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ДОМАШНЄ ЧИТАННЯ

Методичні вказівки

**до курсу «Домашнє читання» (на матеріалі роману S. Kinsella
“The Undomestic Goddess”)**

***для здобувачів вищої освіти рівня бакалавра спеціальності 035
“Філологія” спеціалізації 035.041 “Германські мови та літератури
(переклад включно), перша – англійська”.***

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Домашнє читання. Методичні вказівки до курсу «Домашнє читання» (на матеріалі роману Sophie Kinsella “The Undomestic Goddess”) для здобувачів вищої освіти рівня бакалавра спеціальності 035 «Філологія» спеціалізації 035.041 «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська» // Одеський національний університет імені І.І. Мечникова, факультет романо-германської філології. – Одеса: ТОВ «Удача», 2020. - 27 с.

Дані методичні вказівки з домашнього читання призначені для здобувачів вищої освіти рівня бакалавра спеціальності 035 «Філологія» спеціалізації 035.041 «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно), перша – англійська».

Базою для створення даних методичних вказівок послуговував відомий роман сучасної англomовної письменниці Софі Кінселли “The Undomestic Goddess” (2005). Софі Кінселла - авторка понад 20 романів у жанрі так званої *chick lit*. Її популярний роман “Confessions of a Shopaholic” був екранізований у 2009 році.

До роману “The Undomestic Goddess” були створені післятекстові вправи та запитання. Мета таких вправ полягає в збагаченні лексичного запасу студентів на базі нових мовних одиниць, а також в формуванні навичок монологічного та діалогічного мовлення при використанні змістової інформації сучасного англomовного художнього тексту.

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Notes on the Genre of Chick Lit

The mid 1990s saw the advent of a new fiction genre: chick lit. One of the many socio-cultural conditions for its emergence was the steadily increasing median age at first marriage in western countries. Since the 1970s, the period between the end of the teens and the phase of life that traditionally involves marriage and children had gradually expanded by a decade or more. In addition, women had entered the labour market and were now a growing economic force. These two factors, plus sexual emancipation, underlie the development of a new consumer-oriented urban lifestyle with dating and successive partners – the so-called singles culture [2].

Chick lit is singles culture – with the new women's and gender roles that entails – articulated in popular literature. As epochal literary form, it catches the young single women's time-specific empirical world and makes it the object of depiction. Chick lit gives the single woman her own genre

Anna Bell, a chick lit reviewer and a writer, humorously asks: “We all know what chick lit is, don't we? It's those books, you know, the ones with *those* covers. The books with the main characters who wear six-inch stilettos, have fabulous high-flying careers, are size zero, and fall in love with a man so handsome that he could make a male model weep with jealousy. So right? So *wrong*.”

Chick lit is one of those genres that is terribly stereotyped and judged. One that, despite evidence to the contrary on the bestsellers lists, is declared as a dead genre most years. And one that is often dismissed as a trashy read with little or no plot, usually by people who have never read a chick lit novel.

It doesn't help that no matter where you live in the world you can spot a publisher-branded chick lit book by its cover. The UK covers sport cartoon women in pastel covers with a hint of glitter, and, in the US, whilst they may be photo covers, they're usually easily identifiable by a woman's feet and their heels. Yet,

behind those covers, it's a genre so wide and all-encompassing that, generally speaking, the only thing that binds it together in commonality is that the main protagonist of the book is usually a woman.

It's almost impossible to describe what chick lit is, and I'm sure the answer would vary depending on who you ask. It can be light and fluffy romance novels; laugh-out-loud comedies that have you sniggering on the morning commute; or gritty tales of heartbreak and loss. Whilst the majority have a happy ending, and feature a love story, these aren't prerequisites of the genre" [1].

Chick lit is also an evolving genre. The term sprang up in the mid-1990s in the era of *Bridget Jones Diary* (Helen Fielding) and *Sex and the City* (Candace Bushnell), and, generally speaking, the books were aimed at the twenty-something modern woman. Plots often involved young, single, girl-about-town types, but now that isn't true. A lot of the writers and readers have grown up with chick lit, and the chick lit protagonist is now aged anywhere from early twenties to late forties.

According to goodreads, chick-lit is not considered a subgenre of romance because although plots may include romantic elements, "because the heroine's relationship with her family or friends is often just as important as her romantic relationships" [1].

Sophie Kinsella “The Undomestic Goddess”

Task 1

(Chapters 1-3)

1. Translate and transcribe the following words, use them in your sentences, be sure to quote the sentence from the book.

blip (ch.1), a half-day window (ch.1), retreat (ch.1), lax (ch.1), chunk (ch.1), draft (ch.2), to emanate (ch.2), memo (ch.2), bummer (ch.2), ambiguity (ch.2), Bachelor of Art (Hons) (ch.2), detention (ch.3), cleansing wipe (ch.3), barrister (ch.3), suede (ch.3), libel lawyer (ch.3), to rummage (ch.3), brain-dead (ch.3).

2. Translate the following word combinations, supply them with synonyms and use them in the situations from the text:

To assess one's needs (ch.1), to have all the time in the world (ch.1), a stressed-out woman (ch.1), to spot the loophole (ch. 1), to be addicted to smth. (ch.1), to sit around (ch.1), to root for smb. (ch. 2), to hear on the grapevine (ch. 2), to jinx smth. (ch.2), to cancel on smb. (ch.3), to gatecrash smth. (ch.3), to cover for smb. (ch.3), to stifle a laugh (ch.3), to flick through the TV channels (ch.3), to say grace. (ch.3).

3. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following word combinations and use them in your sentences:

Подарунковий сертифікат (ch.1), комок нервів (ch.1), видавати звук (ch.1), на кінчику язика (ch.2), мені підходить (ch.2), дочірня компанія (ch.3), підводка для очей (ch.3), туш для вій (ch.3), резинка для волосся (ch.3), не підходити один одному (ch.3), як я і казала (ch.3), світська бесіда (ch.3), невичерпний інтерес (ch.3), лежати на килимку (ch.3), прострочена їжа (ch.3), Як шкода! (ch.3), говорити в унісон (ch.3).

4. Points for discussion:

- Why did Samantha go to see Maya, her beauty therapist for the day?
- What did Samantha mean by saying she thrived under pressure?
- Did Samantha manage to de-stress, revitalize and detoxify that day?
- Speak about Samantha's job at Carter Spink. What ambition(s) did she want to achieve?
- Compare Arnold and Ketterman. Describe Sam's attitude to both of them.

- What sudden brainwave hit Samantha when she was trying to sort out the problem with her vacuum cleaner? Do you think it was a reasonable solution?
- Describe Guy. How did he support Samantha in pursuing her career with Carter Spink?
- Speak about Samantha's birthday party. How did she prepare for it? What was the outcome of the family dinner?
- Why was Samantha indignant when Mrs. Farley, her neighbour, started lecturing her?

Task 2

(Chapters 4-6)

1. Get ready for the quiz on Task 1.

2. Translate and transcribe the following words, use them in your sentences, be sure to quote the sentence from the book.

To nibble (ch.4), paperclip (ch.4), filing cabinet (ch.4), mundane (ch.4), consistent (ch.4), painkiller (ch.5), skull (ch.5), insurer (ch.5), premium (ch.5), a vaulted ceiling (ch.6), conservatory (ch.6), crow's feet (ch.6), dumbfounded (ch.6), flicker (ch.6), kernel (ch.6), soufflé (ch.6), agog (ch.6), manor (ch.6).

3. Translate the following word combinations, supply them with synonyms and use them in the situations from the text:

“to do” list (ch.4), to get to grips with smth. (ch.4), to acknowledge smth. (ch.4), to take a sip of coffee, etc. (ch.4), to toast smb. (ch.4), to shoot through one's mind (ch.4), to miss the deadline (ch.4), on autopilot (ch.5), to get one's bearings (ch.5), to cough up smth. (ch.5), at random (ch.6), to seem galvanized by smth. (ch.6), to trespass on smb's evening (ch.6), Take that! (ch.6).

4. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following word combinations and use them in your sentences:

запліснявіти (ch.4), викинути до мусорної корзини (ch.4), метушливо (ch.4), панічна атака (ch.5), нудота (ch.5), у полі зору\поза увагою (ch.5), в моторошньому радінні (ch.5), не довго думаючи (ch.5), алкогольні напої (ch.5), пульсуючий головний біль (ch.5), знімати будь-який головний біль

(ch.6), столик з червоного дерева (ch.6), слюнки потекли (ch.6), поручитися за когось (ch.6), коронна страва (ch.6).

5. Points for discussion:

- Comment on Samantha's abrupt awakening. What does it tell the reader about her way of life and her work routine?
- Describe the way Samantha tries to sort out her household needs.
- Dwell on Samantha's anticipations in terms of partnership. How did her big day go? Were her expectations met?
- What made Samantha feel "the well of terror"? Why couldn't she believe her eyes? How did she react when she learned she wouldn't be able to put everything right?
- Do you find Samantha's emotional state plausible? Did her colleagues understand her reaction?
- Describe her journey to the Geigers' house.
- Did Mrs. Geiger and Samantha understand each other? If not, what caused the misunderstanding in the first place?
- Which traits of Sam's character made her compete with the cordon bleu girl?

Task 3

(Chapters 7-9)

1. Get ready for the quiz on task 2.

2. Translate and transcribe the following words, use them in your sentences, be sure to quote the sentence from the book.

bewilderment (ch.7), hungover (ch.7), internship (ch.7), tangled (ch.7), charger (ch.7), wince (ch.7), chirpy Vivaldi (ch.7), testy (ch.7), self-conscious (ch.7), ergonomic (ch.7), china (ch.7), foie gras (ch.8), wonky slices (ch.8), Michelin-starred chef (ch.8), caterer (ch.8), rare beef (ch.8), reluctant (ch.8), ominous (ch.9), meringue (ch.9).

3. Translate the following word combinations, supply them with synonyms and use them in the situations from the text:

to deal with smth. (ch.7), to nag at smb. (ch.7), to ring the bell(s) (ch.7), under false pretences (ch.7), to charge up (ch.7), to get oneself in a pickle (ch.7), to do more harm than good (ch.7), to take one's mind off things (ch.7), to keep a lid on

the story (ch.8), I'll get back to you on that one (ch.8), to ooze out of smth. (ch.8), to freak out (ch.8), a clump of broccoli (ch.9).

4. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following word combinations and use them in your sentences:

Сонечне сплетіння (ch.7), кар'єрна драбина (ch.7), сильний\різкий запах (ch.7), розставляти пріоритети (ch.7), порожній екран (ch.7), сіла батарея (ch.7), у відключці\в нестямі (ch.7), пробудити апетит (ch.7), потилиця (ch.8), огидний (ch.8), визнавати поразку (ch.8), розридатися (ch.8), прискіпливо роздивляться (ch.8), заразний (ch.9), одразу ж справи (ch.9), зручна чашка (ch.9), абсолютно незворушно (ch.9), у плямах (ch.9), добре поміркувавши (ch.9).

5. Points for discussion:

- Speak about Samantha's conversation with Arnold. Did he support her? Did it help Samantha to calm down and/or reconsider her options?
- Speak about Trish Geiger. What contributes to the comic effect in the description of the woman?
- Describe Nathaniel. Why did the gardener feel suspicious of the new housekeeper?
- What challenges did Samantha face on her first day at work? How did she manage to cope with them? Was it smart of her?
- Comment on the conversation Samantha had with her mum.
- Who called Samantha to inform her her contract with Carter Spink had been terminated? How did she receive the news?
- "A friend in need is a friend indeed". Comment on the proverb in terms of Samantha's conversation with Guy.
- Give a full account of the dinner preparation.

Task 4

(Chapters 10-12)

1. Get ready for the quiz on task 3.

2. Translate and transcribe the following words, use them in your sentences, be sure to quote the sentence from the book.

feeble (ch.10), mauve (ch.10), surreal (ch.10), font (ch.10), legal jargon (ch.10), foreboding (ch.10), lever (ch.10), dustpan (ch.11), candyfloss (ch.11), Hoover (ch.11), wobbly (ch.11), loo (ch.11), translucent (ch.12), devour (ch.12), pensive (ch.12), cobbled (ch.12), beech (ch.12), home economics (ch.12), shepherd's pie (ch.12), tad (ch.12), scorch (ch.12), crease (ch.12)

3. Translate the following word combinations, supply them with synonyms and use them in the situations from the text:

to feel twitchy (ch.10), to tap one's fingers impatiently (ch.10), to tackle smth. (ch. 10), on the plus side (ch.10) to get the hang of smth. (ch. 10), to draw up a/the contract (ch.10), on second thoughts (ch.10), one thing at a time (ch.10), a surge of smth. (ch.11), a muffled snort of laughter (ch.11), to get real (ch.11), to end up with smth. (ch.12), a sudden flicker of hope (ch.12), to knead dough (ch.12)

4. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following word combinations and use them in your sentences:

переглядати (журнал) (ch.10), розпатлане волосся (ch.10), бічний зір (ch.10), приліжковий столик (ch.10), кабінет (ch.10), коштувати шалених грошей (ch.10), на полях (ch.10), погане передчуття (ch.10), просто тортури (ch.10), оцет (ch.11), цього не відняти (ch.11), імбир (ch.12), загуснути (ch.12).

5. Points for discussion:

- Why was Samantha so embarrassed when she brought tea to the Geigers in the morning?
- What kind of contract did Eddie draw up? Why did Samantha feel inclined to laugh at it?
- Why did the idea of the whole weekend off surprise Samantha?
- Describe the washing machine disaster. Was Samantha any better at ironing? Comment on the inner speech of the protagonist.
- "It's not quantum physics". Comment on Sam's thoughts on household chores.
- Why did nothing work the way Samantha had planned it on her first laundry-ironing-cleaning day?
- Who was there to help her? Why did she agree?
- What was Samantha's first day off work like?
- Why did Samantha feel like an alien in the garden?

- What is implied by the sentence “If they’ve got *War and Peace*, I’ll buy that too”?
- Describe Sam and Nathaniel’s walk to his mother’s house.
- What did Iris teach Samantha? (write out and learn at least 8 verbs associated with cooking).

Task 5

(Chapters 13-15)

1. Get ready for the quiz on task 4.

2. Translate and transcribe the following words, use them in your sentences, be sure to quote the sentence from the book.

doodle (ch.13), pupil (ch.13), high-heeled mules (ch.13), bubble wrap (ch.13), innuendo (ch.13), fillet (ch.13), fragrant (ch.13), implausible (ch.13), trophy wife (ch.13), hob (ch.13), inconsistent (ch.13), calamity (ch.14), last-minute (ch.14), reciprocity (ch.14), look-see (ch.14), charm (ch.15), VAT (ch.15), pint (ch.15) decipher (ch.15).

3. Translate the following word combinations, supply them with synonyms and use them in the situations from the text:

to expose smth. (ch.13), for good measure (ch.13), to fiddle with smth (ch.13), to catch one’s foot on smth. (ch. 13), to feel a rush of blood to one’s face (ch.13), to shred vegetables (ch.13), to throw a party (ch.13), in hindsight (ch.14), in an undertone (ch.14), to word smth. (ch.14), to rip smb. off (ch.14), to usher smb. out (ch.14), to come clean (ch.15), let alone (ch.15), to catch every second beat (ch.15).

4. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following word combinations and use them in your sentences:

сито (ch.13), вінчик (ch.13), у формі шестикутника (ch.13), про що я тільки думала? (ch.13), кухонний комбайн (ch.13), навшпиньки (ch.13), пригощатися (ch.13), жувати (ch.13), зрадницький (ch.13) глянцеви́й журнал (ch.14), фарбувати волосся (ch.14), кава з молоком (ch.14), роздрукувати (ch.14), нічого особливого (ch.15), постійні відвідувачі (ch.15), позов/судовий процес (ch.15), займатися стрільбою з лука (ch.15).

5. Points for discussion:

- Speak about Sam's full-blown crush on Nathaniel.
- What new equipment arrived one day?
- Why did Samantha feel mortified after her conversation with the gardener?
- Describe the meal Samantha has cooked for Trish and Eddie.
- Why did the couple change their minds about eating at home?
- Did Sam appear inconsistent to Nathaniel or herself? How did she feel about it?
- How was Eddie Geiger going to get fleeced? Did Sam help him not to be ripped off?
- How did Samantha assert herself for the first time? Why would she have been "dead meat" if she had acted similarly in Carter Spink?
- How did Nathaniel and Samantha's night out go? Why couldn't Sam bring herself to speak about her previous life?
- Account for the differences Sam registered between living in London and in the village. Speak about the light and noise pollution, etc.

Task 6

(Chapters 16-17)

1. Get ready for the quiz on task 5.

2. Translate and transcribe the following words, use them in your sentences, be sure to quote the sentence from the book.

fib (ch.16), bipolar (ch.16), quid (ch.16), merger (ch.16), tombstone (ch.16), turmoil (ch.16), fungus (ch.16), crusty (ch.16), oblivious (ch.16), apprehension (ch.17), flip-flops (ch.17), scorching (ch.17), foamy (ch.17) incensed (ch.17).

3. Translate the following word combinations, supply them with synonyms and use them in the situations from the text:

To cut smb. off in mid flow (ch.16), a tug of affection (ch.16), to go dead (about the phone) (ch.16), to be on the payroll (ch.16), to negotiate a deal\deals (ch.16), to squat down (ch.16), to rack one's brains (ch.17), to miss a beat (ch. 17), to be at a loose end (ch.17), low-key (ch.17), to intercept smb's gaze (ch.17), a niece on smb's side (ch.17), whatever it takes (ch.17).

4. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following word combinations and use them in your sentences:

ще рано говорити (ch.16), говорити за спиною (ch.16), дріжджи (ch.16), чистити квасолі (ch.16), заправити салат олією та спеціями (ch.16), контужений/у щоді (ch.16), плюс-мінус (приблизно) (ch.16), потрібно підв'язати запашний\душистий горошок (ch.17), туш (ch.17), потрібно зібрати малину (ch.17), жмуритися від сонця (ch.17), перевдягнутися (ch.17), єдина мета (ch.17), відразу дізнатися (ch.17), (це ім'я) ні про що мене не говорить (ch.17).

5. Points for discussion:

- Why did Trish wake Samantha up on Saturday morning?
- Did Freya support Sam's fibs? What effect did it produce on Trish?
- Why couldn't Sam believe her eyes when she opened Carter Spink's website?
- "This is where I am. That part of my life is over". Was Sam ready to let her career go? Why was she so frustrated?
- Iris spoke about the importance of moving on, of doing "another thing". Did it help Sam to reconsider her options?
- Comment on the development of the romantic relationship between Sam and Nathaniel.
- Describe the conversation between Trish and Sam when the former was getting ready for her sister's party.
- What visitor were the Geigers having over to stay in their house? How did Samantha feel about it?

Task 7

(Chapters 18-20)

1. Get ready for the quiz on task 6.

2. Translate and transcribe the following words, use them in your sentences, be sure to quote the sentence from the book.

pissed off (ch.18), bewilderment (ch.18), alluringly (ch.18), rummage (ch.18), skivvy (ch.18), a one-off (ch.18), frenzy (ch.19), haggard (ch.19), prickles of curiosity (ch.19), cursor (ch.19), to chime (ch.19), glutton (ch.19), scam (ch.19), grudge (ch.20).

3. Translate the following word combinations, supply them with synonyms and use them in the situations from the text:

to be on the safe side (ch.18), to opt for smth. (ch.18), at smb's disposal (ch.18), through gritted teeth (ch.18), to chip in (ch.18), to give smb. a clue (ch.18), to summon smb. (ch. 18), just for the record (ch.18), one notch above smth. (ch. 18), to make smth. up to smb. (ch.18), in chunks (ch.19), to last another twenty years (ch.19), extended family (ch.19), to stop dead (ch.19), to fight smb's corner (ch.19)

4. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following word combinations and use them in your sentences:

кава без кофеїну (ch.18), нещодавно (ch.18), ні слова більше! (ch.18), виборча глухота (ch.18), вивільнитися (з обіймів) (ch.18), я вже запізнаююсь (ch.18), ображатися (ch.18), іменинниця (ch.18), видати секрет (ch.18), бути зворушеним (ch.18), стояти на століку у ванній кімнаті (ch.18), фотографічна пам'ять (ch.19), конфлікт інтересів (ch.19), я дуже сильно зайнятий (ch.19), кому це вігідно? (ch.19)

5. Points for discussion:

- What impression did Melissa produce on Samantha?
- “My social life's, like, gone out of the window”. Comment on Melissa's words in terms of uni studies.
- Why did Melissa drive Sam mad? How does it characterize the young girl?
- What surprise did everybody prepare for Samantha? Why was she lost for words? Do you believe it's important to feel that people care for you?
- Why did nobody recognize Sam in the picture from the brochure?
- Why did Sam feel a bit light-headed after she found out about Arnold and his connection with Glazerbrooks and BLLC Holdings?
- What facts about Arnold were a real eye-opener for Sam? What conclusions did she draw? Did it change everything?
- Speak about Nathaniel's plans. Do you believe Samantha will be able to close the door on her old life?

Task 8

(Chapters 21-23)

1. Get ready for the quiz on task 7.

2. Translate and transcribe the following words, use them in your sentences, be sure to quote the sentence from the book.

(skinny) latte (ch.21), gory (ch.21), drag queen (ch.21), bizarre (ch.21), to stack (ch.21), shove (ch.21), gear (ch.21), threshold (ch.22), nutmeg (ch.22), to vindicate (ch.22), an all-nighter (ch.22), counselling (ch.22), goody bag (ch.22), raffle (ch. 22), Bugger! (ch.23), vomit (ch.23).

3. Translate the following word combinations, supply them with synonyms and use them in the situations from the text:

to feed the card into the machine (ch.21), to veer in a U-turn (ch.21), out of smb's line of vision (ch.21), to recede into the distance (ch.21), to be in the full swing (ch.21), to clasp one's hand over one's mouth (ch.21), to be on a par with smb (ch.21), to go into freefall (ch.21), to fumble for the keys (ch.21), to be crammed with messages (ch. 22), to go into the specifics (ch.22), to be briefed on the situation (ch.22), to be the flavour of the month (ch.22), for Dutch courage (ch.22).

4. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following word combinations and use them in your sentences:

Десерт бажаєте? (ch.21), каверзне питання (ch.21), комок в горлі (ch.21), зовсім мовчки (ch.21), целих три години (ch.21), тепер все не в моїх руках (ch.22), це не моє діло! (ch.22), цукрова пудра (ch.22), триярусний торт (ch.22), білок (яєчний) (ch.22), вибачте, мені треба відповісти (на дзвінок) (ch.22), на карантині (ch.22), як я розумію? (ch.23).

5. Points for discussion:

- What was the point of Samantha's coming to Arnold's retirement party?
- How did she manage to sneak into his office? Was it of any use?
- How did she confront Arnold? Why did May, 28th feel wrong?
- How did the former colleagues react to Sam's waiting at the party?
- Who was the person she turned for help to?
- Could Samantha's neighbour believe she could cook and clean now?

- What kind of investigation did Ketterman start to prove Samantha Sweeting had been wronged?
- How did Guy react when he saw Samantha in Carter Spink? Why was she the flavour of the month? What was her opinion of the flip-flopper?
- Did Sam still feel in her element at work?
- Give a full account of the first part of the Charity Dinner day.

Task 9

(Chapters 24-26)

1. Get ready for the quiz on task 8.

2. Translate and transcribe the following words, use them in your sentences, be sure to quote the sentence from the book.

flabbergasted (ch.24), scowl (ch.24), saviour (ch.24), to woo (ch.24), gobsmacked (ch.24), utensil (ch.24), choosy (ch.24), perverse (ch.24), barrister (ch.24), jumpy (ch.25), make-up artist (ch.25), fling (ch.25), a guffaw of laughter (ch.25), livid (ch.26), iota (ch.26), whereabouts (ch.26), nursery (ch.26).

3. Translate the following word combinations, supply them with synonyms and use them in the situations from the text:

a work of art (ch.24), a role model (ch.24), to wear off (ch.24), a bundle of nerves (ch.24), to stick to smth. (ch.25), to be OK about smth. (ch.25), to roar with laughter (ch.25), to rest on one's laurels (ch.25), on a conveyor belt (ch.25), second to none (ch.25), to give up on smb. (ch.25), to get one's teeth into smth. (ch.26), to be reschedule one's meeting (ch.26).

4. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following word combinations and use them in your sentences:

«мертвий» сезон (ch.24), закуски (ch.24), как ти тільки посмів? (ch.24), зачепити за живе (ch.24), прибутковий (ch.24), перебільшувати (ch.24), ну-ну! (у зн. «заспокойся») (ch.25), документальний фільм, що був знятий прихованою камерою (ch.25), «вершки»/найкращі (ch.26), умовити (ch.26), пересадка (ch.26), у нього не вийде (ch.26), вагон за вагоном (ch.26).

5. Points for discussion:

- Why would Guy, in Samantha's opinion, make a good barrister?

- Comment on the way Carter Spink's PR team worked with Samantha. Was Trish happy with them?
- How did the press conference go? Why was Sam looking for Nathaniel?
- Did Nathaniel believe the long-distance relationship could work?
- What changed in Samantha's behaviour and the outlook on life within these months?
- Be ready to speak about burning out and downshifting. Was finding the right balance an option for Samantha?
- What life-changing decision did she make? What are your thoughts on this decision?
- What features common for chick-lit prose can be traced in the text?
(Consider plot structure, characters' portraits, the language of the novel, etc.)

Examples of Chick Lit Prose

Helen Fielding "Bridget Jones' Diary"

New Year's Resolutions

I WILL NOT

Drink more than fourteen alcohol units a week.

Smoke.

Waste money on: pasta-makers, ice-cream machines or other culinary devices which will never use; books by unreadable literary authors to put impressively on shelves; exotic underwear, since pointless as have no boyfriend.

Behave sluttishly around the house, but instead imagine others are watching.

Spend more than earn.

Allow in-tray to rage out of control.

Fall for any of following: alcoholics, workaholics, commitment phobics, people with girlfriends or wives, misogynists, megalomaniacs, chauvinists, emotional fuckwits or freeloaders, perverts.

Get annoyed with Mum, Una Alconbury or Perpetua.

Get upset over men, but instead be poised and cool ice-queen.

Have crushes on men, but instead form relationships based on mature assessment of character.

Bitch about anyone behind their backs, but be positive about everyone.

Obsess about Daniel Cleaver as pathetic to have a crush on boss in manner of Miss Money Penny or similar.

Sulk about having no boyfriend, but develop inner poise and authority and sense of self as woman of substance, complete without boyfriend, as best way to obtain boyfriend.

I WILL

Stop smoking.

Drink no more than fourteen alcohol units a week.

Reduce circumference of thighs by 3 inches (i.e. 1½ inches each), using anti-cellulite diet.
 Purge flat of all extraneous matter.
 Give all clothes which have not worn for two years or more to homeless.
 Improve career and find new job with potential.
 Save up money in form of savings.
 Poss start pension also.
 Be more confident.
 Be more assertive.
 Make better use of time.
 Not go out every night but stay in and read books and listen to classical music.
 Give proportion of earnings to charity.
 Be kinder and help others more.
 Eat more pulses.
 Get up straight away when wake up in mornings.
 Go to gym three times a week not merely to buy sandwich.
 Put photographs in photograph albums.
 Make up compilation 'mood' tapes so can have tapes ready with all favourite romantic/dancing/rousing/feminist etc, tracks assembled instead of turning into drink-sodden DJ style person with tapes scattered all over floor.
 Form functional relationship with responsible adult. Learn to programme video.

JANUARY An Exceptionally Bad Start Sunday

1 January 9st 3 (but post-Christmas), alcohol units 14 (but effectively covers 2 days as 4 hours of party was on New Year's Day), cigarettes 22, calories 5424. Food consumed today: 2 pkts Emmenthal cheese slices 14 cold new potatoes 2 Bloody Marys (count as food as contain Worcester sauce and tomatoes) 1/3 Ciabatta loaf with Brie Coriander leaves 1/2 packet 12 Milk Tray (best to get rid of all Christmas confectionery in one go and make fresh start tomorrow) 13 cocktail sticks securing cheese and pineapple Portion Una Alconbury's turkey curry, peas and bananas Portion Una Alconbury's Raspberry Surprise made with Bourbon biscuits, tinned raspberries, eight gallons of whipped cream, decorated with glacé cherries and angelica.

Noon. London: my flat. Ugh. The last thing on earth I feel physically, emotionally or mentally equipped to do is drive to Una and Geoffrey Alconbury's New Year's Day Turkey Curry Buffet in Grafton Underwood. Geoffrey and Una Alconbury are my parents' best friends and, as Uncle Geoffrey never tires of reminding me, have known me since I was running round the lawn with no clothes on.

My mother rang up at 8.30 in the morning last August Bank Holiday and forced me to promise to go. She approached it via a cunningly circuitous route.

'Oh, hello, darling. I was just ringing to see what you wanted for Christmas.'

'Christmas?',

'Would you like a surprise, darling?'

'No!' I bellowed.

'Sorry. I mean . . . '

'I wondered if you'd like a set of wheels for your suitcase.'

'But I haven't got a suitcase.

'Why don't I get you a little suitcase with wheels attached. You know, like air hostesses have.'

'I've already got a bag.'

'Oh, darling, you can't go around with that tatty green canvas thing. You look like some sort of Mary Poppins person who's fallen on hard times. Just a little compact case with a pull-out handle. It's amazing how much you can get in. Do you want it in navy on red or red on navy?'

'Mum. It's eight thirty in the morning. It's summer. It's very hot. I don't want an air-hostess bag.'

'Julie Enderby's got one. She says she never uses anything else.'

'Who's Julie Enderby?'

'You know Julie, darling, Mavis Enderby's daughter. Julie! The one that's got that super-doooper job at Arthur Andersen . . . '

'Mum . . . '

'Always takes it on her trips . . . '

'I don't want a little bag with wheels on.'

'I'll tell you what. Why don't Jamie, Daddy and I all club together and get you a proper new big suitcase and a set of wheels?'

Exhausted, I held the phone away from my ear, puzzling about where the missionary luggage Christmas-gift zeal had stemmed from. When I put the phone back she was saying:

' . . . in actual fact, you can get them with a compartment with bottles for your bubble bath and things. The other thing I thought of was a shopping trolley.'

'Is there anything you'd like for Christmas?' I said desperately, blinking in the dazzling Bank Holiday sunlight.

'No, no,' she said airily. 'I've got everything I need. Now, darling,' she suddenly hissed, 'you will be coming to Geoffrey and Una's New Year's Day Turkey Curry Buffet this year, won't you?'

'Ah. Actually, I . . . I panicked wildly. What could I pretend to be doing? ' . . . think I might have to work on New Year's Day.'

'That doesn't matter. You can drive up after work. Oh, did I mention? Malcolm and Elaine Darcy are coming and bringing Mark with them. Do you remember Mark, darling? He's one of those top-notch barristers. Masses of money. Divorced. It doesn't start till eight.'

Oh God. Not another strangely dressed opera freak with bushy hair burgeoning from a sideparting. 'Mum, I've told you. I don't need to be fixed up with . . . '

'Now come along, darling. Una and Geoffrey have been holding the New Year Buffet since you were running round the lawn with no clothes on! Of course you're going to come. And you'll be able to use your new suitcase.'

11.45 p.m. Ugh. First day of New Year has been day of horror. Cannot quite believe I am once again starting the year in a single bed in my parents' house.

Candace Bushnell "Sex and the City"

1. My Unsentimental Education: Love in Manhattan? I Don't Think So.

Here's a Valentine's Day tale. Prepare yourself.

An English journalist came to New York. She was attractive and witty, and right away she hooked up with one of New York 's typically eligible bachelors. Tim was forty-two, an investment banker who made about \$5 million a year. For two weeks, they kissed, held

hands—and then on a warm fall day he drove her to the house he was building in the Hamptons. They looked at the plans with the architect. “I wanted to tell the architect to fill in the railings on the second floor, so the children wouldn’t fall through,” said the journalist. “I expected Tim was going to ask me to marry him. ‘ On Sunday night, Tim dropped her off at her apartment and reminded her that they had dinner plans for Tuesday. On Tuesday, he called and said he’d have to take a rain check. When she hadn’t heard from him after two weeks, she called and told him, “That’s an awfully long rain check.” He said he would call her later in the week.

He never did call, of course. But what interested me was that she couldn’t understand what had happened. In England,

she explained, meeting the architect would have meant something. Then I realized, Of course: She’s from London. No one’s told her about the End of Love in Manhattan. Then I thought: She’ll learn.

Welcome to the Age of Un-Innocence. The glittering lights of Manhattan that served as backdrops for Edith Wharton’s bodice-heaving trysts are still glowing—but the stage is empty. No one has breakfast at Tiffany’s, and no one has affairs to remember—instead, we have breakfast at seven a.m. and affairs we try to forget as quickly as possible. How did we get into this mess?

Truman Capote understood our nineties dilemma—the dilemma of Love vs. the Deal—all too well. In *Breakfast at Tiffany’s*, Holly Golightly and Paul Varjak were faced with restrictions—he was a kept man, she was a kept woman— but in the end they surmounted them and chose love over money. That doesn’t happen much in Manhattan these days. We are all kept men and women—by our jobs, by our apartments, and then some of us by the pecking order at Mortimers and the Royalton, by Hamptons beachfront, by front-row Garden tickets—and we like it that way. Self-protection and closing the deal are paramount. Cupid has flown the co-op.

When was the last time you heard someone say, “I love you!” without tagging on the inevitable (if unspoken) “as a friend.” When was the last time you saw two people gazing into each other’s eyes without thinking, Yeah, right? When was the last time you heard someone announce, “I am truly, madly in love,” without thinking, Just wait until Monday morning? And what turned out to be the hot non-Tim Allen Christmas movie? Disclosure—for which ten or fifteen million moviegoers went to see unwanted, unaffectionate sex between corporate erotomaniacs—hardly the stuff we like to think about when we think about love but very much the stuff of the modern Manhattan relationship.

There’s still plenty of sex in Manhattan but the kind of sex that results in friendship and business deals, not romance. These days, everyone has friends and colleagues; no one really has lovers—even if they have slept together.

Back to the English journalist: After six months, some more “relationships,” and a brief affair with a man who used to call her from out of town to tell her that he’d be calling her when he got back into town (and never did), she got smart. “Relationships in New York are about detachment,” she said. “But how do you get attached when you decide you want to?”

Honey, you leave town.

Lauren Weisberger “The Devil Wears Prada”

Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes.

—HENRY DAVID THOREAU, WALDEN, 1854

The light hadn't even officially turned green at the intersection of 17th and Broadway before an army of overconfident yellow cabs roared past the tiny deathtrap I was attempting to navigate around the city streets. Clutch, gas, shift (neutral to first? Or first to second?), release clutch, I repeated over and over in my head, the mantra offering little comfort and even less direction amid the screeching midday traffic. The little car bucked wildly twice before it lurched forward through the intersection. My heart flip-flopped in my chest. Without warning, the lurching evened out and I began to pick up speed. Lots of speed. I glanced down to confirm visually that I was only in second gear, but the rear end of a cab loomed so large in the windshield that I could do nothing but jam my foot on the brake pedal so hard that my heel snapped off. Shit! Another pair of seven-hundred-dollar shoes sacrificed to my complete and utter lack of grace under pressure: this clocked in as my third such breakage this month. It was almost a relief when the car stalled (I'd obviously forgotten to press the clutch when attempting to brake for my life). I had a few seconds—peaceful seconds if one could overlook the angry honking and varied forms of the word “fuck” being hurled at me from all directions—to pull off my Manolos and toss them into the passenger seat. There was nowhere to wipe my sweaty hands except for the suede Gucci pants that hugged my thighs and hips so tightly they'd both begun to tingle within minutes of my securing the final button. My fingers left wet streaks across the supple suede that swathed the tops of my now numb thighs. Attempting to drive this \$84,000 stick-shift convertible through the obstacle-fraught streets of midtown at lunchtime pretty much demanded that I smoke a cigarette.

“Fuckin’ move, lady!” hollered a swarthy driver whose chest hair threatened to overtake the wife-beater he wore. “What do you think this is? Fuckin’ drivin’ school? Get outta the way!”

I raised a shaking hand to give him the finger and then turned my attention to the business at hand: getting nicotine coursing through my veins as quickly as possible. My hands were moist again with sweat, evidenced by the matches that kept slipping to the floor. The light turned green just as I managed to touch the fire to the end of the cigarette, and I was forced to leave it hanging between my lips as I negotiated the intricacies of clutch, gas, shift (neutral to first? Or first to second?), release clutch, the smoke wafting in and out of my mouth with each and every breath. It was another three blocks before the car moved smoothly enough for me to remove the cigarette, but it was already too late: the precariously long line of spent ash had found its way directly to the sweat stain on the pants. Awesome. But before I could consider that, counting the Manolos, I'd wrecked \$3,100 worth of merchandise in under three minutes, my cell phone bleated loudly. And as if the very essence of life itself didn't suck enough at that particular moment, the caller ID confirmed my worst fear: it was Her. Miranda Priestly. My boss.

“Ahn-dre-ah! Ahn-dre-ah! Can you hear me, Ahn-dre-ah?” she trilled the moment I snapped my Motorola open—no small feat considering both of my (bare) feet and hands were already contending with various obligations. I propped the phone between my ear and shoulder and tossed the cigarette out the window, where it narrowly missed hitting a bike messenger. He screamed out a few highly unoriginal “fuck yous” before weaving forward.

“Yes, Miranda. Hi, I can hear you perfectly.”

“Ahn-dre-ah, where’s my car? Did you drop it off at the garage yet?”

The light ahead of me blessedly turned red and looked as though it might be a long one. The car jerked to a stop without hitting anyone or anything, and I breathed a sigh of relief. “I’m in the car right now, Miranda, and I should be at the garage in just a few minutes.” I figured she was probably concerned that everything was going well, so I reassured her that there were no problems whatsoever and we should both arrive shortly in perfect condition.

“Whatever,” she said brusquely, cutting me off midsentence. “I need you to pick up Madelaine and drop her off at the apartment before you come back to the office.” Click. The phone went dead. I stared at it for a few seconds before I realized that she’d deliberately hung up because she had provided all of the details I could hope to receive. Madelaine. Who the hell was Madelaine? Where was she at the moment? Did she know I was to pick her up? Why was she going back to Miranda’s apartment? And why on earth—considering Miranda had a full-time driver, housekeeper, and nanny—was I the one who had to do it?

Remembering that it was illegal to talk on a cell phone while driving in New York and figuring the last thing I needed at that moment was a run-in with the NYPD, I pulled into the bus lane and switched my flashers on. Breathe in, breathe out, I coached myself, even remembering to apply the parking brake before taking my foot off the regular one. It had been years since I’d driven a stick-shift car—five years, actually, since a high school boyfriend had volunteered his car up for a few lessons that I’d decidedly flunked—but Miranda hadn’t seemed to consider that when she’d called me into her office an hour and a half earlier.

“Ahn-dre-ah, my car needs to be picked up from the place and dropped off at the garage. Attend to it immediately, as we’ll be needing it tonight to drive to the Hamptons. That’s all.” I stood, rooted to the carpet in front of her behemoth desk, but she’d already blocked out my presence entirely. Or so I thought. “That’s all, Ahn-dre-ah. See to it right now,” she added, still not glancing up.

Cecelia Ahern “PS, I Love You”

For David

One HOLLY HELD THE BLUE COTTON sweater to her face and the familiar smell immediately struck her, an overwhelming grief knotting her stomach and pulling at her heart. Pins and needles ran up the back of her neck and a lump in her throat threatened to choke her. Panic took over. Apart from the low hum of the fridge and the occasional moaning of the pipes, the house was quiet. She was alone. Bile rose to her throat and she ran to the bathroom, where she collapsed to her knees before the toilet.

Gerry was gone and he would never be back. That was the reality. She would never again run her fingers through his soft hair, never share a secret joke across the table at a dinner party, never cry to him when she got home from a hard day at work and just needed a hug; she would never share a bed with him again, never be woken up by his fits of sneezes each morning, never laugh with him so much her stomach would ache, never fight with him about whose turn it was to get up and turn the bedroom light off. All that was left was a bundle of memories and an image of his face that became more and more vague each day.

Their plan had been very simple. To stay together for the rest of their lives. A plan that anyone within their circle would agree was accomplishable. They were best friends, lovers and soul mates destined to be together, everyone thought. But as it happened, one day destiny greedily changed its mind.

The end had come all too soon. After complaining of a migraine for a few days, Gerry had agreed to Holly's suggestion that he see his doctor. This was done one Wednesday on a lunch break from work. The doctor thought it was due to stress or tiredness and agreed that at the very worst he might need glasses. Gerry hadn't been happy with that. He had been upset about the idea he might need glasses. He needn't have worried, since as it turned out it wasn't his eyes that were the problem. It was the tumor growing inside his brain.

Holly flushed the toilet, and shivering from the coldness of the tiled floor, she shakily steadied herself to her feet. He had been thirty years old. By no means had he been the healthiest man on the earth, but he'd been healthy enough to . . . well, to live a normal life. When he was very sick he would bravely joke about how he shouldn't have lived life so safely. Should have taken drugs, should have drunk more, should have traveled more, should have jumped out of airplanes while waxing his legs . . . his list went on. Even as he laughed about it Holly could see the regret in his eyes. Regret for the things he never made time to do, the places he never saw, and sorrow for the loss of future experiences. Did he regret the life he'd had with her? Holly never doubted that he loved her, but feared he felt he had wasted precious time.

Growing older became something he wanted desperately to accomplish, rather than merely a dreaded inevitability. How presumptuous they both had been never to consider growing old as an achievement and a challenge. Aging was something they'd both wanted so much to avoid.

Holly drifted from room to room while she sobbed her fat, salty tears. Her eyes were red and sore and there seemed to be no end to this night. None of the rooms in the house provided her with any solace. Just unwelcoming silences as she stared around at the furniture. She longed for the couch to hold out its arms to her, but even it ignored her.

Gerry would not be happy with this, she thought. She took a deep breath, dried her eyes and tried to shake some sense into herself. No, Gerry would not be pleased at all.

Just as she had every other night for the past few weeks, Holly fell into a fitful sleep in the early hours of the morning. Each day she found herself sprawled uncomfortably across some piece of furniture; today it was the couch. Once again it was the phone call from a concerned friend or family member that woke her up. They probably thought that all she did was sleep. Where were their phone calls when she listlessly roamed the house like a zombie searching the rooms for . . . for what? What was she expecting to find?

"Hello," she groggily answered. Her voice was hoarse from all the tears, but she had long since stopped caring about maintaining a brave face for anyone. Her best friend was gone and nobody understood that no amount of makeup, fresh air or shopping was going to fill the hole in her heart.

"Oh sorry, love, did I wake you?" the concerned voice of Holly's mother came across the line. Always the same conversation. Every morning her mother called to see if she had survived

the night alone. Always afraid of waking her yet always relieved to hear her breathing; safe with the knowledge her daughter had braved the ghosts of the night.

“No, I was just dozing, it's OK.” Always the same answer.

“Your dad and Declan have gone out and I was thinking of you, pet.” Why did that soothing, sympathetic voice always send tears to Holly's eyes? She could picture her mother's concerned face, eyebrows furrowed, forehead wrinkled with worry. But it didn't soothe Holly. It made her remember why they were worried and that they shouldn't have to be. Everything should be normal. Gerry should be here beside her, rolling his eyes up to heaven and trying to make her laugh while her mother yapped on. So many times Holly would have to hand the phone over to Gerry, as her fit of giggles would take over. Then he would chat away, ignoring Holly as she jumped around the bed pulling her silliest faces and doing her funniest dances just to get him back. It seldom worked.

She “ummed” and “ahhed” throughout the conversation, listening but not hearing a word.

“It's a lovely day, Holly. It would do you the world of good to go out for a walk. Get some fresh air.”

“Um, I suppose.” There it was again, fresh air—the alleged answer to all her problems.

“Maybe I'll call around later and we can have a chat.”

“No thanks, Mum, I'm OK.” Silence.

“Well, all right then . . . give me a ring if you change your mind. I'm free all day.”

“OK.” Another silence.

“Thanks, though.”

“Right then . . . take care, love.”

“I will.” Holly was about to replace the phone when she heard her mother's voice again.

“Oh Holly, I almost forgot. That envelope is still here for you, you know, the one I told you about. It's on the kitchen table. You might want to collect it, it's been here for weeks now and it might be important.”

“I doubt it. It's probably just another card.”

“No, I don't think it is, love. It's addressed to you and above your name it says . . . oh, hold on while I get it from the table . . .” The phone was put down, the sound of heels on the tiles toward the table, chairs screeched against the floor, footsteps getting louder, phone being picked up . . .

“You still there?”

“Yeah.”

“OK, it says at the top 'The List.' I'm not sure what that means, love. It's worth just taking a...”

Holly dropped the phone.

Elizabeth Gilbert "Eat. Pray. Love."

I wish Giovanni would kiss me.

Oh, but there are so many reasons why this would be a terrible idea. To begin with, Giovanni is ten years younger than I am, and-like most Italian guys in their twenties-he still lives with his mother. These facts alone make him an unlikely romantic partner for me, given that I am a professional American woman in my mid-thirties, who has just come through a failed marriage and a devastating, interminable divorce, followed immediately by a passionate love affair that ended in sickening heartbreak. This loss upon loss has left me feeling sad and brittle and about seven thousand years old. Purely as a matter of principle I wouldn't inflict my sorry, busted-up old self on the lovely, unsullied Giovanni. Not to mention that I have finally arrived at that age where a woman starts to question whether the wisest way to get over the loss of one beautiful brown-eyed young man is indeed to promptly invite another one into her bed. This is why I have been alone for many months now. This is why, in fact, I have decided to spend this entire year in celibacy.

To which the savvy observer might inquire: 'Then why did you come to Italy?'

To which I can only reply-especially when looking across the table at handsome Giovanni-'Excellent question.'

Giovanni is my Tandem Exchange Partner. That sounds like an innuendo, but unfortunately it's not. All it really means is that we meet a few evenings a week here in Rome to practice each other's languages. We speak first in Italian, and he is patient with me; then we speak in English, and I am patient with him. I discovered Giovanni a few weeks after I'd arrived in Rome, thanks to that big Internet cafe at the Piazza Barbarini, across the street from that fountain with the sculpture of that sexy merman blowing into his conch shell. He (Giovanni, that is-not the merman) had posted a flier on the bulletin board explaining that a native Italian speaker was seeking a native English speaker for conversational language practice. Right beside his appeal was another flier with the same request, word-for-word identical in every way, right down to the typeface. The only difference was the contact information. One flier listed an e-mail address for somebody named Giovanni; the other introduced somebody named Dario. But even the home phone number was the same.

Using my keen intuitive powers, I e-mailed both men at the same time, asking in Italian, 'Are you perhaps brothers?'

It was Giovanni who wrote back this very provocativo message: 'Even better. Twins!'

Yes-much better. Tall, dark and handsome identical twenty-five-year-old twins, as it turned out, with those giant brown liquid-center Italian eyes that just unstitch me. After meeting the boys in person, I began to wonder if perhaps I should adjust my rule somewhat about remaining celibate this year. For instance, perhaps I could remain totally celibate except for keeping a pair of handsome twenty-five-year-old Italian twin brothers as lovers. Which was slightly reminiscent of a friend of mine who is vegetarian except for bacon, but nonetheless... I was already composing my letter to Penthouse:

In the flickering, candlelit shadows of the Roman cafe, it was impossible to tell whose hands were caress-

But, no.

No and no.

I chopped the fantasy off in mid-word. This was not my moment to be seeking romance and (as day follows night) to further complicate my already knotty life. This was my moment to look for the kind of healing and peace that can only come from solitude.

Anyway, by now, by the middle of November, the shy, studious Giovanni and I have become dear buddies. As for Dario-the more razzle-dazzle swinger brother of the two-I have introduced him to my adorable little Swedish friend Sofie, and how they've been sharing their evenings in Rome is another kind of Tandem Exchange altogether. But Giovanni and I, we only talk. Well, we eat and we talk. We have been eating and talking for many pleasant weeks now, sharing pizzas and gentle grammatical corrections, and tonight has been no exception. A lovely evening of new idioms and fresh mozzarella.

Now it is midnight and foggy, and Giovanni is walking me home to my apartment through these back streets of Rome, which meander organically around the ancient buildings like bayou streams snaking around shadowy clumps of cypress groves. Now we are at my door. We face each other. He gives me a warm hug. This is an improvement; for the first few weeks, he would only shake my hand. I think if I were to stay in Italy for another three years, he might actually get up the juice to kiss me. On the other hand, he might just kiss me right now, tonight, right here by my door... there's still a chance... I mean we're pressed up against each other's bodies beneath this moonlight... and of course it would be a terrible mistake... but it's still such a wonderful possibility that he might actually do it right now... that he might just bend down... and... and...

Nope.

He separates himself from the embrace.

'Good night, my dear Liz,' he says.

'Buona notte, caro mio,' I reply.

I walk up the stairs to my fourth-floor apartment, all alone. I let myself into my tiny little studio, all alone. I shut the door behind me. Another solitary bedtime in Rome. Another long night's sleep ahead of me, with nobody and nothing in my bed except a pile of Italian phrasebooks and dictionaries.

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Методичні вказівки

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