# Преодоление трудностей общения на английском языке

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**Приложение.2. *Arthur Hailey “Airport”***

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…Cindy did some calculating of her own concerning Derek Eden. Early thirties, she thought; old enough to be experienced, young enough to be taught a thing or two and to get exited, which was what Cindy liked. A good body from the outward look of him. He would be considerate, probably tender; would give as well as take. And he was available; even before he left to get the drinks he had already made that clear. Communication didn’t take long between two reasonably sensitive people with a similar idea.

A few minutes earlier she had weighed the alternatives of going home or to the airport. Now, it seemed, there might be a third choice.

“There you are” Derek Eden handed her the drink. She glanced at it; there was a lot of Bourbon, and he had probably told the barman to pour heavily. Really! – men were obvious.

“Thank you.” She sipped, and regarded him across the glass.

Derek Eden raised his own drink and smiled. “Noisy in here, isn’t it?”

For a writer, Cindy thought, his dialogue was deplorably unoriginal. She supposed she was expected to say *yes*, then the next thing he would come up with would be, *Why don’t we go some place where its quieter*? The lines to follow were equally predictable.

Postponing her response, Cindy took another sip of Bourbon…

…It occurred to Cindy that perhaps she could manage both.

She smiled t Derek Eden. “Tel me again. What was it you said?”

“I said it is noisy in here.”

“Yes, it is.”

“I wonder if we might skip the diner and go somewhere quieter.”

Cindy could have laughed aloud. Instead, she nodded. “All right.”

She glanced around at the other hosts and guests of the Archidona Children’s relief Fund press party. The photographers had stopped taking pictures; so there was really no point in staying any longer. She could slip out quietly, and not be noticed.

Derek Eden asked, “do you a car here< Cindy?”

No, do you?” Because of the weather, Cindy had come in a taxi.

“Yes.”

“All right,” she said, “I won’t leave here with you. But if you’re waiting in car, outside, I’ll come through the main doors in fifteen minutes.”

“Better make it twenty minutes. I’ll need to make a couple of phone calls.”

“Very well/”

“Do you have any preference? I mean where we’ll go?

“That’s entirely up to you.”

He hesitated, then said, “Would you like dinner first?”

She thought amusedly: “first” was a message – to make quite sure she understood what she was getting into.

“No.” Cindy said. I haven’t time. I have to be somewhere else later.”

She saw Derek Eden’s eyes glance down, then return to her face. She sensed the intake of his breath, and had the impression that he was marveling at his own good fortune. “You’re the greatest,” he said. “I’ll only believe my good luck when you come out through those doors.”

With that, he turned away and slipped quietly from the La Salle Salon. A quarter of an hour later, unnoticed, Cindy followed him…

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*Arthur Hailey “Airport” – A Bantam Book, published by arrangement with Doubleday & Company, Inc.*