JULIET: I guess not.

CINDERELLA: So, are you seeing anyone? If I'm not prying, that is.

JULIET: My life's an open book.

CINDERELLA: Tell me about it.

JULIET: I did meet this Danish guy a couple of weeks ago.

CINDERELLA: And…?

JULIET: I don't know… He seems to run hot and cold. One of those guys who can't make up his mind.

CINDERELLA: Mmmm. Commitment challenged. I know the type.

JULIET: How about you?

CINDERELLA: No… But I'm in no rush. I did okay in the settlement. I'm not a princess anymore… but who is?

JULIET: (checks her watch) Oh, look. It's time for me to go in.

CINDERELLA: It was nice meeting you, Juliet.

JULIET: Please, call me Julie.

CINDERELLA: Cindy.

JULIET: It was nice meeting you Cindy.

CINDERELLA: Good luck with the Danish guy.

JULIET: Thanks… Parting is such sweet sorrow…

CINDERELLA: Excuse me.

CINDY & JULIE. JULIET: Sorry… Force of habit. (Juliet exits. A moment later a young woman enters. She sits down, thumbs through a magazine. The whole time she keeps glancng over at Cinderella)

YOUNG WOMAN: Ohmygod… It is you. Oh, like this is so cool… Could I have your autograph?

CINDERELLA: I guess. (Cinderella signs an autograph)

YOUNG WOMAN: I can't believe I'm talking to Cinderella. You are my hero. I've read like everything about you.

CINDERELLA: Don't believe everything you read.

YOUNG WOMAN: Your story is sooooo inspiring.

CINDERELLA: (suspiciously) Really? Which part?

YOUNG WOMAN: The whole thing. The gown… The glass slippers… The carriage and the six white horses. Like I'd die for a carriage and six white horses.

CINDERELLA: It's not quite what it's made out…

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh… And the ball… The ball. Where you dance with Prince Charming and he doesn't know who you are? But he's falling in love with you?

CINDERELLA: He wasn't exactly falling in…

YOUNG WOMAN: And then you lose your shoe and he searches all over just to find you.

CINDERELLA: He didn't really…

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh that is sooooo romantic.

CINDERELLA: I suppose. But…

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh…Oh… Oh and then he finds you and he puts the slipper on your foot.

CINDERELLA: I'm familiar with the story.

YOUNG WOMAN: Someday my prince is going to come.

CINDY & JULIE . CINDERELLA: I hope you're Prince works out a lot…

YOUNG WOMAN: He's going to ride up a white horse and take off me to his castle with all the servants and the jewels and the clothes.

CINDERELLA: It doesn't quite work like…

YOUNG WOMAN: (dreamily) And we'll live happily ever after.

CINDERELLA: Are you here to see the therapist?

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh no… I just came to pick up a friend.

CINDERELLA: I have to go in and see mine now. His name is Dr. Peterson. He's very good. He specializes in disappointment. Here I'll write his name down for you. (She writes the name for the Young Woman)

YOUNG WOMAN: I don't need it.

CINDERELLA: You will. Trust me. (Cinderella exits. The Young Woman romantically hums "Some Day My Prince Will Come") (The lights fade.)

THE END

***("CINDY AND JULIE"* by Bruce Kane)**

Task 24 Read and translate a comedy piece into Ukrainian

“RUBY OF ELSINORE”

SETTING: Ruby’s House of Beauty - Elsinore, Denmark CHARACTERS: RUBY – Hairdresser. Late thirties. Lots of hair. Lots of attitude. OPHELIA – Hamlet’s sometime girlfriend. Young and naïve GERTRUDE – Hamlet’s mother. Haughty, self involved CLAUDIUS – Hamlet‟s lusty, but suspicious stepfather HAMLET – Prince of Denmark. Sullen, indecisive GHOST – Angry and bloodthirsty.

(AT RISE: Ophelia fusses with her hair, while Ruby tries to style it.)

RUBY: Stop playin’ with your hair girl. That’s my job.

OPHELIA: Oh Ruby, you have to make me especially beautiful.

RUBY: Honey, this is a comb, not a magic wand.

OPHELIA: I mean it. I have to look really good tonight.

RUBY: What’s the big occasion?

OPHELIA: I’m going to be a princess.

RUBY: Trust me honey, you‟ve been a princess for a long time.

OPHELIA: No, I mean a real princess… With the tiara and everything.

RUBY: Who died?

OPHELIA: Nobody died.

RUBY: I thought with you people, every time someones dies, you all move up one.

OPHELIA: I’m going to marry a prince.

RUBY: A prince? You’re going to marry a prince.

OPHELIA: That`s right. I’m going to be Princess Ophelia.

RUBY: He told you he was a prince.

OPHELIA: He is a prince.

RUBY: I’d be careful if I were you, child. A lot of frogs walkin’ around these days claimin` to be princes.

OPHELIA: This one’s no frog.

RUBY: I’d run a background check. At least google him. Every guy nowadays with a pair of tights and a sword says he`s a prince.

OPHELIA: Ruby, `I`m going to marry Prince Hamlet.

RUBY: Hold on here… You are going to marry the Prince of Darkness?

OPHELIA: You shouldn‟t say those things about him.

RUBY: Honey, that man could depress a laughing hyena.

OPHELIA: He`s got a lot on his mind.

RUBY: He`s a friggin` prince. He doesn`t do jack. What the hell he could he have on his mind? OPHELIA: It`s his father.

RUBY: Unless they went to a lot of expense to bury the wrong guy, your boyfriend‟s father is dead.

OPHELIA: That`s the problem.

RUBY: What are you tellin` me, the old guy`s not dead.

OPHELIA: Oh no… He’s dead, alright. RUBY: That’s what`s the friggin` problem? OPHELIA: Hamlet thinks… (she fidgets)

RUBY: What? He thinks what?

OPHELIA: I really shouldn‟t say anything.

RUBY: Fine with me child. Whatever it is, I wouldn't pay much attention. If you ask me, all these royals are a couple of raisins short of a Danish. It's what happens when cousins marry cousins.

OPHELIA: Hamlet doesn't think his father died of natural causes.

RUBY: Hell, girl, this is Elsinore. Nobody dies of natural causes.

OPHELIA: You have to promise not to tell a soul.

RUBY: My lips are sealed.

OPHELIA: Well, Hamlet thinks that his step father…

RUBY: You mean, the new king.

OPHELIA: Right… Claudius… Hamlet thinks the new king had something to do with his father's… Well, you know. (fidgets some more)

RUBY: He thinks King Claudius croaked his old man.

OPHELIA: Something like that. RUBY: That'd be my guess.

OPHELIA: You think the king could do something so gross?

RUBY: Like I said honey, this is Denmark. There's always something rotten goin` on somewhere. And you can quote me on that. So tell me, did the prince of indecision figure this out all by his lonesome?

OPHELIA: Not exactly.

RUBY: Just how, exactly.

OPHELIA: You have to promise not to whisper a word of this to anyone.

RUBY: You know what I always say, child. What happens at Ruby's, stays at Ruby's.

OPHELIA: His father told him.

RUBY: His father is dead.

PHELIA: That's why you can"t tell anyone.

RUBY: Why would I want to?

OPHELIA: I know it's hard to believe.

RUBY: Oh no… Hard to believe? Hamlet`s dead father told him that Claudius bumped him off?

OPHELIA: That`s it in a nutshell.

RUBY: I`d say "nutshell" was an excellent choice of word. And you`re going to marry this guy?

OPHELIA: When he asks me.

RUBY: Hold on just a cotton pickin` minute here… He hasn`t asked you to marry him?

OPHELIA: Not in so many words.

RUBY: Well, if he does, it`ll be in so many words you won`t understand what the hell he`s talking about. How well do you know Prince Hamlet?

OPHELIA: Well…. Let's just say… "well enough."

RUBY: Take if from someone who"s been there honey… Sometimes "well enough" ain't good enough.

OPHELIA: I know he loves me.

RUBY: He told you that.

OPHELIA: Well…

RUBY: Not in so many words. For the life of me, I`ll never understand why women let men off the hook when it comes to saying "I love you."

OPHELIA: Because I know he does.

RUBY: At your age, you don`t know jack. Especially when it comes to men.

OPHELIA: I know how he feels from the way he looks at me.

RUBY: Don’t confuse myopia with interest.

OPHELIA: (adamantly) He loves me and I am going to marry him.

RUBY: Okay… It’s your life. I`d just be careful if I was you, child. The prince just never seemed the marryin’ kind, if you know what I mean.

OPHELIA: No, I don`t know what you mean.

RUBY: Him always hanging around with those two guys.… Y’know Rosenberg Guildencrantz.

OPHELIA: Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

RUBY: Whatever… They’re both a little light in leotards if you ask me.

OPHELIA: They were all friends in college. And there`s nothing wrong with Hamlet

RUBY: I just never seem him with any girls. No offense, honey, but he always seemed a real mama`s boy to me.

OPHELIA: Hamlet loves his mother.

RUBY: So did Oedipus.

OPHELIA: Well, he must have been a very good son, this Oedipus.

RUBY: What? He thinks what?

OPHELIA: I really shouldn`t say anything.

RUBY: Fine with me child. Whatever it is, I wouldn’t pay much attention. If you ask me, all these royals are a couple of raisins short of a Danish. It’s what happens when cousins marry cousins.

OPHELIA: Hamlet doesn’t think his father died of natural causes.

RUBY: Hell, girl, this is Elsinore. Nobody dies of natural causes.

OPHELIA: You have to promise not to tell a soul.

RUBY: My lips are sealed.

RUBY: You mean, the new king.

OPHELIA: Right… Claudius… Hamlet thinks the new king had something to do with his father‟s… Well, you know. (fidgets some more)

RUBY: He thinks King Claudius croaked his old man.

OPHELIA: Something like that. RUBY: That’d be my guess.

OPHELIA: You think the king could do something so gross?

RUBY: Like I said honey, this is Denmark. There’s always something rotten goin‟ on somewhere. And you can quote me on that. So tell me, did the prince of indecision figure this out all by his lonesome?

OPHELIA: Not exactly.

RUBY: Just how, exactly.

PHELIA: You have to promise not to whisper a word of this to anyone.

RUBY: You know what I always say, child. What happens at Ruby’s, stays at Ruby’s

OPHELIA: His father told him.

RUBY: His father is dead.

OPHELIA: That’s why you can’t tell anyone.

RUBY: Why would I want to?

OPHELIA: I know it’s hard to believe.

RUBY: Oh no… Hard to believe? Hamlet’s dead father told him that Claudius bumped him off?

OPHELIA: That’s it in a nutshell.

RUBY: I’d say “nutshell” was an excellent choice of word. And you’re going to marry this guy?

OPHELIA: When he asks me.

RUBY: Hold on just a cotton pickin` minute here… He hasn`t asked you to marry him?

OPHELIA: Not in so many words.

RUBY: Well, if he does, it`ll be in so many words you won`t understand what the hell he`s talking about. How well do you know Prince Hamlet?

OPHELIA: Well…. Let‟s just say… "well enough."

RUBY: Take if from someone who‟s been there honey… Sometimes "well enough" ain't good enough.

OPHELIA: I know he loves me.

UBY: He told you that.

OPHELIA: Well…

RUBY: Not in so many words. For the life of me, I'll never understand why women let men off the hook when it comes to saying "I love you."

OPHELIA: Because I know he does.

RUBY: At your age, you don't know jack. Especially when it comes to men.

OPHELIA: I know how he feels from the way he looks at me.

RUBY: Don't confuse myopia with interest.

OPHELIA: (adamantly) He loves me and I am going to marry him.

RUBY: Okay… It's your life. I'd just be careful if I was you, child . The prince just never seemed the marryin' kind, if you know what I mean.

OPHELIA: No, I don't know what you mean.

RUBY: Him always hanging around with those two guys.… Y'know Rosenberg Guildencrantz.

OPHELIA: Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

RUBY: Whatever… They're both a little light in leotards if you ask me.

OPHELIA: They were all friends in college. And there's nothing wrong with Hamlet

RUBY: I just never seem him with any girls. No offense, honey, but he always seemed a real mama's boy to me.

OPHELIA: Hamlet loves his mother.

RUBY: So did Oedipus.

OPHELIA: Well, he must have been a very good son, this Oedipus.

RUBY: And for a while, not a bad husband.

OPHELIA: Hamlet is just not too happy with his mother these days.

RUBY: What`s his problem?

OPHELIA: He thinks she married his uncle too soon after his father`s death.

RUBY: Oh really? He thinks the next day was too soon?

OPHELIA: Don`t make jokes Ruby.

RUBY: Who`s making jokes? They used the leftovers from the funeral to cater the wedding.

OPHELIA: Hamlet thinks there may have been something going on between Claudius and Gertrude even before.

RUBY: He thinks? He thinks? Hell, everybody in Elsinore knew Gertrude was steamin` up the sheets with Claudius.

OPHELIA: Well, I didn`t know it.

RUBY: Are you blind, child? Even at the funeral, Claudius had has hand firmly planted on her royal ass. Have you thought of suggesting to the prince, that maybe he seek a little professional help. I mean… "I see dead people." Give me a friggin` break here.

OPHELIA: Ruby, what do you think I should do?

RUBY: What does your father say?

OPHELIA: “Neither a borrower nor a lender be.”

RUBY: Why, does your old man think you`re going into business with Prince Hamlet?

OPHELIA: No, that`s just the way my father talks. “To thine own self be true and it follows as the night the day” … yadada, yadada, yadada. (Ruby holds up a mirror in front of Ophelia) Oh Ruby, you‟re a dream.

RUBY: We are all such stuff as dreams are made on. And you can quote me on that

OPHELIA: Ruby, if Hamlet doesn`t ask me to marry him, I swear I’ll kill myself.

RUBY: Now, now child… You musn`t talk that way. You listen to Ruby. Men are like ferry boats. If you miss one, there’ll be another one along in an hour. Now, run along… (Ophelia gives Ruby a hug and runs off.)

OPHELIA: Wish me luck.

RUBY: Luck. (to herself) You1re gonna need it. (Calls out) Next. (From the opposite side of the stage Gertrude, Hamlet`s mother enters.) Your majesty.

GERTRUDE: Rosie, how are you?

RUBY: Ruby.

GERTRUDE: What?

RUBY: Ruby… My name is Ruby, highness. Not Rosie.

GERTRUDE: Are you contradicting your queen?

RUBY: No, ma’am. I was merely pointing out…

GERTRUDE: One does not “point out” to their queen.

RUBY: Yes, your haughtiness. (Gertrude sits in the chair. Ruby drapes the smock over her.) Well, what’ll it be today?

GERTRUDE: Just a touch up.

RUBY: Want me to do something with those roots?

GERTRUDE: I am the Queen. I do not have roots. I have transitions.

RUBY: Whatever you say. (she begins working on Gertrude) So, how are you majesty? I haven`t seen you in here since just before your wedding. I suppose congrats are in order

GERTRUDE: Thank you, Rita.

RUBY: As well as condolences.

GERTRUDE: Condolences? What are you talking about?

RUBY: Condolences on the death of your husband.

GERTRUDE: Claudius is not dead. He is alive… Very much alive. In fact, we only just had….

RUBY: I meant your first husband, highness. The late king. The one before this one.

GERTRUDE: Oh… Him… Yes… The late king… Yes, of course… He is dead… And buried.

RUBY: Although still active from what I hear.

GERTRUDE: What are you talking about, Ruthie?

RUBY: Nothing, your grace. So everything is satisfactory with you and the new king?

GERTRUDE: Everything is very satisfactory, Rhonda.

RUBY: Happy to hear it.

GERTRUDE: Things couldn’t be more satisfactory.

RUBY: That’s good.

GERTRUDE: As a matter of fact, I can’t remember when I have been so satisfied and on such a regular basis.

RUBY: Well, you go highness.

GERTRUDE: Are you married, Rhoda?

RUBY: Ruby.

GERTRUDE: Who's Ruby?

RUBY: Not important, majesty. And to answer your question… I was married once.

GERTRUDE: Was he a loving man?

RUBY: That`s what every woman I caught him with said.

GERTRUDE: My first husband was not a loving man.

RUBY: I1m sorry to hear that ma`am.

GERTRUDE: In fact my late husband was a cold man. A very cold man.

RUBY: Couldn`t be much colder than he is right now.

GERTRUDE: Perhaps there are women who prefer a man who pays them no attention… Leaves them completely alone… A man who never… how should put it…? A man who never…

RUBY: Shows them the respect and tenderness they deserve.

GERTRUDE: (Her voice drops an octave. Her breathing becomes heavy) Tenderness, shmenderness… I'm talking about a man who never slips them the high, hard one. Sweeps out the chimney… Threads the ole needle. Lays a little pipe now and then.

RUBY: Of course, majesty. What could I be thinking?

GERTRUDE: Indeed. Then along came Claudius.

RUBY: (sings and does a little dance) "Slow walkin' Claudius… Slow talkin` Claudius" (Gertrude clears her throat. Ruby straightens up) You`re speaking, of course, of the new king. Your present husband. Your late husband's brother. Your son`s new…

GERTRUDE: (annoyed) Yes, yes, yes. Claudius is different than his brother.

RUBY: For one thing, he's alive.

GERTRUDE: Claudius is warm.

RUBY: Warm is a good thing in a man.

GERTRUDE: He's considerate

RUBY: A rare trait these days.

GERTRUDE: And loving. Very, very, very, very, very loving.

RUBY: There's certainly a new glow in the royal cheeks.

GERTRUDE: I can tell you this because you are a woman Rachel. You are a woman?

RUBY: One hundred and ten percent.

GERTRUDE: With someone in your profession, one can't always be sure.

RUBY: Oh, you can be sure, your homophobicness.

GERTRUDE: When I am with him all I want to do is… How can I say it? All I want to do is…

RUBY: Enjoy his company. Rest in his arms. Bask in his adulation.

GERTRUDE: (breathing heavily again) Do the horizontal mambo… Excavate the tunnel of love. Clean the carpet… Parallel park… Ride the pony… Slurp the…

RUBY: I get the picture, your humpingness.

GERTRUDE: My son doesn't understand that.

RUBY: He's young. He'll learn.

GERTRUDE: Do you really think so?

RUBY: Give him time.

GERTRUDE: Perhaps you're right.

RUBY: Time heals all wounds.

GERTRUDE: How quaint. Is that what they call peasant wisdom?

RUBY: I suppose.

GERTRUDE: Maybe if he had someone in his life, he'd understand my need to… How should I say it?

RUBY: I think that lawn's already been mowed, your horniness. (Holds up a mirror for Gertrude) I think that`s it.

GERTRUDE: Are you coming to the play tonight?

RUBY: What play is that your majesty?

GERTRUDE: Hamlet has commissioned a play to be performed in the castle tonight. It's called "The Moustrap." You must come.

RUBY: Thank you. But plays really ain't my thing. I like something with a little action… Somethin` I can get down with… Somethin"… How should I put it? Somethin' funky.

GERTRUDE: One does not turn down an invitation from her queen just because the subject doesn't rise, or sink, to the required level of… "funkiness"

RUBY: Yes, your superciliousness.

GERTRUDE: I'll leave two tickets for you at… "will call." (She exits)

RUBY: (calls out) Okay, send in the next sucker. (Claudius, The King, enters)

CLAUDIUS: Ruby, Ruby, Ruby.

RUBY: King, King, King

CLAUDIUS: Ruby, Ruby, Ruby RUBY: King, King, King.

CLAUDIUS: You're a sight for sore eyes, Ruby.

RUBY: You're looking very regal, yourself.

CLAUDIUS: I'm feeling very regal.

RUBY: I haven't seen you since your coronation.

CLAUDIUS: Has it been that long Ruby?

RUBY: At least. Is it true what they say, highness?

CLAUDIUS: What`s that, Ruby?

RUBY: That it`s good to be the king.

CLAUDIUS: It doesn`t suck. I can tell you that. The power… The wealth… The respect. But, mostly the power. God, I love the power… People stand when you walk into a room. They don`t sit until you sit. They do what you tell them to do. They laugh at all your jokes. Ruby, right now, back in the castle, there are actually people lining up just to kiss my……ring.

RUBY: So that`s what all the bowin` is about.

CLAUDIUS: And the women. Ruby, I can`t turn around without some beautiful woman offering me… Well, what beautiful women have to offer. You get the picture.

RUBY: In a frame.

CLAUDIUS: But, of course, I am faithful to the Queen.

RUBY: Of course.

CLAUDIUS: Completely faithful.

RUBY: Completely.

CLAUDIUS: Totally and completely faithful.

RUBY: Totally and completely faithful.

CLAUDIUS: One hundred per cent. Without a…

RUBY: What1s her name?

CLAUDIUS: Annabella. She's a lady in waiting.

RUBY: Obviously, she ain't waitin" no more.

CLAUDIUS: Ruby, Ruby, Ruby

RUBY: King, King, King

CLAUDIUS: I may be the king, Ruby…

RUBY: Here it comes.

CLAUDIUS: But, I am still a man.

RUBY: If you weren't a man, you wouldn't be the king.

CLAUDIUS: Exactly.

RUBY: You'd be the queen.

CLAUDIUS: You won't say anything about the… uh… (Ruby mimes zipping her lips shut) I knew I could count on you Ruby.

RUBY: Your usual trim, majesty?

CLAUDIUS: Please… (He sits in the chair. She drapes a smock over him and begins to trim) My stepson is putting on some cockamamie play tonight and his mother insists that I go. RUBY: Then I'll see you there.

CLAUDIUS: You're going?

RUBY: Le's say the Queen extended me an invitation I couldn't refuse.

CLAUDIUS: Then there"s no getting out of it for either of us. Do you have any children Ruby?

RUBY: None that I know of.

CLAUDIUS: What?

RUBY: It's a joke.

CLAUDIUS: Of course. A joke. No one tells me jokes anymore.

RUBY: That's too bad.

CLAUDIUS: They're afraid to be funnier than the king.

RUBY: Heavy lies the head that wears the crown.

CLAUDIUS: Very perceptive Ruby. Who said that?

RUBY: I just did.

CLAUDIUS: Oh…. My stepson hates me, Ruby.

RUBY: He`s just a little confused.

CLAUDIUS: Confused? He's a fruitcake. But he still hates me for marrying his mother.

RUBY: (under her breath) Among other things.

CLAUDIUS: What's that?

RUBY: It's not easy for a child when one parent dies and the other re-marries… the next day.

CLAUDIUS: Perhaps we did rush things a tad. But, it's a cruel world out there for a woman by herself, without a man to protect her.

RUBY: I suppose. Only thing I know is the last man who said he was goin' to protect me, protected me right out of my life's savings.

CLAUDIUS: I couldn`t leave my brother's widow alone.

RUBY: That's what I hear.

CLAUDIUS: And now her son wants to see me dead.

RUBY: Really? Dead? Hamlet?

CLAUDIUS: Those are the rumors. Have you heard anything Ruby? I`m sure people tell you things.

RUBY: Me? No… I haven't heard a thing… Not a thing.

CLAUDIUS: Here`s my private number…(gives her his card) If you do hear anything, would you give me a call? You`d have the undying gratitude of a grateful king.

RUBY: (taking Claudius's card) If I hear anything. (She takes the smock off)

CLAUDIUS: Thank you Ruby. (he starts to leave) Oh, Ruby…

RUBY: Yes your majesty.

CLAUDIUS: Bring toothpicks.

RUBY: Excuse me?

CLAUDIUS: Bring toothpicks. For the play… To prop your eyes open… I hear Hamlet directed it… It's got to be real yawn… (Mimicing Hamlet) Maybe if you acted it this way… Perhaps if you played it that way… What if you entered from the right.… Or, you could always come in from the left... On the other hand… (He exits) (Hamlet enters. His hair is long and unkempt)

HAMLET: To be or…

RUBY: Well, look what the cat dragged in. (Hamlet drops into Ruby's chair and slumps)

RUBY: Sit up straight.

HAMLET: Why Ruby? Why sit up straight? Why not sit slumped forward? Or sit with one leg thrown over the arm…Perhaps with both…

RUBY: (throws a smock over him). Knock it off and just sit up straight. You can't go to your own play tonight lookin' like this.

HAMLET: What difference does it make Ruby? Whether I look like this or I look like that… Just pull the whole thing back into a ponytail.

RUBY: Pony tail? Where have you been? Man, pony tails are so yesterday.

HAMLET: Yesterday… Today… Tomorrow…

RUBY: You need somethin' that says young, hip… now.

HAMLET: (sarcastically) How about big, thick sideburns down to here?

RUBY: I don't think so. You're a prince… Not "The King." (does an Elvis move)

HAMLET: What difference does is it make what my hair looks like? A rogue and peasant slave am I.

RUBY: That may be but your hair says rogue and peasant "slob." You're a prince. You should look like one. Besides, there's nothing like a new „do' to lift the clouds of doom. Raise the spirits. Boost the confidence.

HAMLET: And what do you suggest, Ruby? What could ever lift the clouds of doom that hover o'er my troubled brow?

RUBY: Bangs.

HAMLET: (incredulously) Bangs???

RUBY: Bangs

HAMLET: Certainly, you jest.

RUBY: Bangs are all the rage in England. From what I hear, Prince Valiant is beatin' „em off with a stick.

HAMLET: Really? With a stick? Mmmmmm. "To have bangs or not to have bangs, that is the question."

RUBY: You`re not gonna start that again, are you?

HAMLET: "Whether tis nobler to wear one's hair in a ponytail or to…"

RUBY: You keep that up and I'm gonna shave you bald.

HAMLET: (intimidated) Bangs it is.

RUBY: (starts to work on Hamlet) So, tell me about this play of yours.

HAMLET: Actually it`s a ploy.

RUBY: A ploy?

HAMLET: To catch the conscience of the king.

RUBY: The ploy?

HAMLET: No, the play

RUBY: But the ploy `s the thing to catch the conscience of the king?

HAMLET: No, that`s the play.

RUBY: What`s the play?

HAMLET: The Mousetrap.

RUBY: The Mousetrap?

HAMLET: Yes.

RUBY: What‟s a mouse trap have to do with this?

HAMLET: It's the play?

RUBY: The Mousetrap is the play.

HAMLET: Yes.

RUBY: Then what's the ploy?

HAMLET: The play.

RUBY: The ploy is the play.

HAMLET: Precisely. And the play is The Mousetrap.

RUBY: So, what you're saying is that the play is a ploy and the ploy is a play and the play is The Mousetrap.

HAMLET: Yes… And a play wwithin a play.

RUBY: Excuse me.

HAMLET: The Mousetrap.

RUBY: What about The Mousetrap?

HAMLET: It's a play within a play.

RUBY: The Mousetrap is a play within a play.

HAMLET: That's what makes it a ploy.

RUBY: Let `s see if I have this straight. The play is a ploy and the ploy is a play and the play is a play within a play and it's the play within a play that makes the play a ploy.

HAMLET: But you musn`t repeat that to anyone.

RUBY: I don't think I could if I wanted to. Does you girlfriend know about any of this?

HAMLET: What girlfriend? I don‟t have a girlfriend.

RUBY: Ophelia.

HAMLET: Ophelia? Is she still telling everyone she's my girlfriend?

RUBY: She thinks you're gonna pop the question?

HAMLET: What question?

RUBY: Well, it ain't "To be or not to be?" I can tell you that.

HAMLET: She thinks I'm going to ask her to marry me?

RUBY: That's what she thinks.

HAMLET: Where did she get the idea I wanted to marry her?

RUBY: Apparently from you.

HAMLET: I've got enough on my plate. My father's dead. My uncle is the king. And my mother is …

RUBY: Let's not go there, okay?

HAMLET: The point is I don`t need some girl mooning after me all the time. She should get her to a nunnery.

RUBY: What that girl is lookin' for she ain`t gonna find in no nunnery.

HAMLET: She's not going to find it with me either.

RUBY: A bit of advice, if you don‟t mind me sayin' so. . Let the child down easy. She's young, impressionable and highly strung.

HAMLET: Tell me about it. I've played lutes that weren't strung as tight.

RUBY: Just be careful.

HAMLET: It`s not easy being me, Ruby.

RUBY: Right. Prince of the Realm. A killer job. Who`d ever want it?

HAMLET: Speaking of killer jobs, I may have to kill my uncle.

RUBY: "May" have to kill your uncle?

HAMLET: You must promise not to breathe a word of this to another soul.

RUBY: My lips are sealed.

HAMLET: You promise?

RUBY: If I`m lyin`, I`m dyin`.

HAMLET: It`s not a sure thing yet.

RUBY: Killing your uncle?

HAMLET: I have to be sure he actually murdered my father.

RUBY: You really think you're uncle murdered your father?

HAMLET: I'm not one hundred per cent positive…

RUBY: Of course, not.

HAMLET: But I have it from a very reliable source.

RUBY: A reliable source. And just who might that reliable source be?

HAMLET: My father.

RUBY: Your father. Yes… Old King Cuckold. Unless I read the wrong paper, your daddy is dead.

HAMLET: To be precise, it was my father`s ghost who told me.

RUBY: Your father`s ghost talked to you.

HAMLET: That`s right.

RUBY: Are you sure it wasn't just some of your college buddies punkin' you?

HAMLET: That is in the realm of possibility.

RUBY: So there's a chance you won't kill your uncle.

HAMLET: Right now it`s about fifty fifty.

RUBY: Fifty fifty.

HAMLET: I wouldn't want to rush into it.

RUBY: Of course not. You're Hamlet.

HAMLET: I mean, what if he didn`t murder my father?

RUBY: Right. What if?

HAMLET: Then I'd be killing him for nothing.

RUBY: And you wouldn‟t want to kill your uncle based on bad intelligence.

HAMLET: But, what if he did kill my father?

RUBY: That's a whole other kettle of ifs.

HAMLET: And then there's the matter of justice.

RUBY: Oh yeah… Justice… Can`t forget justice.

HAMLET: Ruby, do I have a right to take his life because he took my father`s life?

RUBY: I just do hair. Revenge killin` ain`t part of the job description.

HAMLET: On the other hand…

RUBY: Here we go.

HAMLET: I mean I am obligated to revenge my father`s death if he was, indeed, murdered.

RUBY: But, conscience does make cowards of us all.

HAMLET: Wow. I never thought of that. (to himself) Conscience does make cowards of us all. Yes, I could blame the whole thing on my conscience. Then I wouldn‟t have to do anything

RUBY: It's a thought.

HAMLET: I ask you Ruby, does any man have the right to take another man's life under any circumstances? (Ruby starts to reply, but Hamlet continues) But, he is the king and if I don"t render justice, who will? (Ruby takes out her cell phone and dials) But, if that king attained his crown by raising his sword against his king?

RUBY: (*into phone*) Your highness? Ruby here…

HAMLET: But to raise a sword against your own king is the highest crime one can commit.

RUBY: You know that matter with your stepson… You asked me to call if I heard anything…

HAMLET: I mean, can two wrongs ever make a right?

RUBY: If I were you I wouldn`t worry about a thing.

HAMLET: Does a right and wrong make a right?

RUBY: Trust me… You have as much chance of bein' whacked by your stepson and I do becomin' the queen of friggin' England.

HAMLET: Can two rights make a wrong?

RUBY: No problem, King.

HAMLET: To be or not to be, that is the question.

RUBY: What`s that? Oh yeah… Wouldn"t miss it…

HAMLET: Whether tis nobler to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. (Hamlet stands and wanders off still wearing the smock) Or rise up against a sea of bubbles… A sea of puddles… A sea of doubles… A sea of cuddles…

RUBY: (*into phone)* Save me a seat. (*Ruby clicks off her phone*) Who`s next? *(The Ghost enters)*

GHOST: Looks like I'm next.

RUBY: King Hamlet.

GHOST: You're not surprised to see me Ruby?

RUBY: Around here, nothin' surprises me.

GHOST: The sight of a dead man walking has a tendency to frighten most people.

RUBY: Well, I ain't most people.

GHOST: No, you're not Ruby… You`re the last honest person in Denmark.

RUBY: Which ain`t sayin` much, when you get right down to it.

GHOST: *(drops into Ruby's chair*) What am I going to do Ruby?

RUBY: We could trim the front… Layer the back a little… Disguise the bald spot.

GHOST: I'm talking about my family. My brother murdered me. My wife took him into her bed before my body was even cold… My son won`t avenge my death.

RUBY: What family doesn't have its problems?

GHOST: You think Gertrude and Claudius had something going on before he poured the poison in my ear?

RUBY: I wouldn`t know your majesty.

GHOST: And if you did, you wouldn't tell me. Would you?

RUBY: What`s said at Ruby's…

GHOST: Stays at Ruby's. I know… I could have used ministers like you Ruby. People who know how to keep their mouths shut. Unlike my son.

RUBY: Hamlet is young, highness.

GHOST: He's thirty two years old, Ruby… When I was thirty two I'd conquered half a dozen neighboring tribes, imprisoned two thousand warriors, killed God knows how many more and impregnated five hundred of their women.

RUBY: You were a doer, majesty.

GHOST: If my father's brother had killed my father and married my mother, I would've roasted the bastard over a spit. I'd"ve fed his innards to the pigs. I'd've …

RUBY: Each generation has its own way of handlin` conflict.

GHOST: I`d`ve had his head on a pike. I`d`ve severed his limbs… And can you really disguise the bald spot?

RUBY: Oh sure… No problem.

GHOST: Give it a shot… (*Ruby goes to work*) So how are things with you, Ruby?

RUBY: Can't complain.

GHOST: Still seeing that rope maker?

RUBY: No… Couldn`t get him to tie the knot.

GHOST: That's the trouble with young people today. No sense of commitment. Take my son, for instance. "To be or not to be?" What`s the problem? Just stab the sonofabitch. Did I ever tell you about the time I killed three men with one thrust of my sword?

RUBY: Yes, your majesty… Many times.

GHOST: It was at the battle of … Of… Of… Death is hell on the memory, Ruby… Well, anyway… There they were. All lined up in a nice, neat row. (*Having heard the story a hundred times before, Ruby mouths the Ghost's tale word for word as the… LIGHTS FADE)* CURTAIN

(***"RUBY OF ELSINORE"* by Bruce Kane**)

References

1. Adams by George Saunders. // New Yorker. Available at: https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2004/08/09/adams
2. 58 Absolutely Beautiful Love Poems. Available at: https://bookriot.com/love-poems.
3. Goldilocks and the Three Bears. Available at: https://americanliterature.com/childrens-stories/goldilocks-and-the-three-bears
4. One Act Comedy Scripts. Available at: https://www.kaneprod.com/oneactplays.html
5. Othello, the Moore of Venice. Available at: http://shakespeare.mit.edu/othello/full.html
6. Poetry and Literature. // Library of Congress. Available at : https://www.loc.gov/programs/poetry-and-literature/poet-laureate/poet-laureate-projects/poetry-180/all-poems/item/poetry-180-180/break/
7. Readings. Available at. https://legacy.npr.org/programs/death/readings/stories/ebwhite3.html
8. The Last Night of the World by Ray Bradbury. Available at: nmewww.esquire.com/entertaint/books/a14340/ray-bradbury-last-night-of-the-world-0251
9. World of Tales. Available at.: https://www.worldoftales.com/European_folktales/English_folktale_34.html#gsc.tab=0

Notes