

TÜRKMENISTANYŇ BILIM MINISTRLOGI
Aman Kekilow adyndaky Mugallymçylyk mekdebi



Iňlis dili

Goşmaça berilýän hünär dersine taýýarlyk

MUGALLYMÇYLYK MEKDEPLERI ÜÇIN
OKUW GOLLANMA

TAÝÝARLAN: IŇLIS DILI WE EDEBIÝATY
MUGALLYMY Ş.ANNAGYLYJOW

AŞGABAT | 2019ý.

IŇLIS DILI

**Aman Kekilow adyndaky Mugallymçylyk
mekdebiniň mugallymçylyk geňeşinde tassyklandy**

IŇLIS DILI

(Goşmaça berilýan hünär dersine taýýarlyk)

dersinden mugallymçylyk mekdepler üçin okuw gollanmasy

Taýýarlan: iňlis dili we edebiýaty mugallymy Ş. Annagylyjow

Aşgabat-2019ý.

“Education is a main factor which determines the destiny of the state, its dynamic and successful development.”

Gurbanguly
Berdimuhamedov

PREFACE

It is a common knowledge that English has become the language of international communication. It is this is why that the new language policy of Turkmenistan elaborated in the years of its Independence made English as one of the three priority languages (along with Turkmen, Russian and English) for our country.

Over the years of Independence English language teaching in Turkmenistan has been widely encouraged and achievements of teachers of English in Turkmenistan are really remarkable. Their experience in applying in EFL teaching in Turkmenistan the advanced methods is of crucial importance for Turkmenistan of today. The Pedagogical School named after A. Kekilov, where English, along with Turkmen and Russian, is a medium of instruction, is also contributing to some extent to English language learning in Turkmenistan. Thanks to the policy of Conception of Teaching English Language pursued by the President of Turkmenistan. To answer the traditional questions "Where we are?" and "What next?" in the field of EFL teaching there has been held a nation-wide workshop on "The methodology of English language teaching in Turkmenistan.

This book was prepared by qualified English teachers due to the “Syllabus for the Pedagogical schools” approved by the Ministry of Education of Turkmenistan.

The purpose of this book is to guide learners of English in effective and enjoyable ways of improving their language ability. There are many pages of information and advice about language learning, as well as hundreds of exercises in all aspects of English. We hope that this guide book will be very efficient material for Pedagogical School learners.

Theme-1.

The Bird of Happiness and Other Wise Tales

What is the secret of happiness, or the best thing for a wife to take with her when she leaves home? How does a man pay for the smell of bread, or decide if he is lucky? What happens when a friend steals a gift meant for you, or is careless when he tries to make his dreams of a better life come true? How can you change dirt into gold, or get what you want? The eight wise tales in this collection can teach us some important lessons about life.

The Bird of Happiness

A sad, sad story about the bird of happiness.

Once, a girl found a big box.

The Bird of Happiness was inside.

The bird would take her to Forever Land, or so she hoped.
Each box was smaller than the last.

In a cramped, dark space, she finally found her little bird.

But it was far too little, and far too late.

The bird was long dead.
It had met a bloody fate.

The End

The Farmer's In His Den Circle Game

The Farmer's In His Den is a lovely song for a group of children. It's a great choice for playgroups and parties because it is a simple circle game, that gets everyone involved.

Kids really love it's catchy "EE-I-AD-I-O" refrain, and they'll often pick it up well before they can sing the rest of the words. I think elsewhere around the world this song is sometimes sung as "The Farmer's In His Dell", but this is the version we usually sing in the UK.

The Farmer's In His Den
The farmer's in his den,
The farmer's in his den,
EE- I- AD-I-O,

The farmer's in his den.
The farmer wants a wife....
The wife wants a child....
The child wants a nurse....
The nurse wants a dog....
The dog wants a bone...
We all pat the bone! (GENTLY!)

The Farmer's In His Den

FARM SONG AND CIRCLE GAME



LET'S PLAY MUSIC

You start by choosing a volunteer farmer, everyone joins hands in a circle and sings the first verse as they go around the farmer. Each

WHAT YOUR CHILD WILL LEARN FROM THIS ACTIVITY...

**rhythm recognition &
developing a steady beat*

**learning to pitch notes*

**memory: remembering
words and melodies*

**speech development &
vocabulary*

**learning to follow the
rules of the circle game*

**confidence building*



LET'S PLAY MUSIC

verse requires another volunteer, first the farmer chooses a wife, and so on, until there is quite a gathering in the centre of the circle. Finally everyone finishes the song by patting the bone (which is rather strange!). Sometimes it just makes more sense to pat the dog, but then nursery rhymes are often known for their nonsensical words!

Storytelling Activity

An alternative way to sing this song is to use to represent the farmer and all of the other characters. This works well if you don't have

enough children to sing the circle game activity, or they are a little too young to understand and don't want to go in the middle of the circle. The toys can be kept hidden until it is the right time in the song for them to come out. You can encourage the children to identify each character as they are added to the group.

Mary Had a Little Lamb

“Mary Had a Little Lamb” is a beautiful rhyme for kids telling the story of a girl who one day is taking her lamb to school.

The lyrics belong to American writer Sarah Josepha Hale (1788-1879) and the musical sheet was written by the composer Lowell Mason in the 1830s.

The story of Mary Had a Little Lamb originates from a true story. It happened to a 14 year old girl whose name was Mary Sawyer who, encouraged by her brother, is taking her lamb with her to school. Of course she couldn't keep her pet unnoticed and the lamb was soon everybody's distraction, becoming famous for this.

There are some theories that the poem or part of it would be written by a young John Roulstone who was visiting the school that day.

“Mary Had Little Lamb” Facts

“Mary's Little Lamb” was inspired by a true happening.

Today Mary's Little Lamb statue can be found in Sterling, MA, after a fire destroyed Mary's native house in August 2007.

Also her school, known as Redstone School (1798) has been removed, and can be found in Sudbury, MA on Longfellow's Wayside Inn land.

The lyrics of “Mary had a Little Lamb” were the first words in the history captured by a phonograph. Thomas Edison recorded his own voice reciting the rhyme, around the year 1877.

“Mary Had a Little Lamb” Lyrics

Mary had a little lamb,
whose fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
the lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day
which was against the rules.
It made the children laugh and play,
to see a lamb at school.
And so the teacher turned it out,
but still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
till Mary did appear.
“Why does the lamb love Mary so?”
the eager children cry.
“Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know.”
the teacher did reply

Theme-2.**Hush, Little Baby**

Hush, little baby, don't say a word.
Papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird

And if that mockingbird won't sing,
Papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring

And if that diamond ring turns brass,
Papa's gonna buy you a looking glass

And if that looking glass gets broke,
Papa's gonna buy you a billy goat

And if that billy goat won't pull,
Papa's gonna buy you a cart and bull

And if that cart and bull turn over,
Papa's gonna buy you a dog named Rover

Hash little baby don't you cry, Papa's gonna sing you a lullaby.
Hash little baby, don't say a word, Papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird.
If that mockingbird won't sing, Papa's gonna Buy you a Golden ring. If
that gold ring turns to brass, Papa's gonna buy you a looking glass. If
that glass begins to crack, Papa's gonna buy you a Jumping Jack. If that
Jumping Jack is broke, Papa's gonna buy you a velvet cloak. If that
velvet cloak is coarse, Papa's gonna buy you a rocking horse. If that
rocking horse won't rock, Papa's gonna buy you a cuckoo clock. If that
cuckoo clock, won't tic, Papa's gonna buy you a walking stick. If that
walking stick falls down, You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town.

Theme-3.**Silent Night***Celtic Woman*

Silent night, holy night

All is calm, all is bright

'Round yon virgin Mother and Child

Holy infant so tender and mild

Sleep in heavenly peace

Sleep in heavenly peace

Silent night, holy night!

Shepherds quake at the sight!

Glories stream from heaven afar;

Heavenly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia!

Christ the Savior is born!

Christ the Savior is born!

Christ the Savior is born!

Silent night, holy night

Son of God, oh, love's pure light

Radiant beams from Thy holy face

With the dawn of redeeming grace

Jesus, Lord at Thy birth

Jesus, Lord at Thy birth

Jesus, Lord at Thy birth

Theme-4,5.**Good Luck, Bad Luck, Who Knows****If You're Happy and You Know It**

Many years ago a wise peasant lived in China.

He had a son who was the apple of his eye. He also was the proud owner of a fine white stallion (horse) which everyone admired. One day his horse escaped from his grounds and disappeared. The villagers came to him one by one and said: “You are such an unlucky man. It is such bad luck that your horse escaped.” The peasant responded: “ Who knows. Maybe it’s bad, maybe it’s good.” The next day the stallion returned followed by 12 wild horses. The neighbours visited him again and congratulated him on his luck. Again, he just said: “Who knows. Maybe it’s good, maybe it’s bad.”

As it happened, the next day his son was attempting to train one of the wild horses when he fell down and broke his leg. Once more everyone came with their condolences: “It’s terrible.” Again, he replied: “Who knows. Maybe it’s good, maybe it’s bad.” A few days passed and his poor son was limping around the village with his broken leg, when the emperor’s army entered the village announcing that a war was starting and they were enrolling all the young men of the village. However, they left the peasant’s son since he had a broken leg. Everyone was extremely jealous of the peasant. They talked about his sheer good luck, while the old man just muttered: “Who knows. Maybe it’s good, maybe it’s bad.”

If You're Happy and You Know It

If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands (clap clap)
 If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands (clap clap)
 If you're happy and you know it, then your face will surely show it
 If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands. (clap clap)

If you're happy and you know it, stomp your feet (stomp stomp)
 If you're happy and you know it, stomp your feet (stomp stomp)
 If you're happy and you know it, then your face will surely show it
 If you're happy and you know it, stomp your feet. (stomp stomp)

If you're happy and you know it, shout "Hurray!" (hoo-ray!)
 If you're happy and you know it, shout "Hurray!" (hoo-ray!)
 If you're happy and you know it, then your face will surely show it
 If you're happy and you know it, shout "Hurray!" (hoo-ray!)

If you're happy and you know it, do all three (clap-clap, stomp-stomp, hoo-ray!)
 If you're happy and you know it, do all three (clap-clap, stomp-stomp, hoo-ray!)
 If you're happy and you know it, then your face will surely show it
 If you're happy and you know it, do all three. (clap-clap, stomp-stomp, hoo-ray!)

If You're Happy and You Know It (Alternate version)

If you're happy and you know it scratch your side,
 If you're happy and you know it scratch your side,
 If you're happy and you know it then you really ought to show it,
 If you're happy and you know it scratch your side.
 If you're happy and you know it jump up and down

If you're happy and you know it say ooh-oooh

If you're happy and you know it do all three.

You end looking like a monkey, usually the audience doesn't suspect it till it's too late.

Theme-6.

The Basket of Eggs

Ten in the Bed

A tale from Egypt

Mousa really didn't like being poor. He lived in a small house in a small village next to the River Nile in Egypt. When there was work, he worked on farms, and when there was no work, he watched the waters of the River Nile. Sometimes he dreamt that he was in a beautiful boat, going slowly up the river to Cairo. He dreamt of a new life there – a big house, lots of money, beautiful clothes and lots of food. One day, when there was no work and he was tired of looking at the Nile, he thought, 'Enough is enough.' He decided to leave for Cairo and become rich.

While he was walking down the street, he met his old friend Abdullah.

'Abdullah, I'm so happy to see you before I go,' he said.

'Before you go? Where are you going?' asked his friend, with great surprise.

'I'm going to Cairo to become rich,' replied Mousa, excitedly.

'How are you going to become rich?' asked his friend.

'I'm going to...' Mousa began, but he wasn't really very sure of his plan.

'Listen, Mousa,' said Abdullah, putting his hand on his friend's arm. 'I'm going to help you. Come with me.'

read and listen English short stories

read and listen English short stories

Abdullah pulled Mousa down a little street, and took him to Hafsah's house. In front of the house there was a big garden with many

chickens running around in it. Everyone knew that Hafsah's eggs were the best in the village.

'Good morning, Hafsah,' said Abdullah. 'We need two hundred eggs, in a big basket.'

'Why are we buying eggs?' asked Mousa.

'With these eggs, you can go to the big market in Cairo. There you'll sell them for good money. Then you'll buy something else, and sell it in a different place for more money. You'll buy and sell, buy and sell, and soon you'll be rich. Then you can give me back the money for the eggs – and perhaps a little more for helping you to start your business.' Abdullah gave the eggs to Mousa, and they walked through more little streets until they came to the Nile. They found a boat which was going to Cairo.

'Here's some money for the journey. And Cairo is waiting for you! Good food, beautiful clothes, all the things that you've ever dreamt about. Good luck, Mousa. Come back rich!'

Mousa said goodbye to his friend and got on the boat.

read and listen English short stories

read and listen English short stories

Twenty minutes later, the boat left. In two hours he would be in Cairo, for the first time. A new life was waiting! Mousa closed his eyes and tried to imagine that great city.

'Mousa! Where are you going with all those eggs?'

Mousa opened his eyes to see who was talking to him. It was Khaled, the baker's son. He was going to Cairo that day to sell his father's cakes there.

'Well, no, not really. I'm not going to sell eggs all my life, you know. I'm going to be much more than that.'

'What are you going to do?' Khaled looked interested. A man and his wife from their home village also looked at Mousa, waiting to hear his answer. Mousa was very happy to tell them about his dreams.

'Well, first I'm going to sell these eggs in the market. I bought them from Hafsah, so I'll get good money for them.'

'Hafsah's eggs are the best in the village,' said Khaled.

'That's true,' said the man and his wife.

‘Then I’m going to buy some beautiful material,’ said Mousa. Some of the women sitting near looked at Mousa when he said this.

‘And what material is that?’ asked one of them.

‘Ah, the finest material that you can imagine. There are materials in Cairo that you can’t find anywhere else. Materials that are made with really beautiful colours... I can’t even tell you their names.’

The women looked at each other. One of them closed her eyes, trying to imagine those colours.

‘I’ll come back to our village and sell this material,’ said Mousa. ‘All the women will want to buy some to make new clothes, so I’ll make more money.’ Now all the women in the boat were listening to Mousa.

‘With this money I’ll buy a ewe and give her the best food to eat.’ When he said that, a group of men looked at him.

‘A ewe is a good animal to buy,’ said one of them. ‘You must give her apples sometimes.’

‘Carrots are better,’ said another man in the group.

‘My ewe will eat both apples and carrots,’ said Mousa. ‘Later she’ll have two lambs. I’ll sell the lambs and their mother, and... then do you know what I’ll buy?’

read and listen English short stories

read and listen English short stories

Now everyone in the boat was listening to Mousa.

‘A cow?’

‘A boat?’

‘A camel?’

‘No, a water buffalo,’ said Mousa in a loud voice.

Ah yes, I see. From two hundred eggs to a water buffalo. That’s good business,’ said Khaled.

‘Very good business!’ they all said.

Mousa stood up excitedly.

‘When the water buffalo has a calf I’ll have two water buffaloes to sell,’ he shouted. And after I sell them, I’ll be rich. And when I’m rich, I’ll have a servant to work for me. All day I’ll shout at him, “Do this! Do that! Quickly! Run!” And if he’s slow, I’ll give him a big kick, like this!’

With that, Mousa kicked the basket of eggs and it fell off the boat into the waters of the Nile. Two hundred eggs went to the bottom of the river, and Mousa was left with nothing – only his dreams.

– THE END –

Ten in the Bed Nursery Rhyme

There were ten in the bed
And the little one said,
"Roll over! Roll over!"
So they all rolled over and
one fell out

There were nine in the bed
And the little one said,
"Roll over! Roll over!"
So they all rolled over
And one fell out

There were eight in the bed
And the little one said,
"Roll over! Roll over!"
So they all rolled over and one fell out

There were seven in the bed
And the little one said,
"Roll over! Roll over!"
So they all rolled over and one fell out

There were six in the bed
And the little one said,
"Roll over! Roll over!"
So they all rolled over and one fell out

There were five in the bed
 And the little one said,
 "Roll over! Roll over!"
 So they all rolled over and one fell out

There were four in the bed
 And the little one said,
 "Roll over!..."

Theme-7.

A GIFT FROM GOD

A Merchant and His Donkey

One day, when I was a freshman in high school, I saw a kid from my class was walking home from school. His name was Kyle. It looked like he was carrying all of his books. I thought to myself, "Why would anyone bring home all his books on a Friday? He must really be a nerd."

I had quite a weekend planned (parties and a football game with my friends tomorrow afternoon), so I shrugged my shoulders and went on. As I was walking, I saw a bunch of kids running toward him. They ran at him, knocking all his books out of his arms and tripping him so he landed in the dirt. His glasses went flying, and I saw them land in the grass about ten feet from him. He looked up and I saw this terrible sadness in his eyes. My heart went out to him so I jogged over to him> As he crawled around looking for his glasses, and I saw a tear in his eye. As I handed him his glasses, I said, "Those guys are jerks. They really should get lives."

He looked at me and said, "Hey thanks!" There was a big smile on his face.

It was one of those smiles that showed real gratitude. I helped

him pick up his books, and asked him where he lived. As it turned out, he lived near me, so I asked him why I had never seen him before. He said he had gone to private school before now. I would have never hung out with a private school kid before.

We talked all the way home, and I carried his books. He turned out to be a pretty cool kid. I asked him if he wanted to play football on Saturday with me and my friends. He said yes.

We hung all weekend and the more I got to know Kyle, the more I liked him. And my friends thought the same of him. Monday morning came, and there was Kyle with the huge stack of books again. I stopped him and said, "Darn boy, you are gonna really build some serious muscles with this pile of books everyday!" He just laughed and handed me half the books.

Over the next four years, Kyle and I became best friends. When we were seniors, we began to think about college. Kyle decided on Georgetown, and I was going to Duke. I knew that we would always be friends, that the miles would never be a problem. He was going to be a doctor, and I was going for business on a football scholarship.

Kyle was valedictorian of our class. I teased him all the time about being a nerd. He had to prepare a speech for graduation. I was so glad it wasn't me having to get up there and speak.

Graduation day, I saw Kyle. He looked great. He was one of those guys that really found himself during high school. He filled out and actually looked good in glasses. He had more dates than me and all the girls loved him!

Boy, sometimes I was jealous. Today was one of those days. I could see that he was nervous about his speech. So, I smacked him on the back and said, "Hey, big guy, you'll be great!" He looked at me with one of those looks (the really grateful one) and smiled. "Thanks," he said.

As he started his speech, he cleared his throat, and began.

"Graduation is a time to thank those who helped you make it through those tough years. Your parents, your teachers, your siblings, maybe a coach ... , but mostly your friends. I am here to tell all of you that being a friend to someone is the best gift you can give them. I am going to tell you a story."

I just looked at my friend with disbelief as he told the story of the first day we met. He had planned to kill himself over the weekend. He talked of how he had cleaned out his locker so his mom wouldn't have to do it later and was carrying his stuff home. He looked hard at me and gave me a little smile. "Thankfully, I was saved. My friend saved me from doing the unspeakable."

I heard the gasp go through the crowd as this handsome, popular boy told us all about his weakest moment. I saw his mom and dad looking at me and smiling that same grateful smile. Not until that moment did I realize its depth.

Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life; for better or for worse. God puts us all in each other's lives to impact one another in some way. Look for God in others.

Each day is a gift from God! Don't forget to say, "Thank you!"

A Merchant and His Donkey

One beautiful spring morning, a merchant loaded his donkey with bags of salt to go to the market in order to sell them. The merchant and his donkey were walking along together.

They had not walked far when they reached a river on the road. Unfortunately, the donkey slipped and fell into the river and noticed that the bags of salt loaded on his back became lighter.

There was nothing the merchant could do, except return home where he loaded his donkey with more bags of salt. As they readied the

slippery riverbank, now deliberately, the donkey fell into the river and wasted all the bags of salt on its back again.

The merchant quickly discovered the donkey's trick. He then returned home again but reloaded his donkey with bags of sponges. The foolish, tricky donkey again set on its way. On reaching the river he again fell into the water. But instead of the load becoming lighter, it became heavier.

The merchant laughed at him and said: "You foolish donkey.... Your trick had been discovered, you should know that, those who are too clever sometimes over reach themselves.

Theme-8.

The Milkmaid and her Pail

Patty the Milkmaid was going to the market carrying milk in a pail on her head.

As she went along, she began calculating what she would do with the money she would get for the milk. "I'll buy some fowls from Farmer Brown," said she, "and they will lay eggs each morning, which I will sell to the parson's wife. With the money that I get from the sale of these eggs, I'll buy myself a new dimity frock and a chip hat, and when I go to the market, won't all the young men come up and speak to me! Polly Shaw will be so jealous, but I don't care. I shall just look at her and toss my head like this."

As she spoke that, she tossed her head back and the pail fell off it, and all the milk was spilt!

More about the story

This story has given rise to an idiom, namely, “Don't count your chickens before they hatch”

There are some people who buy a lottery ticket and immediately begin to dream about what they will do with the money when they win the prize. They begin to make plans without the slightest doubt about winning the prize. When you tell such a person "don't count your chickens before they hatch," you are warning him/her not to make plans before being sure of winning the prize. You are asking him/her to wait for the lottery results to be announced before he/she starts making plans.

Below given is an example of how this idiom is used.

John: “I will visit England first, and then France.”

Leo: “Oh! Are you going abroad?”

John: “Yes, my father has promised to give me money to travel the world if I pass the final exams with flying colours.”

Leo: “Oh! I thought you have some money with you. Ok, so have you prepared well for the exam?”

John: “Not yet, I don't have all the books. I have to go and buy.”

Leo: “Dear John, first you have to buy the books, then study, then do the exam well, then get money from your father, then you will travel, right?”

John: “Yes, yes. I shall travel by Singapore Airlines. It is really a cool airline.”

Leo : “My dear John, please don't count your chickens before they hatch.”

Theme-9.

On a hot day of summer, an ant was searching for some water. After walking around for some time, she came near the river. To drink the water, she climbed up on a small rock. While trying to drink a water, she slipped and fell into the river.

There was a dove sitting on a branch of a tree who saw an ant falling into the river. The dove quickly plucked a leaf and dropped it into the river near the struggling ant. The ant moved towards the leaf and climbed up onto it. Soon, the leaf drifted to dry ground, and the ant jumped out. She looked up to the tree and thanked the dove.

Later, the same day, a bird catcher nearby was about to throw his net over the dove hoping to trap it. An ant saw him and guessed what he was about to do. The dove was resting and he had no idea about the bird catcher. An ant quickly bit him on the foot. Feeling the pain, the bird catcher dropped his net and let out a light scream. The dove noticed it and quickly flew away.

Moral: If you do good, good will come to you. One good turn deserves another.

The Ant and The Grasshopper

The Ant and the Grasshopper, also known as The Grasshopper and the Ant (or Ants) is one of the most famous of Aesop's Fables. This fable's moral lesson emphasizes the twin values of hard work and planning for the future.

One bright day in late autumn a family of Ants were bustling about in the warm sunshine, drying out the grain they had stored up during the summer, when a starving Grasshopper, his fiddle under his arm, came up and humbly begged for a bite to eat.

"What!" cried the Ants in surprise, "haven't you stored anything away for the winter? What in the world were you doing all last summer?"

"I didn't have time to store up any food," whined the Grasshopper; "I was so busy making music that before I knew it the summer was gone."

The Ants shrugged their shoulders in disgust.

"Making music, were you?" they cried. "Very well; now dance!" And they turned their backs on the Grasshopper and went on with their work.

There's a time for work and a time for play.

Theme-10.**Five Little Monkeys**

Five little monkeys jumping on the bed,
One fell down and bumped his head,
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said,
No more monkeys jumping on the bed!
Four little monkeys jumping on the bed,
One fell down and bumped his head,
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said,
No more monkeys jumping on the bed!
Three little monkeys jumping on the bed,
One fell down and bumped her head,
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said,
No more monkeys jumping on the bed!
Two little monkeys jumping on the bed,
One fell down and bumped his head,
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said,
No more monkeys jumping on the bed!
One little monkey jumping on the bed,
She fell down and bumped her head,
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said,
Put those monkeys right to bed!

Theme-11.
A Wise Woman*A tale from Guinea, West Africa*

It was a beautiful African morning. Children were playing happily in the village streets. The women were washing clothes in the river and singing songs about lazy husbands. The great chief listened to the two men sitting in front of him. ‘Great chief, the man next to me is a thief,’ said the older man. ‘Is that really so?’ replied the great chief. ‘Then tell me: what did he steal from you?’

‘One of my sheep,’ answered the old man.

‘And what is your answer to that?’ the great chief asked the younger man.

‘Why steal sheep, great chief?’ replied the young man. ‘I have lots of them. If I need more sheep, I buy them. I don’t steal them from other people. He’s the thief, not me.’

The great chief looked at the far mountains and smiled. Then he looked at both men. Was the young one lying? He wasn’t sure. But the old man didn’t have the look of a thief. This was a difficult problem. He wasn’t going to find the answer in just a few minutes. But the great chief liked problems like this more than any other. It took some time to find the answer. People came to him from very far away to ask him to be the judge of their problems. The great chief liked this also.

‘I have a question for both of you,’ said the great chief. ‘The person who finds the solution will keep the sheep. Go home and think about this question, and come back only when you know the answer.’

What's the fastest thing in the world? Don't come back until you have the solution.'

The two men left the great chief's house. The old man was sad. How could he find the answer to such a difficult question? When he got home he told the question to his daughter, Zia. She was a beautiful, happy woman who liked helping others. She was young, but she was also very wise.

'I know the answer, Father,' she said. 'It's "time".'

English story for learning English language

English story for learning English language

The old man went back to the great chief's house. The great chief was surprised.

'You're back again! Not even one hour has passed and you already have an answer to my question?'

'Yes, great chief,' replied the old man, 'it wasn't so difficult.'

'So tell me, what is the fastest thing in the world?'

'Time,' answered the old man. 'It always goes too fast. There's never enough time for all the things that we want to do. And when we want more time to do something, it goes faster.'

The great chief was surprised. The old man's answer was even better than his solution.

'Who helped you to find the answer? Who gave you these words?' asked the great chief.

'They're my words,' said the old man. 'No one helped me.'

‘If that’s not true, I’ll punish you,’ said the great chief.

The old man was too afraid to go on with his story. ‘It was my daughter, Zia. She’s a very wise young woman and she gave me the words,’ he said.

‘She must be very wise!’ thought the great chief.

‘Very well,’ he said. ‘You have found the answer and so you shall keep the sheep. And now that this is all finished, I think that I’d like to meet your daughter.’

The next day the old man brought his daughter Zia to meet the great chief. They sat at the great chief’s table and had a big lunch – chicken, rice, fruit and a drink made from palm juice. During lunch they talked about the young man who stole the sheep, and about how difficult it was to be a good judge. The great chief enjoyed the lunch very much. While he talked about this and that with Zia, he felt so happy that he wanted to sing and dance. Was it the palm juice drink, or the wise and beautiful young woman looking into his eyes? But time always passes too fast, and soon it was time for them to leave.

English story for learning English language

The great chief saw Zia every day, and his love for her grew and grew.

‘You’re a wise and beautiful woman. I’d really like to marry you,’ he said.

‘Me too,’ replied Zia, laughing.

And so they married. The great chief was very happy, but he was also worried about having a wise wife. He didn't want her to help him with the problems that people brought him. He liked being the great chief who was a wise judge. He didn't want people to start talking about the great chief's very wise wife.

'Everything in my house belongs to you,' he said to her the day after they were married. 'But I ask only one thing from you. Never try to help with the problems that people bring me. If you do, you'll stop being my wife. I'm saying this to you only once.' Zia listened without looking at the great chief. When he finished, she smiled.

Zia and her husband were happy and life went well for a time. The great chief listened to people's problems as before. Zia was busy with the house and the animals. In the evenings he told her about the problems of the day and she usually agreed with his answers.

But one day two little boys went to see the great chief about a cow. Each boy said that it was his cow. The great chief gave them a very difficult question to answer. Zia knew which boy was telling the truth, because she often saw him in the fields with the family's cow. When he walked past her that afternoon, he was crying. Zia spoke to him.

'Tell me, little boy, what's the matter?' she asked him.

'The great chief gave us a question that I can never answer,' he said sadly.

'What did he ask you?'

'His question was: what's the biggest thing in the world?'

Zia knew that she mustn't help the boy. But the answer was easy for her and very difficult for him. And he was telling the truth about the cow.

'Go back to the great chief now,' said Zia. 'Tell him the answer in these words: "It is air. Air is all around us. When we walk, in front of us there is only air and more air. When we look up at the sky, there is air as far as we can see."'

English story for learning English language

The little boy went to see the great chief. He said the same words that Zia told him. This time the great chief wasn't surprised, he was very angry.

'Who helped you find this answer?' he shouted. 'These words are too wise for a young boy. Who gave them to you?'

'They're my words, great chief,' said the boy. 'No one helped me to find the answer.'

'If this isn't the truth, I'll punish you,' said the great chief.

The boy was afraid. 'It was your wife, Zia,' he said in the end.

The great chief was very angry with his wife. That evening he spoke to her.

'Didn't I tell you that everything which I have belongs to you? You have done the one thing, the only thing that I asked you not to do. Now, take what belongs to you and go back to your father's home.'

'Before I go, can I make you one last meal?' asked the woman. 'Then I'll take what belongs to me and go.'

‘Yes,’ answered the great chief. ‘Make what you want to eat. Take what you want to take. Just be sure that you’re not still here tomorrow!’

Zia cooked the great chief’s favourite meal: chicken with rice and vegetables. While he ate, she gave him a strong drink made from palm juice. She gave him many cups of it. At the end of the meal, the great chief lay down and slept.

With her family’s help, Zia carried the great chief to her father’s home. They put him on a bed, and he stayed in a deep sleep all night.

In the morning a great voice woke everyone in the house.

‘Where am I? What am I doing here?’ shouted the great chief.

Zia ran into the room, laughing.

‘You said that I could take anything that I wanted from your house. I wanted you and so I took you.’

‘You are truly wise,’ smiled the great chief. ‘Come, let’s go back to our home together. Only a stupid man would send away so wise a woman.’

‘And you, my great chief, are not a stupid man,’ said his clever wife.

The Big Ship Sails

The Big Ship Sails is a song that the Tweenies sung.

Milo: Ah, It's The Big Ship Sails On The

Together

Alley Alley Oh! The Big Ship Sails On The Alley Alley Oh. The Alley Alley Oh

The Alley Alley Oh

The Big Ship Sails On The Alley Alley Oh

On The Last Day Of September

Alley Alley Oh. Alley Oh

On The Last Day Of September

Max: Get Ready A Tame!

Oh The Captain Said It Will Never Never Do

Never Never Do

Never Never Do

Oh The Captain Said It Will Never Never Do. On The Last Day Of September Alley Alley Oh.

Tweenies The Big Ship Sails

Alley Oh

On The Last Day Of September

Max: And There As You Are

Milo: Captain Max

Fizz: Yeah!

Oh We Deep Our Heads In The Deep Blue Sea

The Deep Blue Sea

The Deep Blue Sea

Oh We Deep Our Heads In The Deep Blue Sea

On The Last Day Of September
 Alley Alley OhAlley Oh
 On The Last Day Of September
 Max: And Then
 Jake Giggles
 Max: What A News,
 Hang On,
 Oh The Big Ship Sank To The Bottom Of Sea
 The Bottom Of Sea
 The Bottom Of Sea
 Oh The Big Ship Sank To The Bottom Of Sea
 On The Last Day Of September
 Alley Alley Oh
 Alley Oh
 On The Last Day Of September
 Max: Hey Take On Take On,
 Ho!
 Jake Giggles: Yeah!
 Oh The Big Ship Sails On The Alley Alley Oh
 The Alley Alley Oh
 The Alley Alley Oh
 The Big Ship Sails On The Alley Alley Oh
 On The Last Day Of September
 Alley Alley Oh
 Alley Oh
 On The Last Day Of September
 Tweenies Giggles
 Max: Salutes Snow!
 Milo: Hoo Hoo Hoo Hoo
 Max: Attention!

The Big Ship Sails On The Alley Alley Oh
 The Alley Alley Oh
 The Alley Alley Oh
 The Big Ship Sails On The Alley Alley Oh
 On The Last Day Of September
 Alley Alley Oh
 Alley Oh
 On The Last Day Of September
 The Captain Said It Will Never Never Do
 Never Never Do
 Never Never Do
 The Captain Said It Will Never Never Do
 On The Last Day Of September
 Alley Alley OhAlley Oh
 On The Last Day Of September
 The Big Ship Sank To The Bottom Of Sea
 The Bottom Of Sea
 The Bottom Of Sea
 The Big Ship Sank To The Bottom Of Sea
 On The Last Day Of September
 Alley Alley OhAlley Oh
 On The Last Day Of September
 Oh We Deep Our Heads In The Deep Blue Sea
 The Deep Blue Sea
 The Deep Blue Sea
 Oh We Deep Our Heads In The Deep Blue Sea
 On The Last Day Of September
 Alley Alley Oh
 Alley Oh

On The Last Day Of September

The Big Ship Sails On The Alley Alley Oh

The Alley Alley Oh

The Alley Alley Oh

The Big Ship Sails On The Alley Alley Oh

On The Last Day Of September

Alley Alley Oh,Alley Oh

On The Last Day Of September

The Last Day Of September

Theme-12.

Here we go

Here we go

Here we go

Here we go

With a roar that will sweep through the nation

United we stand and we know

We will never be denied

Strike a blow

Strike a blow

Strike a blow

Send the bosses to hell and to damnation

Like thunder our anger will grow

We'll make stand and build a land

That's free for ever

Here we go

Here we go

Here we go

With a roar that will sweep through the nation

United we stand and we know

We will never be denied

Strike a blow

Strike a blow

Strike a blow

Send the multies to hell and to damnation

Like thunder our anger will grow

We'll make stand and build a land

That's free for ever

Here we go looby loo.

Here we go looby light.

Here we go looby loo.

All on a Saturday night.

You put your right hand in.

You take your right hand out.

You give your hand a shake, shake, shake.
 And turn yourself about.
 Here we go looby loo.
 Here we go looby light.
 Here we go looby loo.
 All on a Saturday night.
 You put your left hand in.
 You take your left hand out.
 You give your hand a shake, shake, shake.
 And turn yourself about.
 Here we go looby loo.
 Here we go looby light.
 Here we go looby loo.
 All on a Saturday night.
 You put your right foot in.
 You take your right foot out.
 You give your foot a shake, shake, shake.
 And turn yourself about.
 Here we go looby loo.
 Here we go looby light.
 Here we go looby loo.
 All on a Saturday night.
 You put your left foot in.
 You take your left foot out.
 You give your foot a shake, shake, shake.
 And turn yourself about.
 Here we go looby loo.
 Here we go looby light.
 Here we go looby loo.
 All on a Saturday night.
 You put your head in.
 You take your head out.
 You give your head a shake, shake, shake.
 And turn yourself about.
 Here we go looby loo.
 Here we go looby light.

Here we go looby loo.
 All on a Saturday night.
 You put your whole self in.
 You take your whole self out.
 You give your whole self a shake, shake, shake.
 And turn yourself about.

Theme-13.

Down by the Station

Down by the station
 (Down by the station)
 Early in the morning
 (Early in the morning)
 See the little puffer bellies
 (See the little puffer bellies)
 All in a row
 (All in a row)
 See the station master
 (See the station master)
 Turn the little handle
 (Turn the little handle)
 Puff, puff, toot, too
 (Puff, puff, toot, toot)
 Off we go
 (Off we go)
 Down by...

The wheels on the bus go round and round. Round and round. Round and round.

The wheels on the bus go round and round. Round and round.

The door on the bus goes open and shut. Open and shut. Open and shut. The door on the bus goes open and shut. Open and shut.

The wipers on the bus go swish swish swish. Swish swish swish. Swish swish swish.

The wipers on the bus go swish swish swish. Swish swish swish.

The horn on the bus goes beep beep beep. Beep beep beep. Beep beep beep.

The horn on the bus goes beep beep beep. Beep beep beep.

The people on the bus go up and down. Up and down. Up and down. The people on the bus go up and down. Up and down.

The babies on the bus go, “Wah wah wah. Wah wah wah. Wah wah wah.”

The babies on the bus go, “Wah wah wah. Wah wah wah.”

The mommies on the bus go, “Shhh shhh shhh. Shhh shhh shhh. Shhh shhh shhh.”

The daddies on the bus go, “Shhh shhh shhh. Shhh shhh shhh.”

Theme-14.**Where, Oh, Where?**

CHLOE

I often ask because I feel
 I've every right to ask
 Will time take on the task to reveal
 Yes or no,
 My beau ideal?

For even though when I'm abed
 I dream he holds me tight
 Awake, I never light on the man
 I plan one day to wed.

Where, oh where
 Is that combination so rare?
 The cute night in armor,
 Completely a charmer,
 Who'd still be a millionaire?

Where, oh where
 Is that combination so rare?
 A youth who is able to wrap me in sable,
 Who'd still be a love affair?

I could accept a cottage small by a roaring waterfall,
 Yet I'd much prefer a castle cool by a marble swimming pool.

But where, oh where
 Is that combination so rare?
 A highly admissable, kissable boy
 To fill me with, practically kill me with joy?
 Who'd still be a millionaire?
 Tell me, where, oh where, oh where?

Theme-15.**Twinkle, twinkle, little star,***Twinkle, twinkle, little star*

Star Light, Star bright,
 First star I see tonight,

I wish I may, I wish I might,

Catch a falling star tonight.
 Try and catch a shooting star
 make a wish with all your heart
 The stars shine brightly for you
 And make all your wishes come true
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are.
 Up above the world so high,
 Like a diamond in the sky.
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

How I wonder what you are.
 Try and catch a shooting star
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

Star Light, Star bright,

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

Star Light, Star bright,
 I wish I may, I wish I might,

Try and catch a shooting star

Star Light, Star bright,
 First star I see tonight,
 I wish I may, I wish I might,
 Catch a falling star tonight.
 Try and catch a shooting star
 make a wish with all your heart
 The stars shine brightly for you
 And may all your wishes come true

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are.
 Up above the world so high,
 Like a diamond in the sky.
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are

Try and catch a shooting star
 Make a wish with all your heart
 The stars shine brightly for you
 and may all your wishes come true
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are.

Up above the world you shine,
 Like a night light in the sky
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are

Star Light, Star bright,
 First star I see tonight,

(INSTRUMENTAL BREAK)

Star Light, Star bright,
First star I see tonight,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world you shine,
Like a night light in the sky
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are

Star Light, Star bright,
First star I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Catch a falling star tonight.
Try and catch a shooting star
make a wish with all your heart
The stars shine brightly for you
And may all your wishes come true

Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

And eyes and ears and mouth and mouth and nose.

Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes, knees and toes.

March, march, march.

Let us all march.

March, march, march.

Get your body charge!

Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

Head, shoulders, knees and toes.

And eyes and ears and mouth and nose.

Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

Jump, jump, jump.

Let's all jump.

Jump, jump, jump.

Make your muscle pump!

Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

And eyes and ears and ears and mouth and nose.

Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes.

Punch, punch, punch.

Let's all punch.

Punch, punch, punch.

Have a hurty munch.

Theme-17.**Sports***Poem by Michael Philips*

□ Your gentle yawn
 while reading the sports section
 as they fill your prescription.
 A light scratch of your nose
 as you read the review of the
 newest hippest band out of L.A.
 while your new tires are installed.
 Waiting is the dullness of a brown sparrow
 flitting to the next wire,
 the line of ants on a tree trunk.

Not so bad
 if you have something inoperable
 and know that boredom
 is a luxury for the living.
 The forgettable moments the doctor consults
 with the nurse in the hallway,
 the trees from outside swaying in the glass picture frame,
 the shoe scuff patterns on the linoleum.
 I didn't know the cloud I floated on
 until it was yanked away
 and I see the dark rocky ground
 speeding upwards.

Kamilah Aisha Moon*North Charleston, South Carolina, April 4, 2015*

Walter Scott must have been a track athlete
before serving his country, having children:
his knees were high, elbows bent
at 90 degrees as his arms pumped
close to his sides, back straight and head up
as each foot landed in front of the other.
Too much majesty in his last strides.
So much depends on instinct, ingrained
legacies and American pastimes.
Relays where everyone on the team wins
remain a dream. Olympic arrogance,
black men chased for sport—
heat after heat
of longstanding, savage races
that always finish the same way.
My guess is Walter Scott ran distances
and sprinted, whatever his life events
required. Years of training and technique
are not forgotten, even at 50. Even after being
tased out of his right mind. Even in peril
the body remembers what it has been
taught, keeping perfect form
during his final dash.
The Olympic Games
Song for Young Children
Jack Hartmann

The Olympic Games
Started long ago
The Olympic Games
Started in Greece, you know.

The Olympic Games
Now all the world will come
The Olympic Games
Are for everyone

The Olympic Torch
Will be shining bright
The Olympic Torch
Will be shining bright

It burns for peace
Through the day and night
It burns for peace
Through the day and night

All the flags of the world
Will be flying free...

Theme-18.

Review.

2-nd year. 4-th semestr.**Theme-1.****Songs. Learn the poems**

One, two, three, four
Nick and Jane, wash the floor!
Five, six, seven, eight
Mike and Ann, wash the plate!
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve
Put your books upon the shelf!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother.
Hand in hand
With one another.
One, one, one:
Little dog, run!
Two, two, two:
Cats see you!
Three, three, three:
Birds on a tree.
Four, four, four:
Toys on the floor.
Autumn is yellow,
Winter is white.
Spring is green,
Summer is bright.
This is the season
When fruit is sweet.
This is the season
When school-friends meet.

What season is it?

Spring is here,
 Summer is near,
 Grass is green,
 So nice and clean.

Winter, spring, summer, fall -
 I like spring best of all.

The summer sun shines hot and high.
 Baby birds now learn to fly.

Green, green leaves and tasty fruit,
 All the things are so good!

Winter, spring, summer, fall -

I like summer best of all. The cat and the mouse.

Cat: -Little Mouse, little Mouse,
 Where is your house?

Mouse: - Little Cat, little Cat,
 I have no flat.
 I am a poor mouse,
 I have no house.

Cat: - Little Mouse, little Mouse,
 Come into my house.

Mouse: - Little Cat, little Cat,
 I cannot do that.
 You want to eat me.

Theme-2.**Why rabbits have got short tails.**

Once there lived a Rabbit. His name was Bunny. He was big, bigger than his Brother Bonny. But he had no tail. He wanted to have a long tail, longer than that of Mrs. Fox. One day Bunny went for a walk. He saw Mrs. Fox. «Hello, Mrs. Fox,» he said, «Where are you going?»

«I'm going shopping.»

«What are you going to buy?»

«I'm going to buy a tail»

«But you've got a tail. I think it's the longest and the most beautiful tail!»

«Well, but I want a new one, a longer and more beautiful one than my old tail.»

«Oh, please, Mrs. Fox, buy a tail for me too. Look at me, I haven't got a tail.»

«OK,» said the Fox and ran to the shop.

In the shop Mrs. Fox bought only one tail. It was a beautiful and long red tail, it was longer and more beautiful than her old tail.

She ran back home. On the way to home she saw Brother Rabbit. Bunny looked at the Fox's tail and said. «Oh, what a beautiful tail you've got. And where is my tail?»

Theme-3.**Stone soup.**

One day an old man whose clothes were very old came to a woman's house. He looked terrible. «Excuse me», said the old man, «I am thirsty and very hungry. Could you give me some food, please?» But the woman was very greedy. «Go away», she said, «I have not any food». «Oh», said the old man. «That's a pity. I have a magic stone. I can make a soup with it. But I need some water. «Well, I have a lot of water», said the greedy woman, «A magic stone, oh?».

She brought a big pan of water. The old man put stone into it. After a while he tasted the soup «M-m-m! It's very good» he said, «It just needs some salt».

The woman brought some salt, «M-m-m! That's better», he said. «It needs some vegetables. It's pity you haven't got any vegetables».

«Oh, I can give you some vegetables, said the woman. She ran away and soon brought some potatoes, carrots and other vegetables. The old man put the vegetables into the pan. «Is it all right now?» asked the woman. «Yes, but it needs some meat. It is pity you haven't got any meat». «Oh, I can give you some meat» said the woman and she brought some meat and the old man put it into the pan. «Right», said the man. «I can't see the stone now. So the soup is ready. Bread is very good with stone soup». She went away and soon came back with some bread in her hands. «It's bread», said the woman. She put it on the table.

The woman tasted the soup. «M-m-m! This stone soup is very tasty and you made it with that magic stone».

When they ate the soup, the old man said: «Here is the magic stone. You can keep it».

«Oh, thank you, said the woman. «But remember, said the old man, «for the best soup you need some meat, vegetables and some salt, too».

Theme-4.**“Why Rabbit and Brother Fox are not friends”**

Native American Lore

One winter Rabbit was going along through the snow when he saw Fox. It was too late to hide, for Fox had caught Rabbit's scent.

"I am Ongwe Ias, the one who eats you!" barked Fox. "You cannot escape me!"

Rabbit began to run for his life. He ran as fast as he could around trees and between rocks, making a great circle in the hope that he would lose Fox. But when he looked back he saw that Fox was gaining on him. "I am Ongwe Ias," Fox barked again. "You cannot escape."

Rabbit knew that he had to use his wits. He slipped off his moccasins and said, "Run on ahead of me." The moccasins began to run, leaving tracks in the snow. Then, using his magic power, Rabbit made himself look like a dead, half-rotten rabbit and lay down by the trail.

When Fox came to the dead rabbit, he did not even stop to sniff at it. "This meat has gone bad," he said. Then, seeing the tracks that led on through the snow he took up the chase again and finally caught up with Rabbit's old moccasins.

"Hah," Fox snarled, "this time he has fooled me. Next time I will eat the meat no matter how rotten it looks." He began to backtrack. Just as he expected when he came to the place where the dead rabbit had been, it was gone. There were tracks leading away through the bushes, and Fox began to follow them.

He hadn't gone far when he came upon an old woman sitting by the trail. In front of her was a pot, and she was making a stew.

"Sit down, grandson," she said. "Have some of this good stew."

Fox sat down. "Have you seen a rabbit go by?"

"Yes," said the old woman, handing him a beautifully carved wooden bowl filled with hot stew. "I saw a very skinny rabbit go by. There was no flesh on his bones, and he looked old and tough."

"I am going to eat that rabbit," said Fox.

"Indeed?" said the old woman. "You will surely do so, for the rabbit looked tired and frightened. He must have known you were close behind him. Now eat the good stew I have given you."

Fox began to eat and, as he did so, he looked at the old woman. "Why do you wear those two tall feathers on your head, old woman?" he asked.

"These feathers?" said the old woman. "I wear them to remind me of my son who is a hunter. Look behind you--here he comes now." Fox turned to look and, as he did so, the old woman threw off her blankets and leaped high in the air. She went right over Fox's head and hit him hard with a big stick that had been hidden under the blankets. When Fox woke up his head was sore. He looked for the stew pot, but all he could see was a hollow stump. He looked for the wooden soup bowl, but all he could find was a folded piece of bark with mud and dirty water in it. All around him were rabbit tracks. "So, he has fooled me again," Fox said. "It will be the last time." He jumped up and began to follow the tracks once more.

Before he had gone far he came to a man sitting by the trail. The man held a turtle-shell rattle in his hand and was dressed as a medicine man.

"Have you seen a rabbit go by?" asked Fox.

"Indeed," said the medicine man, "and he looked sick and weak."

"I am going to eat that rabbit," Fox said.

"Ah," said the medicine man, "that is why he looked so afraid. When a great warrior like you decides to catch someone, surely he cannot escape."

Fox was very pleased. "Yes," he said, "I am Ongwe Ias. No rabbit alive can escape me."

"But, Grandson," said the medicine man, shaking his turtle-shell rattle, "what has happened to your head? You are hurt."

"It is nothing," said the Fox. "A branch fell and struck me."

"Grandson," said the medicine man, "you must let me treat that wound, so that it heals quickly. Rabbit cannot go far. Come here and sit down."

Fox sat down, and the medicine man came close to him. He opened up his pouch and began to sprinkle something into the wound.

Fox looked closely at the medicine man. "Why are you wearing two feathers?" he asked.

"These two feathers," the medicine man answered, "show that I have great power. I just have to shake them like this, and an eagle will fly down. Look, over there! An eagle is flying down now."

Fox looked and, as he did so, the medicine man leaped high in the air over Fox's head and struck him hard with his turtle-shell rattle.

When Fox woke up, he was alone in a small clearing. The wound on his head was full of burrs and thorns, the medicine man was gone, and all around him were rabbit tracks.

"I will not be fooled again!" Fox snarled. He gave a loud and terrible war cry. "I am Ongwe Ias," he shouted. "I am Fox!"

Ahead of him on the trail, Rabbit heard Fox's war cry. He was still too tired to run and so he turned himself into an old dead tree.

When Fox came to the tree he stopped. "This tree must be Rabbit," he said, and he struck at one of the small dead limbs. It broke off and fell to the ground. "No," said Fox, "I am wrong.

This is indeed a tree." He ran on again, until he realized the tracks he was following were old ones. He had been going in a circle. "That tree!" he said.

He hurried back to the place where the tree had been. It was gone, but there were a few drops of blood on the ground where the small limb had fallen. Though Fox didn't know it, the branch he had struck had been the end of Rabbit's nose, and ever since then rabbits' noses have been quite short.

Leading away into the bushes were fresh rabbit tracks. "Now I shall catch you!" Fox shouted.

Rabbit was worn out. He had used all his tricks, and still Fox was after him. He came to a dead tree by the side of the trail. He ran around it four times and then, with one last great leap, lumped into the middle of some blackberry bushes close by. Then, holding his breath, he waited.

Fox came to the dead tree and looked at the rabbit tracks all around it. "Hah," Fox laughed, "you are trying to trick me again." He bit at the dead tree, and a piece of rotten wood came away in his mouth. "Hah," Fox said, "you have even made yourself taste like a dead tree. But I am Ongwe Ias, I am Fox. You cannot fool me again."

Then, coughing and choking, Fox ate the whole tree. From his hiding place in the blackberry bushes, Rabbit watched and tried not to laugh. When Fox had finished his meal he went away, still coughing and choking and not feeling well at all.

After a time, Rabbit came out of his hiding place and went on his way.

Theme-5.**“KING LEAR”**

Many centuries ago there lived an old king of Britain. His name was Lear. He had three daughters-Goneril, Regan and Cordelia. Cordelia was his favourite (daughter) child.

As Lear was very old, he decided to divide his kingdom among his three daughters. «I want to divide my kingdom among you,» he said. «The one who loves me most, will have the largest part.»

«I love you more than anything in the whole world,» said Goneril.

«I love you more than my life or my freedom,» said Regan.

And what do you say, Cordelia?» asked the King.

Cordelia raised her head. «Father,» she said, «I love you no more than a daughter can love her father.»

King Lear was very angry. «Leave me!» he said. «I don't want to see you ever again.» He divided his kingdom between Regan and Goneril, and Cordelia was given nothing. After some time she left Britain and became the wife of the French King, who loved her more than words can tell. King Lear decided to stay with Goneril. But Goneril who was now rich and powerful, did not want to have the old King near her. Lear went to Regan. But Regan said: «I am not so rich as Goneril, and I can't invite you to stay at my house. You had better go back to Goneril!»

Now King Lear had no home and no daughters. He was as poor as the poorest man in Britain.

One night a terrible storm broke out. It rained hard, and the moon and the stars were behind the clouds. It was cold, wet and dark in the fields. King Lear had only two friends with him. One was his fool and the other a knight. The knight's name was Kent. The fool tried to help the old King, but he could only make jokes and sing songs. King Lear was very ill, and Kent decided to send a

man to Cordelia. When Cordelia was told the truth about her father, she came to Britain with many soldiers. King Lear was very happy to see her dearest daughter near him.

Answer the following questions.

1. What was the name of the old King of Britain?
2. What did King Lear decide to do?
3. How did Cordelia answer her father's question?
4. What has happened to Cordelia?
5. What has happened to King Lear?
6. Who stayed with him?
7. What shows that Cordelia really loved her father?

Theme-6.**‘THE LITTLE RED HEN’****I**

This is the Little Red Hen. Her name is Jen the Hen. Jen the Hen has three little chickens. They are yellow. They are very, very nice. They are little, yellow and nice.

Jen the Hen has friends. They are a cat, a dog and a duck, The cat’s name is Pam or Pam the Cat. He is grey. His eyes are green. His tail is long. He is a big fat. The dog’s name is Tug or Tug the Dog. She is black and white. Her eyes are brown. Her ears are not long. Her tail is short and funny. She is a big dog.

The duck’s name is Chuck or Chuck the Duck. She is brown. Her tail is very short. She is a big fat duck. Jen the Hen has five seeds. She counts the seed now: «One, two, three, four, five. I have five seeds». «Help me to plant the seeds, please», she says to her friends. Pam the Cat says: «I don’t want to help you. I want to play with a mouse».

Tug the Dog says: «I don’t want to help you. I want to play, too». Chuck the Duck says: «I don’t want to help you. I want to swim».

‘THE LITTLE RED HEN’**II**

«Can you help me plant the seeds?» Jen the hen asks her little chickens. «Yes, we can», they say. Pam the Cat does not work. He plays with a mouse. They are very funny. Tug the Dog does not work. She plays with a ball. He is glad to play.

Chuck the Duck does not work. She swims. It is very fine to swim. Jen the Hen and her little chickens do not play. They work now. They plant the seeds. Jen the Hen says to her friends:

- Help me to make bread. Pam the Cat answers:
- I do not want to make bread. I want to sleep. Tug the Dog answers:
- I do not want to make bread. I want to sleep. Chuck the Duck answers:

- I do not want to make bread. I want to sleep. Now Jen the Hen makes bread and her little chickens help her.

— Ah, do you want to sleep, my friends? Don't you want to make bread? Sleep, sleep, my friends, if you do not want to eat, - says Jen the Hen.

«Do you want to help me to eat bread»' says Jen the Hen.

«Yes, I do», says Pam the Cat, «I am hungry».

«Yes, I do», says Tug the Dog, «I am hungry».

«Yes, I do», says Chuck the Duck, «I am very hungry».

«Yes, we do», say the chickens, «We are very hungry, too».

«But now I don't want to give you the bread», Jen the Hen says to Pam the Cat, Tug the Dog and Chuck the Duck. «I want to give the bread to my little chickens. They are nice and kind. They like to work. They usually help me.

Theme -7.**Education in Great Britain. Text.**

Education is compulsory in Britain for children between the ages of 5 and 15.

In England and Wales primary education continues until the age of 11. Between the ages of 5 and 7 children go to Infant school and between the ages of 7 and 11, to Junior school. The system is different in Scotland.

There are three types of publicly maintained secondary schools in England and Wales: grammar schools, secondary modern schools and secondary technical schools. Grammar schools provide education of an academic type, and a large number of grammar school children go on to university. Only 20-25 per cent of all the secondary school pupils attend grammar school, however; far more go to secondary modern schools, which provide a general education with a practical bias.

Selection for the different types of secondary schools is made at the age of eleven and is based on the opinion of the teachers who taught the child at primary school and on an examination known as the "eleven plus".

Selection at such an early age, as well as the eleven plus examination are strongly criticized by many people. Certain educational authorities have set up comprehensive schools, which provide all types of secondary education for all children of a district. There is no eleven plus examination and each child is given an opportunity to develop his talents and follow his special interests.

The first comprehensive schools were set up in London.

Most children have completed school at the age of 15, but most grammar school children and a small number of secondary modern school children stay on until they are 16. Some grammar school children stay at school until the age of 17, 18 or even 19. There is no general leaving examination, but pupils may take an examination for the General Certificate of Education. The

examination has two levels: “ordinary” (O-level), usually taken at the age of 16 and “advanced” (A-level) taken at the age of 18 or 19.

All this refers to publicly maintained schools, which are attended by more than 90 per cent of all the children between the ages of 5 and 15. No fees are charged to attend them. However, there also exist independent schools, the most important of which are the so-called public schools” (for children between the ages of 13 and 18). Many public schools are several hundred years old. Nearly all of them are boarding schools and most of them are boy’s schools. They charge very high fees, and only really well-to-do people can afford to send their children to them; a year’s stay in a good public school costs as much as a small car.

Answer the following questions.

1. Is education compulsory in Great Britain?
2. Between what ages is education compulsory in Great Britain?
3. What types of schools are there in Great Britain?
4. What does grammar school, secondary modern school and secondary technical school mean?
5. How do they select which pupils will attend the schools?
6. How many levels has the examination for the General Certificate of education and what are they?
7. Are the schools free of charge?
8. What can you say about public schools?
9. Are they free of charge?

Theme-8.**Read and learn the dialogue. At the shop. In a supermarket.****Dialogue.**

I

Ass.: Can I help you?

Cust.: No, it's all right, thanks, I am just looking round.

Ass.: Have a look around then. Maybe you would like something in our shop.

Cust.: I like this navy-blue jacket very much. Can I try it on?

Ass.: Certainly. The changing rooms are in the right-hand corner.

Cust.: Oh, it suits me very well, doesn't it?

Ass.: That's a really nice jacket. Pure wool, a modern fashion.

Cust.: How much is it?

Ass.: £ 55. English clothes are really good value. They are so well-made.

Cust.: All right. I can afford the price.

II

Ass.: Can I help you?

Cust.: Yes, please. I would like to have something from this shopping list.

Ass.: Oh, your shopping list is very big. We stock only three items you ask for: butter, milk and cheese.

Cust.: Two packets of butter, a pound of cheese and three bottles of milk, please.

Ass.: Here they are. Pay by cheque at the cash desk.

Cust.: Excuse me, do you happen to know where I could find some ham, minced meat and beef sausages?

Ass.: They are all sold at the butcher's.

Cust.: And I wonder if you stock any cigarettes here?

Ass.: I'm afraid we don't. You should try the shop next door for the cigarettes.

III

Cust.: Hello, I'm looking for a pullover. Can you show me one?

Ass.: Certainly, madam. What kind of pullover do you want?

Cust.: A woolen one. Medium size.

Ass.: How about this one? It's very attractive.

Cust.: Yes, but it's too thick.

Ass.: How about this yellow one?

Cust.: Oh, it's quite nice but it's too short and I don't like the colour.

Ass.: What colour do you want?

Cust.: I think blue or brown will do.

Ass.: Well, we have some pullovers of that colour. Here they are.

Which one do you like best?

Cust.: Can I try this brown one?

Ass.: Of course, madam. Oh, it fits you perfectly. It's exactly your size.

Cust.: Yes, but I don't think it suits me. Can I try that blue one?

It matches the colour of my eyes.

Ass.: Unfortunately, we can't offer you exactly what you want.

The colour, size, material, price are all wrong. Try another shop, please.

Cust.: Excuse me, please.

Ass.: That's right. But you'd better go to a big supermarket next time.

You'll find everything there.

Cust.: Thank you very much. It was very kind of you to explain me all

that. I'm a foreigner here and I haven't not got accustomed to your

service and prices yet.

Buying clothes –

- What lovely T-shirts !
- Can I help you ?
- Yes, can I have a look at those T-shirts ?
- Yes, of course.
- They are nice. Can I try a black one on?
- Certainly. What size are you ?
- Size 12, I think.
- Then you want a medium. They come in small. Medium and large.
- It's nice, but it's a bit big. Can you give me a small size, please ?
- Certainly. Here you are.
- What do you think, Azat ?
- It suits you.
- I think I'll have it. How much does it cost?

- 18.70 manats.
- Here you are.
- Thank you.
- Good bye.

Answer the questions.

1. Who goes shopping in your family?
2. Do you go shopping every day?
3. What shop is the best for you to buy things?
4. Why do you think so?
5. What shopping centers do you know?

And what can you buy there?

6. Do you often go to the supermarket? Is it far from your house?
7. Is there a rich choice of goods in the supermarket you go to?
8. Were you at a department store long ago? Did you go there alone?

What did you buy?

9. What was the first department you saw?
10. Have you ever tried anything on in the clothing department?

Fruits and vegetables:

bananas pears cabbage
 oranges apples tomatoes
 grapes peppers lettuce

Shops and Shopping.

Where's the shop assistant? (person who works in a shop; also called sales assistant).

The shoes were in the shop window, (the window at the front of the shop).

We went to the new shopping centre. (a place with many shops, outside or indoors).

I just went window shopping. (looking round the shops without buying anything)

Did you make a shopping list? (a list of things to buy).

I went shopping yesterday. (I bought things, e.g. clothes, TVs, a present for my sister).

I did the shopping yesterday. (I bought food and things for the house).

You have to shop around for the best prices. (=go to different shops to find the best prices).

Types of shop and what they sell name of shop what they sell
department store almost everything (furniture, clothes, electrical appliances, e.g. TVs and washing machines, toys, e.g. dolls, games, jewelry, e.g. rings earrings) supermarket most things, but especially food and household goods, e.g. cleaning products and kitchen equipment, etc. In some, you buy meat at a meat counter and fish at a fish counter. (=place where people serve you)

Theme-9.**Poems,songs about school and kindergarden.****Learn the poem.**

My Teddy's fur is soft and brown
 His legs are short and fat;
 He walks with me all round the low
 And never wears hat;
 My Teddy keeps me warm in bed,
 I like his furry toes;
 I like his darling little head
 His pretty little nose.

Four Little Words

There are four little words
 That can help you a lot.
 When you hurt your friend
 On purpose or not.

So say these words
 Don't wait too long!
 If you've hurt your friend
 Say, «I'm sorry. I'm wrong».

Learn the rhyme.**“The world of toys”**

Little children – girls and boys,
 Like the magic world of toys.
 Boys enjoy a rocking horse
 And a clown's funny nose,
 And a fort, a model plane,
 Metal soldiers and a train.
 There's a scooter in a shop
 Which is really tip-top.
 Tommy likes his little rocket,
 He can put it in his pocket.
 ‘My room is nice’
 My room is nice, it just for me.

It's got a table, a chair and big TV
 Come to my room! Come today!
 Come to my room! And play all day!
 My room is nice, it just for me.
 It's got a big blue bed
 Come and see!
 Come to my room! Come today!
 Come to my room! And play all day!

POEM. ‘A CUP OF TEA’

I think I'll make a cup of tea,
 I am very fond of tea, you see.
 First the water boiling hot,
 Then just a little to warm the pot.
 Tip the water into the sink
 Two tea - spoon full of tea, I think!
 Then pour the water into the pot,
 A lovely cup of tea I've got,
 Stir it once, then, drink it up.
 Will you have some coffee, please,
 With the butter and the cheese,
 With the sausage and the bread (and the bun)?
 Have you breakfast, dear Dad (dear Mum!)

Theme-10.**“Hunting eagles”**

To hunt with birds is a very old sport. In some countries the golden eagle is used for hunting wild animals. They are used for hunting foxes and wolves. To train an eagle to hunt takes a long time. Hunters catch young eagles in nets made of hair. After the training, the eagle is taken to a field. A blindfold over the birds' eyes keeps it quiet until the hunter is ready. The eagle sits on the arm of the hunter. The hunters arm is covered with a long special glove to protect it from the sharp claws of the bird. In the field, as soon as the hunter sees a fox or a wolf, he removes the blindfold. The eagle quickly flies into the air and begins to look for the wild animal. The eagle sees the animal and catches it with claws like steel. Its beak and claws are strong enough to hold some animals. Usually the bird carries the animal back to the hunter. But some animals can get away, because they are fast and have good eyes.

Choose a true answer.

The hunter removes the (claws, glove and blindfold).

The eagle catches the animal with (good eyes, a special glove and strong claws).

The eagle looks for the (hunter, animal, blindfold).

The bird carries the animal (back to, away from, as soon as the hunter).

Theme-11.**“The house that Jack built”**

This is the house that Jack built.
 This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.
 This is the rat that ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat

That killed the rat that ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.
 This is the dog that worried the cat
 That killed the rat that ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn
 That tossed the dog that worried the cat
 That killed the rat that ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.
 This is the maiden all forlorn
 That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
 That tossed the dog that worried the cat
 That killed the rat that ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn
 That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
 That tossed the dog that worried the cat
 That killed the rat that ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the judge all shaven and shorn
 That married the man all tattered and torn

That kissed the maiden all forlorn
 That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
 That tossed the dog that worried the cat
 That killed the rat that ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rooster that crowed in the morn
 That woke the judge all shaven and shorn
 That married the man all tattered and torn
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn
 That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
 That tossed the dog that worried the cat
 That killed the rat that ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn
 That kept the rooster that crowed in the morn
 That woke the judge all shaven and shorn
 That married the man all tattered and torn
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn
 That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
 That tossed the dog that worried the cat
 That killed the rat that ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

Some versions use "cheese" instead of "malt", "priest" instead of "judge", "cock" instead of "rooster", the older past tense form "crew" instead of "crowed", or "chased" in place of "killed". Also in some versions the horse, the hound, and the horn are left out and the rhyme ends with the farmer.

Theme-12.13**“BEAUTY AND BEAST” (by Gianfrancesco Straparola)**

Once upon a time there was a rich merchant who had three daughters. One winter there was a terrible storm at sea and the merchant lost all of his ships. The family has to sell their grand house and move to the tiny cottage. The older girls grumbled and complained about being poor. But the youngest, called Beauty because of her sweet face and gentle nature, made the best of it.

One day their father heard that one of the ships had survived the storm. As he left for town, he asked the girls what presents they would like him to bring back.

«A beautiful dress for me!» said the first daughter. ‘‘A silver necklace!’’ said the second. «What about you?» he asked Beauty. «There must be something you would like». «A red rose for my hair», said Beauty with a smile.

The merchant had a miserable time in town sort-ing out his business, and he left no richer then when he’s arrived. On the way home snow began to fall, and the unlucky man soon realized he was lost. Suddenly, he found himself before a pair of locked, wrought-iron gates. Through the gates he could see a huge mansion with lights glowing warmly in the windows.

«If only i could shelter here», he said. At these words the gates swung open, "he wind blew him to-ward the steps of the house and before he had time to knock, the door opened by itself. Inside was a table set with the most tempting food and drink. He looked back through the swirling snow and saw that the gates had silently closed. As he stepped in-side, the door creaked shut behind him. He stood in the room. He looked back through the swirling snow and saw that the gates had silently closed. As he stepped in-side, the door creaked shut behind

him. He stood in the room, looking around nervously. One of the chair pulled itself back from the table, as if inviting him to sit down. «Well, I'm obviously welcome here!» he thought. And he ate and drank as much as he could.

In front of the fire was a big sofa, covered with a fur rug. A corner of the rug turned back as if to say, «Do come and lie down». So that's what he did. The next thing he knew it was morning. He sat at the table where breakfast was waiting for him. There was even a red rose in silver vase on the table.«A red rose!» he cried. «How lucky. Now Beauty will have her present after all». After eating his fill. He stood up and plucked the rose from its vase. At once, a terrible roar filled the air. The door burst open and there stood the most horrifying sight. It was dressed in a man's clothes - but instead of hands there were hairy claws and its head was a mass of tangled fur.

«Steal my rose, would you?» it snarled, showing its awful fangs. «What kind of thanks is that for the welcome I've given you?». The merchant nearly died of fright. «Please forgive me, sir. It was for my daughter, Beauty. But I'll put it back at once, of course». «Too late!» growled the Beast. «You must take it you now... and send me your daughter in exchange».

«NO!» gasped Beauty's father. «NO!».«Then I shall eat you this minute», roared the Beast. «Better for you to eat me than my lovely daughter», said the unhappy man.

«If you send her, I will not harm her», answered the Beast. «You have my word on it. Now choose». The girl's father agreed to the dreadful bargain. The Beast gave him magic ring, which, if twisted three times, would bring Beauty to the Beast's lonely mansion. Beauty's father had a miserable journey home. And it was even worse when he told his daughters what had happened. «Did he really say he would not hurt me, Father?» asked Beauty. «He gave his word, my darling». Beauty kissed him good-bye and said, «Give me the ring». Then she put it on and twisted it three times. Almost at once she found herself in the

Beast's mansion. But he was not there to meet her and she did not see him for many days.

Because the house seemed so welcoming. Beauty was not afraid. But she began to feel so lonely that she wished the Beast would come and talk to her — however horrible he looked. One day, as she wandered in the garden, the Beast stepped out from behind a tree. Beauty could not stop herself from screaming as she covered her eyes. «Don't be afraid, Beauty», he murmured, trying to keep the growl out of his voice. «I've only come to wish you good day and ask. If you are enjoying your stay at my house». 'Well», said Beauty, taking a deep breath, «I'd rather be at home. But I am well looked after, thank you». «Good», said the Beast. *Would you mind if I walked with you for a while?». The two of them wandered around the garden. After that day the Beast often came to talk to Beauty.

One night, Beauty saw him loping across the moonlit lawn. She realized with a shock that he was out hunting for his food. Glancing up, she saw him at the window. Covering his face with his great paws, he let out a roar of shame. Although he was ugly, the Beast was very kind to Beauty. And because she was so lonely she began to look forward to seeing him.

One evening while Beauty was reading by the fire, the Beast said hopefully, 'Marry me, Beauty'. Beauty felt sorry for him. «I do like you very much, Beast», she said 'but I don't love you». Though he often asked her again, she always refused as kindly as she could. One day he found her weeping by the fountain in the garden. «Oh, Beast!» she moaned. «I'm sorry to cry when you've been so kind to me, but I'm homesick. I miss my father so much». To her joy, Beast said. «You may go home for seven days if you promise to come back». Beauty promised at once and twisted the ring on her finger. What happiness there was when Beauty appeared in the little kitchen in the middle of supper. They had a wonderful time together. At the end of week there was no sign or word from the Beast. «Perhaps he's forgotten », thought Beauty. «I'll stay just a little longer». Another week passed and there was still no

word. The family breathed a sigh of relief. Then one night as Beauty was rushing her hair in front of the mirror, her reflection suddenly faded. There instead was the Beast. He was lying by the moonlit fountain almost hidden by fallen leaves. «Oh, Beast!» cried Beauty, tears springing to her eyes. «Please don't be dead. I'll come back». She twisted the ring three times and found herself by his side in the garden.

«Beast, oh, Beast», she wept, lift his huge head onto her lap, «I didn't mean to kill you. I do love you». She tried to brush the leaves from his face, but her eyes were so full of tears that she could not see. Suddenly, he spoke. «Look at me, Beauty. Wipe away your tears and see what you have done». Beauty looked down and saw that she was stroking a head of golden hair. Beast had vanished and in his place was the most handsome of men.

«Who are you?» she gasped,«I am a prince,» he said. «A witch cast, a spell on me to change me into a beast, Only true love could free me. Ah, Beauty, I'm so glad you came back. Now will you marry me?»

«Of course, my prince, I will». And the two of them lived happily ever after.

Theme-14.**Poems and songs about friends. Learn the poem.**

My Teddy's fur is soft and brown
His legs are short and fat;
He walks with me all round the low
And never wears hat;
My Teddy keeps me warm in bed,
I like his furry toes;
I like his darling little head
His pretty little nose.

Four Little Words

There are four little words
That can help you a lot.
When you hurt your friend
On purpose or not.

So say these words
Don't wait too long!
If you've hurt your friend
Say, «I'm sorry. I'm wrong».

Theme-15-16.**Children songs.**

One, two, three, four
 Nick and Jane, wash the floor!
 Five, six, seven, eight
 Mike and Ann, wash the plate!
 Nine, ten, eleven, twelve
 Put your books upon the shelf!
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother.
 Hand in hand
 With one another.

One, one, one:
 Little dog, run!
 Two, two, two:
 Cats see you! Three, three, three:
 Birds on a tree.
 Four, four, four:
 Toys on the floor.

Autumn is yellow,
 Winter is white.
 Spring is green,
 Summer is bright.
 This is the season
 When fruit is sweet.
 This is the season
 When school-friends meet.

What season is it?

Spring is here,
 Summer is near,
 Grass is green,
 So nice and clean.
 Winter, spring, summer, fall -
 I like spring best of all.
 The summer sun shines hot and high.
 Baby birds now learn to fly.
 Green, green leaves and tasty fruit,
 All the things are so good!
 Winter, spring, summer, fall -
 I like summer best of all.

One, two, three, four
 Nick and Jane, wash the floor!
 Five, six, seven, eight
 Mike and Ann, wash the plate!
 Nine, ten, eleven, twelve
 Put your books upon the shelf!

Father, mother,
 Sister, brother.
 Hand in hand
 With one another.

One, one, one:
 Little dog, run!
 Two, two, two:
 Cats see you!
 Three, three, three:
 Birds on a tree.
 Four, four, four:
 Toys on the floor.
 Autumn is yellow,
 Winter is white.
 Spring is green,
 Summer is bright.

This is the season

When fruit is sweet.

This is the season

When school-friends meet.

What season is it?

Spring is here,

Summer is near,

Grass is green,

So nice and clean.

Winter, spring, summer, fall -

I like spring best of all.

The summer sun shines hot and high.

Baby birds now learn to fly.

Green, green leaves and tasty fruit,

All the things are so good!

Winter, spring, summer, fall -

I like summer best of all.

The cat and the mouse.

Cat: - Little Mouse, little Mouse,
Where is your house?

Mouse: - Little Cat, little Cat,
I have no flat.

I am a poor mouse,

I have no house.

Cat: - Little Mouse, little Mouse,
Come into my house.

Mouse: - Little Cat, little Cat,
I cannot do that.

You want to eat me.

Theme-17.**JOKES AND FUNNY DIALOGUES****The Perfect Son**

A: I have the perfect son.

B: Does he smoke?

A: No, he doesn't.

B: Does he drink whiskey?

A: No, he doesn't.

B: Does he ever come home late?

A: No, he doesn't.

B: I guess you really do have the perfect son. How old is he?

A: He will be six months old next Wednesday.

Mice family

A family of mice was surprised by a big cat. Father Mouse jumped and said, "Bow-wow!" The cat ran away. "What was that, Father?" asked Baby Mouse. "Well, son, that's why it's important to learn a second language."

Wooden leg

My friend said he knew a man with a wooden leg named Smith. So I asked him "What was the name of his other leg?"

It hurts

A man goes to the doctor and says, "Doctor, wherever I touch, it hurts."

The doctor asks, "What do you mean?"

The man says, "When I touch my shoulder, it really hurts. If I touch my knee - OUCH! When I touch my forehead, it really, really hurts."

The doctor says, "I know what's wrong with you - you've broken your finger!"

The spoon

Patient: Doctor, I have a pain in my eye whenever I drink tea.

Doctor: Take the spoon out of the mug before you drink.

Attention

Patient: Doctor! You've got to help me! Nobody ever listens to me. No one ever pays any attention to what I have to say.

Doctor: Next please!

Ten dollars

Two boys were arguing when the teacher entered the room. The teacher says, "Why are you arguing?" One boy answers, "We found a ten dollar bill and decided to give it to whoever tells the biggest lie."

"You should be ashamed of yourselves," said the teacher, "When I was your age I didn't even know what a lie was." The boys gave the ten dollars to the teacher.

Boy or girl

A: Just look at that young person with the short hair and blue jeans. Is it a boy or a girl?

B: It's a girl. She's my daughter.

A: Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I didn't know that you were her father.

B: I'm not. I'm her mother.

The first day

Mother: "Did you enjoy your first day at school?"

Girl: "First day? Do you mean I have to go back tomorrow?"

I don't know!

Teacher: "Nick, what is the past participle of the verb to ring?"

Nick: "What do you think it is, Sir?"

Teacher: "I don't think, I KNOW!"

Nick: "I don't think I know either, Sir!"

Attaining wisdom

Once someone asked Hodja, "How can one attain wisdom?" Hodja replied, "Always listen attentively to what the wise and learned men tell

you. And when you are speaking to others, listen carefully to what you are saying!"

Taxi

A: Hey, man! Please call me a taxi.

B: Yes, sir. You are a taxi.

Grave

A: Why are you crying?

B: The elephant is dead.

A: Was he your pet?

B: No, but I'm the one who must dig his grave.

Short talk

A teenage girl had been talking on the phone for about half an hour, and then she hung up.

"Wow!," said her father, "That was short. You usually talk for two hours. What happened?"

"Wrong number," replied the girl.

Punishment

PUPIL: "Would you punish me for something I didn't do?"

TEACHER: "Of course not."

PUPIL: "Good, because I haven't done my homework."

Fifty five

A teacher asked a student to write 55.

Student asked: How?

Teacher: Write 5 and beside it another 5!

The student wrote 5 and stopped.

Teacher: What are you waiting for?

Student: I don't know which side to write the other 5!

May I!

Little Johnny: Teacher, can I go to the bathroom?

Teacher: Little Johnny, MAY I go to the bathroom?

Little Johnny: But I asked first!

Idiot

Son: Dad, what is an idiot?

Dad: An idiot is a person who tries to explain his ideas in such a strange and long way that another person who is listening to him can't understand him. Do you understand me?

Son: No.

End of the world

Man: I could go to the end of the world for you.

Woman: Yes, but would you stay there?

Let's share

Man: I want to share everything with you.

Woman: Let's start from your bank account.

A hundred dollar bill

Teacher: Why are you late?

Student: There was a man who lost a hundred dollar bill.

Teacher: That's nice. Were you helping him look for it?

Student: No. I was standing on it.

Thump in the soup

Customer: Excuse me, but I saw your thumb in my soup when you were carrying it.

Waitress: Oh, that's okay. The soup isn't hot.

Cheap apartment

The real estate agent says, "I have a good, cheap apartment for you."

The man replies, "By the week or by the month?"

The agent answers, "By the garbage dump.."

Funnier

"You look very funny wearing that belt."

"I would look even funnier if I didn't wear it."

Which part

"I was born in California."

"Which part?"

"All of me."

Decisions

Teacher: Do you have trouble making decisions?

Student: Well...yes and no.

Simple present

The teacher to a student: Conjugate the verb "to walk" in simple present.

The student: I walk. You walk....

The teacher interrupts him: Quicker please.

The student: I run. You run...

The dishes

Father: What did you do today to help your mother?

Son: I dried the dishes

Daughter: And I helped pick up the pieces.

Breakfast

A: Look at your face I know what you have for breakfast

B: What was it?

A: Eggs.

B: No, that was yesterday.

Race

A: Why are all those people running?

B: They are running a race to get a cup.

A: Who will get the cup?

B: The person who wins.

A: Then why are all the others running?

Vampire

Patient: Doctor, I think that I've bitten by a vampire.

Doctor: Drink this glass of water.

Patient: Will it make me better?

Doctor: No, I but I'll be able to see if your neck leaks.

The blood

A: When I stand on my head the blood rushes to my head, but when I stand on my feet the blood doesn't rush to my feet. Why is this?

B: It's because your feet aren't empty.

Homework

Teacher: Did your father help you with your homework?

Student: No, he did it all by himself.

Questions

One day a neighbor inquired of Hodja, "Why do you always answer a question with another question?" He replied, "Do I?"

Sugar

Teacher: What are some products of the West Indies?

Student: I don't know.

Teacher: Of course, you do. Where do you get sugar from?

Student: We borrow it from our neighbor.

Werewolf

I used to be a werewolf...

But I'm much better noooooooooooooow !

Stop

"Spell STOP three times."

"STOP, STOP, STOP "

"What do you do when you come to a green light?"

(Answer is invariably-) "Stop!"

"What, at a GREEN light?"

Frog

In a restaurant:

Customer: Waiter, waiter! There is a frog in my soup!!!

Waiter: Sorry, sir. The fly is on vacation.

Pretty ugly

Mary: John says I'm pretty. Andy says I'm ugly. What do you think, Peter?

Peter: I think you're pretty ugly.

Big men

A visitor to the Mid West asked: 'Any big men ever born in this town?'

'No,' came the reply. 'Just little babies.'

William Shakespeare

A guide was showing tourists around the museum at Strafford upon Avon.

'This is the skull of William Shakespeare,' he told the group.

'But it's the skull of a boy!' exclaimed one tourist.

'Yes,' said the guide, blushing. 'That must have been when he was a lad.'

Stop screaming!

Dentist: 'Stop screaming! I haven't even touched your tooth. In fact you're not on the chair yet.'

Boy: 'I know, but you're standing on my foot!'

How long?

Customer: 'Excuse me, but how long have you been working here?'

Waitress: 'About three months, sir.'

Customer: 'Oh. Then it couldn't have been you who took my order.'

Nine o'clock

Angry employer: 'You should have been here at nine o'clock.'

Late employee: 'Why, what happened?'

Messages

Boss: 'Did you take any messages while I was out?'

Young secretary: 'No. Are any of them missing?'

Fly

'Waiter! There is a fly in my soup.'

'Would you prefer it to be served separately?'

Magician

'Waiter! There is a fly in my soup.'

'No sir, that's the chef. The last customer was a magician doctor.'

Fly soup

'Waiter! There is a fly in my soup.'

'I know sir it's a fly soup.'

Insecticide

'Waiter! There is a fly in my soup.'

'Oh, dear, it must have committed insecticide.'

Better Together
 When I read a book, I'll suddenly look
 To see the day's gone by— I'll be on safari,
 With an African tribe. There's times
 when I'll be Lost out at sea
 Pushing ships across the floor. I'll be
 feeling sorry You're not there,
 then you'll knock on the door.
 Chorus: I'm okay by myself
 When I stay by myself. But what's
 better, much better is
 Whenever I'm never all day
 by myself. I like to play by
 myself, But then I'd rather
 be with you. Then it's better
 with two. It's better with
 you. And when I decide,
 To go for a ride My bike
 becomes a car. And on the
 very best days . . . Then
 there you are. Chorus It's
 better, much

better It's better when there's two. It's better, much better It's better whenever I'm playing together with you. I'm okay by myself But then I'd rather be with you. (repeat)

Theme-18.

Review.

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