# Преодоление трудностей общения на английском языке

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**Раздел**: преподавание иностранных языков

**Приложение.1. *Charles Dickens “David Copperfield”***

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My mother had left her chair in her agitation, and gone behind it in the corner, Miss Betsy, looking round the room, slowly and inquiringly began on the other side, and carried her eyes on, like a Saracen’s Head in a Dutch clock, until they reached my mother. Then she made a frown and a gesture to my mother, like one who was accustomed to be obeyed, to come and open the door. My mother went.

“Mrs. David Copperfield, I think,” said Miss Betsey; the emphasis referring, perhaps, to my mother’s mourning weeds, and her condition.

“Yes,” said my mother faintly.

“Miss Trotwood,” said the visitor. “You have heard of her. I dare say?”

My mother answered she had had that pleasure. And she had a disagreeable consciousness of not appearing to imply that it had been an overpowering pleasure.

“Now you see her,” said Miss Betsey. My mother bent her head, and begged her to walk in.

They went into the parlour my mother had come from, the fire in the best room on the other side of the passage not being lighted – not having been lighted, indeed, since my father’s funeral; and when they were both seated, and Miss Betsey said nothing, my mother, after vainly trying to restrain herself, began to cry.

“Oh, tut, tut, tut!” said Miss Betsey, in a hurry. “Don’t do that! Come, come.”

My mother was too much afraid of her to refuse compliance with this odd request, if she had any disposition to do so. Therefore she did as she was told, and did it with such nervous hands that her hair (which was luxuriant and beautiful) fell all about her face.

“Why, bless my heart!” exclaimed Miss Betsey, “you are a very Baby!”

My mother was, no doubt, unusually youthful in appearance even for her years, She hung her head, as if it were her fault, poor thing, and said, sobbing, that indeed she was afraid she was but a childish widow, and would be a childish mother if she lived. In a short pause which ensued she had a fancy that she felt Miss Betsey touch her hair, and that with no ungentle hand; but, looking at her, in he timid hope, she found that lady sitting with the skirt of her dress tucked up, her hands folded on her knee, and he feet upon the fender, frowning at the fire.

“In the name of Heaven,” said Miss Betsey suddenly, “why Rookery?

“Do you mean house, ma’am? asked my mother.

“Why Rookery?” said Miss Betsey. “Cookery would have been more to purpose, if you had had any practical ideas of life, either of you.”

“The name was Mr. Copperfield’s choice,” returned my mother. “When he bought the house, he liked to think that there were rooks about it.”…

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…I never saw such a beautiful colour on my mother’s face before. She gently child me for being rude; and, keeping me close to her shawl, turned to thank the gentleman for taking so much trouble as to bring her home. She put out her hand to him as she spoke, and, as he met it with his own, she glanced, I thought, at me.

“Let us say ’good night,’ my fine boy,” said the gentleman, when he had bent his head – I saw him! – over my mother’s little glove.

“Good night!” said I.

“Come! let us be the best friends in the world!” said the gentleman, laughing. “Shake hands!”

My right hand was in my mother’s left, so I gave him the other.

“Why, that’s the wrong hand, Davy!” laughed the gentleman.

My mother drew my right hand forward: but I was resolved for my former reason, not to give it to him, and I did not. I gave him the other, and he shook it heartily, and said I was a brave fellow, and went away…

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*Charles Dickens “David Copperfield” – Copyright, 1965, by Airmont Publishing Company, Inc.*