

Министерство науки и высшего образования Российской Федерации  
ФГБОУ ВО «Удмуртский государственный университет»  
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Кафедра теории языка, межкультурной коммуникации  
и зарубежной литературы

# АНАТОМИЯ РЕЧЕВОГО КОНФЛИКТА И КОММУНИКАТИВНЫХ НЕУДАЧ

The Anatomy of a Speech Conflict  
and Communicative Failures

Практикум



Ижевск  
2022

УДК 811.111'271(075.8)  
ББК 81.432.1-006я73  
А 643

*Рекомендовано к изданию Учебно-методическим советом УдГУ*

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А 643      **Анатомия речевого конфликта и коммуникативных неудач** (=The Anatomy of a Speech Conflict and Communicative Failures): практикум / Авт.-сост. Н. И. Пушина, Н. В. Маханькова, Е. А. Широких. – Ижевск: Издательский центр «Удмуртский университет», 2022. – 184 с.

Предлагаемое издание представляет собой практикум по курсу речевой конфликтологии, предназначенному для студентов направления подготовки 45.03.02 Лингвистика профиля «Теория и практика межкультурной коммуникации».

Пособие может быть адресовано и более широкой аудитории, владеющей английским языком, и интересующейся речевыми конфликтами, коммуникативными неудачами, их минимизацией, нейтрализацией, разрешением.

УДК 811.111'271(075.8)  
ББК 81.432.1-006я73

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## ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

*Если в вашей жизни нет  
конфликтов, проверьте, есть  
ли у вас пульс*

*Ч. Диксон*

Предлагаемое пособие (практикум) служит сопровождением курса «Речевая конфликтология: теория и практика», занимающего в учебном плане ООП по направлению подготовки Лингвистика, профилю «Теория и практика межкультурной коммуникации» место в той части, которая формируется участниками образовательных отношений, и адресовано студентам-бакалаврам 4 курса.

Межкультурная коммуникация как общение, как диалог с представителями разных культур во множестве случаев отмечена коммуникативными нарушениями, сбоями, провалами, дефектами, неудачами, конфликтами (различного рода дискомфортом), возникающими в процессе естественного диалогического общения, рассматриваемыми в сфере речевой конфликтологии. Поэтому умение коммуницировать предполагает не только нормы и правила поведения, определенный дискурсивный стиль – «манеру речи», языковые знания (языковые средства), с помощью которых оформляются коммуникативные намерения в определенной ситуации общения, другие аспекты, но и внимание к факторам, создающим конфликтность общения (ситуативные, контекстуальные, продуктивные и рецептивные, ритуализация, нарушение этических норм, чрезмерная варваризация, нивелировка прагматических характеристик речи, усечение предложения, недоговоренность, малапропизмы, ошибочная семантизация и, как следствие, ошибочное употребление лексической единицы и т.д.), и к факторам, способным минимизировать, разрешить, устранить коммуникативный конфликт. Именно конфликту в коммуникации, разным типам

коммуникативных неудач и разным коммуникативным ситуациям посвящается данное пособие.

Практикум подразделяется на три части, включающие алгоритм анализа коммуникативных неудач (анализ конкретных примеров с учетом типа коммуникативной неудачи, причин ее появления, поиска путей разрешения, или минимизации конфликтности общения) (Part I. Communicative Failures Analysis), конфликтные речевые ситуации, разнообразные ситуации с коммуникативными неудачами в английском и русском дискурсах реального и виртуального пространств – форумы, ток-шоу (Part II. Communicative Failures in Intercultural Communication), примеры, тексты для самостоятельной работы (Part III. Texts for Supplementary Reading). Пособие снабжено списком рекомендуемой для заинтересованного и углубленного изучения отдельных вопросов речевой конфликтологии литературы, а также списком источников иллюстративного материала (References).

В практикуме активно применяется технология *case-study* (метод кейсов – метод конкретных ситуаций, метод ситуационного анализа), техника обучения, использующая описание реальных или приближенных к реальности коммуникативных ситуаций. Непосредственная цель метода *case-study* – совместными усилиями группы студентов проанализировать ситуацию – *case*, возникающую при конкретном положении дел, и выработать практическое решение на основе оценки предложенных алгоритмов в контексте поставленной проблемы.

Несомненным достоинством данного метода анализа является не только получение знаний и формирование практических навыков, но и развитие системы ценностей студентов, профессиональных позиций, жизненных установок, своеобразного профессионального мироощущения и миропреобразования.

Метод *case-study* – это инструмент, позволяющий применить теоретические знания к решению практических задач. Метод способствует развитию у студентов самостоятельного мышления, умения выслушивать и учитывать альтернативную точку зрения, аргументированно высказывать свою. С помощью этого метода

студенты имеют возможность проявить и усовершенствовать аналитические и оценочные навыки, научиться работать в команде, находить наиболее рациональное решение поставленной проблемы (см. также, напр., М. В. Плотников, О. С. Чернявская, Ю. В. Кузнецова; А. М. Долгоруков и др.).

Метод *case-study* воздействует на профессионализацию студентов, способствует их взрослению, формирует интерес и позитивную мотивацию по отношению к учебе. Одновременно метод *case-study* выступает и как образ мышления преподавателя, его особая парадигма, позволяющая по-иному думать и действовать, обновлять свой творческий потенциал.

## **PART I. COMMUNICATIVE FAILURES ANALYSIS**



## *The Anatomy of Conflict*

*If there is no communication then there is no respect.*

*If there is no respect then there is no caring.*

*If there is no caring then there is no understanding.*

*If there is no understanding then there is no compassion.*

*If there is no compassion then there is no empathy.*

*If there is no empathy then there is no forgiveness.*

*If there is no forgiveness then there is no kindness.*

*If there is no kindness then there is no honesty.*

*If there is no honesty then there is no love.*

*If there is no love then God doesn't reside there.*

*If God doesn't reside there then there is no peace.*

*If there is no peace then there is no happiness.*

*If there is no happiness then there is conflict because there is no communication!*

*Shannon L. Alder*



## Culture Shock

*Good manners are always good manners. That's what Miranda Ingram, who is English, thought, until she married Alexander, who is Russian.*

“When I first met Alexander and he said to me, in Russian, “Nalei mnye chai – pour me some tea”, I got angry and answered, “Pour it yourself”. Translated into English, without a “Could you...?” and a “please”, it sounded really rude to me. But in Russian it was fine – you don’t have to add any polite words.

However, when I took Alexander home to meet my parents in the UK, I have to give him an intensive course in pleases and thank yous (which he thought were completely unnecessary), and to teach him to say sorry even when someone else stepped on his toe, and to smile, smile, smile.

\*\*\*

Another thing that Alexander just couldn’t understand was why people said things like, “Would you mind passing me the salt, please?” He said, “It’s only the salt, for goodness sake! What do you say in English if you want a real favour?”

He also watched in amazement when, at a dinner party in England, we swallowed some really disgusting food and I said, “Mmmm ... delicious”. In Russia, people are much more direct. The first time Alexander’s mother came to our house for dinner in Moscow, she told me that my soup needed more flavouring. Afterwards when we argued about it my husband said, “Do you prefer your dinner guests to lie?”

\*\*\*

Alexander complained that in England he felt “like the village idiot” because in Russia if you smile all the time people think that you are mad. In fact, this is exactly what my husband’s friends thought of me the first time I went to Russia because I smiled at everyone, and translated every ‘please’ and ‘thank you’ from English into Russian!

At home we now have an agreement. If we're speaking Russian, he can say "Pour me some tea", and just make a noise like a grunt when I give it to him. But when we're speaking English, he has to add a 'please', a 'thank you', and a smile.

("New English File" by Clive Oxenden, Christina Latham-Koenig)

# **1. Read and analyze the conflict situation according to the model:**

"My daughter had a friend over last night for dinner. They sat at the table on a bench seat. As they waited for dinner to be ready they joked around, pushing each other. Finally in exasperation I told my daughter to stop kidding around and come help do the finishing touches for dinner. My daughter ignored me. I walked over to my daughter, leaned toward her and looked her squarely in the eyes. "Heather, I need your help to get dinner done so we can eat." She didn't say anything. She just sat there and stared at me. "I'm getting angry because your mother and I have been in the kitchen for an hour and even when we asked for someone to set the table you wouldn't come." She just stared at me. I raised my voice: "Are you listening to me?" "You don't have to shout. All you have to say is please," she responded. "What do you want me to do?" "Please finish setting the table and then tear lettuce, cut up tomatoes, and celery for a salad." Although reluctantly, she got up from the bench and helped."

The participants are father, his daughter and the daughter's friend. It is afternoon and the characters are going to have dinner. The situation takes place in the house, the parents are in the kitchen, their daughter and her friend are in the room waiting for dinner. The father is cooking dinner and turns to his daughter asking her for help but she ignores his requests, because her father's speech sounds rude to her and makes her feel hurt. Finally she agrees to help her parents but she does it unwillingly and even reluctantly.

This situation presents an interpersonal communication between the representatives of two generations: fathers and their children. One of the characteristic features of such situations is their conflict implication.

The reasons of such situations are usually the following: there comes the moment when parents and children become opposed to each other and they neglect the necessity to understand the needs of both sides and consider their age, social status, their mutual relationships. They are beyond being aware of it.

To come out of this complex situation means to show patience, tolerance, tactfulness, reserve, the need to put oneself into position of another, and have a desire to prevent such conflicts that would mean parents' intention to diminish breeches of upbringing.

*1) Introduce the communicative situation (participants, time, place, communication topic) and give the definition of its type.*

*2) Analyze the reasons of communicative failure(s) (age and gender identity, social status, language and culture competence, emotional state, perception stereotypes, speech and behavior intentions and conventions, etc.).*

*3) Suggest possible options of solving the problem.*

## **2. Use the following words and word combinations to analyze the situations referring to the above-mentioned aspects:**

**Accomplice in conflict** – an individual contributing to the conflict with advice, personal assistance. Active accomplices have particular interests and goals. Passive accomplices are spectators encouraging the conflict with their presence and sympathy.

**Aggression** – a general term for behavior with the intention of harming another or controlling another for one's own needs and to the other's detriment.

**Alternative solutions** – new, original solutions to the problems underlying the conflict which are different from the approaches

previously proposed by the parties during the development of the conflict.

**Ambivalence** – presence of strong and often overwhelming simultaneous contrasting attitudes, ideas, feelings, and drives towards an object, person or goal. The experiencing of two strong but conflicting emotions or desires at the same time.

**Antagonism** – one of the forms of contradictions, characterized by a sharp, irreconcilable enmity, struggle of opposing forces, solvable only in the logic of “either – or”.

**Antipathy** – a strong negative emotional attitude of an individual toward another person, group, manifested in hostility, coldness, unkindness.

**Autoaggression** – aggressive actions to yourself (e.g. suicidal behaviour).

**Border of conflict** – external structural-dynamic limits of the conflict: subjective (the number of main participants); spatial (the area where the conflict occurs); time (duration of the conflict).

**Competition** – the pursuit of the same resources or goal by two or more entities in which the success of one lessens or negates the possibility of the success of the other. Struggle for the possession or use of limited goods, concrete or abstract. Gratification for one person largely precludes gratification for another.

**Compromise** – mental mechanism whereby a conflict is evaded by disguising the repressed wish to make it acceptable in consciousness.

**Conciliation** – agreement on reciprocal concessions resorted to in the case when the parties had difficulties in proving their claims.

**Conflict** – the form of revealing the contradiction, not settled in the past or being settled at present which arises in the process of the subject's direct interaction and conditioned by opposing goals, images of conflict situation, views, actions the participants of the situations may be aware or unaware of and which are supposed to settle the argument (N. Leonov). In cross-cultural communication conflict is a form of interlocutors' interaction, which may lead to communication failure. Conflict is a struggle concerning values, claims because of deficit of status, power and means, where the competitors' goals are to be neutralized or limited by their rivals (L. Coser). Conflict is the most critical way to settle meaningful arguments, arising in the process of interaction which involves opposition of the conflict subjects and negative emotions (A. Antsupov, A. Shipilov). Conflict is a bipolar phenomenon, two elements opposing, which is revealed in the sides' activity, directed to settle the contradiction, the sides of the conflict represented by an active subject (subjects) (N. Grishina).

**Conflict behavior** – spatial-temporal organization of the subject's activity, regulation of this activity is mediated by conflict situation image (N. Leonov).

**Conflict competence** – multilevel and multicomponent formation of interrelated cognitive, motivational, emotion-regulating and behavioral features, determining the appropriate behavior of the individual in conflict situation (N. Leonov).

**Conflict group** – a group of people sharing common interests, goals and objectives. They are aware of interests, goals and objectives of the contending groups, and lead active conflict struggle.

**Conflict instigator** – an individual or a group encouraging another participant to enter the conflict. The instigator may not

participate. His / her goal is to provoke, unleash the conflict, always pursuing his / her own ends.

**Conflict resolution** – any of the methods used by disputing parties to settle their differences. Common methods include accommodating each other's needs, compromising, or working together toward shared goals; or avoiding, competing with, or attempting to defeat the opponent. The term “conflict resolution” is sometimes used interchangeably with the term dispute resolution or alternative dispute resolution. Processes of conflict resolution generally include negotiation, mediation, and diplomacy. The processes of arbitration, litigation, and formal complaint processes such as ombudsman processes, are usually described with the term dispute resolution, although some refer to them as “conflict resolution.” Processes of mediation and arbitration are often referred to as alternative dispute resolution.

**Conflict situation** – the specific condition of the social system, community, group, or interactions between them, which manifest: conflicting interests, goals, motives, and attitudes; awareness of this contradiction, which is accompanied by negative emotions motivating potential opponent to look for a reason for the conflict action, to develop a strategy, tactics and technology of the upcoming conflict struggle.

**Conflictogenes** – words, gestures, assessments, judgments, actions or inaction of one or both communicating parties that can lead to a conflict situation escalating into a real conflict.

**Confronting sides of the conflict** – participants of the first rank interacting directly, striving to satisfy their needs.

**Consensus** – common or generalized agreement, usually concerning social norms or acceptable behaviour; also used to refer to agreement between theories or ideas.

**Cooperation** – the process of working together toward a common goal.

**Culture shock** – a condition of confusion and anxiety affecting a person suddenly exposed to an alien culture or milieu; the psychological effect of a drastic change in the cultural environment of an individual. The person may exhibit feelings of helplessness, discomfort, and disorientation in attempting to adapt to a different cultural group with dissimilar practices, values, and beliefs.

**Discrimination** – differential unfair treatment of different racial, ethnic, political, subcultural, religious or other groups.

**Mediation** – a way of resolving disputes with the assistance of a mediator on the basis of voluntary consent of the parties to achieve a mutually acceptable solution.

**Mediator** – independent individual / individuals, asked by the sides of the conflict to act as intermediaries in settling the argument assisting in coming to a decision concerning the matter.

**Negotiations** – the mechanism of settling the conflict; the joint activities of the opponents to find a mutually acceptable solution to the problem. Negotiations are often conducted with the participation of a third party.

**Politeness principle** by G. Leech – politeness concerns a relationship between self and other. In conversation, self is identified as the speaker and other is the hearer. Beside that, the speaker also shows politeness to the third parties who may be present or not. The politeness principle is minimizing (other things being equal) the expression of impolite beliefs, and there is a corresponding positive version (maximizing (other things being equal) the expression of polite beliefs) which is somewhat less important. The principle proposes how to produce and understand language based on politeness. The



purpose of it is to establish feeling of community and social relationship. Thus, it focuses on process of interpretation that the center of the study is on the effect of the hearer rather than the speaker. There are six maxims of the politeness principle that are used to explain relationship between sense and force in daily conversation, those are: the tact, the generosity, the approbation, the modesty, the agreement, the sympathy maxims.

**Power** – the capacity to control, decide, or influence. Social power is usually exercised by control of rewards and punishments, exercise of social roles endowed with rights or duties, and control of information.

**Rebellion** – sharp and open form of intergroup conflict, which is a spontaneous, informal manifestation of the masses to defend their interests against injustice perpetrated by a social group or individual that owns the property or power.

**Rivalry** – a form of relationship in which two or more individuals act as if the others are antagonists in a competition.

**Speech conflict** – the state of confrontation between the participants of the conflict in which each side acts consciously and actively to the detriment of the opposing side explicating their actions with verbal and pragmatic means.

**Tolerance** – the capacity to endure differences from expectations with equanimity, involving less reaction to some conflictogenes.

**Victim of conflict** – a subject which provokes tension among people and has such complex psychological and intellectual qualities that strengthen aggressive behavior of very peaceful people.

**Violence** – physical actions perpetrated with the deliberate intention of harming, violating, or damaging the victim. Types of violence include individual and collective or group violence.

Extreme cases of individual violence include murder, aggravated or physical assault, and rape. Extreme cases of group violence include ethnic cleansing, terrorism, and war.

**War** – the most acute, cruel and destructive form of social conflict, complex socio-political phenomenon, continuation of politics by violent means affecting all spheres of society. The armed struggle is the specific content of a war. Armed forces and other paramilitaries are the main and decisive means of war. To achieve the goals of the conflicting sides in the war economic, political, diplomatic, ideological, psychological and other means and their corresponding forms of struggle are used along with armed struggle.

\*\*\*

Emotions / feeling / sensation / sentiment / passion

Indifference / insensibility / rationality / reason

Deep / strong / eerie / strange / tender / warm / gloomy / sad / hostile / ill / intangible / intense / innermost / intimate / pent-up / hard / sneaking / uneasy / conflicting / mixed feeling(s)

To arouse / stir up / hurt / relieves / hide / mask / repress / show / express / reassess one's feelings

Sensitive / impressionable / susceptible / vulnerable / touchy

To stir up / whip up / show / express emotion(s)

Belligerent / defiant / surly / cavalier / condescending / patronizing / friendly / (ir)reverent / liberal / scornful / deep-seated / show-me / waiting / uncomplying / wait-and-see attitude

To assume / strike / take an attitude

Compassionate / pitiful / sympathetic

To pity / commiserate

In the fragment (extract, passage, excerpt, etc.) the author introduces (portrays, describes (a scene), depicts (smb's role), pictures (smth) ...)

In the beginning (middle, etc.) he reveals (exposes ...)

Then (after that, further on, next) the author passes on to (goes on to say that, gives a detailed analyses (portrayal, etc.)

The action takes place, begins, ends, etc.

The outcome (solution, denouement)

The action develops, the events unfolds

To make the sentence empathic the author ...

The author selects his words with great precision

As a result both interlocutors fulfill (realize) their communicative intentions

The given (described) communication can be considered (in)effective

The communicative intentions of speakers were partly achieved

To use (employ) communicative skills (verbal, non-verbal, tone of voice ...), empathy, tolerance, patience, understanding

Predictable (possible) ways to repair the communication failure

Successful cross cultural communication

***Additional phrases:***

As it is known / It is widely known that

To begin with

First of all I'd like to remark

There is something else that should be mentioned

Moreover / It must be added

As it has been mentioned above

As far as smth is concerned

It is true that ... / clear that ... / noticeable that ...

One should note here that ...

Another way of looking at this question is to ...

One should, nevertheless, consider the problem from another angle

Perhaps we should also point out the fact that ...

It would be unfair not to mention the fact that ...

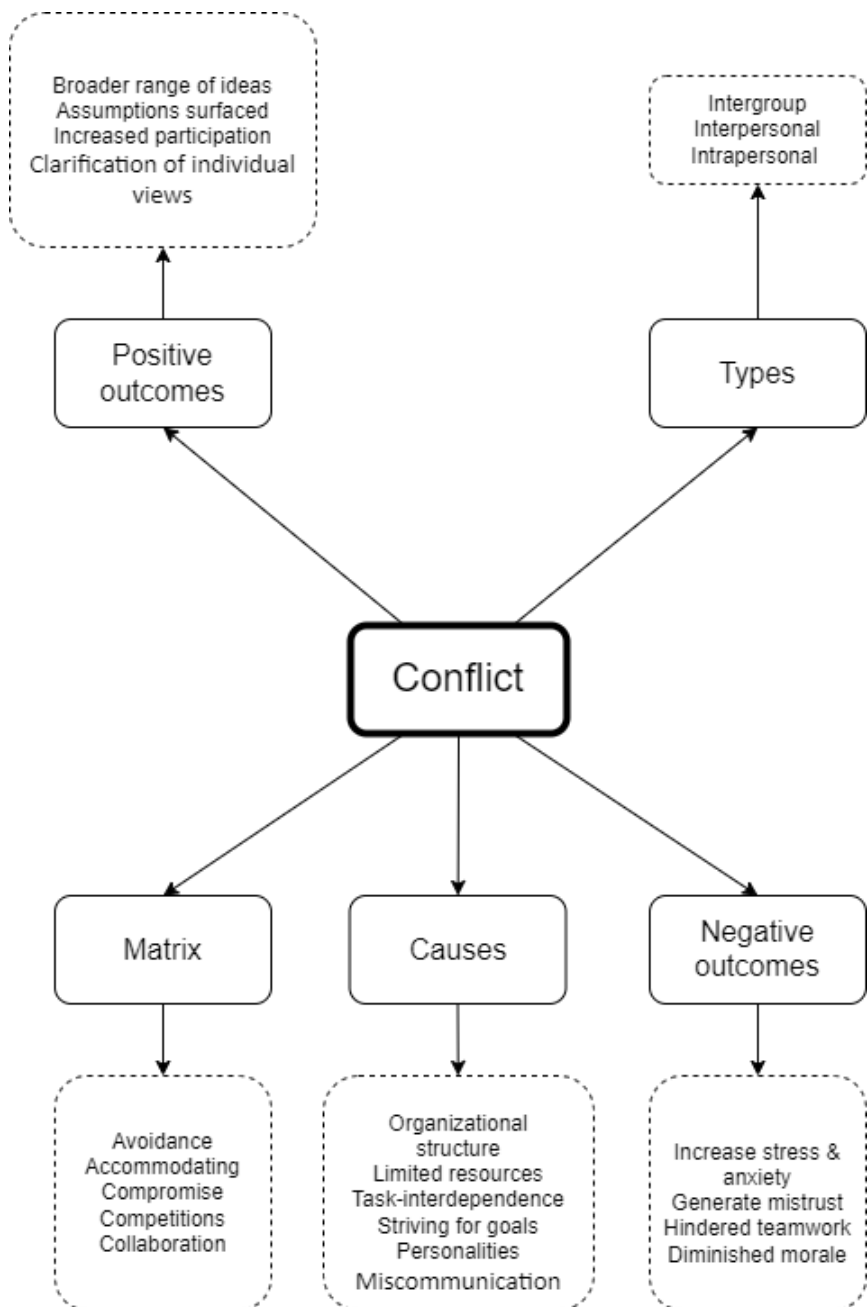
We cannot ignore the fact that ...

One cannot possibly accept the fact that ...

From these facts, one may conclude that ...

Which seems to confirm the idea that ...

On the whole, to sum up, in short, finally, generally speaking, taking all into account, thus, nevertheless



<https://www.xmind.net/m/hASL/>

### 3. Explain and expand on the following:

“Every period of human development has had its own particular type of human conflict – its own variety of problem that, apparently, could be settled only by force. And each time, frustratingly enough, force never really settled the problem. Instead, it persisted through a series of conflicts, then vanished of itself – what’s the expression – ah, yes, ‘not with a bang, but a whimper,’ as the economic and social environment changed. And then, new problems, and a new series of wars.”

*Isaac Asimov, I, Robot*

“Sometimes, God doesn’t send you into a battle to win it; he sends you to end it.”

*Shannon L. Alder*

“Conflict can and should be handled constructively; when it is, relationships benefit. Conflict avoidance is not the hallmark of a good relationship. On the contrary, it is a symptom of serious problems and of poor communication.”

*Harriet B. Braiker, Who’s Pulling Your Strings? How to Break the Cycle of Manipulation and Regain Control of Your Life*

“Of course all that is here is Self desiring not to be by itself. It is why diversity exists. Diversity exists not to feel alone. Diversity exists for Companionship. Diversity exists for Love. The purpose is not to fight, quite the contrary, the purpose is Companionship otherwise known as Love.”

*Wald Wassermann*

“Conflict and resolution are two sides of the same coin.”

*Haresh Sippy*

“I want to make it clear, however, that although I am deeply opposed to war, I am not advocating appeasement. It is often necessary to take a strong stand to counter unjust aggression. For instance, it is plain to all of us that the Second World War was entirely justified. It “saved civilization” from the tyranny of Nazi Germany, as Winston Churchill so aptly put it. In my view, the Korean War was also just, since it gave South Korea the chance of gradually developing democracy. But we can only judge whether or not a conflict was vindicated on moral grounds with hindsight. For example, we can now see that during the Cold War, the principle of nuclear deterrence had a certain value. Nevertheless, it is very difficult to assess such matters with any degree of accuracy. War is violence and violence is unpredictable. Therefore, it is better to avoid it if possible, and never to presume that we know beforehand whether the outcome of a particular war will be beneficial or not.”

*Dalai Lama XIV*

**PART II. COMMUNICATIVE FAILURES  
IN INTERCULTURAL COMMUNICATION**

*We don't get harmony when everybody sings the same note.  
Only notes that are different can harmonize. The same is true with  
people."*

*Steve Goodier*





## A. English Discourse

### Fiction

#### The German Boy

by Ron Butlin

During the day he was fine: he worked hard in class and joined in the games. Gradually his English improved. Each night, however, he cried himself to sleep. Then one day, during the morning break, he told me that from then on he was going to speak only in German – except to me, of course. At first I thought he was joking, but he wasn't.

The next class was arithmetic and near the end of the lesson our teacher began going over the problems out loud. 'Klaus, No. 4 please, the one about the reservoir.' Klaus stood up to give his answer. He seemed uncertain and he mumbled. The teacher asked him to repeat it. He spoke more clearly this time: '*Zwei Minuten.*' The class laughed and even the teacher joined in a little before asking to repeat it in English.

'*Zwei Minuten.*' The class laughed even louder, but this time the teacher didn't even smile.

'In English, Klaus, if you please,' he said quite firmly.

'*Zwei Minuten,*' Klaus repeated; his fingers were gripping the sides of the desk-lid and his body shook. The teacher asked him again, and again the class went into uproar at his reply. His face was white. He was gripping the desk so tightly it rattled against the floor.

He began repeating his answer: '*Zwei Minuten 'Zwei Minuten 'Zwei Minuten...*' He was staring ahead, quite oblivious to the noise about him.

The teacher didn't know what to do... He told Klaus to sit down and he wouldn't. To be quiet and wouldn't. To stand in the corner and he wouldn't. '*Zwei Minuten 'Zwei Minuten 'Zwei Minuten...*' Tears were running down his cheeks and his voice was choking but he couldn't stop. Finally he was taken to the sick-room.

He came back afterwards but still refused to speak English. A few days later he was sent home. I have never seen him since and hardly even given him a moment's thought until now. (...)

## **Up-Ladle at Three**

*by William Glynne-Jones*

Squint, the foreman moulder, stood with his arms folded on the wooden planks covering the heavy-castings' pit. He peered at the men as they bustled around in the casting bay, getting the moulds ready.

"Get a move on," he rasped. "It's up-ladle at three. You've got ten minutes left. Hey, you – Owen and Ritchie! Close that spindle." He pointed to a mould, its top and bottom half contained in two steel boxes, approximately seven feet long by three wide and three deep. "Make sure the joints match," he muttered. "We don't want any more complaints from the main office."

The young moulder named Owen eyed the foreman quizzically.

"You don't intend casting that spindle, do you?"

Squint frowned. "What d'you mean? What's wrong with it?"

"Have a decko\* at this." Owen drew a finger over a deep crack in the box. "This moulding-box isn't safe."

"You can't tell me what to damn well do!" Squint shouted. "That spindle's got to be cast today, so get it closed ... Ritchie Bevan!"

Ritchie, sandy-haired, with a candid face, looked at the foreman. "Yes?"

"Close that mould. The furnace's waiting."

"I tell you this box isn't safe," Owen insisted. "Ritchie and I won't be responsible if anything happens. So to hell with you!"

The foreman looked wildly around.

"Evan! Bill!"

Evan-Small-Coal and Bill Tailor hurried across.

"Yes, Mr Brewer?"

“Get that spindle ready. I want it for the afternoon’s cast.”

The two moulders jumped promptly to obey his orders, and Squint spun around to face Owen once more. “You’ll answer for this, both of you.” He raised his hand threateningly.

Owen pulled Ritchie aside. “Aw, come on. Let’s get out of this,” he snapped. “I’m fed up to the teeth.”

They crossed the heavy-castings’ pit and stood near a water bosh. Squint shook his fist at them. “I’ll see you’ll suffer for this,” he shouted. “You know damn well there’s not the slightest risk.”

He swung around to the two moulders who were closing the spindle mould. “Put a jerk into it, you fellers,” he bellowed.

## **Getting used to it**

*by Douglas Dunn*

When Harry Boyle was home, he found his wife putting her coat on. She had a cleaning job in the High School and worked from five until seven-thirty. Harry kissed her and pulled her collar up while the dog trotted into the living room, dragging its leash.

‘That was some walk,’ Vera said. ‘Is anything wrong?’

‘Vic Nairn,’ said Harry, ‘and then Bob MacQueen. And I had to talk to them. First one,’ he said, amused at his own anger, ‘and then the other.’

‘That’ll teach you to walk around the town without looking where you’re going.’

They would hear their son, Alan, fussing the dog with dog-chat in the living-room.

‘Leave Sadie’s dinner in the oven,’ Vera said. ‘And this time, remember to turn it down when you’ve taken yours out.’

It registered on Harry that in the time he had been on his walk, Vera had cooked the dinner. ‘What’s Sadie doing this time that she has to be so late?’

‘She told you this morning.’

‘Did she?’

‘She’s rehearsing in the school play. She’ll be in shortly after six,’ she said, kissing him before she went out.

For the past year, the Boyles’ son had been behaving with high-spirited secrecy. He was 15 and looked twenty. The Boyles expected his adolescence to take disturbing contemporary forms, but they were surprised when these came as a jaunty disregard of what they had brought Alan up to believe were the family’s conventions. Harry couldn’t make up his mind whether to be amused or concerned, silent or censorious. ‘You were the same at that age,’ Vera had told him. ‘So let him get on with it.’

‘I was not.’

‘I remember you,’ she said, ‘in winlke-picker (very narrow and sharp pointed) shoes and singing a daft song about lollipops on the bus.’

‘Me?’

For anyone other than a few friends and a handful of sinister heroes and heroines with mauve hair, neon complexions, and black leather waistcoats with silver studs, Alan exercised a ruthless contempt. ‘Walkies? Walkies?’ he chirped at the dog, which replied with small barks.

‘Y’ve no intention of taking it a walk,’ Harry said.

‘Walkies? Walkies?’

‘Y’ *never* take it a walk!’

It’s my dog.’ He fondled the dog roughly by its neck. ‘Who’s my dog? You’re my dog. Aren’t you? Walkies?’

‘I take it y’ know Vic Nairn’s son. Alec. That’s right, isn’t it? Alec? What’s Alec Nairn like at school?’

‘Walkies?’

‘It’s got a screw loose. It’s been walked stupid. Alec Nairn’ he chivved. ‘I know he’s more Sadie’s age, but do y’ know him?’

‘Walkies? Walkies?’

‘I’ve a problem, son,’ Harry said. ‘Whether to throw you across the room, or that mutt. Alec Nairn! What’s he like?’

‘Alec Nairn’s a zombie.’

‘An’ Gerald MacQueen? Do y’ know *him*? The plumber’s boy – do y’ know him?’

‘Walkies?’ Alan sang, the dog’s front paws on his lap, its tail wagging frantically.

His father rose from his chair, lifted the dog, crossed the room, opened the door, and placed the terrier in the hall. He closed the door and sat down again. Alan stared at him with mock admiration for his decisively paternal action. ‘Gerald MacQueen,’ Harry reminded him.

‘His old man found him down a drain. It’s well known. Don’t tell me they are running after my sister. I couldn’t *stand* it!’ He shuddered facetiously and clenched his fists. ‘Eat,’ he said. ‘I’ve got to eat. I’ve got to take my mind off it.’ He walked away. ‘Walkies? Walkies?’ Harry heard him say in the hall as the dog barked.

It crossed Harry’s mind, that the sons of Nairn and MacQueen were probably well-behaved, neat, short-haired, and studious. Alan was short-haired but wore an earring. He gave no impression of being studious, but his marks were a lot higher than his attitude led his parents to expect.

Harry filled his plate and sat at his place at the kitchen table. ‘What’s on tonight?’

‘What day is it?’

‘Tuesday.’

‘Tuesday night,’ said Alan, ‘is bondage night.’

Harry was not entirely sure what the word meant, but he had a good idea. ‘Whatever bondage is, you eat that up, because this family can’t afford to leave food on the plates.’

Alan pushed his half-finished dinner across the table.

‘God bless us,’ said Harry, exasperated. ‘You know more about the world than I do. Don’t y’? Watch it son. You watch your step. That’s all I can say.’

Alan walked the kitchen with exaggeratedly careful movements watching his step.

‘I’ll give y’ a month. An’ if y’ don’t show signs of treatin’ your mother an’ me to bit of respect, then you’re for the high jump.’

‘The high jump? I’m good at the high jump.’

‘What I mean, son, is that if I don’t see improvements in you along the lines I’ve mentioned, I’ll put your face in.’ Alan leaned on

the sink, watching his father eat. Harry banged the table with his fist. Alan jumped. ‘Just testin’ your nerve, son. Face in. got that?’

Sadie was later than Vera had said. As she ate her dinner, Harry asked, ‘Are you sure this play-acting isn’t keepin’ y’ off your studies, girl?’ He knew in advance that Sadie would treat his concern as that of a man who left school at fifteen and who had an overstated interest in his daughter’s opportunities as a compensation for those he had never had, or had turned down.

‘It’s Shakespeare. It *is* my studies. Twelfth Night,’ she said, ‘is on the syllabus.’

Harry pointed to the clock on the wall. ‘Then what about the hour y’ spend sittin’ in that café?’

‘Do you honestly think that I’m the sort of person who’d waster her time failing exams, when I know how much depends on passing them? Give me credit, Dad. A woman has to show a lot more initiative to get on in this country. The cards are loaded against her.’

‘Dice,’ said Harry. ‘Dice can be loaded, but not cards. Cheats *mark* cards. They don’t “load” them.’

‘A woman has to be more competent, more qualified than a man just to get the same job. I know how hard I have to work.’

‘Cards aren’t loaded. *Dice*.’

‘Thanks for the useful information, Dad, but being a topless croupier just doesn’t figure in my plans.’

‘I don’t know what to think. I’ve a daughter who’s into women’s rights before she’s even left school, and a boy who’s into bondage. I’m *mesmerized*.’

‘Bondage? Is that what he says?’

‘Tuesday night,’ said Harry, ‘is your brother’s bondage night.’

‘He doesn’t know what it it.’

‘Do you know what it is?’

‘Of course.’

‘Well, sure, of course. You’re seventeen, ad’ this is 1981, so of course y’ know. Mind you, I haven’t paid much attention to it myself, an’ if your’ mother’s given it a thought, then she’s kept it quiet, thank God, but you know, an’ Alan knows, or Alan says he knows... That’s fine. *Twelfth Night*’s a Shakespeare? Should I read it

before we come and watch you act in it? Assumin', that is, we can afford the tickets. Who do y' play?'

'I play Viola. But most of the time I'm Cesario. And he's a man. If you see what I mean.'

'I think I'd better read it.'

## **The Jane Austen Book Club**

*by Karen Joy Fowler*

'I think we should all be women', Bernadette suggested next. 'The dynamic changes with men. They pontificate rather than communicate. They talk more than their share.'

Jocelyn opened her mouth.

'No one can get a word in,' Bernadette warned her. 'Women are too tentative to interrupt, no matter how long someone has gone on.'

Jocelyn cleared her throat.

'Besides, men don't do book clubs,' Bernadette said. 'They see reading as a solitary pleasure. When they read at all.'

Jocelyn closed her mouth.

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(during the picnic with friends when her mother joined)

'Don't you have somewhere to be?' she asked her mother. 'Errands to run? A life?'

She watched her mother's face fall. She had never thought about that phrase before, but it was exactly right. Everything slid downward.

Her mother put out her cigarette. 'I do, actually.' She turned in the general direction of Daniel and Sylvia. 'Thanks for letting me tag along, kids. Daniel, you'll bring Jocelyn home for me?' she packed up the picnic things and left.

'That was kind of mean, Jocelyn,' Daniel said. 'After she cooked all that food and all.'

‘Bits of dead bird. Dead bird legs. It just bugged me that she wouldn’t admit it. You know how she is, Sylvia.’ Jocelyn turned, but Sylvia wasn’t even meeting her eyes. ‘She always has to put such a gloss on everything. She still thinks I’m four years old.’

We are not the saints that dogs are, but mothers are expected to come a close second. ‘That was fun’, was the only thing Jocelyn’s mother ever said to her about the afternoon. ‘You have such nice friends.’

## **Making History**

*by Stephen Fry*

‘Would you be pleased to come and visit my rooms some time soon? For coffee?’

‘Coffee? Right. Mm. Yeah. Why not? Sure. Thanks. Absolutely. Great.’ Managing to avoid only ‘cheers’ and ‘lovely’ in the meaningless litany of polite British English.

‘What day? What time? I am free all this afternoon.’

‘Er... oh, this afternoon? Today? Sure! Yeah. Lovely. That be great. I’m ... I’ve got to get this all printed out again but...’

‘So what we say? Half past four-ish?’

‘Sounds great to me, thanks. And thanks for helping with the ... you know. Thanks.’

‘I think probably you have thanked me enough.’

‘What? Oh. Yes. Sorry.’

‘Tshish!’ he said.

Well it sounded like ‘tshish’ anyway, and was meant, I suppose, to indicate foreign amusement at the English disease of being unable, once started, to stop thanking and apologising.

We walked backwards away from each other as academics do.

‘Half past four then,’ I said.

‘Hawthorn Tree Court,’ he said, ‘2A.’

‘Right’ I said. ‘Thanks. I mean sorry. Cheers. Cool.’



As soon as the trap has been emptied I'm at the table, sorting. This sorting is important. Livelihoods are at stake. The Maine lobstermen and marine authorities are determined not to allow overfishing to deplete their waters and there is fierce legislation in place to protect the stocks. Jesse explains.

'If it's too small, it goes back in. Use this to measure.'

He hands me a complicated doodad that is something between a calibrated nutcracker and an adjustable spanner.

'Any undersized lobsters they gotta go back in the water, okay?'

'Don't they taste as good?'

A look somewhere between pity and contempt meets this idiotic remark. 'They won't be full-grown, see? Gotta let them breed first. Keep the tocks up.'

'Oh, yes. Of course. Duh! Sorree!' I always feel a fool when in the company of people who work for a living. It brings out my startling lack of common sense.

'If you find a female in egg, notch her tail with these piers and throw her back in too.'

'In *egg*? How do I...?'

'You'll know.'

How right he was. A pregnant lobster is impossible to miss...

'Is this strictly necessary?'

'The inspectors find any illegal lobsters in our catch they'll fine us more'n we can afford. They'll even take the boat.'

'How cruel!'

'Just doing their job. I went to school with most of them...'

'Done it!' I hold up one properly notched pregnant female. Jesse takes a look and nods, and I throw her back into the ocean.

'Good. Now you gotta band the keepers.'

'I've got to what the which?'

The mature, full-sized, non-pregnant lobsters the crew don't have to throw back are called 'keepers' and it seems that a rubber band must be pulled over their claws and that I'm the man to do it.

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I enjoy the morning clambering about the boat listening to the heritage talk and watching parties of American schoolchildren having the legend of the Pilgrim Fathers reinforced in their young minds.

‘I be John Harcourt, out of Plymouth, Hampshire,’ declaims the bearded nab in a leather jerkin.

‘No you baint,’ I tell him firmly. ‘You be an actor, out of New York City.’

Only I say no such thing because I am too polite. The ship is crewed by Equity members in smocks and leather caps whose idea of an English accent is to say ‘thee’, ‘thou’ and ‘my lady’ and trust to luck.

‘Do thee hail fro the Old Country?’ I am asked.

No, no, no!’ I am once more too polite to say. ‘You mean “Dost thou” – “Do thee” makes no sense.

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(talk with Professor Peter Gomes, theologian, preacher and a natural leader of Harvard society. When asked to offer his list of the Hundred Best Novels in the English Language for one of those millennial surveys in 1999 he lamented, ‘But any such list will always be four short! P.G.Wodehouse only wrote 96 books.’).

The downstairs lavatory in his beautifully furnished house is filled with portraits of Queen Victoria at various stages of her life, from young princess to elderly widow I emerge from it murmuring praise.

‘Ah, you like my Victoria Station!’ beams Gomes, ‘I’m so happy.’

‘You’re obviously gay,’ I say to him. ‘But some people might be surprised to know that you are also openly black... no, hang on, I’ve got that the wrong way round.’

He bellows with laughter. ‘No, you got it entirely right, you naughty man.’

‘Your command of language, your love of ornament, literature and social style... is that regarded by some as a kind of betrayal?’

‘Someone once called me an Afro-Saxon,’ he says. ‘It was meant as an insult, but I take it as a compliment.’

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I do not especially mind being asked as a guest on board a boat, so long as I do not have to do anything more than sip a wine.

George has other ideas. If I am to go on board the *Weartherly* then I am to pay my way by crewing. He is very kind but very firm on this point as he steps aside for me to steer.

‘You’re luffing.’ He says.

‘Well, more a bark of joy at the blue sky and the crisp...’

‘No, not laughing, luffing. The canvas is flapping. Steer into the wind and keep the sail smooth.’

‘Oh right. Got you.’

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...it puts me in mind of an occasion in New York many years ago. I was having dinner with a pair of well-known novelists, one of whom was married at the time to a Southern girl who began to get rather angry at the occasional glancing references to the red-necked, right-wing South being made by the white New York literati around the table.

‘Damn you!’ she shouted suddenly. ‘You all go on about the South and how racist we are, but how many of you have got any black friends? There are black folks in Tennessee into whose arms I run whenever I go back and we hug and kiss each other and cry for joy. We grew up together and we love each other. None of you even knows a single black person!’ At which she rose and left the table, choking back tears.

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Blackwater has a celebrated (apparently) stable of Tennessee Walking Horses, a breed of animal unfamiliar to me.

‘Oh, they are so gentle and docile and sweet!’ ‘Docile’ rhymes with ‘fossil’ in American, which makes it sound even gentler. ‘You will adore them!’

‘Yes, but they won’t adore me,’ I whine.

‘Nonsense!’ they are the kindest, calmest horses in the whole wide world. You’ll see.’

We go round to the stables where a large horse called Shadow is being saddled for me.

‘Look,’ I try to explain, ‘for some reason horses really, really don’t like me. No matter how calm and friendly I am they...’

‘Nonsense!’ they giggle.

I step up from a block and just manage to get my feet in the stirrups before the sweetest, most docile horse in the whole wide world screams, bucks and bolts. The family are all so astonished it takes them some little while to realise what has happened. A ‘some little while’ that is filled by me shouting ‘Whoa!’ and pulling as hard on the reins as I dare as below me a ton of mad jumping flesh gathers its hindquarters and prepares to charge a wooden fence. A last desperate yank on the lines and the crazed beast slows down enough to give the others time to catch up and grab it.

Naturally everybody thinks this is hilarious.

‘Well, he’s never done that before...’

‘I declare!’

‘Who’d a thunk it?’

‘I should have made it clearer,’ I say. ‘Every time I have ever got on a horse it has ended with the remark you have just made: “He’s never done that before!” “But Snowflake is usually so calm...” I have heard that and remarks like it twenty times at least. There’s something about me and horses. Well. Make the most of the comedy, because that is the last time I shall ever, ever be seen on the back of a horse for the rest of my natural life.’

I dismount with as much dignity as I can from my last-ever horse.

## Committed

by E. Gilbert

“Honestly? The two of you need to get married.”

Nobody spoke for a while, until the Homeland Security interrogation officer, regarding our silent faces of doom asked, “Sorry, folks. What seems to be the problem with this idea?”

Felipe took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes – a sign, I knew from long experience, of utter exhaustion. He sighed, and said, Oh, Tom, Tom, Tom...”

I had not yet realized that these two were on a first-name basis, though I suppose that’s bound to happen during a six-hour interrogation session. Especially when the interrogatee is Felipe.

“No, seriously – what’s the problem?” asked Officer Tom. “You two have obviously been cohabiting already. You obviously care about each other, you’re not married to anyone else...”

“What you have to understand, Tom,” explained Felipe, leaning forward and speaking with an intimacy which belied our institutional surroundings, “is that Liz and I have both been through really, really bad divorces in the past.”

Officer Tom made a small noise – a sort of soft, sympathetic “Oh...” Then he took off his own glasses and rubbed his own eyes. Instinctively I glanced at the third finger of his left hand. No wedding ring. From that bare left hand and from his reflexive reaction of tired commiseration I made a quick diagnosis: divorced.

It was here that our interview turned surreal.

“Well, you could always sign a prenuptial agreement,” Officer Tom suggested. “I mean, if you’re worried about going through all the financial mess of a divorce again. Or of it’s the relationship issues that scare you, maybe some counseling would be a good idea.”

I listened in wonder. *Was a deputy of the United States Department of Homeland Security giving us marital advice? In an interrogation room? In the bowels of the Dallas / Fort Worth International Airport?*

Finding my voice, I offered this brilliant solution: “Officer Tom, what if I just found a way to somehow *hire* Felipe, instead of marrying him? Couldn’t I bring him to America as my employee, instead of my husband?”

Felipe sat up straight and exclaimed, “Darling! What a terrific idea!”

Officer Tom gave us each an odd look. He asked Felipe, “You would honestly rather have this woman as your boss than your wife?”

“Dear God, yes!”

I could sense Officer Tom almost physically restraining himself from asking, “What the hell kind of people are you?” but he was far too professional for anything like that. Instead, he cleared his throat and said, “Unfortunately, what you have just proposed here is not legal in this country.”

Felipe and I both slumped again, once more in complete tandem, into a depressed silence.

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“You certainly speak good English,” I complimented her.

“Where are you from, Liz?”

“I’m from America,” I said.

Then, trying to be funny, since obviously she was from right there, I asked, “And where are *you* from, Mai?”

She immediately saw my funny and raised it. “I am from my mother’s belly,” she replied, instantly causing me to fall in love with her.

“Hey, Mai,” I said. “Would you like to be my translator today?”

“Why?” she asked.

“Because I’m getting married soon, and I would like some advice.”

“You’re too old to be getting married,” Mai observed, kindly. The Hmong are a famously direct people.

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“When did you realize that your husband might be somebody you wanted to marry?”

Again, my question was met with what appeared to be polite bafflement.

“Did you know that he was special right away?” I tried once more. “Or did you learn to like him over time?”

Now some of the women in the room had started giggling nervously, the way you might.

“Is your man a good husband?” I asked. The old woman had to ask her granddaughter to repeat the question several times, just to make sure she’d heard it correctly: *Is he a good husband?* Then she gave me a bemused look, as though I’d asked, “These stones which compose the mountains in which you live – are they *good* stones?”

## Notes from a Small Island

*by Bill Bryson*

My first sight of England was on a foggy March night in 1973 when I arrived on the midnight ferry from Calais. For twenty minutes, the terminal area was as warm with activity as cars and lorries poured forth, customs people did their duties, and everyone made for the London road. Then abruptly all was silence and I wandered through sleeping, low-lit streets threaded with fog, just like in a Bulldog Drummond movie. It was rather wonderful having an English town all to myself.

The only mildly dismaying thing was that all the hotels and guesthouses appeared to be shut up for the night. I walked as far as the rail station, thinking I’d catch a train to London, but the station, too, was dark and shuttered. I was standing wondering what – humble apologies to the kindly owner for the lateness of my arrival and imagining a cheery conversation which included the line ‘Oh, but I couldn’t possibly ask you to feed me at this hour. No, honestly – well, if you’re quite sure it’s no trouble, then perhaps just a roast

beef sandwich and a large dill pickle with perhaps some potato salad and a bottle of beer.’ The front path was pitch dark and in my eagerness an unfamiliarity with British doorways, I tripped on a step, crashing face-first into the door and sending half a dozen empty milk bottles clattering. Almost immediately the upstairs window opened.

‘Who’s that?’ came a sharp voice.

I stepped back, rubbing my nose, and peered up at a silhouette with hair curlers. ‘Hello, I’m looking for a room,’ I said.

‘We’re shut.’

‘Oh.’ But what about my supper?

‘Try the Churchill. On the front.’

‘On the front of what? I asked, but the window was already banging closed.

The Churchill was sumptuous and well lit and appeared ready to receive visitors. Through a window I could see people in suits in a bar, looking elegant and suave, like characters from a Noel Coward play. I hesitated in the shadows, feeling like a street urchin. I was socially and sartorially ill-suited for such an establishment and anyway it was clearly beyond my meager budget. Only the previous day, I had handed over an exceptionally plump wad of colourful francs to a beady-eyed Picardy hotelier in payment for one night in a lumpy bed and a plate of mysterious *chasseur* containing the bones of assorted small animals, much of which had to be secreted away in a large napkin in order not to appear impolite, and determined thenceforth to be more cautious with expenditures. So I turned reluctantly from the Churchill’s beckoning warmth and trudged off into the darkness.

Further along Marine Parade stood a shelter, open to the elements but roofed, and I decided that this was as good as I was going to get. With my backpack for a pillow, I lay down and drew my jacket tight around me.

The bench was slatted and hard and studded with big roundheaded bolts that made reclining in comfort an impossibility – doubtless their intention. I lay for a long time listening to the sea washing over the shingle below, and eventually dropped off to a long, cold night of mumbled dreams in which I found myself being



pursued over Arctic ice floes by a beady-eyed Frenchman with a catapult, a bag of bolts, and an uncanny aim, who thwacked me repeatedly in the buttocks and legs for stealing a linen napkin full of seepy food and leaving it at the back of a dresser drawer of my hotel room. I awoke with a gasp about three, stiff all over and quivering from cold. The fog had gone. The air was now still and clear, and the sky was bright with stars. A beacon from the lighthouse at the far end of the breakwater swept endlessly over the sea. It was all most fetching, but I was far too cold to appreciate it. I dug shiveringly through my backpack and extracted every potentially warming item I could find – a flannel shirt, two sweaters, an extra pair of jeans. I used some woolen socks as mittens and put a pair of flannel boxer shorts on my head as a kind of desperate headwarmer, then sank heavily back onto the bench and waited patiently for death's sweet kiss. Instead, I fell asleep.

I was awakened again by an abrupt bellow of foghorn, which nearly knocked me from my narrow perch, and sat up feeling wretched but fractionally less cold. The world was bathed in that milky pre-dawn light that seems to come from nowhere. Gulls wheeled and cried over the water. Beyond always know them, past the stone breakwater, a ferry, vast and well lit, slid regally out to sea. I sat there for some time, a young man with more on his mind than in it. Another booming moan from the ship's foghorn passed over the water, re-exciting the irksome gulls. I took off my sock mittens and looked at my watch. It was 5.55 a.m. I looked at the receding ferry and wondered where anybody would be going at that hour. Where would I go at that hour? I picked up my backpack and shuffled off down the prom, to get some circulation going.

Near the Churchill, now itself peacefully sleeping, I came across an old guy walking a little dog. The dog was frantically trying to pee on every vertical surface and in consequence wasn't so much walking as being dragged along on three legs.

The man nodded a good-morning as I drew level. 'Might turn out nice,' he announced, gazing hopefully at a sky that looked like a pile of wet towels. I asked him if there was a restaurant anywhere

that might be open. He knew of a place not far away and directed me to it. 'Best transport caff in Kent,' he said.

'Transport calf?' I repeated uncertainly, and retreated a couple of paces as I'd noticed his dog was straining desperately to moisten my leg.

'Very popular with the lorry drivers. They always know the best places, don't they?' He smiled amiably, then lowered his voice a fraction and leaned towards me as if about to share a confidence. 'You might want to take them pants off your head before you go in.'

I clutched my head – 'Oh!' – and removed the forgotten boxer shorts with a blush. I tried to think of a succinct explanation, but the man was scanning the sky again.

'Definitely brightening up,' he decided, and dragged his dog off in search of new uprights. I watched them go, then turned and walked off down the promenade as it began to spit with rain.

The café was outstanding – lively and steamy and deliciously warm. I had a platter of eggs, beans, fried bread, bacon and sausage, with a side plate of bread and marge, and two cups of tea, all for 22p. Afterwards, feeling a new man, I emerged with a toothpick and a burp, and sauntered happily through the streets, watching Dover come to life. It must be said that Dover was not vastly improved by daylight, but I liked it. I liked its small scale and cosy air, and the way everyone said 'Good-morning,' and 'Hello,' and 'Dreadful weather – but it might brighten up,' to everyone else, and the sense that this was just one more in a very long series of fundamentally cheerful, well-ordered, pleasantly uneventful days. No-one in the whole of Dover would have any particular reason to remember 21 March 1973, except for me and a handful of children born that day and possibly one old guy with a dog who had encountered a young fellow with underpants on his head.

I didn't know how early one could decently begin asking for a room in England, so I thought I would leave it till mid-morning. With time on my hands, I made a thorough search for a guesthouse that looked attractive and quiet, but friendly and not too expensive, and at the stroke of ten o'clock presented myself on the doorstep of

the one I had carefully selected, taking care not to discompose the milk bottles. It was a small hotel that was really a guesthouse, indeed was really a boarding-house.

I don't remember its name, but I well recall the proprietress, a formidable creature of late middle years called Mrs Smegma, who showed me to a room, then gave me a tour of the facilities and outlined the many complicated rules for residing there – when breakfast was served, how to turn on the heater for the bath, which hours of the day I would have to vacate the premises and during which brief period a bath was permitted (these seemed, oddly, to coincide), how much notice I should give if I intended to receive a phone call or remain out after 10 p.m., how flush the loo and use the loo brush, which materials were permitted in the bedroom wastebasket and which had to be carefully conveyed to the outside dustbin, where and how to wipe my feet at each point of entry, how to operate the three-bar fire in my bedroom and when that would be permitted (essentially, during an Ice Age). This was all bewilderingly new to me. Where I came from, you got a room in a motel, spent ten hours making a lavish and possibly irredeemable mess of it, and left early the next morning. This was like joining the Army.

'The minimum stay, 'Mrs Smegma went on, 'is five nights at one pound a night, including full English breakfast.'

'Five nights? I said in a small gasp. I'd only intended to stay the one. What on earth was I going to do with myself in Dover for five days?

Mrs Smegma arched an eyebrow. 'Were you hoping to stay longer?'

'No,' I said. 'No. As a matter of –'

'Good, because we have a party of Scottish pensioners coming for the weekend and it would have been awkward. Actually, quite impossible.' She surveyed me critically, as she might a carpet stain, and considered if there was anything else she could do to make my life wretched. There was. 'I'm going out shortly, so may I ask that you vacate your room within quarter of an hour?'

I was confused again. 'I'm sorry, you want me to leave? I've just got here.'

‘As per the house rules. You may return at four.’

A starburst briefly filled the screen, indicating an interval of adverts, which the baldheaded man used to quiz me in a friendly but confusingly disconnected way as to who I was and how I had fallen into their lives. He was delighted to find that I was American. ‘I’ve always wanted to see America, he said. “Tell me, do you have Woolworth’s there?’

‘Well, actually, Woolworth’s is American.’

‘You don’t say!’ he said. ‘Did you hear that, Colonel? Woolworth’s is American. And what about cornflakes?’

‘I beg your pardon?’

‘Do you have cornflakes in America?’

‘Well, actually, they’re American, too.’

‘Never’

I smiled weakly, and begged my legs to stand me up and take me out of there....

‘Fancy! So what brings you to Britain then if you have cornflakes already?’

.....and I realized that I was now, and would doubtless forever remain, friendless in Dover.

## **The Road to Little Dribbling. More Notes from a Small Island**

*by Bill Bryson*

I was hungry, but now had only twenty minutes before the next bus, so I went into a McDonald’s for the sake of haste. I should have known better. I have a little personal history with McDonald’s, you see. Once a few years ago after a big family day out we stopped at a McDonald’s in response to cries from a backseatful of grandchildren pleading for an unhealthy meal, and I was put in charge of placing the order. I carefully interviewed everyone in the party – about ten of us, from two cars – collated the order on to the back of an old envelope and approached the counter.

‘OK’, I said decisively to the youthful attendant when my turn came, ‘I would like five Big Macs, four quarter-pound cheeseburgers, two chocolate milkshakes –’

At this point someone stepped up to tell me that one of the children wanted chicken nuggets instead of a Big Mac.

‘Sorry’, I said and then resumed. ‘Make that four Big Macs, four quarter-pound cheeseburgers, two chocolate milkshakes –’

At this point, some small person tugging on my sleeve informed me that he wanted a strawberry milkshake, not a chocolate one. ‘Right’, I said, returning to the young attendant, ‘make that four Big Macs, four quarter-pound cheeseburgers, one chocolate milkshake, one strawberry milkshake, three chicken nuggets...’

And so it went on as I worked my way through and from time to time adjusted the group’s long and complicated order.

When the food came, the young man produced about eleven trays with thirty or forty bags of food on them.

‘What’s this?’ I said.

‘Your order’, he replied and read my order back to me off the till: ‘Thirty-four Big Macs, twenty quarter-pound cheeseburgers, twelve chocolate shakes...’ It turned out that instead of adjusting my order each time I restarted, he had just added to it.

‘I didn’t ask for twenty quarter-pound cheeseburgers five times’.

‘Same thing’, he said.

‘It’s not the same thing at all. You can’t be this stupid.’

Two of the people waiting behind me in the queue sided with the young attendant.

‘You did ask for all that stuff,’ one of them said.

The duty manager came over and looked at the till. ‘It says twenty quarter-pound cheeseburgers here,’ he said as if it were a gun with my fingerprints on it.

‘I know what it says there, but that isn’t what I asked for.’

One of my grown children came over to find out what was going on. I explained to him what had happened and he weighed the matter judiciously and decided that taken all in all, it was my fault.

‘I can’t believe you are all this stupid,’ I said to an audience that consisted now of about sixteen people, some of them newly arrived but

already taking against me. Eventually my wife came over and led me away by the elbow, the way I used to watch her lead jabbering psychiatric patients off to a quiet room. She sorted the mess out amicably with the manager and attendant brought two trays of food to the table in about thirty seconds, and informed me that I was never again to venture into a McDonald's whether alone or under supervision.

And now here I was in McDonald's again for the first time since my earlier fracas. I vowed to behave myself, but McDonald's is just too much for me. I ordered a chicken sandwich and a Diet Coke.

'Do you want fries with that?' the young man serving me asked.

I hesitated for a moment, and in a pained but patient tone said: 'No. That's why I didn't ask for fries, you see.'

'We're just told to ask like,' he said.

'When I want fries, generally I say something like, "I would like some fries, too, please." 'That's the system I use.'

'We're just told to ask like,' he repeated.

'Do you need to know the other things I don't want? It is quite a long list. In fact, it is everything you serve except for the two things I asked for.'

'We're just told to ask like,' he repeated yet again, but in a darker voice, and deposited my two items on a tray and urged me, without the least hint of sincerity, to have a nice day.

I realized that I probably wasn't quite ready for McDonald's yet.

### **Bridging the Cross-Cultural Gap**

*Arab Seller (after first noticing a potential customer walking by):* Uh, English? You are from English, are you?

*Chinese customer:* It's none of your business.

*Arab Seller:* Who learn English? Uh, come inside. Come in.

*(Arent R. Bridging the Cross-Cultural Gap Listening and Speaking Tasks for Developing Fluency in English)*

In “The Anguish of Snails”, folklorist Barre Toelken asks white teachers on a Navajo reservation how often they visit their students’ homes. The teachers report that they have tried, but when they drive up to the hogans (хижины индейского племени навахо), the Navajos run inside and slam their doors. The teachers assume they aren’t wanted and, not wishing to intrude, they leave. The Navajo also complain. They can’t understand why white people drive up to their hogans as if they want to visit, but as soon as the Navajo go inside and take their places to prepare for the visit, the white people drive away. They think the whites are acting superior and in too much of a hurry for a normal visit. They wonder if the whites are trying to make fun of them.

*Date:* Sept.9

*Location:* At my host family’s house

*Observation / Description*

This morning I had to go to school at 8:10, but I could not hear my alarm clock ringing at 6:40, so I overslept until 8:00. My host mother did not wake me up though she heard the alarm clock’s sound.

*Opinion / Analysis*

She was very unkind to me. Maybe she doesn’t care if I have many difficulties at school. I felt loneliness. In Japan people help each other. We always take care of our families and always take care of our friends even if they are grown-up persons. To take care of each other is a most important value for us. Host mother said in the morning, “Next time if you don’t wake up, what should I do? I respected your privacy this morning.” Her words were very impressive to me. I understood her attitude represented the important American values: individualism and privacy. Maybe she also wanted me to learn “self-help” and “time-control” to survive in America.

*(Developing Intercultural Awareness: A  
Cross-Cultural Training Handbook)*

## Thank you, Jeeves

*by P.G. Wodehouse*

‘Ah, Sir Roderick,’ I said. ‘Good morning.’

‘You ought to be certified!’

‘I beg your pardon?’

‘You’re a public menace. For weeks, it appears, you have been making life a hell for all your neighbours with some hideous musical instrument. I see you have it with you now. How dare you play that thing in a respectable block of flats? Infernal din!’

I remained cool and dignified.

‘Did you say “infernal din”?’

‘I did.’

‘Oh? Well, let me tell you that the man that hath no music in himself...’ I stepped to the door. ‘Jeeves,’ I called down the passage, ‘what was it Shakespeare said the man who hadn’t music in himself was fit for?’

‘Treasons, stratagems, and spoils, sir.’

‘Thank you, Jeeves. Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,’ I said, returning.

He danced a step or two.

‘Are you aware that the occupant of the flat below, Mrs Tinkler-Moulke, is one of my patients, a woman in a highly nervous condition. I have had to give her a sedative.’

I raised a hand.

‘Spare me the gossip from the loony-bin,’ I said distantly. ‘Might I inquire, on my side, if you are aware that Mrs Tinkler-Moulke owns a Pomeranian?’

‘Don’t drivell.’

‘I am not drivelling. This animal yaps all day and not infrequently far into the night. So Mrs Tinkler-Moulke has had the nerve to complain of my banjolele, has she? Ha! Let her first pluck out the Pom which is in her own eye,’ I said, becoming a bit scriptural.

He chafed visibly.



‘I am not here to talk about dogs. I wish for your assurance that you will immediately cease annoying this unfortunate woman.’

I shook the head.

‘I am sorry she is a cold audience, but my art must come first.’

‘That is your final word, is it?’

‘It is.’

‘Very good. You will hear more of this.’

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Abruptly, I went into the sitting-room and leaned on the bell.

‘Jeeves,’ I said. A word.’

‘Yes, sir?’

‘Jeeves,’ I said, ‘touching on our conversation this morning.’

‘Yes, sir?’

‘Jeeves,’ I said, ‘I have been thinking things over. I have come to the conclusion that we have both been hasty. Let us forget the past. You may stay on.’

‘It is very kind of you, sir, but ... are you still proposing to continue the study of that instrument?’

I froze.

‘Yes, Jeeves, I am.’

‘Then I fear, sir ...’

It was enough. I nodded haughtily.

‘Very good, Jeeves. That is all. I will, of course, give you an excellent recommendation.’

‘Thank you, sir. It will not be necessary. This afternoon I entered the employment of Lord Chuffnell.’

I started.

‘Did Chuffy sneak round here this afternoon and scoop you in?’

‘Yes, sir. I go with him to Chuffnell Regis in about a week’s time.’

‘You do, do you? Well, it may interest you to know that I repair to Chuffnell Regis to-morrow.’

‘Indeed, sir?’

‘Yes. I have taken a cottage there. We shall meet at Philippi, Jeeves.’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Or am I thinking of some other spot?’

‘No, sir, Philippi is correct.’

‘Very good, Jeeves.’

‘Very good, sir.’

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‘I’ve started breeding mice and puppies. And, of course, they niff a bit,’ he added in a dispassionate sort of way. ‘But mother thinks it’s the drains. Can you give me five shillings?’

I simply couldn’t follow his train of thought. The way his conversation flitted about gave me that feeling you get in dreams sometimes.

‘Five shillings?’

‘Five shillings.’

‘What do you mean, five shillings?’

‘I mean five shillings.’

‘I dare say. But what I want to know is how have we suddenly got on to the subject? We were discussing mice, and you introduce this five shillings motif.’

‘I want five shillings.’

‘Admitting that you may possibly want that sum, why the dickens should I give it to you?’

‘For protection.’

‘What!’

‘Protection.’

‘What from?’

‘Just protection.’

‘You don’t get any five shillings out of me.’

‘Oh, all right.’

He sat silent for a space.

‘Things happen to guys that don’t kick in their protection money,’ he said dreamily.

And on this note of mystery the conversation concluded, for we were moving up the drive of the Hall and on the steps I perceived Chuffy standing. I stopped the car and got out.

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He was absolutely correct. No sooner had I crossed the threshold than something exploded out of the arm-chair and there was Chuffy, gazing bleakly upon me.

‘Ah!’ he said, speaking the word between clenched teeth and generally comports himself in an unpleasant and disturbing manner. ‘Here you are at last!’

I slipped him a sympathetic smile.

‘Here I am, yes. And I have heard all. Jeeves told me. Too bad, too bad. I little thought, old man, when I bestowed a brotherly kiss on Pauline Stoker by way of congratulating her on your engagement, that all this trouble would be bobbing up so soon afterwards.’

He continued to give me the eye.

‘Brotherly?’

‘Essentially brotherly.’

‘Old Stoker didn’t seem to think so.’

‘Well, we know what sort of a mind old Stoker has got, don’t we?’

‘Brotherly? H’m!’

I registered manly regret.

‘I suppose I shouldn’t have done it ...’

‘It was lucky for you I wasn’t there when you did.’

‘... But you know how it is when a fellow you’ve been at private school, Eton and Oxford with gets engaged to a girl on whom you look as a sister. One is carried away.’

It was plain that a struggle was going on in the old boy’s bosom. He glowered a bit and paced the room a bit and, happening to trip over a footstool, he kicked it a bit. Then he became calmer. You could see Reason returning to her throne.

## Joy in the morning

*by P.G. Wodehouse*

I stared at the man.

‘Stap my vitals, Stilton,’ I cried, in uncontrollable astonishment. ‘Why the fancy dress?’

He, too, had a question to ask.

‘What the hell are you doing here, you bloodstained Wooster?’

I held up a hand. This was no time for side issues.

‘Why are you got up like a policeman?’

‘I am a policeman.’

‘A policeman?’

‘Yes.’

‘When you say “policeman”,’ I queried, groping, ‘do you mean “policeman”?’

‘Yes.’

‘You’re a policeman?’

‘Yes, blast you. Are you deaf? I’m a policeman.’

I grasped it now. He was a policeman.

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I cleared the throat, and endeavoured to speak with a winning frankness.

‘Why, yes. That’s right. It all comes back to me. We were. Long ago.’

‘Not so long ago.’

‘Well, it seems like long ago.’

‘Oh?’

‘Yes.’

‘Is that so?’

‘Positively.’

‘The whole thing’s over, eh?’

‘Definitely.’

‘Nothing between you now?’

‘Not a thing.’

‘Then how do you account for the fact that she gives you a copy of her novel and writes “To Bertie, with love from Florence” in it?’

I tottered.

‘Well?’

I laughed lightly. At least, I tried to. As a matter of fact, the thing came out more like a death rattle.

‘Oh, that was rather amusing.’

‘All right. Go on. Make me laugh.’

‘I was in the book shop, and she came in—’

‘You had an assignation with her in a book shop?’

‘No, no. Just an accidental meeting.’

‘I see. And you’ve come down here to arrange another.’

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‘I’m sorry, Boko.’

‘Sorry? Why?’

‘Include me out.’

‘What!’

‘Nothing doing.’

A pleading note came into his voice, the same sort of note I’ve sometimes heard in Bingo Little’s, when asking a bookie to take the broad, spacious view and wait for his money till Wednesday week.

‘But, Bertie, you’re fond of Nobby?’

‘Of course.’

‘Of course you are, or you would never have given her that threepennyworth of acid drops. And you don’t, I take it, dispute the fact that you and I were at school together? Of course, you don’t. When I thought I heard you say you wouldn’t sit in, I must have misunderstood you.’

‘You didn’t.’

‘I didn’t?’

‘No.’

‘You refuse to do your bit?’

‘I do.’

‘You – I want to get this straight – you really decline to play your part – your simple, easy part – in this enterprise?’

‘That’s right.’

‘This *is* Bertie Wooster speaking?’

‘It is.’

‘The Bertie Wooster I was at school with?’

‘That’s right.’

He drew in his breath with a sort of whistle.

‘Well, if anybody had told me this would happen, I wouldn’t have believed it. I would have laughed mockingly. Bertie Wooster let me down? No, no, I would have said – not Bertie, who was not only at school with me but is at this very moment bursting with my meat.’

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‘Good morning, good morning,’ I said. ‘I want a book.’

Of course, I ought to have known that it’s silly to try to buy a book when you go to a book shop. It merely startles and bewilders the inmates. The motheaten old bird who had stepped forward to attend to me ran true to form.

‘A book, sir?’ he said, with ill-concealed astonishment.

‘Spinoza,’ I replied, specifying.

This had him rocking back on his heels.

‘Did you say Spinoza, sir?’

‘Spinoza was what I said.’

He seemed to be feeling that if we talked this thing out long enough as man to man, we might eventually hit upon a formula.

‘You do not mean “The Spinning Wheel”?’

‘No.’

‘It would not be “The Poisoned Pin”?’

‘It would not.’

‘Or “With Gun and Camera in Little Known Borneo”?’ he queried, trying a long shot.

‘Spinoza,’ I repeated firmly. That was my story, and I intended to stick to it.

He sighed a bit, like one who feels that the situation has got beyond him.

‘I will go and see if we have it in stock, sir. But possibly this may be what you are requiring. Said to be very clever.’

He pushed off, Spinoza-ing under his breath in a hopeless sort of way, leaving me clutching a thing called ‘Spindrifit’.

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‘You seem to know her.’

‘Oh, yes, we’ve met.’

‘I’ve never heard her speak of you.’

‘No?’

‘No. Have you known her long?’

‘A certain time.’

‘Do you know her well?’

‘Pretty well.’

‘When you say “Pretty well,” you mean—?’

‘Fairly well. Tolerably well.’

‘How did you come to know her?’

I temporized, accordingly. I believe the word is ‘temporized’. I should have to check up with Jeeves.

‘Her ghastly father married my frightful aunt.’

‘You didn’t know her before that?’

‘Well, yes. Slightly.’

‘I see.’

He was still giving me that searching look, like a G-man. ‘When I say “slightly”,’ I hastened to add, ‘I mean, of course, that we were just acquaintances.’

‘Just acquaintances, eh?’

‘Just.’

‘You simply happened to meet her once or twice?’

‘That’s right. You put it in a nutshell.’

‘I see. The reason I ask is that it seemed to me, when I told you she was engaged to me, that your manner was peculiar —’

‘In fact, you were mere acquaintances?’

‘Mere to the core.’

‘Still, it’s strange that she has never mentioned you.’

‘Well, pip-pip,’ I said, changing the subject, and withdrew.

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‘Oh, hullo, Uncle Percy,’ I said. ‘Good afternoon, good afternoon.’

‘What?’ he said, speaking thickly, as if the soul were bruised, as I imagine to have been the case. ‘What? What? What? What . . .?’

I saw that, unless checked, this was going to take some time.

‘There’s been a fire,’ I said.

‘What do you mean?’

Well, I didn’t see how I could have put it much clearer.

‘A fire,’ I repeated, waving a hand in the direction of the burning edifice, as much as to tell him to take a glance for himself. ‘How are you, Uncle Percy? You’re looking fine.’

‘I might have known! My best friends would have warned me what would come of letting a lunatic like you loose in the place. I ought to have guessed that the first thing you would do – before so much as unpacking – would be to set the whole damned premises ablaze.’

‘Not me,’ I said, wishing to give credit where credit was due. ‘Edwin.’

‘Edwin? My son?’

‘Yes, I know,’ I said sympathetically. ‘Too bad. Yes, he’s your son, all right. He’s been tidying up.’

‘You can’t start a fire by tidying up.’

‘You can if you use gunpowder.’

‘Gunpowder?’

‘He appears to have touched off a keg or two in the kitchen chimney, to correct a disposition on its part to harbour soot.’

‘Why the devil did you give the boy gunpowder?’

I saw that he had still got the wrong angle.

‘I didn’t give the boy gunpowder.’

‘Only a congenital idiot would give a boy gunpowder. There’s not a man in England, except you, who wouldn’t know what would happen if you gave a boy gunpowder. Do you realize what you have done? The sole reason for your coming here was that I should have a place where I could meet an old friend and discuss certain matters of interest, and now look at it. I ask you. Look at it.’



‘Not too good,’ I was forced to concede, as the roof fell in, sending up a shower of sparks and causing a genial glow to play about our cheeks.

‘I suppose it never occurred to you to throw water on the flames?’

‘It did to Edwin. Only he used paraffin.’

He started, staring at me incredulously.

‘You tried to put the fire out with paraffin? You ought to be certified, and as soon as I can collect a couple of doctors, I’ll have it seen to.’

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‘His idea being to collect a parcel cheap before the many-headed can horn in and spoil the market?’

‘Precisely, sir. Rem acu tetigisti. ‘

‘Rem – ?’

Acu tetigisti , sir. A Latin expression. Literally, it means “You have touched the matter with a needle,” but a more idiomatic rendering would be –’

‘Put my finger on the nub?’

‘Exactly, sir’.

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As I walked, I was thinking hard and bitter thought; of Corky, the fons et origo, if you know what I mean by fons et origo, of all the trouble. It was she who, by shamelessly flirting with him, by persistently giving him the hashing smile and – the quick sidelong look out of the corner of the eye, had taken Gussie’s mind off his job and slowed him up as our correspondent on the spot. Oh, Woman, Woman, I said to myself, not for the first time, feeling that the sooner that sex was suppressed, the better it would be for all of us.

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‘Why, yes. That’s right. It all comes back to me. We were. Long ago.’

‘Not so long ago.’

‘Well, it seems like long ago.’

‘Oh?’

‘Yes.’

‘Is that so?’

‘Positively.’

‘The whole thing’s over, eh?’

‘Definitely.’

‘Nothing between you now?’

‘Not a thing’.

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‘Oh, good morning, Silversmith, good morning,’ I said. ‘What sort of a day is it, Silversmith? Fine?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘The lark on the wing and the snail on the thorn and all that?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Splendid. Oh, Silversmith,’ I said, ‘I don’t know if it was but a dream, but latish last night I fancied I heard the front-door bell doing its stuff and a good lot of off-stage talking going on. Was I right? Did someone arrive after closing time?’

‘Yes, sir. Mr Wooster’.

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‘Corky,’ I said, ‘you’re a chump. You’ve got a completely wrong angle on this Haddock. So far from being enamoured of Gertrude Wmkworth, I don’t suppose he would care, except in a distant, cousinly way, if she choked on a fishbone. You are the lodestar of his life.’

‘What!’

I had it from his own lips. He was a bit pickled at the time, which makes it all the more impressive, because in vino what’s-the-word.

Her eyes had lighted up. She gave a quick gulp.

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I started on the apple.

‘So here we are.’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘I’m Gussie and Gussie’s me.’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘And ceaseless vigilance will be required if we are not to gum the game. We shall be walking on eggshells.’

‘A very trenchant figure, sir.’

I finished the apple, and lit a thoughtful cigarette.

‘Well, I suppose it had to be,’ I said. ‘But lay off the Marcus Aurelius stuff, because I don’t think I could stand it if you talk about it all being part of the great web. How’s Gussie taking the tiling?’

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‘And I put my boots outside the door when I went to bed, and this morning they hadn’t been touched. I give you my solemn word! Not touched.’

‘Naturally,” said Mr. Brewster. “My employees are honest.’

‘But I wanted them cleaned, dash it!’

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‘I wonder if you know the one about the strip-tease dancer and the performing flea. Or, rather, no, not that one,’ I said, remembering that it was a conte scarcely designed for the gentler sex and the tots. ‘The one about the two men in the train. It’s old, of course, so stop me if you’ve heard it before.’

‘Pray go on, Augustus.’

‘It’s about these two deaf men in the train.’

‘My sister Charlotte has the misfortune to be deaf. It is a great affliction.’

The thin aunt bent forward.

‘What is he saying?’

‘Augustus is telling us a story, Charlotte. Please go on, Augustus.’

Well, of course, this had damped the fire a bit, for the last thing one desires is to be supposed to be giving a maiden lady the horse's laugh on account of her physical infirmities, but it was too late now to take a bow and get off, so I had a go at it.

'Well, there were these two deaf chaps in the train, don't you know, and it stopped at Wembley, and one of them looked out of the window and said "This is Wembley", and the other said "I thought it was Thursday", and the first chap said "Yes, so am I".'

I hadn't had much hope. Right from the start something had seemed to whisper in my ear that I was about to lay an egg. I laughed heartily myself, but I was the only one. At the point where the aunts should have rolled out of their seats like one aunt there occurred merely a rather ghastly silence as of mourners at a death-bed, which Was broken by Aunt Charlotte asking what I had said.

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'Yes, sir. I go with him to Chuffnell Regis in about a week's time.'

'You do, do you? Well, it may interest you to know that I repair to Chuffnell Regis to-morrow.'

'Indeed, sir?'

'Yes. I have taken a cottage there. We shall meet at Philippi, Jeeves.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Or am I thinking of some other spot?'

'No, sir, Philippi is correct.'

'Very good, Jeeves.'

'Very good, sir'.

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'Oh, rather,' I said. 'It's one of those Pat and Mike things. Two birds come on in green beards, armed with umbrellas, and one bird says to the other bird "Who was that lady I saw you coming down the street with?" and the second bird says to the first bird "Faith and begob, that was no lady, that was my wife". And then the second bird busts the first bird over the bean with his umbrella, and the first bird,

not to be behindhand, busts the second bird over the head with his umbrella. And so the long day wears on.'

It didn't go well: There was a sharp intake of breath from one and ail 'Very vulgar!' said one aunt 'Terribly vulgar!' said another.

'Disgustingly vulgar,' said Dame Daphne Winkworth. 'But how typical of Miss Pirbright to suggest such a performance at a village concert.'

The rest of the aunts didn't say 'You betcher' or 'You've got something there, Daph', but their manner suggested these words. Lips were pursed and noses looked down.

12) 'You knew about it, then, sir?'

'Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Quite all right, Sergeant.'

'Well, you know best if it's quite all right, sir, but I should say there was a danger of marauders getting through.'

And at this juncture the chump of a constable, who had hitherto not spoken, shoved his oar in.

'I thought I did see a marauder getting through, Uncle Ted.'

'What! Then why didn't you tell me before, you young muttonhead? And don't call me Uncle Ted when we're on duty.'

'No, Uncle Ted'.

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'I say,' he said, in an odd, puzzled voice. 'That story of yours.'

'Oh, yes?'

'About the fellows in the train.'

'Quite.'

'I was a bit distraught when you were telling it, and I think I may possibly have missed the point. As I got it, there were two men in a train, and it stopped at a station.'

'That's right'

'And one of them said "This is Woking", and the other chap said "I'm thirsty". Was that how it went?'

'Not quite. It was Wembley the train stopped at, and the fellow said he thought it was Thursday.'

'Was it Thursday?'

‘No, no, these chaps were deaf, you see. So when the first chap said “This is Woking”, the second chap, thinking he had said “Wednesday”, said, “So am I”. I mean –.’

‘I see. Yes, most amusing,’ said Esmond Haddock.

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‘Ah, Sir Roderick,’ I said. ‘Good morning.’

‘You ought to be certified!’

‘I beg your pardon?’

‘You’re a public menace. For weeks, it appears, you have been making life a hell for all your neighbours with some hideous musical instrument. I see you have it with you now. How dare you play that thing in a respectable block of flats? Infernal din!’

I remained cool and dignified.

‘Did you say “infernal din”?’

‘I did.’

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‘You get the part. Bertie.’ A cry escaped me.

‘You don’t think I’m like Gussie?’

‘You might be twins.’

‘I still think you’re a chump, Catsmeat,’ said Corky. ‘If you were at Deverill Hall you could protect Gertrude from Esmond Haddock’s advances.’

‘Bertie’s attending to that I agree that I would much enjoy a brief visit to Deverill Hall, and if only there were some other way.... But I won’t say I’m Gussie Fink-Nottle.’

I bowed.

‘Right ho,’ I said, with one of those sighs. ‘In all human affairs there has got to be a goat or Patsy doing the dirty work, and in the present crisis I see it has got to be me. It generally happens that way. Whenever there is a job to be taken on of a kind calculated to make Humanity shudder, the cry goes up ‘Let Wooster do it’. I’m not complaining, I’m just mentioning it. Very well. No need to argue.

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He waggled his head frowningly, like a conspirator when a fellow-conspirator has said the wrong thing.

‘Meadowes,’ he corrected.

‘What do you mean, Meadowes?’

‘That is my name while I remain in your employment. I’m your man.’

A solution occurred to me. I have already mentioned that the port which I had swigged perhaps a little too freely in Esmond Haddock’s society was of a fine old vintage and full of body. It now struck me that it must have had even more authority than I had supposed and that Dame Daphne Winkworth had been perfectly correct in assuming that I was scrooched. And I was about to turn my face to the wall and try to sleep it off, when he proceeded.

‘Your valet. Your attendant. Your gentleman’s personal gentleman. It’s quite simple. Jeeves couldn’t come.’

‘You mean Jeeves isn’t going to be at my side?’

‘That’s right. So, I am taking his place. What are you doing?’

‘Turning my face to the wall.’

‘Why?’

‘Well, wouldn’t you turn your face to the wall if you were trapped in a place like this with everybody thinking you were Gussie Fink-Nottle and without Jeeves to comfort and advise? Oh, hell! Oh, blast! Oh, damn! Why couldn’t Jeeves come? Is he ill?’

‘I don’t think so. I speak only as a layman, of course, not as a medical man, but the last I saw of him he seemed pretty full of vitamins. Sparkling eyes. Rosy cheeks. No, Jeeves isn’t ill.’

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‘Augustus, did you bring a great, rough dog with you this evening?’ she demanded.

It shows how the rush and swirl of events at Deverill Hall had affected me when I say that for an instant nothing stirred.

‘Dog?’

‘Silversmith says it belongs to you.’

‘Oh, ah,’ I said, memory returning to its throne. ‘Yes, yes, yes, of course. Yes, to be sure. You mean Sam Goldwyn. But he’s not mine. He belongs to Corky.’

‘To whom?’

‘Corky Pirbright. She asked me to put him up for a day or two.’

‘Well, it was most unpleasant. We had left the French windows open, as the night was so warm, and suddenly this disgusting brute came galloping in. My sister Charlotte received a nervous shock from which it will take her a long time to recover. The animal leaped upon her back and chased her all over the room’

I did not give the thought utterance, for if there is one thing the Woosters are, it is tactful, but it did occur to me that this had come more or less as a judgement on Charlotte for writing all that Hullo-hullo-hullo, a-hunting-we-will-go stuff and would be a lesson to her next time she took pen in hand. She was now in a position to see the thing from the fox’s point of view.

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‘I fancied that you might possibly be curious on that point, sir, and I was about to volunteer an explanation. I have come here in attendance on Mr Fink-Nottle. Permit me, sir.’

He retrieved the slab of kipper which a quick jerk of the wrist had caused me to send flying from the fork, and replaced it on the dish. I stared at him wide-eyed, as the expression is.

‘Mr Fink-Nottle.’

‘Yes, sir

‘But Gussie’s not here?’

‘Yes, sir. We arrived at a somewhat late hour last night.

A sudden blinding light flashed upon me.

‘You mean it was Gussie to whom Uncle Charlie was referring when he said that Mr Wooster had punched the time-clock? I m here saying I’m Gussie, and now Gussie has blown in, saying he’s me ?

‘Precisely, sir. It is a curious and perhaps somewhat complex situation that has been precipitated...’

‘You’re telling me, Jeeves!’



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‘Good evening, sir,’ he said, rising with his customary polish. ‘I am happy to inform you that I was successful in obtaining the cosh from Master Thomas. I have it in my pocket.’

I raised a hand.

‘This is no time for talking about coshes.’

‘No, sir. I merely mentioned it in passing. Mr Haddock’s was an extremely gratifying triumph, did you not think, sir?’

‘Nor is it a time for calking about Esmond Haddock. Jeeves,’ I said, ‘I’m sunk.’

‘Indeed, sir?’

‘Jeeves!’

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‘Oh, hullo,’ I said, trying to be debonair but missing by a mile. ‘Squirting the rose trees?’

‘Don’t talk to me about rose trees!’

‘Oh, no, rather not,’ I said. Well, I hadn’t wanted to particularly. Just filling in with ad lib stuff.

‘Augustus, what is this I hear?’

‘I beg your pardon?’

‘You would do better to beg Madeline’s.’

Mystic stuff. I didn’t get it. The impression I received was of a Dame of the British Empire talking through the back of her neck.

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‘You seem to know her.’

‘Oh, yes, we’ve met.’

‘I’ve never heard her speak of you.’

‘No?’

‘No. Have you known her long?’

‘A certain time.’

‘Do you know her well?’

‘Pretty well.’

‘When you say “Pretty well,” you mean –?’

‘Fairly well. Tolerably well’.

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‘My photograph!’

‘What about it?’

‘Where is it?’

‘On the table.’

‘But it’s not. It’s gone.’

‘Then I suppose Jane has smashed it. She always does smash everything that isn’t made of sheet-iron, and I see no reason why she should have made an exception in favour of your photograph. You’d better go and ask her’.

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‘Listen, Corky...’

‘You are probably saying to yourself “Where’s the soup?” I unfortunately forgot to bring it along, and Gussie has trotted back for it. What a delightful man he is, Bertie. So kind. So helpful. Always on hand to run errands, when required, and with a fund of good stories about newts. I’ve given him my autograph. Speaking of autographs. I heard from your cousin Thomas this morning.’

‘Never mind about young Thos. What I want —’

She broke into speech again, as girls always do. I have had a good deal of experience of this tendency on the part of the female sex to refrain from listening when you talk to them, and it has always made me sympathize with those fellows who tried to charm the deaf adder and had it react like a Wednesday matinee audience.

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Breathing became more regular.

‘That was Constable Dobbs,’ he said.

‘So I deduced.’

‘From the uniform, no doubt?’ ‘That and the helmet.’

‘Quite,’ said Gussie. ‘I see. Quite. I see. Quite. I see’

It seemed possible that he would go rambling on like this for a goodish while, but after saying ‘Quite’ about another six times and I see, about another seven he snapped out of it.

## **Social Networks**

### **(Twitter)**

#### **Donald Trump's Twitter (14/06/2018):**

@realDonaldTrump: The sleazy New York Democrats, and their now disgraced (and run out of town) A.G. Eric Schneiderman, are doing everything they can to sue me on a foundation that took in \$18,800,000 and gave out to charity more money than it took in, \$19,200,000. I won't settle this case!...

@cogburn\_h: After the IG report, you are voicing wishful thinking.

@RyanHillMI: The only thing Sleazy is that sad excuse of a foundation!

@Msdmurph: "a foundation" – not yours

@UncleBlueWave: Liar!

@GilbertLomeli: It's a shell game Donnie. You've never donated a dime!!

#### **Donald Trump's Twitter (14/06/2018):**

@realDonaldTrump: ....Schneiderman, who ran the Clinton campaign in New York, never had the guts to bring this ridiculous case, which lingered in their office for almost 2 years. Now he resigned his office in disgrace, and his disciples brought it when we would not settle.

@25nowfor45: They have the evidence

@gloverstweet: prove it.

@Cassand29017794: Speaking of resigning from Office in disgrace, now would be a great time for you to do, just that, RESIGN Please!

@jerseywolff: Stick to the facts Mr. President ... say something in your defense that addresses the merits of the complaint. Shoot the messenger, ad hominem arguments are the last refuge of those with nothing else to say.

### **Donald Trump's Twitter (13/06/2018):**

@realDonaldTrump: Robert De Niro, a very Low IQ individual, has received too many shots to the head by real boxers in movies. I watched him last night and truly believe he may be "punch-drunk." I guess he doesn't...

@realDonaldTrump: ...realize the economy is the best it's ever been with employment being at an all time high, and many companies pouring back into our country. Wake up Punchy!

@Teresa Hagerman: Mr. President, everyone's not going to like you, & it's ok. Why can't you show dignity & rise up the pettiness. I know you have a multitude of more important things to do. You project a childlike personality by acknowledging rubbish. It only looks bad on you!

@DeborahPrichard8: The job market is horrible. The pay so low people have to have 2 jobs to make ends meet. The earning wages have to be raised. People cannot support themselves even on \$10 or \$12 hour..do the math..

@edlucs1: Mr. President sir, Whatever happened to the law that says you cannot threaten the president or say what DeNiro said without being put in prison. We may not always agree with what you do but you are the president, and we should stand behind you

@tiwhitter: Punchy's impotence really has him down

### **Hilary Clinton's Twitter (18/05/2018):**

@HillaryClinton: Every day that we fail to act on gun violence, we are failing our children. This should be a day for soul searching across America – and that soul searching should be matched with legislating to begin dealing with this national shame.

@Kamlout: Do you think bringing up our children in a very liberal like minded way, brings out this abrupt / suicidal way. Basically kids don't have the grit to deal with life.....?

@FelicityJayne: Absolutely right. And the same was said last time. And the same will be said next time. And the time after that. And after that. And after that.....

@milkman631: You had all these years and done nothing. That is the Dems ace in the hole. That's why y'all done nothing.

**Hilary Clinton's Twitter (9/05/2018):**

@HillaryClinton: Pulling out of the Iran nuclear deal is a big mistake. It makes America less safe and less trusted. Iran is now more dangerous. What's plan B? Anyone who thinks bombing is the answer is woefully misinformed.

@Swedetalking: Can't wait until we find out how the \$400MM cash was divided up! Who got the best deal, Obama, Hillary or Kerry? It's all starting to make sense now!

@ernie\_plunley: No! Pulling out of Iran reveals the secrets that you have been hiding.

@aepmgr4991: Save your breath sweetheart. You're what is called a "has-been, never will be". Haha. Your words are less valuable than the paper they are written on!

@Jay\_Krow\_48: "Pulling out of the Iran deal is a great mistake, it gets my Middle Eastern donors upset with me and asking for their 'donations' back. As Secretary of State I abandoned 4 Americans, so we know this is not about America or its people, just about me" Hillary Clinton—2018

**Hilary Clinton's Twitter (16/02/2018):**

@HillaryClinton: Mass shootings are not inevitable. The majority of Americans support common sense gun reform. Though we feel angry, heartbroken, even helpless now, we have the power to elect people who will protect lives, not gun sellers' profits. Remember these feelings in November, and VOTE.

@DudleyGumby: Like all those common sense gun laws that everyone responsible failed to enforce in Florida! #ignorantfool

@wadelyther652: If we have gun control that opens a gateway for other countries to attack us. Like the Soviet Union said that they couldn't just send troops into America. Almost everyone has a gun it would be a bloodbath.

@Aubreybarnes82: Adolf Hillary

@ClementeJose: You were government and didn't do anything. Please stay quiet on this topic.

**Hilary Clinton's Twitter (12/01/2018):**

HillaryClinton: The anniversary of the devastating earthquake 8 years ago is a day to remember the tragedy, honor the resilient people of Haiti, & affirm America's commitment to helping our neighbors. Instead, we're subjected to Trump's ignorant, racist views of anyone who doesn't look like him.

@SproullMichael: I can't believe your not arrested yet!

@chasebest10: B... how much money did you take from them.

@tallonji1: After 8 years of obama you are fillany able to keep a job more than 6 months you should be loving Trump

**Barack Obama's Twitter (6/11/2017):**

@BarackObama: May God also grant all of us the wisdom to ask what concrete steps we can take to reduce the violence and weaponry in our midst.

@DeanP11: You and Holder obviously missed that wisdom part when you decided to carry out #FastandFurious . We will never forget. You and he have American blood on your hands.

@CateM5550: An open discussion is the first step, but this administration won't talk about anything.

@debtallman: Oh for heavens sake, please remain silent – it may keep you out of jail for treason.

@biggreenpen: Aw, I'm a little overwhelmed by your Christian encouragement. Thanks so much.

**Barack Obama's Twitter (1/10/2016):**

@BarackObama: Parents shouldn't have to choose between a paycheck and taking care of a sick child at home. #LeadOnLeave

@jackc1551: it took 8 years to do this?

@noahnoahgrad: Where will the money come from? Borrow it? Print more? Is there intent here you're not alluding to? Looks like debt to me.

@UsernameNAB: what if that child has severe autism? Our families suffer day in day out. No reprieve to help families struggle every day!

@ThelmaF: what about us parents who have to stay home everyday and can NEVER work because of a disabled child? We need help!!

## Sitcom “Friends”

1) **Shelley:** *Question. You’re not dating anybody, are you, because I met somebody who would be perfect for you.*

**Chandler:** *Ah, y’see, perfect might be a problem. Had you said ‘co-dependent’, or ‘self-destructive’...*

**Shelley:** *Do you want a date Saturday?*

**Chandler:** *Yes please.*

**Shelley:** *Okay. He’s cute, he’s funny, he’s –*

**Chandler:** *He’s a he?*

**Shelley:** *Well yeah! ...Oh God. I – just – I thought – Good, Shelley. I’m just gonna go flush myself down the toilet now... (backs out of the room) Okay, goodbye...*

2) **Phoebe:** *(At the funeral) God, what a great day.*

**All:** *...What?*

**Phoebe:** *Weather-wise!*

3) **Chandler:** *Y’a know I remember my father, all dressed up in the red suit, the big black boots, and the patent leather belt, sneakin around downstairs. He didn’t want anybody to see him but he’d be drunk so he’d stumble, crash into something and wake everybody up.*

**Rachel:** *Well, that doesn’t sound like a very merry Christmas.*

**Chandler:** *Who said anything about Christmas?*

4) **Richard:** *I missed this.*

**Monica:** *Me too.*

**Richard:** *So, you wanna get a hamburger or something?*

**Monica:** *Oh, um, I don’t know if that’s a good idea.*

**Richard:** *Oh. Look, just friends, I won’t grope you. I promise.*

**Monica:** *No, I just I think that it’s too soon.*

**Richard:** *No it’s not too soon, I had lunch at eleven.*

5) **Joey:** *These little women. Wow!*

**Chandler:** *You’r liking it, huh?*



**Joey:** *Oh yeah! Amy just burned Jo's manuscript. I don't see how he could ever forgive her.*

**Ross:** *Umm, Jo's a girl, it's short for Josephine.*

**Joey:** *But Jo's got a crush on Laurie. (Ross nods his head) Oh. You mean it's like a girl-girl thing? 'Cause that is the one thing missing from The Shining.*

**Chandler:** *No, actually Laurie's a boy.*

6) **Joey:** *Oh, Kath, we should get going. We're going to buy hamsters.*

**All:** *Ooh, that's great, I love those little guys.*

**Kathy:** *No, no, it's not like that. I, I work for a medical researcher.*

**Rachel:** *Well, have fun!*

**Kathy:** *Okay.*

**Phoebe:** *Well, I think it's great that the medical community is finally trying to help sick hamsters.*

7) **Monica:** *Ohh! Did you do what I said? Did – did – did you tell her?*

**Ross:** *I did.*

**Monica:** *And well, what did she say?*

**Ross:** *Thank you.*

**Monica:** *Oh, you're totally welcome! What'd she say?*

**Ross:** *She said, "Thank you." I said, "I love you." And she said, "Thank you."*

8) **Ross:** *So, I got us some reservations for Sunday night, okay? How about, Ernie's at 9 o'clock?*

**Rachel:** *Yeah, well, you uh, better make it for three.*

**Ross:** *Oh, see I – I don't know if we're gonna be hungry at three.*

**Rachel:** *Three people. Joshua's not gonna be there.*

9) **Chandler:** *Oh, she's got you running errands, y'know, picking up wedding dresses... (Laughs and makes like Indiana Jones and his whip) Wah-pah!*

**Ross:** *What's wah-pah?*

**Chandler:** *Y'know, whipped! Wah-pah!*

**Joey:** *That's not whipped! Whipped is wh-tcssh!*

**Chandler:** *That's what I did. Wah-pah!*

**Joey:** *You can't do anything!*

10) **Chandler:** *What are we gonna do?*

**Joey:** *I don't know. Maybe pizza?*

**Chandler:** *About Ross!*

**Joey:** *Oh! Oh!*

11) **Ross:** *(To Rachel) Yeah, I still don't know. (To the salesman who is hovering nearby) I'm sorry I just wanna make sure that I bought the right couch. I need a couch that says, "Kids welcome here." But that also says, (In a sexy voice) "Come here to me!"*

**Rachel:** *What?! You say that to kids?!!*

**Ross:** *No! No! No! The "Come here to me" is y'know for the ladies.*

12) **Phoebe:** *(saddened) It's okay. What the hell took you so long?*

**Monica:** *Okay, you can not tell Chandler. Okay? That I ran into Richard.*

**Phoebe:** *Which Richard?*

**Monica:** *The Richard.*

**Phoebe:** *Richard Simmons?! Oh my God!*

**Monica:** *Noo! My ex-boyfriend Richard! Y'know the tall guy, moustache?*

**Phoebe:** *Oh! Okay, that actually makes more sense. So how was it?*

13) **Joey:** *Chandler! You are **not** gonna believe this! I have found my identical hand twin!*

**Chandler:** *(totally confused) What?*

**Joey:** *My identical hand twin!*

**Chandler:** *What's an identical hand twin?*

**Joey:** *What's it sound like? It's a guy with my identical hands! It was incredible! Chandler, the dealer's hands were exactly like me! It – it was like looking at my hands in a mirror!*

14) **Chandler:** *(entering, slowly) Y'know I was thinking, what if I uh, unpack here?*

**Monica:** *Then all your stuff would be here.*

**Chandler:** *Well, what if all my stuff was here?*

**Monica:** *Then you'd be going back and forth all the time, I mean it doesn't make any sense.*

**Chandler:** *Okay. What if we lived together and you understand what I'm saying?*

**Monica:** *Live together? There have been no signs for that.*

**Chandler:** *Me asking is kind of a sign.*

**Monica:** *YES!!!!!!!!!! (he hints that they should start living together, but she doesn't understand his hint.)*

15) **Chandler:** *Pheeb?*

**Phoebe:** *Huh?*

**Chandler:** *Skull?*

**Phoebe:** *Oh, yeah, it's my mom's.*

**Rachel:** *(freaking out) Oh my god!!*

**Phoebe:** *No, no, no. It's not! It's not my mom. It belonged to mom. Yeah, no, she used to put it out every Christmas to remind us, that even though it's Christmas, people still die. And, you can put candy in it. (She grabs the skull, pulls out a stick of licorice, and takes a bite.)*

16) **Monica:** *Oh, Rach! Rach! Umm hey, could you do me a favor and would talk to Chandler's dad and try to keep him away from Chandler's mom?*

**Rachel:** Yeah! But I don't know what he looks like!

**Monica:** He is the man in the black dress.

**Rachel:** Man in the black dress... (Monica walks away and Rachel looks around to find a woman in a black dress.) (To her) Hi! I'm Rachel! I'm a friend of Monica and Chandler's!

**Woman:** I'm Amanda.

**Rachel:** Oh I get it! A...man...duh!

17) **Ross:** Hey! How you doing?

**Tag:** Good! Good, long time no see.

**Ross:** Yeah.

**Tag:** Like your sweater.

**Ross:** Oh hey, right back at ya.

**Tag:** Oh, it's crazy about Rachel huh? (he knows about her pregnancy)

**Ross:** Yeah. She – Well, she's one crazy lady? (he doesn't know)

**Tag:** So whose is it?

**Ross:** (shows Tag his sweater tag) Umm, I don't some Italian guy. Come on, read your own label. See you later.

**Tag:** Okay.

(They separate.)

**Ross:** He is so weird.

18) **Phoebe:** Why are you looking at me like that?

**Eric:** 'Cause the sweat's getting in my eyes and it's burning.

**Phoebe:** Okay. (Hands him a napkin.) So, what are you?

**Eric:** I don't think they have a name for it. It's just I get nervous; I start sweating like crazy.

**Phoebe:** (laughs) No I – I meant your costume.

**Eric:** Oh umm, I'm the solar system. (He's wearing a black sweater with the planets glued on around the sun.) Yeah, my students helped me make it – I teach the second grade.

19) **Trudie Styler:** Are you here for tickets?

**Phoebe:** Oh, thank you. Four would be great.

**Trudie Styler:** *I'm not giving concert tickets to someone who'd use their son like this!*

**Phoebe:** *Oh good! Then you're in luck! Ben's not my son!*

**Trudie Styler:** *(stands up) Look, I've just pressed a button, triggering a silent alarm. Any minute now, the police will be here!*

**Phoebe:** *The Police? Here? A reunion?! (She gets out her camera.)*

*(she came to the celebrity to get tickets to his concert. Trudie says she doesn't give out tickets to anyone and will call the police now. Phoebe thinks this is the most famous music group «The Police»)*

20) **Rachel:** *After our date last night, did you feel a little weird? (about bad food)*

**Joey:** *Oh my God! You did too? It totally freaked me out, what was that?! (about feelings)*

**Rachel:** *I don't know! (Pause) I'm – I'm kinda thinking it – it was the lobster...*

**Joey:** *Oh yeah-yeah, the lobster.*

**Rachel:** *Yeah, I mean I was up sick all night.*

**Joey:** *Yeah me too, all night.*

21) **Chandler:** *So, do you know what you're gonna call her yet?*

**Phoebe:** *Oh, wait a minute it's not gonna be Baby Girl? I thought that was so original! (Phoebe thought it was a rare and unusual name.)*

**Ross:** *Uh actually, we – we've narrowed it down to two names.*

22) **Mr. Greene:** *I think I need a drink.*

**Ross:** *Oh, here, I, I'll get it for y'a. Whad'ya want?*

**Mr. Greene:** *Scotch.*

**Ross:** *Scotch. Alright, I'll be back in 10 seconds with your scotch on the rocks in a glass.*

**Mr. Greene:** *Neat.*

**Ross:** *Cool.*

**Mr. Greene:** No no no, no no no, neat, as in no rocks.

23) **Monica:** Sweetie, we heard you crying. Please don't cry.

**Rachel:** It's Le Poo.

**Phoebe:** I know it's le poo right now, but it'll get better.

24) **Phoebe:** Hi!

**Rachel:** Hi! I just want to apologize. I'm really sorry I was a baby.

**Phoebe:** That's ridiculous, Rachel, we were all babies once.  
(Rachel looks at her.) Oh, you mean today.

**Rachel:** Yeah.

25) **Chandler:** If I took this promotion, it'd be like admitting that this is what I actually do.

**Phoebe:** So was it a lot more money?

**Chandler:** It doesn't matter. I just don't want to be one of those guys that's in his office until twelve o'clock at night worrying about the WENUS.

(Everyone looks at him, confused.)

**Rachel:** ... the WENUS?

**Chandler:** Weekly Estimated Net Usage Systems. A processing term.

**Rachel:** (sarcastic) Oh. That WENUS.

26) **Joey:** Hey. I finished my recommendation. Here. And I think you'll be very, very happy. (gives the recommendation to read)

**Chandler:** I don't understand.

**Joey:** Some of the words a little too sophisticated for you?

**Monica:** It doesn't make any sense.

**Joey:** Well, of course it does. It's smart. I used a thesaurus.

**Chandler:** On every word?

**Joey:** Yep.

**Monica:** All right, what was this sentence originally?

**Joey:** They are warm, nice people with big hearts.

**Chandler:** And that became, "They are humid, prepossessing

*Homo sapiens with full-sized aortic pumps."*

**Joey:** *Yeah. Yeah. And hey, I really mean it, dude.*

**Monica:** *All right, Joey, I don't think we can use this.*

**Joey:** *Why not?*

**Monica:** *Well, because you signed it: "Baby Kangaroo Tribbiani." Why don't you stop worrying about sounding smart and just be yourself?*

**Chandler:** *You don't need a thesaurus. Just write from here. Your full-sized aortic pump.*

27) **Ross:** *Seriously you guys, I can't believe you're going to spend 250 dollars on the lottery, I mean that's such a bunch of boohaki.*

**Chandler:** *(looking around at the others) I'll ask. (To Ross) Boohaki?*

**Ross:** *Oh oh, we think Emma is about to start talking so we're trying to be careful about what words we use in front of her.*

**Rachel:** *Yeah so get ready to hear a lot of ehm...boohaki, goshdarnit and brotherpucker.*

**Monica:** *How do you know she's gonna start talking?*

28) **Rachel:** *Well, I guess we just find a divorce lawyer? (Looks at Ross.)*

**Chandler:** *Well, I think, I think, Ross already has one. Now, this one's free, right? Because you paid for the first two, so the third one's free.*

**Ross:** *Laugh it up, but the joke's on you. Because we don't need to get divorced, okay? We we're just gonna get an annulment.*

**Joey:** *An annulment? Ross! I don't think surgery's the answer here.*

**Ross:** *What?*

29) **Phoebe:** *(entering) Hi, sorry I'm late, I couldn't find my bearings.*

**Rachel:** *Oh, you – you mean your earrings?*

**Phoebe:** *What'd I say?*

30) **Ross:** *Oh! Y'know, I've got an extra futon (wanted to share)*

**Joey:** *Dude, you don't have to brag! We got nothing here!!*

31) **All:** *Hey Joey. Hi. Hey, buddy.*

**Monica:** *Hey, Joey, what would you do if you were omnipotent?*

**Joey:** *Probably kill myself!*

**Monica:** *...Excuse me?*

**Joey:** *Hey, if Little Joey's dead, then I got no reason to live!*

**Ross:** *Joey, uh- OMnipotent.*

32) **Phoebe:** *No-no, that's not, that's not me Phoebe, that's her pal Phoebe. According to her high school yearbook, they were like B.F.F. (Ross and Bonnie look at her quizzically)*

**All:** *What?*

**Phoebe:** *Best Friends Forever.*

**All:** *Oh!*

33) **Phoebe:** *Wow, Carol really messed you up!*

**Ross:** *Excuse me?*

**Phoebe:** *Yeah, she turned you into this-this-this untrusting, crazy, jealous sycophant. (They all look at her.) All right, so I don't know what sycophant means, but the rest is right.*

34) **Joey's Doctor:** *Kidney stones! Now, ordinarily, Mr. Tribbiani, we try to break up the stones up with shock waves, but they're too close to the bladder now. Which means we can either wait for you to pass them or else go up the urethra ...*

**Joey:** *(interrupting) Whoa-whoa! No-no-no-no-no, nothing is going up! Okay? Up, up is not an option – what's a urethra? (Monica whispers what it is in his ear.) Are you crazy?!*

35) **Ross:** *Huh? Oh, I got this – (Holds up this pink frilly thing) – this!*

**Rachel:** *A pajmena?*



**Ross:** Yeah! Oh, I – I love this babies!

**Rachel:** Really? Ross, what's a pajmena?

**Ross:** It's a rug.

36) **Joey:** Hello, Zelda.

**Rachel:** Who are you supposed to be?

**Joey:** The vicar!

**Rachel:** Do you even know what a vicar is?

**Joey:** Like a goalie, right?

**Rachel:** (sarcastically) Yeah. Look, Joey, it's enough all right?!

37) **Joey:** All right, Rach, the big question is, does he like you? All right? Because if he doesn't like you, this is all a moo-point.

**Rachel:** Huh. A moo-point?

**Joey:** Yeah, it's like a cow's opinion. It just doesn't matter. It's moo.

38) **Joey:** So I just talked to one of the DOOL writers today, and...

**Monica:** What is DOOL?

**Joey:** Days Of Our Lives. Anyway, you're not gonna believe it! My character is coming out of his coma!!

39) **Phoebe:** Oh

**Ross:** What?

**Phoebe:** it's a third time she's won on a machine I was playing.

**Ross:** Oh, I bet she's one of those people!

**Phoebe:** Mole people?

**Ross:** What? No, a lurker.

**Phoebe:** Oh, what's that?

**Ross:** when you're playing a machine and it hasn't paid out...a lurker waits for you to give up and then ... steal your jackpot.

**Phoebe:** How do you know about this?

**Ross:** My nana used to do it.

40) **Monica:** Well, fall out of it. You know, you shouldn't even be here, it's a school night. Oh god, oh god. I'm like those women that you see with shiny guys named Chad. I'm Joan Collins.

**Young Ethan:** Who?

41) **Mrs. Geller:** Sweetheart. Oh sorry we're late, my fault, I insisted on riding the tube.

**Mr. Geller:** (embarrassed) Judy, the kids...

**Mrs. Geller:** Jack, that's what they call the subway.

**Mr. Geller:** Ohh, I thought that you...

42) **Ross:** Well, of course you can defend yourself from an attack you know is coming, that's not enough. Look, I studying karate for a long time, and there's a concept you should really be familiar with. It's what the Japanese call (he holds two fingers up to his temple, and he does this every time he says this word) unagi.

**Rachel:** Isn't that a kind of sushi?

**Ross:** No, it's a concept!

43) **Monica:** This is insane!

**Phoebe:** What's the big deal, y'know? It's not like it's a real marriage.

**Chandler:** What?!

**Phoebe:** Yeah, if you get married in Vegas, you're only married in Vegas.

**Monica:** What are you talking about? If you get married in Vegas you're married everywhere.

**Phoebe:** (shocked) Really?!

**Monica:** Yeah!

**Phoebe:** Oh my God!—Eh! Well...

44) **Monica:** I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Phoebe. It's just a little shorter than what we had discussed.

**Phoebe:** Would you relax? I know what I am doing. This is how he wears it.

**Monica:** How who wears it?

**Phoebe:** *Demi Moore.*

**Monica:** *Demi Moore is not a he.*

**Phoebe:** *Well, he was a he in Arthur, and in Ten.*

**Monica:** *That's Dudley Moore. I said I wanted it like Demi Moore.*

**Phoebe:** *Oh. Oh!*

**Phoebe:** *Oh my God! I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Which one's Demi Moore?*

**Monica:** *She's the actress that was in Disclosure, Indecent Proposal, Ghost!*

45) **Chandler:** *Hey, stick a fork in me, I am done.*

**Phoebe:** *Stick a fork what?*

**Chandler:** *Like, when you're cooking a steak.*

**Phoebe:** *Oh, OK, I don't eat meat.*

**Chandler:** *Well then, how do you know when vegetables are done?*

**Phoebe:** *Well you know, you just, you eat them and you can tell.*

**Chandler:** *OK, then, eat me, I'm done.*

46) **Ross:** *Uh, sweetie we've gotta go.*

**Rachel:** *NO!*

**Ross:** *No?*

**Rachel:** *No, why do we always have to do everything according to your time table?*

**Ross:** *Actually it's the movie theatre that has the time schedule. So you don't miss the beginning.*

**Rachel:** *No, see this isn't about the movie theatre, this is about you stealing my wind. (it's a phrase from the book)*

**Ross:** *Excuse me, your, your, your wind?*

**Rachel:** *Yes, my wind (she read the book 'Be Your Own Windkeeper', but he did not.)*

47) **Phoebe:** *Ok, here are the birthday candles. Where's the birthday cake?*

**Monica:** *Ok, we're not having birthday cake, we're having birthday flan.*

**Chandler:** *Excuse me?*

**Monica:** *It's a traditional Mexican custard dessert.*

**Joey:** *Oh that's nice. Happy birthday Rachel, here's some goo.*

48) **Rachel:** *Well, I have to be, I don't really have a choice, I mean, you know, I could look at the bright side, I get two birthday parties and two birthday cakes.*

**Chandler:** *Well, actually just one birthday flan.*

**Rachel:** *What?*

**Chandler:** *It's a traditional Mexican custard dessert...Look talk to Monica, she's on the food committee.*

49) **Chandler:** *No ah, hold on a second Joe, where do Dutch people come from?*

**Joey:** *Ah well, the ah, Pennsylvania Dutch, come from Pennsylvania.*

**Chandler:** *And the other ah, Dutch people, they come on from somewhere near the Netherlands, right?*

**Joey:** *Nice try. (to Margha) See the Netherlands is this make believe place where Peter Pan and Tinker Bell come from.*

**Margha:** *Oh, my.*

50) **Joey:** *(hanging up the phone) Yes! Guess who's in an audition for a Broadway musical?*

**Chandler:** *I want to say you but, that seems like such an easy answer.*

**Joey:** *It is me! It's a musical version of Tale of Two Cities. So I think I'm gonna sing New York, New York, and ah, oh I left My Heart in San Francisco.*

**Ross:** *Ah Joey, I don't think you get to pick the cities.*

**Joey:** *What?*

**Ross:** *Mr. Dickens gets to pick 'em.*

**Joey:** *Who?*

51) **Joey:** Really. And what do you mean you never have fun anymore? You have fun with me, remember that time we saw those strippers and you paid me 50 bucks to eat that book?

**Ross:** Joey, you are gonna love this guy. Gandolf is like the party wizard!

**Joey:** Well, why do you call him Gandolf?

**Ross:** Gandolf the wizard. (Joey is still confused) Hello! Didn't you read Lord of the Rings in high school?

52) **Phoebe:** (entering, wearing Santa pants) Hello!

**Chandler:** Ho! Ho! Ho!

**Phoebe:** Excuse me.

**Chandler:** Your pants!

**Phoebe:** Oh, yeah! You like 'em? I just, I went to a used clothes store and got a bunch of maternity stuff. These are sooo comfortable!

**Joey:** Uhh, Pheebs, those are uh, those are Santa pants.

**Phoebe:** What?

**Chandler:** Santa pants. (Phoebe still doesn't get it.) Santa Claus's pants.

**Phoebe:** Nuh-uh! They're maternity pants. They even came with a list of baby names. (Pulls out a sheet of paper which lists who's been naughty and who's been nice.) See, these names are good, and these names are bad. (Finally, she figures it out.) Ohh.

53) **Joey:** Hey Ross, is uh, is Staten Island really an island?

**Ross:** Uh-huh, that's why they call it Staten **Island**.

**Joey:** Ohhh. I thought it was like Long Island.

**Ross:** (he catches the ball and pauses, staring at Joey in disbelief) Also an island.

54) **Cecilia:** And guess what? Good news! I got another job!

**Joey:** Great! Hey! All right! Well-well what is it?!

**Cecilia:** A film in Guadalajara!

**Joey:** The airport?

**Cecilia:** *No that's La Guardia. (Joey nods in recognition.) This is Mexico.*

**Joey:** *Ohh. Wow! Well how – how, how will you be gone?*

55) **Phoebe:** *The movie?*

**Joey:** *Yes!!*

**Phoebe:** *Ohh!*

**Joey:** *Yes that's the one about the soldiers who fight in World War I!*

**Phoebe:** *Oh, yeah! Back then y'know, we called the Great War. It really was!*

**Joey:** *Well anyway, the guy they wanted backed out and now they want me! I start shooting today!*

**Phoebe:** *Congratulations!*

**Rachel:** *Oh that's great!*

**Monica:** *Wait! Wait! Wait! You can't start today! Today's the rehearsal dinner!*

**Joey:** *Oh no, I'll be done by then.*

**Monica:** *Oh. Well then way to go you big movie star!*

**Joey:** *I know! All right, I'll see you guys over there! I'm off to fight the Nazis.*

**Rachel:** *Oh, wait Joey! We fought the Nazis in World War II, not World War I.*

**Joey:** *Whoa! Okay. Yeah well, who – who was in World War I?*

56) **Monica:** *Uh Tim? This is Phoebe. Phoebe this is Tim, my new sous chef.*

**Phoebe:** *Oh, so you're Monica's boss?*

**Tim:** *Actually she's my – my boss. Sous is French for under.*

57) **Chandler:** *Yeah, well, I'm kinda heading into a new career direction and, you know, you gotta start at the bottom.*

**Intern:** *(shaking his head disbelievingly) Dude!*

**Chandler:** *Right. Look, I know I'm a little bit older than you guys, but it's not like I'm Bob Hope (he sits down)*

*(Everybody gives him an inquiring look)*

**Chandler:** *The comedian? USO?!*

**Intern:** *(correcting him) Uhm, it's USA, sir.*

*(Chandler desperately covers his head in his hands)*

58) **Chandler:** *Do you have any ideas?*

**Joey:** *Uh, yeah... This guy at work got me excited about going in on an emu farm. That'd be kinda cool huh? Pitchin' in on the weekends, helping to plant the emus...*

**Monica:** *Joe... Emus are birds. You raise them for meat.*

**Joey:** *(laughs) Yeah! Right! (points at Monica) People eat birds... Bird meat... Now do they just fly into your mouth or you go to... you go to a restaurant and you say: "Excuse me, I'll have a bucket of fried bird." (laughs again) Or... or maybe just a wing or... (realises...)*

59) **Emily:** *...and that was all before 10 o'clock. The caterer rang and said it was going to be Chicken Kiev instead of Chicken Tarragon. And then the florist phoned to say there aren't any tulips. Oh, and the chilliest has carpel-tunel syndrome. We're not gonna be...*

**Ross:** *Whoa-whoa-whoa! Emily, (Gives her the time-out signal.) honey, okay?*

**Emily:** *Well, up yours too!*

**Ross:** *What?! No! No! That's – that's time-out!*

**Emily:** *Sorry.*

60) **Ross:** *Okay let's put aside that you (Makes quote marks with his fingers.) "accidentally" picked up my grandmothers ring and you (Does it again) "accidentally" proposed to Rachel.*

**Joey:** *Look, can I just stop you right there for a second? When people do this (Makes quote marks with his fingers.) I don't really know what that means. (Ross just looks at him) You were saying?*

61) **Chandler:** *Look, Joey, Kathy is clearly not fulfilling your emotional needs. But Casey, I mean granted I only saw the back of*

*her head, but I got this sense that she's – she's smart, and funny, and gets you.*

***Joey:*** *You got all that from the back of her head?*

***Chandler:*** *All right look, I think it's time for you to settle down. Y'know? Make a choice, pick a lane.*

***Joey:*** *Who's Elaine?*

62) ***Chandler:*** *So I'm not, not gonna lose her?*

***Rachel:*** *Oooh, honey, you're not a total loser.*

***Chandler:*** *I said, 'So I'm not gonna lose her?'*

***Rachel:*** *Oh.*



## American Talk Shows

(Jimmy Kimmel Live!, The Late Late Show with James Corden,  
The Tonight Show Starring Jimmy Fallon,  
The Ellen DeGeneres Show)

1) **Ch. Matthews:** *How did you vote on twenty two?*

**A. Schwarzenegger:** *Ah...*

**Ch. Matthews:** *Did you vote for or against it?*

**A. Schwarzenegger:** *For domestic partnership.*

**Ch. Matthews:** *But you voted against gay marriage?*

**A. Schwarzenegger:** *I...I don't believe in gay marriage. I believe in...in partnership, domestic partnership.*

2) **Jonathan.** *Okay, this could be revealing. Remember guys, honesty is the key here. Have you ever smoked a joint?*

*(silence)*

**Jonathan.** *Stop looking at each other! You can't decide-*

**Harry.** *What's the next question?*

**Jonathan.** *No, you have to answer to this one!*

**Grag.** *What do you expect them to do? 'I'll give you complete professionalism under a normal circumstances, but this, oh, I did all kind of drugs!' That's stupid!*

3) **Elvis.** *You were out in Vegas with some of the people we work with seven weeks ago. I saw a picture of you smoking a cigar with our friend Tom Poman.*

**Demi.** *Oh God!*

**Elvis.** *And people started tweeting at you guys saying...*

**Demi.** *If you realize, in comparison to what I used to do, I had a fucking halo over my head at that bitch.*

**Elvis.** *You could 've just said that cigars are nothing!*

4) **James.** *Michelle, you are on a show called Good Behavior. What is the hardest drug you've ever taken?*

**Michelle.** Who wrote that and told you could ask that!

**James.** Well?

**Michelle.** Weed, I mean, that's it.

**James.** I don't believe you. I frankly don't believe you.

**Michelle.** O-okay.

**James.** Thank you for being (coughs) honest, you don't have to answer that.

5) **Pete.** Apparently when I take sh..., it's, like, news.

**Jimmy.** You know you can't say that word on television.

**Pete.** Oh, hey, man, you asked me to be on here. You know what I mean? I don't do these things very much.

**Jimmy.** But you know the rules of television, don't you?

**Pete.** I don't.

**Jimmy.** You work for 'Saturday Night Live', what are you talking about?

**Pete.** I could get fired from there. I could not get fired from you show.

**Jimmy.** Yes, you can!

**Pete.** I don't care.

6) **David.** Why did you drink it? It might have poisoned you?

**Gaga.** Why are you keep asking me that? I'm so fed up of it  
(tears the paper with questions apart)

**David.** What are you doing? Stop!

**Gaga.** I'm so fed up.

7) **James.** Joe. You and your brothers all go on vacations together often.

**Joe.** Right.

**James.** If you had to go on vacation with only Nick and Priyanka or Kevin and Danielle, who would you rather go with?

**Joe.** Wow. Oh, Lord. Oh, man. Now you involve wives and make everything more awkward.

8) **Katy.** Will I have to get married? Again?

**Ellen.** *You weren't married.*

**Katy.** *I was, when I was 25. I was, it was a long time ago, honey.*

**Ellen.** *To whom?*

**Katy.** *His name was Russel Brand. Um, remember you gave me some wedding gift on this show?*

**Ellen.** *Well, yes, I do, I do.*

**Katy.** *Cool, cool, cool.*

9) **Ellen.** *Have you ever made out with someone double your age?*

**Harry.** *Alright, what is this interview?*

**Ellen.** *We're all having fun!*

**Harry.** *I'm not having fun.*

**Ellen.** *Come on. When you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change. (all laugh)*

10) **James.** *The last time you were here, you were with a Justin Bieber.*

**Selena.** *I was with a Justin Bieber?*

**James.** *Yeah! (laughs) But now it's not going on, right?*

**Selena.** *No, I'm single, and I'm very happy.*

**James.** *The last time he was in, we've got into a conversation, and he said something, and I said something, and he said something, and I said something, and... I made him cry.*

**Selena.** *Does it look like I care?*

11) **James.** *Kim, there are rumors that your sisters Kylie and Khloe are pregnant. Is it true, yes or no.*

**Kim.** *That's f... disgusting, mate! I hear them all the time and it's not even my life, you know. I'm so tired of it, so please, not on your show as well.*

12) **Ellen.** *Finish this statement: "I'm Taylor \_\_\_\_".*

**Taylor.** *I think, birth certificate-wised, it would be 'Swift'.*

**Ellen.** *Like, 'I'm Taylor Swift and I'm dating \_\_\_\_'*

**Taylor.** *Nobody. That's true though.*

**Ellen.** *'I'm Taylor Swift and my publicist told me to say \_\_'*

**Taylor.** *Yes, my publicist has actually told me not to answer any personal questions.*

**Ellen.** *Seem like we are finally getting somewhere.*

13) **Demi.** *We have to sing her a country song.*

**James.** *Can you do a good country accent?*

**Demi.** *Honey, I'm from Texas, I can do a great country accent.*

**James.** *Right, right, sorry.*

14) **Kim.** *You know, sometimes I worry about our mom a little bit, because I look online and there are all these pictures of her and Corey. She just doesn't listen to me when I tell her to take things slowly.*

**James.** *Didn't you, like, get married both times after a couple of months?*

**Kim.** *Not your business, honey, nah ah.*

15) **James.** *What is your least favourite city to perform in?*

**Katy.** *Why? Why?*

**James.** *Just share with everyone where you hate performing and don't wanna sell any tickets.*

**Katy.** *Shut up! You're such a mean person! Shut up, you're very mean person.*

16) **Jimmy.** *You don't want to be like Leona Lewis or Susan that no one cares about anymore.*

**Ariana.** *You're a jerk! I hate conversations like this.*

**Jimmy.** *Oh, really?*

**Ariana.** *I prefer we talk about my music, not rumors you're trying to start up about me.*

17) **Ellen.** *So, Miley is there doing God only knows what.*

**Ariana.** *Girl, come on, she is an adult, she could do whatever the hell she wants, honestly.*

**Ellen.** Well, I guess so.

**Ariana.** And she looks amazing, like she looks gorgeous, she looks stunning, and she is having so much fun. If her choices aren't for you, don't look at it, like move on.

**Ellen.** Okay, I'm gonna skip my question all together then.

**Ariana.** Talk about something else, worry about bettering your life, not hers. She is fine, her life is the best it could be right now.

18) **James.** You've just confirmed your relationships with Mac Miller on your Instagram.

**Ariana.** Oh, that what I did? Is that what Instagram means to you now? Alright, world, let's go. How did I... How did we get there?

**James.** I don't, I don't know. It was question number seven on my list.

**Ariana.** Well, is that what it means?

**James.** I don't know, that's why I'm asking.

**Ariana.** What are you asking? You sent ascendance, there is no question.

19) **Ellen.** So what about Niall?

**Ariana.** No.

**Ellen.** Hey, why?!

**Ariana.** Because I'm not Big Sean's ex, I'm not Niall's possible new girl. I'm Ariana Grande, and if that's not interesting enough, don't talk to me.

**Ellen.** Yeah, sure, okay.

20) **Ellen.** Name three celebrities you would love record a duet with.

**Cher.** Adele, Pink, and, um, not Madonna.

**Ellen.** You can't say it on tv, you can't!

21) **James.** Jessica, does Gaga convince you to stay for another season?

**Jessica.** Shots fired, shots fired.

**James.** Well?

**Jessica.** I don't understand the question.

**James.** (laughs)

**Jessica.** No, you know, when... all right, hmm. Thank you for your question.

22) **Lilly.** I actually have been vegan for three years now.

**Ellen.** Really? Wait, wait, wait, don't you drink alcohol? How can you be vegetarian?

**Lilly.** Well, it's not really.... It's not made out of an animal, is it?

**Ellen.** But you eat fish, right? Fish isn't meat. Fish aren't living things.

**Lilly.** I actually don't, because they are.

23) **Lea.** I just stepped out for some bubble tea.

**Jimmy.** What's bubble tea?

**Lea.** It is deliciously sweet, refreshing summer drink.

**Jimmy.** What's that?

**Emma.** I love it so much! It's like tapioca balls in tea.

**Jimmy.** Wow. I have no idea what we are talking about, but that was the whites conversation that's ever happened in this studio.

24) **Jimmy.** So what's your favourite Emma Stone movie?

**Kate.** It's, um, Harry Potter.

**Emma.** Oh...

**Jimmy.** That's Emma Watson!

**Kate.** Oh, sorry, sorry! I mean, yeah, sorry.

25) **Stephen.** What's the weirdest fan encounter you have ever had?

**Timothee.** I wasn't, like, really getting stopped for anything, and I was on this TV-show 'Homeland' and somebody came up to me on the street and said, "I really hope there are the new shots of your feet this season".

**Stephen.** Wait, what were your feet in?

**Timothee.** *They weren't in it. But I don't know, that's a thing, it's a thing.*

**Stephen.** *People wanting to see your feet?*

**Timothee.** *Not me in particular, no!*

**Stephen.** *You are the only one in the story, Timothee Chalamet.*

26) **Stephen.** *Is it true that you've been cast as Paul Trades in the new 'Doom'?*

**Timothee.** *Yes.*

**Stephen.** *Do you know what fear is?*

**Timothee.** *Huh?*

**Stephen.** *Fear is the mind killer.*

**Timothee.** *Sorry, I don't get it.*

**Stephen.** *Well... Good luck with that.*

27) **Ellen.** *We are back with Taylor Swift who was just telling me about washing her legs in the shower. Did you say you do wash them or you don't?*

**Taylor.** *I do, because when you shave your legs, the shaving cream is like soup, right?*

**Ellen.** *Yeah, I think that's the reason most women wash their legs, because we have to, because we shave our legs.*

**Taylor.** *So that counts.*

**Ellen.** *Unless you're not shaving and then you're not washing?*

**Taylor.** *I don't think I would say that.*

**Ellen.** *But it seems like you did.*

**Taylor.** *But I shave every day, so no, I didn't.*

**Ellen.** *Every day? You shave your legs every day?*

**Taylor.** *Well, duh.*

**Ellen.** *God, you must be hairy.*

28) **Ellen.** *Name three things you can slip on.*

**Jessica.** *Slippers, um, shirt and slip flip flops!*

**Ellen.** *What? No! I meant, like, banana peels and stuff.*

**Jessica.** *Oh my God, that was so embarrassing.*

**Ellen.** *No!*

**Jessica.** Right, because you can't slip on slippers!

**Ellen.** No, no, you can't, to be honest. But it was pretty clever!

29) **Saoirse.** I don't date. I don't do this whole 'let's go out for dinner stuff'!

**Ellen.** Well, and what if somebody said, "Let's go out for dinner"?

**Saoirse.** I wouldn't know what to do! Ask me, ask me out now.

**Ellen.** No, I'm married.

**Saoirse.** No, not, like, for real.

**Ellen.** I'm not going to ask you out! Why would I? I can't, sorry.

**Saoirse.** Blah, whatever.

30) **Jimmy.** Do you still think you have things to achieve as One Direction?

**Harry.** Yeah, absolutely, I think from our early...

**Jimmy.** What's missing?

**Harry.** Oh, I, um... I just feel like when you come to a point where you have nothing left to do and there is no point doing it, I don't want that for us, and I think there is a lot of things that we want to achieve and we...

**Jimmy.** Like what?

**Harry.** Um, I haven't finished yet, actually. Um, well, I don't know.

31) **James.** So now, being quite famous, can you just come out on the street and be yourself as normal guys?

**Harry.** London is... quite... big.

**James.** Well, it's not small, yeah.

**Harry.** It's quite big, you could lost the –

**Louis.** What are you talking about? You do talk some shit in the interviews.

**Harry.** You may just come out in the street and...

**Louis.** He asked you if you can walk out in the street and you tell 'London is quite big', mate!

**Harry.** Fine!



**32) Ellen.** *I'm glad you took my advice.*

**Channing.** *Yeah, I –*

**Ellen.** *I'd no idea you were so ready for it!*

**Channing.** *Look, I –*

**Ellen.** *It's like 'Black Fox'!*

**Channing.** *That's –*

**Ellen.** *They have, like, two songs. It was that, and what was the other song?*

**Channing.** *Well, you tell me.*

**33) Demi.** *It wasn't totally dramatic, it wasn't totally stripped down.*

**Ellen.** *She got her own way.*

**Demi.** *I'm talking, I don't interrupt you when you talk.*

*(audience boos)*

**Ellen.** *She got her own way.*

**Demi.** *Anybody that says it's too much is obviously older than, well, I'm not gonna say who.*

**34) Jimmy.** *I don't understand what are we talking about. Where are we?*

**Dakota.** *We are in Big Sur.*

**Jimmy.** *But are we in a cabin or something?*

**Dakota.** *Yes, I –*

**Jimmy.** *Okay, and you walk the dog?*

**Dakota.** *No, I sort of –*

**Jimmy.** *Do they allow dogs in the hotel?*

**Dakota.** *Aren't you supposed let people talk on this show?*

**35) Neil.** *What did it feel like? Because you're coming out of the restaurant, or whatever, and all of the sudden and they are taking pictures of you like you've done something wrong.*

**Timothee.** *No, it's not like that! There was like one guy (laughing). He probably thought I was Freddie Highmore.*

**Neil.** *You're better looking than Freddie Highmore.*

**Timothee.** *No, you can't say this on TV!*

36) **Jimmy.** Zayn, you're engaged, right?

**Zayn.** That's right.

**Jimmy.** Do you guys think it's a good idea that Zayn is getting married?

**Niall.** I simply cannot wait to have a celebration, it's going to be great.

**Jimmy.** Zayn, you obviously must really think it's a good idea.

**Zayn.** I do think it's a good idea, yeah.

**Jimmy.** Well, I'm gonna tell you now – it is not a good idea. And we will have a talk about this. But of course, I hope it goes well and I hope I'm wrong.

**Zayn.** I'm definitely going to get in trouble when I get home now.

37) **Ellen.** This is the picture that they used to say that you're overweight or something? What have they said?

**Selena.** Yeah, this is the first time I've ever been called fat. And it's weird, because it was like 'she is a mess!', 'she goes into the deep end!', and I was like, what, because I'm on a vacation? Well, actually, that bikini was too small for me, but -

**Ellen.** I don't think they were saying the bathing suit was too small.

**Selena.** Oh my God, this is so degrading.

38) **James.** Kendall, so your sister Kylie was supposed to be here tonight, but she cancelled yesterday morning because she was sick. Here is a paparazzi photo of her from hours ago. So, my question is, how is she feeling?

**Kendall.** Oh my God, you didn't!

**James.** Would you tell me or what?

**Chris (from the audience).** Don't tell him, Kendall, don't f... tell him and just drink your juice.

39) **Ellen.** Who'd you share your first kiss with?

**Lady Gaga.** I think his name was Austin and I was at camp.

**Ellen.** How old were you?

**Lady Gaga.** *I was fourteen.*

**Ellen.** *Oh, late.*

**Lady Gaga.** *Excuse me?*

**Ellen.** *Right?*

**Lady Gaga.** *Um, absolutely not.*

40) **James.** *Earlier in the green room you told Michelle you're a huge fan of her work on Downtown Abbey.*

**Rachel.** *F...*

**James.** *What's the name of Michelle's character in Downtown Abbey?*

**Rachel.** *I'm gonna guess, Lady? Courtney Derbyshire? F..!*

**James.** *You have to answer that.*

**Rachel.** *I don't know it, no! I have not seen the show.*

**James.** *It's the wrong answer!*

**Josh.** *(screams) It's Mary, for God's sake!*

41) **Jimmy.** *You know that you didn't have to get engaged to Ariana Grande to come to our show.*

**Pete.** *Wow, good to know. (sarcastically) But I did, though, hope that's cool with you.*

42) **Jimmy.** *You look a little worn out.*

**Benedict.** *That's not a nice thing to say to one of the most beautiful women on the planet.*

**Keira.** *Yeah, f.. you! I'm kidding, but please, don't say that, like, ever again.*

43) **Jimmy.** *I love the cover of the record. Did you know this was going to be a cover when you shot it?*

**Cardi.** *No, not really.*

**Jimmy.** *Oh, because of the baby-bump?*

**Cardi.** *Yeah.*

**Jimmy.** *Um, so I saw your pregnancy reveal, it was all so awesomely done on SNL, and classy, and it was just so beautiful. You were rapping in a beautiful white dress, and as the camera came out,*

*it revealed your baby bump, and I was like ‘What?!. So, did you time that out?’*

**Cardi.** *Yes, I did.*

44) **Cara.** *Okay, James, how much of Kobe’s new book that you were just speaking about have you actually read?*

**Kobe.** *How about that James, huh?*

**James.** *Now, now, I don’t know if I said I read it.*

**Cara.** *You said you read it, yeah.*

**James.** *Let me tell you... about that book.*

**Cara.** *I want details! About that book. How does it start?*

**James.** *What’s it called again?*

45) **Stephen.** *I assume that people stop you on the street to tell you how much they loved your performances?*

**Timothee.** *Sometimes.*

**Stephen.** *Can you tell, when a fan is coming towards you, whether it’s going to be for one of those movies or the other?*

**Timothee.** *Yes.*

**Stephen.** *What’s the... What’s the tell?*

**Timothee.** *Well, I don’t know... I mean... I don’t know.*

46) **Ellen.** *People like to talk about themselves, so this is why it’s usually all about ‘hey, how are you’, ‘tell me about you’, ‘how are the kids’ and stuff like that.*

**Channing.** *It’s why I’m being quite right now.*

**Ellen.** *Right, because you don’t wanna know anything about me?*

**Channing.** *No.*

**Ellen.** *Oh, I see.*

47) **Ellen.** *Name three things you do when nobody is looking.*

**Kanye.** *Smile.*

**Ellen.** *Three things!*

*(silence)*

**Ellen.** Okay, name three things that get you in trouble with your spouse.

**Kanye.** The Internet.

**Ellen.** Okay, f... it.

48) **Charlie.** Would you please name three songs that belong to me?

**James.** Oh no. That's such a amazing question!

**Charlie.** They play on the radio so much.

**James.** I don't listen to the radio, I've got a six year old, I listen to the songs from Frozen!

**Charlie.** I've got a lot whole of emotions going through my mind right now. Well, at least I can see that we are not friends.

49) **Jimmy.** You could use make up or your phone one last time, which one would you choose?

**Ariana.** Is that what you think girls have trouble choosing between?

**Jimmy.** Yeah, yeah, absolutely.

**Ariana.** Is this man assuming what girls would choose between?

**Jimmy.** Well, could you really go somewhere without your cell phone?

**Ariana.** Yes.

**Jimmy.** Okay, ladies, learn!

**Ariana.** No, boys learn.

50) **Jimmy.** So you perform tomorrow at Grammy's. What can you tell us about how it's set up?

**Ariana.** I don't want to.

**Jimmy.** Do you know what you're wearing for the performance yet?

**Ariana.** What's the point? I can't tell you everything.

**Jimmy.** Well, you could give like a vibe, no?

**Ariana.** No.

51) **Ellen.** Okay, so who is the sexiest man alive?

**Charlize.** Jennifer Lopez.

**Ellen.** ‘Sexiest Man Alive’ and you said ‘Jennifer Lopez’ so... I just thought you were good at it, that’s why...

**Charlize.** No, I’m actually really good at it, I’m a little worried about you. But! It’s your show so let’s go.

52) **James.** So let’s talk about your Golden Globe’s speech!

**Aubrey.** Well, all I can remember, is that I said, “Thank you to young Hollywood for this award, thank you to all the young people, f... you old people, I’m gonna live forever” and then I just walked away.

**James.** And that speech, how did it work out for ya?

**Aubrey.** Just silence, really. I did it for myself, I don’t really know why I did it. I’m sorry. Next question?

**James.** To be honest, I have many more of them about the speech.

**Aubrey.** Ask one more, and I’m out of this room.

53) **Interviewer.** (mumbles quietly in French) So pop is your swing?

**Louis.** Huh?

**Interviewer.** Pop? Your swing?

**Someone behind a camera.** Pop-music. You like pop-music, right?

**Louis.** Oh, yeah, yeah, I like pop-music.

54) **Cam.** Well, up until last month I would reward myself with Filet-o-Fish. I like Filet-o-Fish at McDonalds.

**James.** Of course, who doesn’t!

**Cam.** So straight up (speaks in heavy Australian) after winning, I would buy myself a burger.

**James.** Whales? After seeing whales?

**Cam.** After wins. W-I-N-S. After my wins.

**James.** Oh, wins! So you win and then reward yourself.

55) **Kely.** *We just want to show head-down of this dress. Is it Elie Saab?*

**Taylor.** *Yeah, it is, and it's ombre and it gets lighter at the end and I have purple shoes on because why not, right?*

**Kely.** *I just wanted to show the legs, because as I was telling you, you are going to come home with more than a trophy tonight, as here are lots of beautiful men around.*

**Taylor.** *(sarcastically) I'm not coming home with any man tonight. I'm going to hang out with my friends and then I'm coming home to the cats.*

56) **Ellen.** *Never have I ever had someone write a song about me.*

**Harry.** *No, never.*

**Ellen.** *(sarcastically) We're not gonna do this if you're gonna lie. We're very honest in this studio, we're very truthful.*

57) **Neil.** *You're also in a project that is getting great notices for, you're in Lady Bird, right?*

**Timmy.** *Yes, right.*

*(audience cheers)*

**Army.** *(mumbles) Yeah, well, that's fine, all well and good but we're here to talk about Call me by your name so let's keep to the topic, if you don't mind?*

**Neil.** *Oh, wow, I just wanted to acknowledge that he has two big movies on the screen now!*

58) **Ellen.** *You should ask me some questions! Like, do I have plans for Thanksgiving or something.*

**Channing.** *Well, do you have plans for Thanksgiving?*

**Ellen.** *Nothing.*

**Channing.** *This is going well.*

**Ellen.** *(deadpans) You should think of things on your own, that's what I'm saying.*

**Channing.** *I mean, just... yeah.*

59) **James.** *How much money did you get to appear in the 'Fire Festival' promos?*

**Hailey.** *Okay, okay, okay! I am not going to share but it made for a very generous donation to charity.*

**James.** *So you get the money away (sarcastically) after you saw how, well, great it was? How really kind of you.*



## British Talk-Shows

### (The Graham Norton Show)

1) **Mathew Perry:** *It's hard to face the page and there's nothing there and then you all of a sudden you make something there.*

**Graham Norton:** *And how did you...*

**Miriam Margolyes:** *(interrupting) And...sorry. Did you have...*

**Graham Norton:** *I am just changing the name of the show.*

2) **Graham Norton:** *Arnold and Emilia you are in Terminator Genesis and technically it is the 5th one but it's the 3rd one?*

**Arnold Schwarzenegger:** *No...*

**Emilia Clarke:** *(interrupting) I'm gonna... yeah, yeah, after you, after you please.*

**Arnold Schwarzenegger:** *It's okay.*

3) **Kingsley Ben-Adir:** *I had a pet tarantula and it sounds like a bullshit story but the tarantula escaped. It was a birdie and spider and somehow it got out on to the pavement and I went to school...*

**Graham Norton:** *(interrupting) I love that even now at your age you're not telling the truth. (Everybody laughs). "Somehow it got out..."*

**Kingsley Ben-Adir:** *I think what happened was...*

4) **Nigella Lawson:** *They are sort of dissolved into it and they aren't salty or particularly fishy but I think a lot of people are just that...*

**Hugh Grant:** *(interrupting) But that's just thing about fish, people always say "Oh, but it doesn't taste fish". Well, I think what's the point?*

**Nigella Lawson:** *But that's why I wouldn't try and make someone, I like saltiness and I like that very intense flavor...*

5) **Graham Norton:** *Hello all. Welcome, welcome, welcome...  
Helena Bonham Carter and Olivia Colman:* (talking to each other).

**Graham Norton:** *You're right there.*

**Olivia Colman:** *Yeah, sorry.*

6) **Graham Norton:** *Where are you? Jennifer Connelly? Where are you?*

**Jennifer Connelly:** *I am at home in Brooklyn, New York.*

**Graham Norton:** *And Miles?*

**Tom Cruise:** (interrupting) *Nice house.*

**Graham Norton:** *It does look nice.*

**Tom Cruise:** *It's lovely.*

**Miles Teller:** *I'm in Los Angeles, I'm also at home.*

**Graham Norton:** *Oh, okay, also a lovely house.*

7) **Graham Norton:** *If we had all your names it's like the ultimate Scrabble score: Schwarzenegger, Gyllenhaal, Delevingne. It's good, it's good, right. Before we go let's...*

**Emilia Clarke:** (interrupting) *You just bypass me.*

**Graham Norton:** *Clarke? Who cares?*

**Emilia Clarke:** *I have not typical name...*

**Graham Norton:** *Clarke, it's the name of the shoes, who cares?*

**Emilia Clarke:** *It's cruel, oh my god...*

8) **Graham Norton:** *Let's start with Harrison's and Ryan's movie. It is much-awaited Blade runner 2049. It opens on 5th of October and I mean the expectation hopes for this and how Ridley Scotts involved, Harrison, you...*

**Harrison Ford:** (Interrupting) *I am not just involved.*

**Graham Norton:** *You are in it. You are on the poster.*

9) **Graham Norton:** *You know, Cara Delevingne, you know, you are professional.*

**Cara Delevingne:** (interrupting) *I wonder why you say my whole name all the time?*

**Graham Norton:** *Cara Delevingne...Cara...It makes me feel that I stopped too soon. Cara is the name of something, it seemed that it is in-flight magazine of Aer Lingus.*

**Cara Delevingne:** *Because Cara in Greek means friend, that could be a thing.*

**Graham Norton:** *Yeah, may be that is why I don't just say Cara.*

10) **Alan Cumming:** *And I met a real Hooda.*

**Miriam Margolyes:** *Hooda?*

**Alan Cumming:** *You know, Star Trek...and ah...*

**Miriam Margolyes:** *(interrupting) Can you understand what he's saying? Because your accent is really strong.*

**Alan Cumming:** *(sarcastically) Sorry, I can't understand you.*

**Miriam Margolyes:** *I'm gonna talk like you now. I remember when you didn't have such a strong accent.*

**Alan Cumming:** *When? Where?*

**Miriam Margolyes:** *In America...Okay, sorry.*

11) **Graham Norton:** *The weird thing is: when you search online for people who've taken selfies with you Johnny Depp, it seems it's not that hard to look like Johnny Depp.*

**Johnny Depp:** *(angry).*

**Benedict Cumberbatch:** *Wow, that's a bold claim.*

**Graham Norton:** *No, no wait (showing photo). Here are people out for the night...Oh my God, it's just met Johnny Depp and fed him a hot dog.*

**Johnny Depp:** *(doesn't know how to react) She's happy (about the girl in the photo).*

12) **Graham Norton:** *Rob, you are fan of wrestling, are you too young for those guys, you don't remember that?*

**Rob Beckett:** *I don't remember them, (to Stephen) you're about 40 years older than me, Stephen.*

**Audience:** *Ooh.*

**Stephen:** *I didn't say anything about your crazy physique.*

13) **Graham Norton:** *If we had all your names it's like the ultimate Scrabble score: Schwarzenegger, Gyllenhaal, Delevingne. It's good, it's good, right. Before we go let's...*

**Emilia Clarke:** *(interrupting) You just bypass me.*

**Graham Norton:** *Clarke? Who cares?*

**Emilia Clarke:** *I have not typical name...*

**Graham Norton:** *Clarke, it's the name of the shoes, who cares?*

**Emilia Clarke:** *It's cruel, oh my god...*

14) **Graham Norton:** *This phrase I haven't uttered before: It's you and celebrity pensioners.*

**Miriam Margolyes:** *I don't like that.*

**Graham Norton:** *Okay, I won't say it again.*

15) **Graham Norton:** *Laurie, you don't seem fussy about what you wear.*

**Hugh Laurie:** *You'd better reword that.*

**Graham Norton:** *Wait we have evidence, this is you in New Orleans (showing photo).*

16) **James Norton:** *Before to take you chatting to me very sweetly, being very welcoming and all I was thinking was: "I can't believe she's being so unprofessional". All I wanted to do was to focus on my way and you were just putting me off and ruining myself.*

**Carey Mulligan:** *Oh, I'm so sorry.*

**James Norton:** *No, no, no...*

17) **Graham Norton:** *Felicity, I think I'm right in thinking, so, we were in old BBC TV centre tonight...*

**Felicity Kendal:** *Yeah.*

**Graham Norton:** *And you made the good life in this building and a lot of people I think are discovering the show again in lockdown.*

**Felicity Kendal:** *(sarcastically) Thank you, Graham. Nowhere to go.*

**Graham Norton:** *No, I just wondered...*

18) **Graham Norton:** *I was surprised because I imagined you'd be quite lovely and a bit kind but you're actually quite harsh in the things you say.*

**Alan Carr:** *Oh really? Too harsh?*

**Graham Norton:** *Oh no, the trouble I think is because you show up when things go wrong.*

**Alan Carr:** *That's what I hated about it.*

19) **Graham Norton:** *Was there something about you two working together?*

**Jack Black:** *No, that is...now it's embarrassing...it was his brother.*

**Graham Norton:** *That's all we have time for tonight.*

**Noel Gallagher:** *It is a daily occurrence.*

**Graham Norton:** *I am so sorry.*

20) **Graham Norton:** *Are you aware of this Johnny Depp that when Benedict became famous one of the first thing that happened was that his fans decided that he looks like very like an otter, are you aware of this?*

**Johnny Depp:** *I'm sorry?*

**Graham Norton:** *We showed it, these are classic.*

**Johnny Depp:** *An otter?*

**Graham Norton:** *Yes, an otter, a creature.*

**Johnny Depp:** *Him and otter?*

*(Showing photos)*

**Johnny Depp:** *Someone has a lot of time on there.*

21) **Graham Norton:** *Here's the thing, we know Daniel Radcliffe you have a reputation being lovely to fans, you are very sweet, you give your time very freely to them. But I read with interest that you are starting to toughen up now, you are more discerning with your fans.*

**Daniel Radcliffe:** *Umm, what do you mean?*

**Graham Norton:** *I mean you were generally nice, but you were with a friend and she kind of you know...*

*Daniel Radcliffe: Oh, yes, right, when you start acting at young age people expecting you to be really rude all the time...*

22) *Sienna Miller: What of these songs can you sing?*

*Ben Affleck: I'm not gonna do any of them.*

*Sienna Miller: I just want to know.*

*Ben Affleck: I won't do it.*

*Sienna Miller: Not do it, just tell me.*

23) *Johnny Depp: It's George.*

*Graham Norton: What?*

*Johnny Depp: It's George.*

*Graham Norton: It's what?*

*Josh: Johnny just keeps looking at me saying: it's you, isn't it?*

24) *Graham Norton: Johnny you've spent a lot of time in London. Is this a kind of home from home? No.*

*Johnny Depp: You asked the question and then you said no. It's sort of no and yes. I end up here a lot working.*

25) *Harrison Ford: We were in the basement working on building a table and he cut off his finger.*

*Graham Norton: (laughing).*

*Margot Robbie: Why are you laughing? He is laughing.*

*Graham Norton: It is quite funny when it was told like that.*

*Harrison Ford: It wasn't funny.*

26) *Graham Norton: Isn't there a sweet story about you, you were in a restaurant and you were speaking English to your friend, you know that story?*

*Arnold Schwarzenegger: (silence).*

*Graham Norton: Where...*

*Arnold Schwarzenegger: You mean when I was ordering certain foods?*

*Graham Norton: I think it was an Austrian restaurant.*

*Arnold Schwarzenegger: It was a Hungarian restaurant.*

27) **Graham Norton:** *Is it your first corset role?*

**Emma Stone:** *What's a corset role?*

**Graham Norton:** *The thing that you wear is corset.*

**Emma Stone:** *Oh, yeah it's my first corset role.*

28) **Graham Norton:** *(asking David Schwimmer) And the starting point of season 2 is...I mean sort of ripped from the headlines, it's true, isn't it?*

**Nick Mohammed:** *Yeah, yeah, it is. It's um...Sorry was that to David?*

**Graham Norton:** *No, no. It doesn't matter. Somebody speak.*

29) **Graham Norton:** *Talking of bonding and links here's a weird thing. Um, because Jumbo obviously found a huge success in America but it sort of inspired, well, not sort of, but actually inspired by you Rob Brydon.*

**Rob Brydon:** *(not understanding)*

**Cush Jumbo:** *Well, don't look so shocked, Bobby. Yeah, I've always written bits and pieces, but when I was writing 'Josephine and I' I was drawn back to something that I loved when it first came on called 'Marion and Geoff'.*

**Rob Brydon:** *Oh (showing gratitude).*

**Cush Jumbo:** *Yeah (continuing the story).*

30) **Graham Norton:** *Is it true that this presentation ended with...*

**Emma Stone:** *With «let me go»? What?*

**Graham Norton:** *Well, it didn't end with.*

**Emma Stone:** *You probably remember more about that than I do.*

**Graham Norton:** *It ends with you put up the picture which says Emma Stone actress best...*

**Emma Stone:** *No, who told you that? Firstly, my name is Emily so there is no way that it's Emma.*

**Graham Norton:** *Okay.*

**Emma Stone:** *And then no...*

**Graham Norton:** *So, you didn't say you'd win an Oscar, so, why are we telling this story.*

**Emma Stone:** *Why are we telling this story?*

31) **Ryan Gosling:** *There was a basement filled with cellophane and they encouraged me to go to school and see if I could sell it to my teachers.*

**Harrison Ford:** *What are the uses of cellophane?*

**Ryan Gosling:** *Hmm...*

**Harrison Ford:** *How did it go?*

**Ryan Gosling:** *What do you mean what are the uses of cellophane?*

**Harrison Ford:** *I know the name but I don't know what to do with it.*

**Ryan Gosling:** *Well, you wrap sandwiches in it, it keeps things fresh.*

**Harrison Ford:** *Oh, okay, I'm sorry.*

**Graham Norton:** *(Sarcastically) No, no, no it was an important question.*

32) **Graham Norton:** *But there's a weird thing, now. Orlando, you weren't at guild hall at the same time as Kingsley Ben-Adir?*

**Kingsley Ben-Adir:** *No, no...*

**Orlando Bloom:** *I don't believe we were, Kingsley?*

**Kingsley Ben-Adir:** *No, we weren't, but I obviously remember hearing about you when I was there.*

**Orlando Bloom:** *What year it was when you were there, Kingsley?*

**Kingsley Ben-Adir:** *2008 to 2011.*

**Orlando Bloom:** *Oh, great.*

**Kingsley Ben-Adir:** *When were you there?*

**Orlando Bloom:** *I finished in 1999, yeah.*

**Kingsley Ben-Adir:** *Ok.*

**Orlando Bloom:** *So, I can't believe we're still talking about me that long ago.*

**Kingsley Ben-Adir:** *Oh, yeah, they were talking about it.*

*(Everybody laughs)*



33) **Graham Norton:** We've got a picture of you at that age, here you are (showing the picture). Look at you.

**George Clooney:** That wasn't that age. You are a rat.

**Graham Norton:** Are you younger there or older?

**George Clooney:** 22.

34) **Regina King:** I have tree-trimming party and you...

**Emilia Clarke:** What is it tree-trimming party?

**Regina King:** Tree-trimming is when people come over and help you decorate your tree.

**Emilia Clarke:** Oh, I thought you do it with scissors.

35) **Graham Norton:** So, you guys were both last year honored, so you're CBE, Benedict, and you are OBE.

**Eddie Redmayne:** I'm not angry.

**Benedict Cumberbatch:** He's got an Oscar.

**Bryan Cranston:** For the yank on the couch, what does that mean OBE, CBE?

**Graham Norton:** That's a very good question. You have the floor boys.

**Benedict Cumberbatch:** CBE is the Commander of the British Empire.

36) **Graham Norton:** So, the scripts where is it going to be set, obviously in America somewhere?

**Daisy May Cooper:** Set in America somewhere.

**Graham Norton:** (laughing) I was hoping for some more detail.

**Daisy May Cooper:** I don't really know.

37) **Graham Norton:** Do you know who is stepping into the "Crown" now?

**Claire Foy:** Yes. I do.

**Graham Norton:** Do you really? I thought you'll just say no.

**Claire Foy:** No, I won't tell you.

**Graham Norton:** Is it someone we know?

**Claire Foy:** Hmm, yes.

**Graham Norton:** *Somebody famous?*

**Claire Foy:** *Stop it!*

**Emma Thompson:** *You are not allowed to tell anything right?*

**Claire Foy:** *Right.*

38) **Miriam Margolyes:** *Were you an alcoholic one time?*

**Mathew Perry:** *I still am.*

**Miriam Margolyes:** *Not really.*

**Mathew Perry:** *Well yes.*

**Graham Norton:** *I don't think you ever stop.*

**Mathew Perry:** *I am a recovering alcoholic. I am glad we are talking about that (sarcastically).*

**Miriam Margolyes:** *Well, you look great.*

39) **Graham Norton:** *Do you have a tattoo, Reese?*

**Reese Witherspoon:** *Oh God, I knew you'd ask me*

**Graham Norton:** *Do you?*

**Reese Witherspoon:** *Yeah, I do.*

**Margot Robbie:** *Where is it?*

**Reese Witherspoon:** *I went to college in the 90s.*

**Graham Norton:** *Is it a dolphin?*

**Reese Witherspoon:** *No, no, no.*

**Graham Norton:** *Is it ah...*

**Reese Witherspoon:** *(interrupting) No, I'm not gonna tell you.*

40) **Graham Norton:** *It is weird and I know you don't want to talk about these things, but you had a bad one, was it the night you won your Oscar?*

**Jennifer Lawrence:** *The night I won... ugh, I don't want to talk about that night, I had a whole meltdown.*

**Graham Norton:** *Okay.*

41) **Graham Norton:** *So, series two is there anything you can tell us about it, could you tease us what's happening in season two?*

**Aisling Bea:** *We only finished on Monday, so we only finished shooting the show on Monday, so, I can't really tell you anything.*

42) **Graham Norton:** Next time we'll see you will be in the world of Marvel.

**Wunmi Mosaku:** Yes, I'll be in Loki.

**Graham Norton:** Do you know what episode do you show up in? Whom do you play? All that sort of staff.

**Wunmi Mosaku:** Oh I'll show up at the beginning. And I don't think I can tell you who I play.

**Graham Norton:** Not even who you play?

**Wunmi Mosaku:** No, I don't think so. You know, what it's like with Marvel. I'm terrified.

**Graham Norton:** Those Marvel lawyers they're just out of shot.

**Wunmi Mosaku:** Right.

43) **Graham Norton:** So, the scripts where is it going to be set, obviously in America somewhere?

**Daisy May Cooper:** Set in America somewhere.

**Graham Norton:** (laughing) I was hoping for some more detail.

**Daisy May Cooper:** I don't really know.

44) **Graham Norton:** Obviously you've been in your film bubble but have you had any of those lockdown lulls where you learned to bake banana bread or learned a language or something?

**Tom Cruise:** No, no, no.

**Graham Norton:** No, no interest in self-improvement.

**Tom Cruise:** Really from the moment we were in lockdown...

45) **Kenneth Branagh:** Sometimes you grow quite a thick beard, don't you tease it? How do you get that great big...?

**Graham Norton:** I do not tease my beard. (Sarcastically about beard) You're so shaggy.

**Kenneth Branagh:** So, naturally you've got a big follicular capability.

## **B. Russian Discourse**

### **Проза**

#### **Обезьяний язык**

*М. Зощенко*

Трудный этот русский язык, дорогие граждане! Беда, какой трудный.

Главная причина в том, что иностранных слов в нём до чёрта. Ну, взять французскую речь. Всё хорошо и понятно. Кескёсе, мерси, комси – всё, обратите ваше внимание, чисто французские, натуральные, понятные слова.

А нуте-ка, сунься теперь с русской фразой – беда. Вся речь пересыпана словами с иностранным, туманным значением.

От этого затрудняется речь, нарушается дыхание и треплются нервы.

Я вот на днях слышал разговор. На собрании было. Соседи мои разговорились.

Очень умный и интеллигентный разговор был, но я, человек без высшего образования, понимал ихний разговор с трудом и хлопал ушами.

Началось дело с пустяков.

Мой сосед, не старый ещё мужчина, с бородой, наклонился к своему соседу слева и вежливо спросил:

– А что, товарищ, это заседание пленарное будет али как?

– Пленарное, – небрежно ответил сосед.

– Ишь ты, – удивился первый, – то-то я и гляжу, что такое? Как будто оно и пленарное.

– Да уж будьте покойны, – строго ответил второй. – Сегодня сильно пленарное и кворум такой подобрался – только держись.

– Да ну? – спросил сосед. – Неужели и кворум подобрался?

– Ей-богу, – сказал второй.

– И что же он, кворум-то этот?

– Да ничего, – ответил сосед, несколько растерявшись. – Подобрался, и всё тут.

– Скажи на милость, – с огорчением покачал головой первый сосед. – С чего бы это он, а?

Второй сосед развёл руками и строго посмотрел на собеседника, потом добавил с мягкой улыбкой:

– Вот вы, товарищ, небось, не одобряете эти пленарные заседания... А мне как-то они ближе. Всё как-то, знаете ли, выходит в них минимально по существу дня... Хотя я, прямо скажу, последнее время отношусь довольно перманентно к этим собраниям. Так, знаете ли, индустрия из пустого в порожнее.

– Не всегда это, – возразил первый. – Если, конечно, посмотреть с точки зрения. Вступить, так сказать, на точку зрения и отсюда, с точки зрения, то да – индустрия конкретно.

– Конкретно фактически, – строго поправил второй.

– Пожалуй, – согласился собеседник. – Это я тоже допускаю. Конкретно фактически. Хотя как когда...

– Всегда, – коротко отрезал второй. – Всегда, уважаемый товарищ. Особенно, если после речей подсекция заварится минимально. Дискуссии и крику тогда не оберёшься...

На трибуну взошёл человек и махнул рукой. Всё смолкло. Только соседи мои, несколько разгорячённые спором, не сразу замолчали. Первый сосед никак не мог помириться с тем, что подсекция заваривается минимально. Ему казалось, что подсекция заваривается несколько иначе.

На соседей моих зашикали. Соседи пожали плечами и смолкли. Потом первый сосед снова наклонился ко второму и тихо спросил:

– Это кто ж там такой вышедши?

– Это? Да это президиум вышедши. Очень острый мужчина. И оратор первейший. Завсегда остро говорит по существу дня.

Оратор простёр руку вперёд и начал речь.

И когда он произносил надменные слова с иностранным, туманным значением, соседи мои сурово кивали головами. Причём

второй сосед строго поглядывал на первого, желая показать, что он всё же был прав в только что законченном споре.

Трудно, товарищи, говорить по-русски!

## **В трамвае**

*М. Зощенко*

Давеча еду в трамвае. И стою, конечно, на площадке, поскольку я не любитель внутри ехать.

Стою на площадке и люблюсь окружающей панорамой.

А едем через Троицкий мост. И очень вокруг поразительно красиво. Петропавловская крепость с золотым шпилем. Нева со своим державным течением. Тут же солнце закатывается. Одним словом, очень, как говорится, божественно.

И вот стою на площадке, и душа у меня очень восторженно воспринимает каждую краску, каждый шорох и каждый отдельный момент.

Разные возвышенные мысли приходят. Разные гуманные фразы теснятся в голове. Разные стихотворения на ум приходят. Из Пушкина что-то такое выплывает в память: «Тятя, тятя, наши сети притащили мертвеца...»

И вдруг кондукторша разбивает моё возвышенное настроение, поскольку она начинает спорить с одним пассажиром.

И тут я, как говорится, с высоты заоблачных вершин спускаюсь в надземный мир с его узкими интересами, мелкими страстями и недочётами.

Молодая, интересная собой кондукторша ядовито говорит пассажиру:

— Что ж вы думаете: я даром вас повезу? Платите, короче говоря, деньги или сойдите с моего вагона.

И слова, которые она произносит, относятся к скромно одетому человеку. И стоит этот человек со своим постным лицом и, одним словом, не платит за проезд. Он отвиливает платить. И то роется в карманах и ничего там не находит, то говорит уклончиво:

— Такая славненькая кондукторша, и такие хорошенькие у неё губки, и так она сильно ерепенится и этим портит свою

наружность... Ну нет у меня денег... Сейчас сойду, милочка, только одну остановку проеду...

– То есть никакой остановки я тебе даром не дам проехать, – говорит кондукторша. – А если у тебя денег нет, так зачем же ты, нахал, в трамвай впёрся? Вот чего я никак не пойму.

Пассажир говорит:

– Тоже пешком идти – может быть, у меня пузыри на ногах? Какие нечувствительные люди в настоящее время. Совершенно не входят в положение человека. Только за всё деньги, деньги и деньги. Прямо, может быть, этого не оберёшься. Только давай, давай, давай...

Гуманные чувства заполняют моё сердце. Мне становится жалко человека, у которого нет даже нескольких грошей на проезд в трамвае.

Я вынимаю деньги и говорю кондукторше:

– Примите за того, который с постным лицом. Я заплачу за него.

Кондукторша говорит:

– Никакой уплаты со стороны я не разрешаю.

– То есть, говорю, как же вы можете не разрешить? Вот тебе здравствуйте!

– А так, говорит, и не разрешу. И если у него нету денег, то и пущай он пешком шкандыбаёт. А на своём участке работы я не позволю поощрять то, с чем мы боремся. И если у человека нету денег – значит, он их не заслужил.

– Позвольте, говорю, это негуманно. К человеку надо гуманно относиться, когда ему плохо, а не наоборот. Человека, говорю, надо жалеть и ему помогать, когда с ним что-нибудь происходит, а не тогда, когда ему чудно живётся. А вдобавок это, может быть, мой родственник, и я его желаю поддержать на основе родственных чувств.

– А вот я вашего родственника сейчас отправлю в одно местечко, – говорит кондукторша и, свесившись с трамвая, начинает трещать в свой свисток.

Пассажир с постным лицом говорит, вздохнувши:

– Какая попалась на этот раз ядовитая бабёнка. А ну, брось свистеть и поезжай дальше: я сейчас заплачу.

Он вынимает из кармана записную книжку, вытаскивает из неё три червонца и со вздохом говорит:

– Крупная купюра, и через это в трамвае мне её не хотелось зря менять. Но поскольку эта особа с ума сходит и не позволяет пассажирам производить поддержку, то вот примите, если, конечно, найдётся сдачи, что вряд ли.

Кондукторша говорит:

– Чего вы суёте мне в нос такие крупные деньги? У меня нету сдачи. Нет ли у кого разменять?

Я было хотел разменять, но, увидя суровый взгляд пассажира, отложил свои намерения:

– Вот то-то и оно, – сказал пассажир. – Через это я и не давал купюру, поскольку знаю, что это безрезультатно и в трамвае не могут её разменять.

– Какая канитель с этим человеком, – говорит кондукторша. – Тогда я трамвай сейчас остановлю и его к чёрту ссажу. Он мне тормозит мою работу.

И она берётся за звонок и хочет звонить.

Пассажир, вздохнувши, говорит:

– Эта кондукторша что-нибудь особенное. То есть я в первый раз вижу такое поведение. А ну, погоди звонить, я сейчас заплачу. Вот действительно какой ядовитый человек попался...

Он роется в кармане и достаёт двугривенный.

Кондукторша говорит:

– Что ж ты, дармоед, раньше-то не давал? Небось хотел на пушку проехать.

Пассажир говорит:

– Всем давать – потрохов не хватит. Прими деньги и заткни фонтан своего красноречия. Через такие мелочи трещит своим языком в течение часа. Прямо надоело.

– И хотя это мелочи, – сказала кондукторша, обращаясь к публике, – но они затрудняют плавный ход движения государственного аппарата. И я через это пропустила целую массу



безбилетных пассажиров. И его пятнадцать копеек обошлись государству рублей шесть.

Через две остановки злополучный пассажир со своей мелкой, склочной душой сошёл с трамвая.

И тогда кондукторша сказала:

– Какие бывают отпетые подлецы!

Потом мы снова въехали на какой-то мост, и я снова увлёкся картинами природы, позабыв о мелочах, связанных с движением транспорта.

## **Смерть чиновника**

*А. П. Чехов*

В один прекрасный вечер не менее прекрасный экзекутор, Иван Дмитрич Червяков, сидел во втором ряду кресел и глядел в бинокль на «Корневильские колокола». Он глядел и чувствовал себя на верху блаженства. Но вдруг... В рассказах часто встречается это «но вдруг». Авторы правы: жизнь так полна внезапностей! Но вдруг лицо его поморщилось, глаза подкатились, дыхание остановилось... он отвел от глаз бинокль, нагнулся и... апчхи!!! Чихнул, как видите. Чихать никому и нигде не возбраняется. Чихают и мужики, и полицеймейстеры, и иногда даже и тайные советники. Все чихают. Червяков несколько не сконфузился, утерся платочком и, как вежливый человек, поглядел вокруг себя: не беспокоил ли он кого-нибудь своим чиханьем? Но тут уж пришлось сконфузиться. Он увидел, что старичок, сидевший впереди него, в первом ряду кресел, старательно вытирал свою лысину и шею перчаткой и бормотал что-то. В старичке Червяков узнал статского генерала Бризжалова, служащего по ведомству путей сообщения.

«Я его обрызгал! – подумал Червяков. – Не мой начальник, чужой, но все-таки неловко. Извиниться надо».

Червяков кашлянул, подался туловищем вперед и зашептал генералу на ухо:

– Извините, ваше – ство, я вас обрызгал... я нечаянно...

– Ничего, ничего...

– Ради бога, извините. Я ведь... я не желал!

– Ах, сидите, пожалуйста! Дайте слушать!

Червяков сконфузился, глупо улыбнулся и начал глядеть на сцену. Глядел он, но уж блаженства больше не чувствовал. Его начало помучивать беспокойство. В антракте он подошел к Бризжалову, походил возле него и, поборовши робость, пробормотал:

– Я вас обрызгал, ваше – ство... Простите... Я ведь... не то чтобы...

– Ах, полноте... Я уж забыл, а вы всё о том же! – сказал генерал и нетерпеливо шевельнул нижней губой.

«Забыл, а у самого ехидство в глазах, – подумал Червяков, подозрительно поглядывая на генерала. – И говорить не хочет. Надо бы ему объяснить, что я вовсе не желал... что это закон природы, а то подумает, что я плюнуть хотел. Теперь не подумает, так после подумает!...»

Придя домой, Червяков рассказал жене о своем невежестве. Жена, как показалось ему, слишком легкомысленно отнеслась к происшедшему; она только испугалась, а потом, когда узнала, что Бризжалов «чужой», успокоилась.

– А все-таки ты сходи, извинись, – сказала она. – Подумает, что ты себя в публике держать не умеешь!

– То-то вот и есть! Я извинялся, да он как-то странно... Ни одного слова путного не сказал. Да и некогда было разговаривать.

На другой день Червяков надел новый вицмундир, постригся и пошел к Бризжалову объяснить... Войдя в приемную генерала, он увидел там много просителей, а между просителями и самого генерала, который уже начал прием прошений. Опросив несколько просителей, генерал поднял глаза и на Червякова.

– Вчера в «Аркадии», ежели припомните, ваше – ство, – начал докладывать экзекутор, – я чихнул-с и... нечаянно обрызгал... Изв...

– Какие пустяки... Бог знает что! Вам что угодно? – обратился генерал к следующему просителю.

«Говорить не хочет! – подумал Червяков, бледнея. – Сердится, значит... Нет, этого нельзя так оставить... Я ему объясню...»

Когда генерал кончил беседу с последним просителем и направился во внутренние апартаменты, Червяков шагнул за ним и забормотал:

– Ваше – ство! Ежели я осмеливаюсь беспокоить ваше – ство, то именно из чувства, могу сказать, раскаяния!.. Не нарочно, сами изволите знать-с!

Генерал состроил плаксивое лицо и махнул рукой.

– Да вы просто смеетесь, милостисдарь! – сказал он, скрываясь за дверью.

«Какие же тут насмешки? – подумал Червяков. – Вовсе тут нет никаких насмешек! Генерал, а не может понять! Когда так, не стану же я больше извиняться перед этим фанфароном! Чёрт с ним! Напишу ему письмо, а ходить не стану! Ей-богу, не стану!»

Так думал Червяков, идя домой. Письма генералу он не написал. Думал, думал, и никак не выдумал этого письма. Пришлось на другой день идти самому объяснять.

– Я вчера приходил беспокоить ваше – ство, – забормотал он, когда генерал поднял на него вопрошающие глаза, – не для того, чтобы смеяться, как вы изволили сказать. Я извинялся за то, что, чихая, брызнул-с..., а смеяться я и не думал. Смею ли я смеяться? Ежели мы будем смеяться, так никакого тогда, значит, и уважения к персонам... не будет...

– Пошел вон!! – гаркнул вдруг посиневший и затрясшийся генерал

.– Что-с? – спросил шёпотом Червяков, млея от ужаса.

– Пошел вон!! – повторил генерал, затопав ногами.

В животе у Червякова что-то оторвалось. Ничего не видя, ничего не слыша, он попятился к двери, вышел на улицу и поплелся... Придя машинально домой, не снимая вицмундира, он лег на диван и... помер.

## Форумы, социальные сети


(Instagram, Twitter)


Тема: «...Пельмени в окопах...» (12/2015)

**Walter:** «Рассказывала одна труженица...

*...Во время войны их в колхозе – после тяжелого рабочего дня – заставляли делать пельмени – «для нужд фронта»...Но ни один ветеран солдат – ни в яве ни в книгах – ни разу не упомянул, что их на передовой кормили пельменями...*

*..Где же они оседали – эти пельмени от простых тружениц русской деревни?»*

**Nico54:** «кому рассказывала, где рассказывала, тебе лично рассказывала?...

*ПыСы...эти все пельмени у меня и я их ем (смотри на аватарку)...*»

...

**Печкин:** «Книги читать надо, а не комиксы. Народный писатель Удмуртии Михаил Лямин вспоминал в «Четыре года в шинелях», как трудящиеся Удмуртии привезли на фронт бойцам Орианско-Хинганской дивизии, которая была сформирована на территории Удмуртии, два пульмана пельменей (два вагона): «Вот девушки из Удмуртии в белых халатах начали варить пельмени: комсорг Катя Степанова, военфельдшер Зоя Федорова, связистка Вера Алексеева, писари Надя Липина и Шура Батова. После торжественного собрания угощали пельменями. Начальник политотдела Никитаев предложил спеть удмуртскую гостевую песню «Кызьы меда лыктиды, зечесь-а ти вуиды»? Затем исполнили всеми любимую песню «В землянке». Руководитель делегации Брызгалов К.А. вручал посылки: Зое Семеновне – от Наркомздрава, Екатерине Степановой с завода».

*Из письма от 26 ноября 1943 года: «Дорогая мама! Как живешь, как себя чувствуешь? Горячий фронтовой привет тебе и всей моей семье. В эти дни к нам приезжала делегация из нашей*

республики. Вместе с другими подарками нам привезли целый вагон пельменей. Вот удивили. С нашей мастерской мне и Наде Липиной отправили большую посылку: есть и одежда и продукты»

...

**Nico54:** «да, пельмени не в окопах, а в головах некоторых русофобов, создающих подобные темы...👉»

...

**Вася (29876):** «Печкин выше давно ответил – ели пельмени в войсках... пролет с темой...😄»

**immi:**«👉😞 Ну и тема..»

Тема: «Пора готовиться к дефолту» (04/2016)

**Министерство Правды и Лжи:** «Всемирный банк прогнозирует, что Резервный фонд России будет полностью исчерпан к концу 2016 года».

**nowelyc:** «В этом году прогнозируют обилие грибов в России переживем»

**KontrR:** «Значит и поголовье ежиков увеличится... Еще и зажируем...»

Тема «О свободе в США» (12/2015)

**Track-Dbf:** «Лучше бы «Свобода слова» позволила американцам узнать кто и за что убил JFK»

**sgruzov:** «Пишите яснее, что такое JFK?»

**Balaganoff:** «Президент Кеннеди – John Fitzgerald Kennedy»

**sgruzov:** «Почти как ЕБН. Не думал, что наши сокращают и американских президентов»

**Track-Dbf:** «:) В восемь лет многие так думают, не беспокойтесь»

Тема «Восстановление российской экономики» (12/2015)

**СМЕРШ:** «Сейчас в экономике творится примерно тоже, что и в 1992 году. Реальное восстановление начнется через четыре с половиной года»

**Вася:** *«В следующем году уже начнется восстановление»*

**СМЕРШ:** *«Да ты гонишь»))))»*

**avramchenko2015:** *«Вангуешь? Где ты а где 4.5:D»*

*[http://www.politforums.net/internal/1449728373\\_1.html](http://www.politforums.net/internal/1449728373_1.html)*

**Instagram Владимира Жириновского (19/04/2018):**

zhirinovskiy: Современные школы все меньше приспособлены к воспитанию новых поколений. Дискриминация, отсутствие положительных примеров, равнодушие родителей и учителей создают условия для распространения эпидемии нападений на школы их учениками, как это произошло 18 апреля в Башкирии. Все подобные нападения совершают мальчики, потому что они по природе более агрессивны, чем девочки. Сколько бы мы ни говорили о равноправии – разделение по половому признаку все равно останется ключевым, потому что это наша природа. Но в школах у нас работают в основном женщины, которые не всегда могут вовремя дать правильный совет мальчику и, тем более, справиться со старшеклассником. Поэтому в школу нужно возвращать педагогов-мужчин. И почему не направлять наших учителей на курсы самообороны, чтобы, если уж такое ЧП произошло, они могли дать отпор, защитить и себя, и детей? Ведь в классе они самые старшие и несут ответственность за происходящее, но на практике часто оказываются абсолютно беспомощными даже перед своими подопечными.

Отклик:

\_lomotiv\_: А что толку что самого посадят за то что применил самооборону. Замкнутый круг получается и так и так учителя посадят

rozaliiabekker: Законы!!! Умом создайте и кесарю кесарево! Учитель – учит! Охрана – охраняет!

ru.ste: Какая самооборона? Может ещё по Калашу раздать? И все как у амеров! А то и перегоним! Если не обратим

внимание на духовно-нравственное воспитание детей, то кирдык нам всем!

Twitter Ксении Собчак (3/06/2018):

@xenia\_sobchak: Вы вообще понимаете что вокруг происходит? Аресты по любому поводу стали обыденностью жизни! Мы превратились в полицейское государство.

Данные высказывание произошло в ответ на публикацию об аресте первокурсника за вандализм.

Отклик:

@NoDrinkForAll: Вы ведь понимаете, что арестовать могут только после приговора? Правильно, что ушли с юрфака, даже элементарно не можете задержание от ареста отличить.

@EllorsTweet: Ага т.е. можно разрисовывать все и везде. Ксюша а давайте вам дверь разисуем? А не не будем вы же заявление победите строчить, апозиционер вы наш.

@korvin: То есть вы считаете что акта вандализма не было, или что за это не нужно наказывать?

**Instagram Виталия Милонова (15/05/2018):**

VillemilonoV: сегодня на #радиоКП обсуждаем поющих жаб – победителей «евровидения»

## Российские ток-шоу

1) **Нилетто:** Я на стройке строил, либо ломал то, что строили другие, у меня для этого всегда было очень много сил...

**Иван Ургант:** (перебивает) Скажи, просто, я думаю, если сейчас будет экскурсия в Екатеринбург, по местам Нилетто зодчего, есть какой-то дом, который ты строил?

2) **Иван Ургант:** Правильно я понимаю, что...

**Александр Петров:** (перебивает) Извини, Вань, я тебя перебую.

**Иван Ургант:** Давай...

**Александр Петров:** Я вспомнил такую смешную историю...

3) **Иван Ургант:** По прыжкам будут соревнования?

**Алина Загитова:** Да, мальчики против девочек

**Иван Ургант:** Мальчики против девочек?

**Алина Загитова:** Да, а у нас...

**Иван Ургант:** (перебивает) Наконец-то схлестнутся, хоть в фигурном катании мы увидим, эту бойню.

**Алина Загитова:** У нас...

**Иван Ургант:** (перебивает) А вообще можно так мальчики против девочек?

4) **Иван Ургант:** Давай расскажи нам про эту встречу, Мить.

**Митя Фомин:** Ой, слушайте, это было очень давно...

**Иван Ургант:** (перебивает) Это был тот период, когда ты жил в Америке?

**Митя Фомин:** Нет, ничего подобного, я тогда жил еще в Новосибирске, я тогда был еще, по-моему...

**Иван Ургант:** (перебивает) Это во время визита Римского Папы в Новосибирск?

**Митя Фомин:** Нет, это было...Ваня, дай я расскажу,



пожалуйста, потому что это для меня история очень волнительная...

**Иван Ургант:** Пожалуйста.

5) **Леонид Якубович:** Мне всегда казалось, что люди, которые, там, в экране, они какие-то небожители, наверное, у них есть какая-то рука, потому что просто так попасть на телевидение нельзя, и я думал: Боже мой, вот как это интересно, вот счастье бы, вот туда попасть бы, но это, это невозможно.

**Иван Ургант:** Это Вы уже работали ведущим, вели конкурс красоты?

**Леонид Якубович:** Нет, ничего подобного, не говори этого.

**Иван Ургант:** Это еще до всего этого?

**Леонид Якубович:** До всего... Я, когда первый раз попал...

**Иван Ургант:** (перебивает) Кем Вы работали тогда, когда Вы об этом думали?

6) **Митя Фомин:** Я настолько был окрылен успехом «Little Big», я думал, что...

**Иван Ургант:** (смеется, перебивает) Я не могу, прости, Белоснежка (собака Мити Фомина, которая находится в студии) Покажите крупно Белоснежку. Белоснежка, какая твоя любимая песня Мити Фомина? (смех в зале) Видишь, и лицо у нее говорит о том, что все будет хорошо.

(продолжают разговор)

7) **Иван Ургант:** В общем, вот этот день, пятое число, вот эти турниры по прыжкам это, наверное, и есть, такого никогда не было?

**Евгения Медведева:** Да, да, что-то новое. И, наверное, это единственная вещь, за которую можно поблагодарить...

**Иван Ургант:** (перебивает) Первый канал? Да, это единственная вещь.

**Евгения Медведева:** Пандемию, хотела сказать...

**Иван Ургант:** А, пандемию, господи...

8) **Иван Ургант:** Макс, я знаю Машу вообще вот «такусенькой», на «Народного артиста» она пришла, я вел, вот такую я помню Машу.

**Максим Аверин:** Классная, правда? А какой диапазон. Это просто, это так здорово. Вот смотри, она же маленького роста...

**Иван Ургант:** (перебивает) Вот смотри, да...

**Максим Аверин:** Она же маленького роста...

**Иван Ургант:** (перебивает) Ты должен говорить про актерскую игру в основном...

9) **Иван Ургант:** Ты был в программе «Модный приговор» и вот ты, смотри, модный человек, интеллигентный, я много раз сталкивался с тобой на улице...

**Александр Олешко:** (перебивает) У меня красные носки как у Познера, твоего друга, видишь?

**Иван Ургант:** Ладно. Смотри. Давай так, ну, не на все я должен реагировать, ну, сказал и сказал, все.

**Александр Олешко:** Ну, конечно.

10) **Иван Ургант:** Филипп, что за история была с Ольгой?

**Филипп Киркоров:** А просто мне напомнили их отношения мои когда-то отношения, потому что когда ты находишься...

**Иван Ургант:** (перебивает) С кем это интересно?

**Филипп Киркоров:** Ну...

**Иван Ургант:** Не говори с кем.

**Филипп Киркоров:** С великой.

11) **Алексей Ягудин:** Я приехал, купил машину, вот моя первая такая. Они говорят, а где деньги? Вот, пожалуйста, это вот...

**Алина Загитова:** (перебивает) А вы не боялись не сдать? И машина просто так куплена.

**Алексей Ягудин:** Боялся ли я сдать? Не сдать?

**Алина Загитова:** Не сдать.

**Иван Ургант:** Не сдать.

**Алексей Ягудин:** Нет, боялась ли ты не сдать?

**Алина Загитова:** Я боялась, поэтому не покупала машину заранее.

12) **Мария Киселева:** Даже иногда можно позволить себе улыбнуться и рассмеяться, но это, конечно, больше похоже на сарказм.

**Иван Ургант:** Ну да, типо: «ну, ты и..., хм...»

**Мария Киселева:** Нет, секундочку, это твои слова, таких слов я не говорю.

**Иван Ургант:** Не говоришь таких слов?

**Мария Киселева:** Нет.

**Иван Ургант:** Ну, думаешь же так?

**Мария Киселева:** Нет, конечно.

**Иван Ургант:** Я хочу, чтобы ты поржала, Маш.

**Мария Киселева:** Зачем?

**Иван Ургант:** Ну как.

**Мария Киселева:** Ну, рассмеши меня, чтобы мне было смешно очень.

**Иван Ургант:** Давай я буду читать тебе шутки, которые у меня тут написаны.

**Мария Киселева:** Давай.

**Иван Ургант:** Но у меня нет тут шуток.

**Мария Киселева:** Вот это смешно.

**Иван Ургант:** Вот, видишь, Маш, вот это смешно.

13) **Иван Ургант:** Полин, ну вообще, я вот, поверь мне, вот хочешь, я скажу тебе сейчас, как все будет?

**Полина Гагарина:** Ну, скажи, как все будет, ты как Ванга?

**Иван Ургант:** В 21 году, придешь сюда уже не одна.  
(Молчание)

**Полина Гагарина:** В смысле беременная? Господи, не дай Бог.

**Иван Ургант:** Вот интересно, меня аж самого в пот бросило. Ужас какой. Все иди отсюда, все, все. Иди к своему суженому.

14) **Иван Ургант:** Дань, ну, объясните Вы нам, это же очень интересно, невозможно это не принимать всерьез, 9 миллионов людей смотрит, Вы богатый самостоятельный человек, к Вам записываются в очередь звезды, чтобы с Вами снять видео, и я хочу, чтобы Вы подробнее рассказали об этом процессе, как это происходит.

**Даня Милохин:** Съемок тик-тока?

**Иван Ургант:** Нет, нет, как с Вами договориться.

15) **Даня Милохин:** У нас просто не было телефонов, у меня был, ну, я блатной там был, а у него не было.

**Иван Ургант:** Что означает, что Вы были блатным?

**Даня Милохин:** Как сказать блатной...я был любимчиком директора, наверное, так.

16) **Иван Ургант:** Слушай, ну, невероятный у тебя ребенок.

**Александра Бортич:** Красивый.

**Иван Ургант:** Очень красивый.

**Александра Бортич:** В кого бы, казалось бы.

**Иван Ургант:** Ну, я не знаю, я отца не видел, но мне кажется, что...

**Александра Бортич:** В тебя, Иван.

**Иван Ургант:** (молчание) В меня?

**Александра Бортич:** (неловко) Мить, лови, плохие шутки...

**Иван Ургант:** Сашуль, Сашуля, соберись.

**Александра Бортич:** Да, все.

17) **Иван Ургант:** Вы такой подтянутый, собранный...

**Леонид Якубович:** Ну, если бы еще не этот коронавирус, я бы чувствовал себя еще лучше.

**Иван Ургант:** Вы имеете в виду, что у Вас сейчас коронавирус?

(Смех в зале)

**Леонид Якубович:** Нет, понимаешь, дело в том, что я перестал ходить в зал.

**Иван Ургант:** Ааа...

18) **Иван Ургант:** (рассказывает историю) Вот такая вот история.

**Жанна Бадоева:** Я просто подумала, а зачем ты меня пригласил, интересно, просто, чтобы я это слушала? Интересная история...

(смех в зале)

**Иван Ургант:** Жанн, ну, если честно, ну, да я пригласил, ты же меня не приглашаешь, я пригласил, чтобы ты это послушала.

**Жанна Бадоева:** Так ты же с Познером ездил, зачем тебе со мной?

**Иван Ургант:** Хочешь, я объясню тебе разницу между тобой и Познером? Что ты в Панаме выходил по вторникам, а он по средам, вот и все.

**Жанна Бадоева:** А еще на секундочку 00.

**Иван Ургант:** Это я не знаю, что на это ответить, соглашусь, на всякий случай с тобой соглашусь.

**Жанна Бадоева:** Я даже не знаю, что я сказала...

19) **Филипп Киркоров:** Как на воздушном шаре.

**Иван Ургант:** Как неожиданно ты вышел на воздушный шар.

**Филипп Киркоров:** Потому что после того, когда мы отыгрались... (смотрит на Дмитрия Хрусталева, который за кадром) Ну что ты так смотришь на меня?

**Дмитрий Хрусталев:** Честно говоря, не смотрел...ну, ладно...

**Филипп Киркоров:** (продолжает свой рассказ).

20) **Максим Галкин:** (поет) За это можно все отдать...

**Иван Ургант:** (смеется)

**Максим Галкин:** Ну что ты ржешь то?

**Иван Ургант:** Я клянусь тебе, я от волнения забыл эту песню.

21) **Иван Ургант:** Как с Вами договориться? На что Вы обращаете внимание?

**Даня Милохин:** В первую очередь мы выбираем как: когда каждый человек в команде за, мы соглашаемся, когда хотя бы один против и объясняет причину...

**Иван Ургант:** То есть Вы так же, как в Ватикане выбираете Папу?

**Даня Милохин:** Я не понял, я не знаю такого.

22) **Иван Ургант:** Подожди...как фамилия твоего...?

**Константин Хабенский:** Плахов.

**Иван Ургант:** Плахов, конечно, Андрей.

**Константин Хабенский:** Игорь.

**Иван Ургант:** Игорь (смех). Андрей, это я вспомнил, это кинокритик. Ну, неважно, мог бы соврать...

23) **Иван Ургант:** Перечисли, кого ты ненавидел.

**Моргенштерн:** Нет, не буду. Ладно, буду, Трил Пила.

**Иван Ургант:** Я вот не знаю кто, это, но я тоже уже как-то так насторожено отношусь к Трил Пилу, в моем случае это все же больше похоже на лекарство.

24) **Филипп Киркоров:** Он приехал домой.

**Иван Ургант:** Куда?

**Филипп Киркоров:** Ко мне, на мой остров.

**Иван Ургант:** (смотрит в зал, разводит руками)  
(Смех в зале)

**Филипп Киркоров:** Ну что?

**Дава:** Остров, реальный остров, это не шутка.

**Иван Ургант:** Ты имеешь в виду Лосиный остров или...?

**Филипп Киркоров:** Нет, нет, я на государственное не покушаюсь. Мой маленький остров, в Подмоскowie.

25) **Иван Ургант:** Поехал и стал лингвистом, на каком отделении, кстати?

**Олег Савченко:** У нас есть условно-педагогическое отделение, но оно...

**Иван Ургант:** Что означает... Когда мы, например, говорим про минские университеты, что означает условное?

**Олег Савченко:** Ну, сейчас у нас «условные» обычно другие понятия бывают, но касательно специальности: у нас есть просто педагогические университеты, которые выпускают преподавателей, а в Минском Государственном лингвистическом Университете, ты получаешь специальность лингвист-преподаватель.

**Иван Ургант:** А что это такое означает?

**Олег Савченко:** Это, наверное, самая размытая специализация, которую можно получить в Белоруссии.

26) **Ольга Бузова:** Тут очень приятно было увидеть их в числе моих гостей (Гарика Мартиросяна и его жену) Я их звала.

**Иван Ургант:** С женой?

**Ольга Бузова:** С женой, безусловно.

**Иван Ургант:** Как жену зовут, Оль?

**Ольга Бузова:** (не помня имени) Прекрасная женщина...

**Иван Ургант:** (смеется)

(Смех в зале)

**Ольга Бузова:** Красивая, элегантная, очаровательная.

27) **Агата Муцениеце:** Мы с Андреем Бурковским играем двух...

**Иван Ургант:** Андрей Бурковский?

**Агата Муцениеце:** Да, Андрей Бурковский, он к тебе часто заходит, ты его помнишь, да, такой рыженький.

**Иван Ургант:** (молчит)

**Агата Муцениеце:** Ну ладно, неважно...

28) **Даня Милохин:** Я вчера запустил войну.

**Иван Ургант:** А, да что вы, это вы?

**Даня Милохин:** Вы знаете о ней?

**Иван Ургант:** Я, может быть, о другой войне сейчас подумал. Это война между кем?

**Даня Милохин:** Между волками смайликами и единорогами.

**Иван Ургант:** А нет, я подумал о другой.

29) **Иван Ургант:** Расскажите, пожалуйста, Жанна, как, собственно, пандемия, Вы же ее там провели то в основном, а не здесь. Расскажите, как живет мир, вот Вы своими глазами это видели. Это очень интересно, пожалуйста.

**Жанна Бадоева:** (молчит)

**Иван Ургант:** Давайте я Вам переведу. (Начинает в шутку говорить на итальянском)

**Жанна Бадоева:** (смеется) Нормально надо видишь задавать вопрос, я не сразу понимаю. Нет, на самом деле я просто думала с чего начать, я же не могу так быстро отвечать, мне же надо подумать сначала.

30) **Иван Ургант:** Как он ухаживает, вот, когда такой вот человек, такой актер, Стась?

**Стася Милославская:** Красиво. Саша – романтик.

**Иван Ургант:** Романтик?

**Стася Милославская:** Да.

**Иван Ургант:** Саш?

**Александр Петров:** Спасибо.

**Иван Ургант:** Вот, знаешь, что мне приятно в тебе? Что ты достиг того уровня, когда ты просто можешь благодарно принимать хорошие слова. «Я благодарю Вас».

(Смех в зале)

31) **Иван Ургант:** На сцене, на экране, в жизни Вы ведомый или ведущий? Это «Зеркало недели» 97 год. Вы ведомый или ведущий?



**Леонид Якубович:** Ведомый.

**Иван Ургант:** Вы ведомый. Абсолютно, причем абсолютно – это я повторяю Ваш ответ, Вы ведомый. Вы будете как-то комментировать?

**Леонид Якубович:** Нет, а что тут комментировать.

**Иван Ургант:** Ну, Вы не производите впечатление ведомого человека. Как ведомый человек может управлять вертолетом?

**Леонид Якубович:** Я получаю задание, куда лететь, как чего, что, ремесло, профессия, надо учиться.

32) **Иван Ургант:** Филипп, вот смотри, Тимати научил твоих детей кататься на вейкборде. Чему ты научил своих детей, Филипп?

**Филипп Киркоров:** (молчание).

**Дава:** У него очень хорошие дети.

**Филипп Киркоров:** Я даже так растерялся.

**Дава:** Я тебе скажу, что самое главное, что они очень добрые, по ним вот сразу видно.

**Филипп Киркоров:** Выручил меня.

**Иван Ургант:** Ты научил их доброте.

**Филипп Киркоров:** Ты знаешь, когда начинают говорить о моих детях, я, честно говоря, теряюсь и из артиста превращаюсь в такого папу, и у меня все плывет перед глазами.

33) **Иван Ургант:** Давайте сейчас, Алина, мы перейдем с Лешей на ты.

**Алина Загитова:** (мочает головой).

**Иван Ургант:** Нет?

**Алина Загитова:** Не могу я, потому что я так воспитана. Потому что я живу в семье мусульман, и у нас принято к старшему поколению говорить на Вы.

**Иван Ургант:** Ну, Лешка то не мусульманин.

34) **Иван Ургант:** То есть Вы не водили до этого, потому что у Вас не было прав?

**Алина Загитова:** (кивает головой).

**Иван Ургант:** (кивает головой)

(Молчание)

**Алина Загитова:** Нет, ну, я водила, но так, с папой.

35) **Иван Ургант:** Ты же спортивный человек?

**Михаил Башкатов:** Да, я...

**Иван Ургант:** Да...

**Михаил Башкатов:** Я спортивный человек.

**Иван Ургант:** У тебя дети все катаются на велосипедах?

**Михаил Башкатов:** Все.

(Молчание)

**Михаил Башкатов:** Эм, видишь, как легко со мной разговаривать.

**Иван Ургант:** С тобой легко разговаривать.

36) **Екатерина Варнава:** Я дралась в детстве.

**Иван Ургант:** С мальчиками?

**Екатерина Варнава:** С мальчиками, только с мальчиками.

**Иван Ургант:** Молодец.

**Екатерина Варнава:** Только с мальчиками, потому что девочки боялись со мной драться по определенным причинам.

**Александр Гудков:** А ты была похожа на пацана?

**Екатерина Варнава:** (игнорирует вопрос и продолжает историю)

**Александр Гудков:** (в сторону) Не отвечает...

37) **Иван Ургант:** Нет, ну в принципе, я тебе хочу сказать, решила Добровинский, ну, пусть будет Добровинский. Итак, значит... (смех). Ужас, да? Подстава.

**Полина Гагарина:** Ну, пожалуйста...

**Иван Ургант:** Все, мы не говорим про развод.

38) **Алексей Ягудин:** Так что спасибо вот этому фигуристу, который помог мне...

**Иван Ургант:** Чье имя ты отказываешься называть.

**Алексей Ягудин:** Да

**Иван Ургант:** Спасибо ему. Спасибо тебе, Жень, спасибо!  
(Смех)

**Алексей Ягудин:** Но был другой очень смешной случай, как я купил машину.

39) **Филипп Киркоров:** А вот мои ролли.

**Иван Ургант:** На них, наверное, дарственная надпись от самого...

**Дава:** От самой...

**Филипп Киркоров:** Я могу дать тебе почитать.

**Иван Ургант:** Почитать? И что здесь написано?

**Филипп Киркоров:** Только не надо вслух.

**Иван Ургант:** Ну, нет, я хочу вслух прочитать.

**Филипп Киркоров:** Нет, не вслух.

**Иван Ургант:** Филиппу от...

**Филипп Киркоров:** Ну, все хватит, дальше уже все.

**Иван Ургант:** Ну, я первую и последнюю букву прочитаю...А, и теперь букву посередине: две «Л». Филиппу от Аллы.

**Филипп Киркоров:** Ой...

40) **Иван Ургант:** Может, ты расскажешь причины, почему вдруг после такого обдуманного и взвешенного решения, чтобы Вас поженил дворецкий, о таком роковом решении расстаться навсегда.

**Ольга Бузова:** Не готова об этом говорить.

**Иван Ургант:** Не готова ты об этом говорить?

**Ольга Бузова:** Да.

41) **Агата Муцениеце:** Мне просто еще подружки начали писать типа: «Агата, ну, вот...» Не буду говорить имена, дабы не сдать их, они все еще замужем, но они мне начали писать, что кто-то из них хочет развестись, но боится.

**Иван Ургант:** Ты шутишь?

**Агата Муцениеце:** Я тебе серьезно говорю. Да, девчонки?

**Иван Ургант:** Скажи имена.

*Агата Муцениеце: Нет, нет...*

*Иван Ургант: Ну, мы же должны знать.*

*Агата Муцениеце: Нет, нет, нет.*

*Иван Ургант: Ну, хорошо...*

42) *Иван Ургант: Смотри, мы знаем список участников, да, у нас, где список участников.*

*Максим Галкин: Не, не, не, мы не знаем это тайна.*

*Иван Ургант: Мы не знаем? Это тайна?*

*Максим Галкин: Это тайна, да, пожалуйста, не раскрывай, не говори.*

*Иван Ургант: Хорошо, я не буду, можно я не буду называть фамилии, а имя скажу. Смотри, Мария.*

*Максим Галкин: Мария, так можно.*

*Иван Ургант: Доминик (смеется).*

*Максим Галкин: Ну... ну, пожалуйста, не раскрывай ничего. Все, все, все, это тайна.*

43) *Сергей Бурунов: Снимался, да, безостановочно, у Жоры Крыжовникова, он автор сценария с Алексеем...*

*Иван Ургант: (перебивает) Это ты придешь к нам, придешь.*

*Сергей Бурунов: Это я приду, нельзя говорить, да?*

*Иван Ургант: Это, Сережа, придешь отдельно.*

*Сергей Бурунов: В общем, снимался я.*

44) *Иван Ургант: Как людям, которые не знают тебя, объяснить кто ты? Вот как ты про себя сама им рассказала? Ты...*

*Агата Муцениеце: Ну, я как раз на тот момент вела «Голос дети». Я говорю: «Да я же ведущая с первого канала».*

*Иван Ургант: «Я ведущая с первого канала» Все правильно. «Я нагиевская соведущая» – можно даже так сказать.*

*Агата Муцениеце: Ну, это звучит хуже, чем «Ведущая первого канала».*

*Иван Ургант: Хуже. Согласен.*

45) **Иван Ургант:** Собственно, последний вопрос, что за единорог, почему Вы пришли с единорогом? Последнее время стали редко приходиться люди с единорогами.

**Даня Милохин:** (тихо) Приходить люди вообще, скорее всего.

**Иван Ургант:** М?

**Даня Милохин:** А, ничего.

46) **Иван Ургант:** Саш, под каким моим интервью ты выложишь комментарии о том, что «вот у меня интервью с Ургантом (показывает палец вниз), а вот у тебя...»

**Александр Петров:** Не знаю, мне вот кажется, что у нас вообще с тобой как-то не сильно складывается...

**Иван Ургант:** Не складывается, да?

**Александр Петров:** Да.

**Иван Ургант:** Не только с Юрой у тебя, но и со мной вообще в разные стороны.

**Александр Петров:** Да, то есть я каждый раз, понимаешь, пытаюсь, что в этот раз, может быть, получится...

**Иван Ургант:** Что ты хочешь от интервью, я сделаю для тебя все. Ты запомнишь это интервью на всю жизнь, ты не будешь давать больше интервью. Ты уйдешь в интервью монастырь. Что ты хочешь в интервью? О чем ты хочешь?

**Александр Петров:** Ну, какие-то комплименты, чтобы ты мне сказал, чтобы ты признал как бы, что список...

**Иван Ургант:** Ааа...

47) **Полина Гагарина:** Да, это, действительно, роль на сопротивление.

**Иван Ургант:** Кого ты играешь?

**Полина Гагарина:** Я играю писательницу, алкоголичку, наркоманку... (смех)

**Кто-то в зале:** Ууу...

**Полина Гагарина:** Там одна, причем, как девушка: «Ууу»... Жалко меня стало да? (обращаясь в зал). Ну, я же играю, это не я.

48) **Иван Ургант:** *Имя Лукерья, говорят, что Вам оно не нравилось. И было время, что Вы просто категорически отказывались так себя называть и хотели себе другое имя.*

**Лукерья Ильяшенко:** *Да, я хотела быть Оксаной.*

**Иван Ургант:** *Оксана.*

**Лукерья Ильяшенко:** *До 14 лет...*

**Иван Ургант:** *(смеется)*

**Лукерья Ильяшенко:** *Что?*

**Иван Ургант:** *Произошел какой-то в 14 лет перелом...*

49) **Иван Ургант:** *Я бы хотел спросить про качества друг друга, именно спортивные, чтобы Вы рассказали. Чтобы Алина рассказала про Женю, Женя, а Вы рассказали про Алину. Ну, вот я не знаю, что Вам нравится, может быть, любимый номер, любимый элемент, который Вы делаете.*

**Алина Загитова:** *Ну, давайте я начну...*

**Евгения Медведева:** *Лутц.*

**Алина Загитова:** *Ты – Сальхов.*

**Иван Ургант:** *Все легкая игра, Лутц и Сальто.*

**Алина Загитова:** *Сальхов.*

50) **Филипп Киркоров:** *(шепелявя) Нет, нет, я на государственное не покушаюсь. Мой маленький остров, в Подмосковье.*

**Иван Ургант:** *Филипп, мне кажется или какая-то анестезия была у тебя во рту?*

**Филипп Киркоров:** *Нет, просто у нас в этом клипе были эти, как они называются...*

**Иван Ургант:** *Грилзы.*

**Филипп Киркоров:** *Грилзы, да. И сегодня мы репетировали в грилзах и они у меня... Короче, я их снял, думаю зачем эти понты.*

**Иван Ургант:** *Да, буду просто шепелявить.*

**PART III. TEXTS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY  
READING**

*If we cannot end our differences, at least we can make the world  
safe for diversity*

*John F. Kennedy*





## Laughter

*by W. Saroyan*

“You want me to laugh?”

He felt lonely and ill in the empty classroom, all the boys going home, Dan Seed, James Misippo, Dick Corcoran, all of them walking along the Southern Pacific tracks, laughing and playing, and this insane idea of Miss Wissing’s making him sick.

“Yes.”

The severe lips, the trembling, the eyes, such pathetic melancholy.

“But I do not want to laugh.”

It was strange. The whole world, the turn of things, the way they came about.

“Laugh.”

The increasing tenseness, electrical, her stiffness, the nervous movements of her body and her arms, the cold she made, and the illness in his blood.

“But why?”

Why? Everything tied up, everything graceless and ugly, the caught mind, something in a trap, no sense, no meaning.

“As a punishment. You laughed in class, now as a punishment you must laugh for an hour, all alone, by yourself. Hurry, you have already wasted four minutes.”

It was disgusting: it wasn’t funny at all, being kept after school, being asked to laugh. There was no sense in the idea. What should he laugh about? A fellow couldn’t just laugh. There had to be something of that kind, something amusing, or pompous, something comical. This was so strange, because of her manner, the way she looked at him, the subtlety; it was frightening. What did she want of him? And the smell of school, the oil in the floor, chalk dust, the smell of the idea, children gone: loneliness, the sadness.

“I am sorry I laughed.”

The flower bending, ashamed. He felt sorry, he was not merely bluffing; he *was* sorry, not for himself but for her. She was a young girl, a substitute teacher, and there was that sadness in her, so far away and so hard to understand; it came with her each morning and he had laughed at it, it was comical, something she said, the way she said it, the way she stared at everyone, the way she moved. He hadn't felt like laughing at all, but all of a sudden he had laughed and she had looked at him and he had looked into her face, and for a moment that vague communion, then the anger, the hatred, in her eyes. "You will stay in after school." He hadn't wanted to laugh, it simply happened, and he was sorry, he was ashamed, she ought to know, he was telling her. Jiminy crickets.

"You are wasting time. Begin laughing."

Her back was turned and she was erasing words from the blackboard: *AFRICA, CAIRO, the pyramids, the sphinx, Nile*; and the figures 1865, 1914. But the tenseness, even with her back turned; it was still in the class-room, emphasized because of the emptiness, magnified, made precise, his mind and her mind, their grief, side by side, conflicting; why? He wanted to be friendly; the morning she had entered the class-room he had wanted to be friendly; he felt it immediately, her strangeness, the remoteness, so why had he laughed? Why should he be the one to hurt her, when really he had wanted to be her friend from the beginning?

"I don't want to laugh."

Defiance and at the same time weeping, shameful weeping in his voice. By what right should he be made to destroy in himself an innocent thing? He hadn't meant to be cruel; why shouldn't she be able to understand? He began to feel hatred for her stupidity, her dullness, the stubbornness of her will. I will not laugh, he thought; she can call Mr. Casewell and have me whipped; I will not laugh again. It was a mistake. I had meant to cry; something else, anyway; I hadn't meant it. I can stand a whipping, golly Moses, it hurts, but not like this; I've felt that strap on my behind, I know the difference.

Well, let them whip him, what did he care? It stung and he could feel the sharp pain for days after, thinking about it, but let them go ahead and make him bend over, he wouldn't laugh.

He saw her sit at her desk and stare at him, and for crying out loud, she looked sick and startled, and the pity came up to his mouth again, the sickening pity for her, and why was he making so much trouble for a poor substitute teacher he really liked, not an old and ugly teacher, but a nice small girl who was frightened from the first?

"Please laugh."

And what humiliation, not commanding him, begging him now, begging him to laugh when he didn't want to laugh. What should a fellow do, honestly; what should a fellow do that would be right, by his own will, not accidentally, like the wrong things? And what did she mean? What pleasure could she get out of hearing him laugh? What a stupid world, the strange feelings of people, the secretiveness, each person hidden within himself, wanting something and always getting something else, wanting to give something and always giving something else. Well, he would. Now he would laugh, not for himself but for her. Even if it sickened him, he would laugh. He wanted to know the truth, how it was. She wasn't *making* him laugh, she was *asking* him, *begging* him to laugh. He didn't know how it was, but he wanted to know. He thought, Maybe I can think of a funny story, and he began to try to remember all the funny stories he had ever heard, but it was very strange, he couldn't remember a single one. And the other funny things, the way Annie Gran walked; gee, it wasn't funny any more; and Henry Mayo making fun of Hiawatha, saying the lines wrong; it wasn't funny either. It used to make him laugh until his face got red and he lost his breath, but now it was a dead and pointless thing, *by the big sea waters, by the big sea waters, came the mighty*, but gee, it wasn't funny; he couldn't laugh about it, golly Moses. Well, he would just laugh, any old laugh, be an actor, ha, ha, ha. Got it was hard, the easiest thing in the world for him to do, and now he couldn't make a little giggle.

Somehow he began to laugh, feeling ashamed and disgusted. He was afraid to look into her eyes, so he looked up at the clock and

tried to keep on laughing, and it was startling, to ask a boy to laugh for an hour, at nothing, to beg him to laugh without giving him a reason. But he would do it, maybe not an hour, but he would try, anyway; he would do something. The funniest thing was his voice, the falseness of his laughter, and after a while it got to be really funny, a comical thing, and it made him happy because it made him really laugh, and now he was laughing his real way, with all his breath, with all his blood, laughing at the falseness of his laughter, and the shame was going away because this laughter was not fake, and it was the truth, and the empty class-room was full of his laughter and everything seemed all right, everything was splendid, and two minutes had gone by.

And he began to think of really comical things everywhere, the whole town, the people walking in the streets, trying to look important, but he knew, they couldn't fool him, he knew how important they were, and the way they talked big business, and all of it pompous and fake, and it made him laugh, and he thought of the preacher at the Presbyterian church, the fake way he prayed, *O God, if it is your will*, and nobody believing in prayers, and the important people with big automobiles, Cadillacs and Packards, speeding up and down the country, as if they had some place to go, and the public band concerts, all that fake stuff, making him really laugh, and the big boys running after the big girls because of the heat, and the streetcars going up and down the city with never more than two passengers, that was funny, those big cars carrying an old lady and a man with a moustache, and he laughed until he lost his breath and his face got red, and suddenly all the shame was gone and he was laughing and looking at Miss Wissig, and then bang: jiminy Christmas tears in her eyes. For God's sake, he hadn't been laughing at her. He had been laughing at all those fools, all those fool things they were doing day after day, all that falseness. It was disgusting. He was always wanting to do the right thing, and it was always turning out the other way. He wanted to know why, how it was with her, inside, the part that was secret, and he had laughed for her, not to please himself, and there she was, trembling, her eyes wet and tears coming out of them, and her face in agony, and he was still laughing

because of all the anger and yearning and disappointment in his heart, and he was laughing at all the pathetic things in the world, the things good people cried about, the stray dogs in the streets, the tired horses being whipped, stumbling, the timid people being smashed inwardly by the fat and cruel people, fat inside, pompous, and the small birds, dead on the sidewalk, and the misunderstandings everywhere, the everlasting conflict, the cruelty, the things that made man a malignant thing, a vile growth, and the anger was changing his laughter and tears were coming into his eyes. The two of them in the empty class-room, naked together in their loneliness and bewilderment, brother and sister, both of them wanting the same cleanliness and decency of life, both of them wanting to share the truth of the other, and yet, somehow, both of them alien, remote and alone.

He heard the girl stifle the sob and then everything turned upside-down, and he was crying, honest and truly crying, like a baby, as if something had really happened, and he hid his face in his arms, and his chest was heaving, and he was thinking he did not want to live; if this was the way it was, he wanted to be dead.

He did not know how long he cried, and suddenly he was aware that he was not longer crying or laughing, and that the room was very still. What a shameful thing. He was afraid to lift his head and look at the teacher. It was disgusting.

“Ben.”

The voice calm, quiet, solemn; how could he ever look at her again?

“Ben.”

He lifted his head. Her eyes were dry and her face seemed brighter and more beautiful than ever.

“Please dry your eyes. Have you a handkerchief?”

“Yes.”

He wiped the moisture from his eyes, and blew his nose. What a sickness in the earth. How bleak everything was.

“How old are you, Ben?”

“Ten.”

“What are you going to do? I mean...”

“I don’t know.”

“Your father?”

“He is a tailor.”

“Do you like it here?”

“I guess so.”

“You have brothers, sisters?”

“Three brothers, two sisters.”

“Do you ever think of going away? Other cities?”

It was amusing, talking to him as if he were a grown person, getting into his secret.

“Yes.”

“Where?”

“I don’t know. New York, I guess. The old country, maybe.”

“The old country?”

“Milan. My father’s city.”

“Oh.”

He wanted to ask her about herself, where she had been, where she was going; he wanted to be grown up, but he was afraid. She went to the cloak-room and brought out her coat and hat and purse, and began to put on her coat.

“I will not be here tomorrow. Miss Shorb is well again. I am going away.”

He felt very sad, but he could think of nothing to say. She tightened the belt of her coat and placed her hat on her head, smiling, golly Moses, what a world, first she made him laugh, then she made him cry, and now this. And it made him feel so lonely for her. Where was she going? Wouldn’t he ever see her again?

“You may go now, Ben.”

And there he was looking up at her and not wanting to go, there he was wanting to sit and look at her. He got up slowly and went to the cloak-room for his cap. He walked to the door, feeling ill with loneliness, and turned to look at her for the last time.

“Good-bye, Miss Wissig.”

“Good-bye, Ben.”

And then he was running lickety split across the school grounds, and the young substitute teacher was standing in the yard, following him with her eyes. He didn’t know what to think, but he knew that he was feeling very sad and that he was afraid to turn around and see if she was looking at him. He thought, If I hurry, maybe I can catch up with Dan Seed and Dick Corcoran and the other boys, and maybe I’ll be in time to see the freight train leaving now. Well, nobody would know, anyway. Nobody would ever know what had happened and how he had laughed and cried.

He ran all the way to the Southern Pacific tracks, and all the boys were gone, and the train was gone, and he sat down, beneath the eucalyptus trees. The whole world, in a mess.

Then he began to cry again.

## **The Foreigner**

*by W. Saroyan*

Hawk Harrap, whose father came from somewhere in Asia Minor and used to sell vegetables and fruit from a wagon drawn by a horse, was of my time in Fresno, so I remember the days when he was a kid in overalls hustling *The Evening Herald* or sneaking in to the fights at the Civic Auditorium or playing hookey from Emerson School to sell soda pop at the Country Fair and make a lot of money.

His father was Syrian but seldom spoke the language, as he had married a woman who was Scotch-Irish. Harrap was his name on all the school records, although his father’s name was something that only *sounded a little* like Harrap. He was given the name Hawk by

myself for being as swift as that bird or as swift as I imagined that bird was. By the time we were at Longfellow Junior High School together, the nickname was on the school records, too. Actually, his mother had named him Hugh after a dead brother.

The day I first met Hawk at Emerson School, in 1916, he took me to a boy named Roy Coupla and insulted him by saying, "Roy, you're an *Italian!*" It did not seem to matter at all that Roy Coupla *was* Italian. It was Hawk's tone of voice that was insulting. After making this painful and preposterous remark, Hawk shoved me into Roy with such force that we fell and began to wrestle. Roy was surprised and angry, and strong enough to make me exert myself. The school playground was Fresno dirt, so a lot of dust got kicked up as each of us broke free of all kinds of holds. The matched stopped when the recess bell rang, and Roy and I got up and had a look at one another. We looked around for Hawk, too. We were not permitted to move until we heard the second bell, at which time we fell in at the entrance of the school. When a third bell rang we marched to our classrooms. Hawk was standing among the two dozens spectators. When I caught his eye he winked, and I wondered what the hell he meant.

After school he and Roy and I walked to California Playground, and there the three of us wrestled for the fun of it.

The point is, it was impossible to dislike him.

Hawk lived on O Street, so he and I walked home together when Roy set out for his house across the S.P. tracks on G Street, beyond Rosenberg's Packing House.

"What are you, anyway?" Hawk said as we walked home. "Even the teacher can't pronounce your name."

"I'm American," I said.

"The hell you are," Hawk said. "Roy's Italian, I'm Syrian, and I guess you're Armenian."

"Sure," I said. "I'm Armenian all right, but I'm American, too. I speak better English than do Armenian."



“I can’t talk Syrian at all,” Hawk bragged, “but that’s what I am. If anybody asks you what you are, for God’s sake don’t tell them you are American. Tell them you’re Armenian.”

“What’s the difference?”

“What do you mean what’s the difference? If you’re Armenian and you say you’re American everybody’ll laugh at you. The teacher knows what you are. Everybody knows what you are.”

“Aren’t *you* American?”

“Don’t make me laugh,” Hawk said. “I’m a foreigner. My father sells vegetables from a wagon.”

“Weren’t you born in America?”

“I was born in Fresno. I was born in the house on O Street. What’s that got to do with it?”

“Well, I’m American,” I said. “And so are you.”

“You must be looney,” Hawk said. “But don’t worry, you’ll find out what you are soon enough.”

One day months later, after lunch, Miss Clapping, our teacher, suddenly stopped teaching and said, “You Armenian boys who go home for lunch have got to stop eating things full of garlic. The smell is more than I can stand and I’m not going to put up with it any longer.”

Hawk turned to see how I was taking the insult.

As a matter of fact lunch for me that day had been dried eggplant, okra and stringbeans made into a stew with chunks of shoulder of lamb, in which garlic was absolutely necessary.

The day wasn’t so cold, however, that the windows of the room could not be opened or the radiator turned off. The classroom was air-tight and over-hot.

“Open the window,” I said to Miss Clapping.

Hawk gave a hoot of amazement and Miss Clapping looked at me as if she had no intention not to finish my life immediately. The rest of the class stirred in their seats and waited for developments. I decided to kill Miss Clapping and be done with it, but when I got to

thinking how I might do it, the scheme seemed impractical. Miss Clapping went to her desk and studied her class book.

“Yes,” she said at last. “Here is your name. I’m sure you know how to pronounce it. The Lord knows I don’t.”

Another insult!

She closed the book and looked at me again.

“Now,” she said, “what did you say when I said you Armenian boys will have to stop eating garlic?”

“I said open the window.”

“Perhaps I don’t understand,” Miss Clapping said, her lips beginning to tremble a little.

She put down the book she was holding and picked up a twelve-inch ruler. She stepped away from her desk and stood at the foot of the row in which my desk was the last one.

“Now, tell me,” she said, “just *what* do you mean?”

“I mean,” I said, “it would be stuffy in this room no matter what anybody ate for lunch. This room needs fresh air. It’s easier to open the window than to ask people to cook stuff without garlic.”

Hawk hooted again, and without any further discussion Miss Clapping moved down the row to my desk.

“Put out your right hand,” she said.

“What for?”

“For being impertinent.”

It happened that I had recently learned the meaning of that word.

“I haven’t been impertinent,” I said.

“You’re being impertinent now,” the teacher said. “Put out your right hand or I shall send you to the Principal, who will give you a thrashing.”

“No, he won’t,” I said.

“Oh, he won’t, won’t he?” the teacher said. “We’ll see about that. You’re not going to make a fool out of me in *this* class. Put out your right hand.”

Miss Clapping waited a full minute for me to put out my hand. So many things happened to her face, to her eyes and mouth, that I almost felt sorry for her. I certainly felt disgusted with myself, although I knew she was being ridiculous.

Finally she returned to her desk and with a shaking hand scribbled a note which she folded and handed to a little girl named Elvira Koot who took the note and left the room. The class sat in silence, the teacher tried to occupy herself looking into her book, and I wished I lived in a more civilized part of the country. At last the little girl returned to the room and handed the teacher a note which the teacher read. I was sure the Principal had considered the situation and had urged her to open the window; I was ready to apologize for having made so much trouble; but when I saw the evil smile on the teacher’s face I went back to planning to kill her, for I knew I was headed for hard times.

“Report to the Principal in his office at once,” Miss Clapping said.

I got up and left the room. In the hall I decided to kill the Principal too. I had seen him from a distance, the usual tall man around public schools; and I had heard about him; but I hadn’t believed what I had heard. The report was that he was quite a rooster among the old hens who taught at school and that he wouldn’t think of giving you a chance to tell your side of a story. If one of the old hens said you deserved to be punished the rooster punished you. Instead of reporting to his office immediately, I left the school building and walked home.

My mother was in the kitchen cutting up half a dozen cabbages for sour cabbage soup.

“What are you doing here?” she said.

“I don’t want to go to that school any more,” I said.

I tried to explain as accurately as possible what had happened. My mother listened to my side of the story and cut up the cabbages and put them into a five-gallon crock and poured salt over them and put a piece of apple-box wood on top of the cabbage, and on top of the wood she put rocks the size of eggplants. She said nothing until I was finished, and then she said, “Go back to the school and mind the teacher. Hereafter when there is garlic in your lunch, eat a spring of parsley. Do not be so eager to defend the honor of Armenian cooking.”

This attitude infuriated me.

I went to my room and put some things together – a pair of socks, a sling shot, three pebbles, a key I had found, a magnifying glass, and a copy of The New Testament I had won at Sunday School – and tied them into a bundle, to ran away. I walked two blocks and then went back to the house and threw the bundle on the front porch and went back to the school and reported to the Principal.

He gave me a strapping with a heavy leather belt. After this greatest insult of all, I dried my eyes and went back to my class and sat at my desk.

After school Hawk said, “See what I mean? You’re a foreigner and don’t ever forget it. A smart foreigner keeps his feelings to himself and his mouth shut. You can’t change teachers. You can’t change Principals. You can’t change people. You can laugh at them, that’s all. Americans make me laugh. I wouldn’t fool with them if I were you. I just laugh at them.”

## **Human Comedy**

### **Chapter X**

#### **ANCIENT HISTORY**

[...] The ancient history classroom was swiftly filling as the teacher, old Miss Hicks, waited for the final bell and the kind of order and quiet which in her class was the sign for the beginning of another stab at the problem of trying to educate, if not entertain, the boys and girls of Ithaca, now at high school and soon, at least,

theoretically, to be ready for the world. Homer Macauley, troubled by something that bordered on a state of adoration, studied a girl named Helen Eliot who walked from the door to her desk. Without a doubt this girl was the most beautiful girl in the world. Besides that, she was a snob – which Homer refused to believe was natural and permanent. Even so, and even though he worshipped her, the bitterest enemy of his school life was this snobbery of Helen Eliot. Following her came Hubert Ackley III. When Hubert reached Helen the two whispered a moment, irritating Homer very much. The final bell rang, and the teacher said, “All right. Silence, please. Who’s absent?”

“I am,” a boy said. His name was Joe Terranova, and he was the low comedian of the class. The four or five of his faithful, the members of his comic religious cult, his worshippers, were instant in their response and appreciation of his swift and goofy\* wit. But Helen Eliot and Hubert Ackley turned and frowned at these Holy Rollers of the classroom, these bad-mannered offspring of slum-dwellers. This in turn angered Homer so much that when everyone else had ceased laughing he burst out with an artificial “Ha-ha-ha,” which he sent almost directly into the faces of Hubert, whom he despised, and Helen, whom he adored. Then he turned swiftly to Joe and said, “As for you, Joe, shut up when Miss Hicks is talking.”

“Now, none of your nonsense, Joseph,” Miss Hicks said. And turning to Homer, “Or yours, young man.” She paused a moment to look the class over. “Now,” she said, “we will take up the Assyrians where we left off yesterday. I want everyone’s undivided attention – everyone’s continuous undivided attention. First we will read from our ancient history textbook. Then we will have an oral discussion of what we have read.”

The low comedian could not resist this opportunity for horseplay. “No, Miss Hicks,” he suggested. “Let’s not discuss it orally. Let’s discuss it silently, so I can sleep.” Again the faithful roared with laughter and the snobs turned away, disgusted. Miss Hicks did not answer the comedian immediately, for on the one hand it was difficult not to enjoy the swiftness of his wit and on the other

hand it was equally difficult to know how to cope with him so that the wit would continue. And yet it was absolutely necessary to keep him in line. At last she spoke.

“You must not be unkind, Joseph,” she said, “especially when it happens that you are right and – I am wrong.”

“Well, I’m sorry, Miss Hicks,” the comedian said. “I guess I just can’t help it. Oral discussion! What other kind of discussion is there? But O. K. I’m sorry.” Now with a kind of spoofing of himself and of his own presumptuousness, he waved to her, saying patronizingly, “Go ahead, Miss Hicks.”

“Thank you,” the teacher said. “Now, everybody – wide awake!”

“Wide awake!” Joe said. “Look at them – they’re all half asleep.”

Even though the old teacher was enjoying Joe’s sallies, it was necessary for her to say, “Another interruption, Joseph, and I will have to ask you to go to the Principal’s office” [...] “Now,” she said, “turn to page 117, paragraph two.” Everyone turned to the page and found the place.

“Ancient history,” the teacher continued, “may seem to be a dull and unnecessary study. At a time like the present, when so much history is going on in our own world, another world – long since ended – may seem unnecessary to study and understand. Such a notion, however, is incorrect. It is very important for us to know of other times, other cultures, other peoples, and other worlds. Who’ll volunteer to come to the head of the class and read?” Two girls and Hubert Ackley III raised their hands. [...]

Joe, the comedian, turned to Homer, and said, “Look at that guy, will you?”

Of the two girls who had volunteered the teacher selected Helen Eliot, the beautiful and snobbish. [...]

“The Assyrians,” Helen Eliot read, “long of nose, hair and beard, developed Nineveh in the North to a position of great power...”

(During the reading containing a tiresome enumeration of ancient kings, their wars, conquests and invasions Homer and Hubert Ackley III start a squabble, insulting each other, as a result both are to be punished. Helen keeps on reading.)

[...] “Then came the great Cyrus, King of Persia, with his hordes of invaders. His conquest, however, was only one of a cycle, for the descendants of the army would later be subjugated to Alexander the Great.”

Homer, disgusted now, tired from the work of the night before and lulled by the sweet voice of the girl he believed was made specially for himself, slowly dropped his head on his folded arms and began to enjoy something almost the equivalent of sleep. Still he could hear the girl reading. “Arabia gave us numerals which are still called Arabic to distinguish them from the Roman notations. The Assyrians invented the sundial. The modern apothecary symbols and the signs of the Zodiac originated with the Babylonians. Comparatively recent excavations in Asia Minor have revealed that there was a magnificent empire there.”

“A magnificent empire?” Horner dreamed. “Where? Ithaca? Ithaca in California? Away to hell and gone? Without any great people, without any discoveries. Without sundials, without numerals, without Zodiacs, without humour, without anything. Where was this great empire?” He decided to sit up again and look around. [...]

“The Hittites,” Helen said, “had swung down the coast and over into Egypt. They mingled their blood with the Hebrew tribes and gave them the Hittite nose.”

Helen stopped reading and turned to the ancient history teacher. “That’s the end of the chapter, Miss Hicks,” she said.

“Very well, Helen,” Miss Hicks said. “Thank you for an excellent reading. You may be seated.”

## Chapter XI

### A SPEECH ON THE HUMAN NOSE

Miss Hicks waited for Helen to take her seat and then looked over the faces of her pupils. "Now," she said, "What have we learned?"

"That people all over the world have noses," Homer said. Miss Hicks was not upset by this reply and took it for what it was worth.'

"What else?"

"That noses," Homer said, "are not only for blowing or to have colds in but to keep the record of ancient history straight."

Miss Hicks turned away from Homer and said, "Someone else, please. Homer seems to have been carried away by the noses."

"Well, it's in the book, isn't it?" Homer said. "What do they mention it for? It must be important."

"Perhaps," Miss Hicks said, "you would like to make an extemporaneous speech on the nose, Mr Macauley."

"Well," Homer said, "maybe not exactly a speech – but ancient history tells us one thing." Slowly now, and with a kind of emphasis he continued, "People have always had noses. To prove it all you have to do is to look around at everybody in this classroom." He looked around at everybody. "Noses," he said, "all over the place." He stopped a moment to decide what else would be possible to say on this theme. "The nose," he decided to say, "is perhaps the most ridiculous part of the human face. It has always been a source of embarrassment to the human race, and the Hittites probably beat up on everybody because their noses were so big and crooked. It doesn't matter who invented the sundial because sooner or later somebody invents a watch. The important thing is. Who's got the noses?"

Joe the comedian listened with profound interest and admiration if not envy. Homer continued.

"Some people," he said, "talk through their noses. A great many people snore through their noses, and a handful of people whistle or sing through them. Some people are led around by their



noses, others use the nose for prying and poking into miscellaneous places. Noses have been bitten by mad dogs and movie actors in passionate love stories. Doors have been slammed on them and they have been caught in egg-beaters and automatic record changers. The nose is stationary like a tree, but being on a movable object – the head – it suffers great punishment by being taken to places where it is only in the way. The purpose of the nose is to smell what's in the air, but some people sniff with the nose at other people's ideas, manners, or appearances.”

He turned and looked at Hubert Ackley III and then at Helen Eliot, whose nose, instead of moving upward, for some reason went slightly downward. “Those people,” he said, “generally hold their noses toward heaven, as if that were the way to get in. Most animals have nostrils but few have noses, as we understand noses, yet the sense of smell in animals is more highly developed than in man – who has a nose, and no fooling.” Homer Macauley took a deep breath and decided to conclude his speech. “The most important thing about the nose,” he said, “is that it makes trouble, causes wars, breaks up old friendships, and wrecks happy homes. Now can I go to the track meet, Miss Hicks?”

The ancient history teacher, although pleased with his imaginative discourse on a trivial theme, would not allow its success to interfere with the need for her to maintain order in her classroom. “You will stay in after school, Mr Macauley,” she said, “and you, Mr Ackley. Now that we have disposed of the matter of noses, someone else please comment on what we have read.”

There were no comments.

## Diary of a Pilgrimage

*by Jerome K. Jerome*

A friend of mine once, during a tour in the Pyrenees, tried to express gratitude by means of pantomime. He arrived late one evening at a little mountain inn, where the people made him very welcome and set before him their best; and he, being hungry, appreciated their kindness and ate a most excellent supper.

Indeed, so excellent a meal did he make and so kind and attentive were his hosts to him, that after supper, he felt he wanted to thank them, and to convey to them some idea of how pleased and satisfied he was.

He could not explain himself in language. He only knew enough Spanish to just ask for what he wanted – and even to do that he had to be careful not to want much. Accordingly he started to express himself in action. He stood up and pointed to the empty table where the supper had been, then opened his mouth and pointed down his throat. Then he patted that region of his anatomy where, so scientific people tell us, supper goes to, and smiled.

He has a rather curious smile, has my friend. The people of the inn seemed rather astonished at his behaviour. They regarded him with troubled looks, and then gathered together among themselves and consulted in whispers.

“I evidently have not made myself sufficiently clear to these simple peasants,” said my friend to himself. “I must put more vigour into this show”.

Accordingly he rubbed and patted that part of himself to which I have previously alluded and which, being a modest and properly brought-up young man, nothing on earth shall induce me to mention more explicitly – with greater energy than ever, and added another inch or two of smile; and he also made various graceful movements indicative, as he thought, of friendly feeling and contentment.

At length a ray of intelligence burst upon the faces of his hosts, and they rushed to a cupboard and brought out a small black bottle.

“Ah! that’s done it,” thought my friend. “Now they have grasped my meaning. When he had finished his speech, he put his hand upon his heart and smiled some more, and then tossed the liquor off at a gulp. Three seconds later he discovered that it was a stringent and trustworthy emetic that he had swallowed. His audience had mistaken his signs of gratitude for efforts on his part to explain to them that he was poisoned, or, at all events, was suffering from acute and agonizing indigestion, and done what they could to comfort him.

## **Strange animal**

*an African story re-told by Alexander McCall Smith*

### **Part one**

There were many people to tell that boy what to do. There was his mother and his father, his grandfather, and his older brother. And there was also an aunt, who was always saying: ‘Do this. Do that.’ Every day this aunt would shout at him, and make a great noise that would frighten the birds.

The boy did not like his aunt. Sometimes he thought that he might go to some man to buy some medicine to put into her food to make her quiet, but of course he never did this. In spite of all his aunt’s shouting and ordering about, the boy always obeyed her, as his father said he must. ‘She has nothing to do but shout at you,’ the boy’s father explained.

‘It keeps her happy.’

‘When I’m a big man I’ll come and shout in her ear,’ the boy said. It was good to think about that.

There was a place that the aunt knew where a lot of fruit grew. It was a place which was quite far away, and the boy did not like going there. Near this place there were caves and the boy had heard that a strange animal lived in these caves. One of his friends had seen this strange animal and had warned people about going near that place.

But the aunt insisted on sending the boy to pick fruit there, and so he went, his heart a cold stone of fear inside him. He found the trees and

began to pick the fruit, but a little later he heard the sound of something in the bush beside him. He stopped his task and stood near the tree in case the strange animal should be coming.

Out of the bush came the strange animal. It was just as his friend had described it and the boy was very frightened. Quickly he took out the drum which he had brought with him and began to beat it. The strange animal stopped, looked at the boy in surprise, and began to dance.

All day the boy played the drum, keeping the strange animal dancing. As long as he played the drum, he knew that there was nothing that the strange animal could do to harm him. At last, when night came, the strange animal stopped dancing and disappeared back into the bush. The boy knew that it had gone back to its cave and so he was able to walk home safely. When he reached home, though, his aunt had prepared her shouting.

‘Where is all the fruit?’ she shouted. Thinking that he had eaten it, she then began to beat him until the boy was able to run away from her and hide in his own hut.

The boy told his father the next day of the real reason why he had been unable to bring back fruit from the tree. He explained that there had been a strange animal there and that he had had to play his drum to keep the animal dancing. The father listened and told the story to the aunt, who scoffed at the boy.

‘There are no strange animals at that place,’ she said. ‘You must be making all this up.’

But the father believed the boy and said that the next day they would all go to the fruit place with him. The aunt thought that this was a waste of time, but she was not going to miss any chance of shouting, and so she came too.

When the family reached the tree there was no strange animal. The aunt began to pick fruit from the tree and stuff it into her mouth. Calling to the boy to give her his drum, she hung it on the branch of a tree in a place where he would not be able to get at it easily.

‘You must pick fruit,’ she shouted to the boy. ‘You must not play a drum in idleness.’

The boy obeyed his aunt, but all the time he was listening for any sounds to come from the bush. He knew that sooner or later the strange animal would appear and that they would then all be in danger.

## **Part two**

When the strange animal did come, it went straight to the boy's father and mother and quickly ate them up. Then the aunt tried to run away, but the strange animal ran after her and ate her too. While this was happening, the boy had the time to reach up for his drum from the branch of the fruit tree. Quickly he began to play this drum, which made the strange animal stop looking for people to eat and begin to dance.

As the boy played his drum faster and faster, the strange animal danced more and more quickly. Eventually the boy played so fast that the animal had to spit out the father and the mother. The boy was very pleased with this and began to play more slowly. At this, the strange animal's dancing became slower.

‘You must play your drum fast again,’ the boy’s father said. ‘Then the strange animal will have to spit out your aunt.’

‘Do I have to?’ the boy asked, disappointed that he would not be allowed to leave the aunt in the stomach of the strange animal.

‘Yes,’ the boy’s father said sternly. ‘You must.’

Reluctantly, the boy again began to play the drum and the strange animal began to dance more quickly. After a few minutes it was dancing so quickly that it had to spit out the aunt. Then darkness came and the strange animal went back to its cave.

The aunt was very quiet during the journey back home. The next day she was quiet as well, and she never shouted at the boy again. Being swallowed by a strange animal had taught the aunt not to waste her time shouting; now, all that she wanted to do was to sit quietly in the sun.

The boy was very happy.

## Important things

*by Barbara L. Greenberg*

For years the children whimpered and tugged. 'Tell us, tell us.'

You promised to tell the children some other time, later, when they were old enough.

Now the children stand eye to eye with you and show you their teeth. 'Tell us.'

'Tell you what?' you ask, ingenuous. 'Tell us The Important Things.'

You tell your children there are six continents and five oceans, or vice versa.

You tell your children the little you know about sex. Your children tell you there are better words for what you choose to call The Married Embrace.

You tell your children to be true to themselves. They say they are true to themselves. You tell them they're lying, you always know when they're lying. They tell you you're crazy. You tell them to mind their manners. They think you mean it as a joke; they laugh.

There are tears in your eyes. You tell the children the dawn will follow the dark, the tide will come in, the grass will be renewed, every dog will have its day. You tell them the story of The Littlest Soldier whose right arm, which he sacrificed while fighting for a noble cause grew back again.

You say that if there were no Evil we wouldn't have the satisfaction of choosing The Good. And if there were no pain, you say, we'd never know our greatest joy, relief from pain.

You offer to bake a cake for the children, a fudge cake with chocolate frosting, their favorite.

'Tell us,' say the children.

You say to your children, 'I am going to die.' 'When?'

'Someday.'

'Oh.'

You tell your children that they, too, are going to die. They already knew it.

You can't think of anything else to tell the children. You say you're sorry. You are sorry. But the children have had enough of your excuses.

'A promise is a promise,' say the children.

They'll give you one more chance to tell them of your own accord. If you don't, they'll have to resort to torture.

## **Dazzler**

*by Suniti Namjoshi*

The sunbird was showing off to such a degree, making the light vibrate off her wingtips, obviously and blatantly singing to herself, that the duck frowned. The sunbird ignored her; she was executing a wholly unnecessary somersault. The duck spoke: 'You ought not to racket and rocket about in quite that manner.' The sunbird was astonished. She stopped in mid-flight and reversed herself. The duck winced – more showing off. 'Why not? It's great fun. Come and try it yourself.' 'You spoil the atmosphere.' The duck was sounding more and more cross. The sunbird by now was bouncing up and down on the end of a twig. 'What, by flying in it?' Suddenly she shot high into the air. The duck felt pacified – she had driven away the nuisance, when the sunbird whizzed past. 'You're a hyper active headache!' the duck shouted. 'Why? What do I do wrong?' The sunbird was swinging from a nearby creeper. 'You occupy space,' muttered the duck. 'Not as much as you,' retorted the sunbird. The duck lost her temper. With a great flapping of wings she rushed at the sunbird. The sunbird dodged. The duck chased her. At last, when the duck was certain that the sunbird had gone, she settled down again to sun herself. Three seconds later she heard the sunbird saying, 'I told you it was fun. Now I'll chase you and you dodge.'

Question: If you were a duck, what would you do?

- a) practise patience
- b) move
- c) start a campaign to make sunbirds illegal
- d) ask the sunbird for flying lessons.

Старший брат заходит в комнату, где перед экраном компьютера, рассматривая фотографии каких-то парусников, буквально замер младший. Старший подождал-подождал, а потом спрашивает:

– Слушай, сколько можно? Долго ты собираешься компьютер пользоваться?

Младший обиженно встает и бросает старшему, направляясь к двери

– Ты сначала хотя бы узнай, что такое «пользовать», а потом прогоняй!..

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Обычная квартира в обычном доме. Работает телевизор. На кухне кто-то возится, шумит чайник. И вдруг ключ в замке поворачивается – с родительского собрания возвращается отец. Ох, лучше бы он туда не ходил! Нет теперь ему покоя: он будет постоянно думать, что сын у него – лоботряс, грубиян и лгун. Молча вешает пальто, ставит портфель, ни слова не говоря, проходит в комнату сына... И там уже начинает всё высказывать отпрыску. Тот пытается возражать, но не тут-то было...

– Ты что же, – кричит отец, – всерьез полагал, что тебе удастся долго меня обманывать? Отнюдь!

Тут сын оживляется и указывает папе на ошибку:

– Отец, так нельзя говорить – «отнюдь»!

– Это еще почему?

– Потому что неправильно это, можно сказать «отнюдь нет», а просто «отнюдь» – нельзя! Нам вчера учительница по русскому объясняла.

С этого момента у папы с сыном начался нормальный разговор, спасибо старинному слову «отнюдь»!



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Иностранец выражается порой куда точнее, чем мы, говорящие на родном языке. И над словами мы, случается, не задумываемся, пока... при нас не заговорит иностранец!

Вот, к примеру, американский студент, сидя в университетском кафетерии в кругу своих российских сокурсников, пытается объяснить им, кто у него отец:

– Ну, он... – подбирает слова американец, – он наемник.

Все удивлены.

– Так он у тебя в армии служит, за границей?

– Нет, не армия, – волнуется юноша, – он на фирме... Не наемник? Он, наверное, наймит.

Общий хохот.

Папа юноши работает в частной компании, и он всего лишь наемный работник, а вовсе не наемник и не наймит. Но вот что интересно: и «наемник», и «наймит» – оба есть в языке. Просто для русского уха они звучат едва ли не как оскорбления!

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Итак, ситуация: вы позвонили в чью-нибудь приемную. С вами удивительно вежливо поговорили, внимательно выслушали и напоследок пообещали обязательно позвонить.

– Оставьте ваш контактный телефон, – предлагает секретарь.

– Домашний, рабочий, мобильный? – переспрашиваете вы.

– Любой, – говорит она, – какой хотите, ваш контактный телефон, по которому с вами можно связаться.

А если бы секретарша сказала иначе – «ваш телефон»? Согласитесь, это звучало бы менее вежливо. Она словно приказывает, прямо как в отделении полиции: «Ваш телефон!». То ли дело – «контактный телефон». Это может быть номер вашего мобильного телефона или телефон соседей, или бывшей жены – да мало ли где вас могут застать. Главное – это ваш выбор!

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Мамы ждут детей, которые занимаются в балетном кружке. Эти занятия для мам священные. Что же касается их дочек... об этом мы лучше умолчим. Ну, велят мамы ходить в кружок, они и ходят: значит, так надо. Однако до прямого отпора дело пока не доходит, так что мамы наслаждаются моментом.

– У меня Верочка, – шепчет одна мама другой, – теперь и ходит совсем по-другому: спинка прямая, подбородочек тянет вверх, ступает как-то особенно.

– Это она у вас с апломбом ходит, – говорит вторая со знанием дела.

– Как это «с апломбом»? – обиделась первая. – Нет, Верочка у меня девочка скромная, добрая, никакого апломба я у нее не замечала.

– Да нет, это у них в балете называется так, «апломб».

Мы с вами привыкли думать, что апломб – это излишняя самоуверенность. С апломбом можно, например, говорить или можно вести себя с апломбом, и это нам понятно. Но как ходить с апломбом?

Оказывается, существует у артистов балета такой термин, «апломб»: умение исполнителя сохранять в танце устойчивость. «Апломбом» называют и подчеркнуто уверенное исполнение танца. Да что там – балерины всегда ходят с апломбом, и это придает им аристократизма. У военных это называется выправкой.

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К дверям известного рекрутингового агентства стоит очередь – девушки модельной внешности. Мужчины, идущие мимо них, не в силах сдержать восхищения: очередь похожа на цветник!

– Куда это вы стоите, девушки? – не удержался один.

– На собеседование, – ответила высокая блондинка.

– И на что же вас, таких красавиц, собеседуют?

По тому, как мужчина обошелся с глаголом «собеседовать», можно сделать вывод: он, скорее всего, менеджер. Не исключено также, что занимается он как раз набором кадров или общается с кем-то, кто этим занимается. Только эти люди полагают, что собеседовать можно «кого-то на что-то»!

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– Вот я, когда был во ФлОриде...

– Где-где? – переспрашивает собеседник.

– Во ФлОриде, – терпеливо повторяет рассказчик.

– Да почему же «во ФлОриде», – вдруг раздражается слушатель, – если правильно будет «во ФлорИде»!

– Но они там все говорят «ФлОрида»! – как будто оправдывается путешественник.

– Кто, американцы?

– Да, и американцы, и наши, которые там живут.

– Вот они пусть и говорят, а мы будем говорить «ФлорИда».

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Никто лучше детей не способен переосмыслить то, что мы произносим каждый день, совершенно не задумываясь. Вот, например, мама ругает старшего сына в присутствии младшего:

– Почему ты, Андрей, так халатно относишься к своим обязанностям?

А младший неожиданно вмешивается:

– Разве у Андрюши есть халат?

Все на секунду замолкают, переглядываются и разражаются хохотом.

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*Учебное издание*

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## **Анатомия речевого конфликта и коммуникативных неудач**

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**Практикум**

*Авторская редакция*

Подписано в печать 01.02.2022. Формат 60х84/16.

Усл. п.л. 10,7. Уч.-изд.л. 6,5.

Тираж 300 экз. Заказ № 215.

Издательский центр «Удмуртский университет»

426004, Ижевск, Ломоносова, 4Б, каб. 021

Тел./факс: + 7 (3412) 916-364, E-mail: editorial@udsu.ru

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426034, Ижевск, ул. Университетская, 1, корп. 2.

Тел. 68-57-18