

# The ILE

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Professor Alexandr Demyanovich Petrenko, Director of the Institute of Foreign Philology

## ‘STUDENTS AT THE CROSSROADS OF LIFE, OR HOW “TO BE”: EXPERIENCE PASSED DOWN’

Mikhail Vasilyev, Group 251,  
Olga Yurmanova, Group 154

Interviewing Professor Alexander Demyanovich Petrenko, Director of the Institute of Foreign Philology

**Interviewer:** Did any bright event influence your career choice?

**Prof. Petrenko:** The decision to enter the foreign languages faculty was spontaneous. In the winter of my final school year I went to Moscow and entered GITIS (State Institute of Theatre Arts). I passed the exams and was enrolled without a certificate of secondary education. I was to come in July after the final examinations and solve a few formal issues. Then it occurred to me that it would be too easy as I enjoyed overcoming difficulties. That's why on my way back home I took a different decision which came as a complete surprise for my parents. I easily passed entrance exams to the foreign

languages faculty as German was almost my mother tongue.

**Interviewer:** Many high school graduates cannot make up their mind what career to choose, hence taking a gap year between school and college is popular abroad. What is your view on the matter?

**Prof. Petrenko:** I believe that conscious decisions are to be made at a conscious age. In Russia it is not necessary to choose your main profile when you are 17. Only after four years of studying a student faces a need to decide whether to become a translator or a teacher on the basis of the knowledge they got at university. At the age of 17 students are not always able to make the right choice. Almost every freshman envisages herself becoming a translator overlooking the fact that translation is extremely difficult in many aspects, and often there is no one to consult or assist. To the students and their parents who

ask for advice, I always try to explain the situation as it really is.

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*“The decision to enter the foreign languages faculty was spontaneous.”*

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**Interviewer:** When you were a student, what academic discipline or lecturer made the most impression on you?

**Prof. Petrenko:** The greatest impression is produced by those teachers with whom you realise that you do not know anything. For me it was a lecturer who taught in the first semester. I was awestruck how aesthetic her speech was, by its impeccable codification, timbre and beautiful phonetics. It is worth noting that there were many of such teachers during my entire period of studying.

## FACULTY SPOTLIGHT

Вестник ин. яз.

**Interviewer:** First-year students often find it difficult to adapt to the University system which is new for them. Classes are longer, responsibility is higher. What was your first year like?

*“I believe that conscious decisions are to be made at a conscious age”*

**Prof. Petrenko:** The first semester was just amazing. The phonetic aspect of the language, which is taught at the very beginning of the course, was very easy since I had an ear for music. In addition, I had sound knowledge of the basics. In the second semester it became harder because grammar studies began. It's common knowledge that the grammatical aspect of the German language is quite complicated. I missed something because of age, but by the end of the first year I realized that it was essential to put effort into making the basic knowledge profound. And by the end of the fifth semester, in the middle of the third year, language problems had disappeared, and German became my second language.

**Interviewer:** If you don't mind, I would like to ask a question that is not relevant to the educational process. Students often fall in love at University, especially in the first year. Was it like that for you?

**Prof. Petrenko:** I met my wife here. Our first meeting occurred in the library after the first year. Instead of collective farm works we had been sent by the dean's office to the storehouse to sort out old books and translate their headlines. Our common interests included not only books, but also music. We listened to such artists as Jimmy Hendrix, Janis Joplin and many others. Later we got married and our baby was born. We have been together for more than forty happy years.

*“I've always been sociable and had many friends, and I never gave up my hobbies.”*

**Interviewer:** Did you take part in the cultural life of the university or did you completely devote yourself to studying?

**Prof. Petrenko:** I've always been sociable and had many friends, and I never gave up my hobbies. While studying I went to the theater and practised music, which I have always loved. At that time there were very good films, French and Italian neo-realism. I also liked to read and it helped me to have



Alexandr Petrenko is presented the first issue of 'The ILE' by Maria Beloventseva (editor)

mastered the language by the end of the third year and go to Germany.

**Interviewer:** Were there any unusual or curious incidents in your life during that time?

**Prof. Petrenko:** Of course, student years are full of bright events. I remember an episode which happened while I was studying in Kiev. I had to accompany my family to Boryspil airport. My wife and son were about to board the plane when I realized that I couldn't stay alone. And somehow miraculously there was a ticket left for the same flight in the ticket office, and I flew home with them. My parents were perplexed because I had an exam in 10 days. And I passed it successfully.

*“This age, from 17 to 23 years old, should be fun simply because you won't have it for the second time.”*

**Interviewer:** University life is often described as carefree. What do you think?

**Prof. Petrenko:** I wouldn't call it completely carefree. You just take people and reality easy because a sense of responsibility comes gradually. This age, from 17 to 23 years old, should be fun simply because you won't have it for the second time. You need the skill in combining business and pleasure. There are cases when parents come with students who have fallen behind in their studying. We are sympathetic to such situations. There is the highest level of teachers and

'creme de la creme' students. I have always said that it is good to study at our Institute. People here are stylish as future professionals, as students, and externally. All these things together form your appearance.

**Interviewer:** We are grateful for the opportunity to conduct such an interview and at the end we would like to wish you personal happiness and achievement of new professional heights. What could you wish the students of the Institute?

**Prof. Petrenko:** I want to wish them to feel free, both externally and internally, and everything else will come. It might be the key to success.





# Not Enough: The Story of Achievement



Daniil Petrenko, associate professor, head of the Department of German Philology

Nial Akhmedova, Group 351  
Ann Abryutina, Group 372

In the world that puts versatility first, out of all the qualities to have in the modern day the vital one to possess is a certain streak of artistic creativity, an impulse that drives one over the edge of simple contentment. In the Institute of Foreign Philology this proves to be especially true. The future is always here with us, always around, and it demands as much flexibility as it does diligence. And having a wide range of interests in an area that touches upon the subject of time – present, past, or future – is simply crucial for surviving in the field of philology.

Continuing their life-lasting journey to the assertion of the proud title ‘the philologist’, our professors and students also find time to take the spotlight in other scopes of interest. It is unsurprising then for us to be considered one of the most hard-working Institutes in all of Crimea! As it turns out, the Institute of Foreign Philology can boast not only its students and professors’ high-level academic qualification but also their achievements in other areas including sport. Bronze, silver, gold medals, national and worldwide competitions – anything our fellow philologists

could have won, they have – and they are still striving for more!

‘It is never okay to settle for something you have achieved. Once you feel what you already have is enough for you, you are never – and I mean it, – never going to try and see what else is there. What I mean is you should always look up, search for new opportunities, for something more – and try it, and even if you might fail at this, try it anyway.’ says one of the most prominent figures among the faculty staff, the well-known associate professor of the German Philology Department, Daniil Petrenko. And here is an example to follow – despite having shown his competence in the field of philology, Professor Petrenko hasn’t stopped at languages, be it learning or teaching.

‘It gives you a certain sense of who you really are,’ he stresses the importance of having more than one hobby. Although he has been into swimming for a long time now, it hasn’t always been so. He took an interest in sport while at school with a mention of a swimming club piquing the interest. ‘It started with a simple choice – either swimming or chess. I chose swimming.’ As it turned out, it was the right decision.

First was the title of the Candidate for Mas-

ter of Sport of the USSR. Then came regional, state and international championships, and the boy that was barely in his teens when he started swimming, grew into a winner of many of them. However, it was only the beginning of a long journey ahead.

*In the world that puts versatility first, out of all the qualities to have in the modern day the vital one to possess is a certain streak of artistic creativity, an impulse that drives one over the edge of simple contentment*

‘Of course, if you practise every day, working harder and harder, you get good at it. It is inevitable, I’d say. But that’s the best part, you don’t really notice when you’ve become so invested in something and then, suddenly, you get the hang of things. It is exactly the moment you feel it was worth it.’ Many of Professor Petrenko’s students have followed his example and without a doubt, it is only a matter of time before the headlines learn their names.

However, Professor Petrenko hasn’t stopped at that. ‘Windsurfing is something I love best,’ he says. ‘It gives you such a rush of adrenaline, a feeling of floating above the waves and as if amidst the sky itself. Truly incredible,’ he says with a sharp silver glint in his eyes. Perhaps, just as every burning passion needs a certain relaxing stability, a moment that allows serenity and peace, every philologist must have a hobby besides languages.

‘It never hurts to try, at least,’ he says to his students. ‘Who knows how much you will end up liking it? And in the best course of action, it will become your second fuel in life, as it were,’ he concludes and a little smile escapes his lips. Maybe we should take in Professor Petrenko’s words and listen to what the little voice, that little spark of curiosity that once pushed us to the path of languages is saying – and maybe it will inspire us to try something else, something new, something great.

*Having a wide range of interests in an area that touches upon the subject of time – present, past, or future – is simply crucial for surviving in the field of philology.*



## NEWS &amp; EVENTS

Вестник ин. яз.

Shazie Mamutova, Group 251

## Planet on Strike

In the run-up to the scientific conference 'The Days of Science in Crimean Federal University' the debates contest 'Planet on Strike', dedicated to the Year of Ecology, was held in the Institute of Foreign Philology on October 19th. Not only did the students of the institute show great interest in the topic, but also the students of S.I. Georgievsky Medical Academy and the pupils of Year 10 and Year 11 of Simferopol Gymnasium 9.

The participants were offered an opportunity to express their opinion on various ecological problems and their causes, as well as comment on the aphorisms connected with environmental issues and state their arguments for and against some controversial ideas concerning the matter.

The jury of the contest comprising Associate Professors Helen Mazina, Tatiana Melnichenko and Lilia Banakh assessed consistency and validity of the contestants' arguments, their language competence and ability to convince an opponent of their point of view.

Having summarized the scores, the authoritative jury announced the placing as follows:



The participants and the jury of the debates contest

- 1st place** – Nikita Khorunzhiy, second-year student of the Institute of Foreign Philology;  
**2nd place** – Polina Bobko, third-year student of the Institute of Foreign Philology;  
**3rd place** – Juana Stoianov, pupil of Year 10 of Simferopol Gymnasium 9.

The winners were awarded certificates and souvenirs. The debates proved that both school children and university students are eco-conscious and concerned about the ecological problems of our planet, as well as their possible solutions.

## Debates Contest in Simferopol International School



The students with the participants of the debates contest at SIS

Daria Agafonova, Victoria Mozgova  
and Tatyana Shnuruk, Group 154

On October 28, 2017, 1st year students Daria Agafonova, Victoria Mozgova and Tatyana Shnuruk attended a debates contest in Simferopol International School.

**What is a DEBATES CONTEST?**

In schools and colleges, competitive debating often takes the form of a contest with explicit rules. It may be presided over by one or more judges or adjudicators. Both sides seek to win against the other while following

the rules. One side is typically in favour of (also known as "for", "Affirmative", or "Pro") or opposed to (also known as "against", "Negative", "Con") a statement, proposition, moot or resolution. The "for" side must state points that will support the proposition; the "against" side must refute these arguments.

**The girls' comments on the event they attended:**

"First we visited the team of junior league (10-14 y.o.). They are quite small, but they are already able to express their own opinion. Their topic for discussion was "Should

CVs be anonymous?" We think that it is a difficult topic for discussion, but it was a pleasant surprise that children of their age coped well.

The level of teams was different. Children from SIS (Simferopol International School) performed better than the team of Gymnasium 9 because they are more experienced. Anyhow, it was an interesting discussion."

Next, the girls attended the senior league and their comments are:

"The second event we visited was the debates of the senior league (15-18 y.o.). There were also two teams from SIS and Gymnasium 9. But the situation was different. There were only boys in the SIS team, and there were only girls in the team of Gymnasium 9. Their topic for discussion was "Is the Internet evil?" The arguments of these children were weighty, they reasoned like adults. There were a lot of bliz questions from the SIS team, but the girls answered very well. We were very impressed by this team. The girls were prepared perfectly well! They helped and supported each other, they acted as a team. It was a truly grand and breathtaking game."

Our recommendations to fellow students: Try to participate in similar games to become more confident of your speaking skills. Not just participate, but strive to win!

Zarina Guseinova, Group 251

Having decided to enter the Institute of Foreign Philology I have made the right choice because of many reasons, I must admit.

I think that the first thing that needs to be said is that there is, actually, no time for boredom and idleness as the student life has so many things to offer. It looks like an assemblage of heterogeneous activities every one of which finds its amateurs. These are sport competitions, conferences, feasts, concerts and many other events which just wait for the only thing – our involvement and participation.

Not so long ago I was lucky to visit one of the series of lectures given by Bernard Michel Beuzamy, Ph.D., which were held from 30th October to 4th November. Being the head of the French company “Calculation Mathematical Society” he devoted his talks to possible co-operation of particular structures of our university with the company. But let me keep this data in the background and share my impressions of his short but so meaningful talk.

*...there is, actually, no time for boredom and idleness as the student life has so many things to offer*

It was 4th November. Barely had a stocky man in his late 50s entered the hall when the steady noise became less intense and soon totally vanished for an hour's time. Professor Beuzamy was greeted with applause. Having introduced himself, he took a piece of chalk and something incredible started. One light movement across the blackboard and the people were spellbound. He just gripped our attention and drew it to the farthest world of the theory of relativity, which was getting more complicated with every single step he took in order to explain. I'd like to mention that the language he used was clear and easy to understand. It was plain English with a mingle of the French “r” which made his speech even more gripping. To top it all, my group-mates and I managed to take a photo and ask Monsieur Beuzamy several questions both in English and French.

To conclude I should say that it was an amazing and wonderful talk of a genius of the modern world. The experience which I will remember for ever.

*“One light movement across the blackboard and the people were spellbound.”*

# An Academic Hour with a Genius



Professor Bernard Beuzamy and the second-year students

## Probability & Improbability of Translation

Olga Yurmanova, Group 154

On 1st November, 2017 students of our group attended a lecture that was held within the framework of the festival “Days of Science in the CFU”. It was given by Bernard Beuzamy, Ph.D., a well-known expert in the field of probability analysis, number theory, author of 118 publications in international peer-reviewed journals and 11 books. The maths he talked about was unusual. It was unusual since we are used to applying formulas, but Monsieur Beuzamy and the people of his company do not always do it. It was very interesting to listen to the scientist, but the lecture was conducted in English, and the students who came to listen to it were from different faculties. In other words, they understood nothing and needed help of an interpreter which was provided and we had a good opportunity to see how our future professional skills may be applied. It was a valuable experience and we were able to pinpoint some issues that may arise while doing oral translation.

First of all, we paid attention to the polysemy of the word «problem» which may

be translated into Russian in a few different ways depending on the context, e.g. «проблема», «вопрос», «задача», etc. Another important point involved collocations. For example, “to set the problem” may be translated by means of calque as «установить вопрос» which doesn't sound appropriate and would sound more natural as «поставить вопрос». Furthermore, we realized that it is not easy to keep up with the speaker without the knowledge of relevant terminology, so sometimes the interpreter had to ask scholars in the audience to clarify the meaning of terms. One more difficulty which every interpreter has to solve is how to follow the tempo of the speaker and not to miss anything so that the speech doesn't get distorted in translation.

These are only a few observations we made, but attending this lecture made it clear enough that being an interpreter is a difficult job to do and requires much responsibility and thorough preparation from the one doing the translation.



HELLO, WORLD !

*Мир вокруг нас*

# The Estate of Yusupov

Alie Zeitullaeva, Group 251

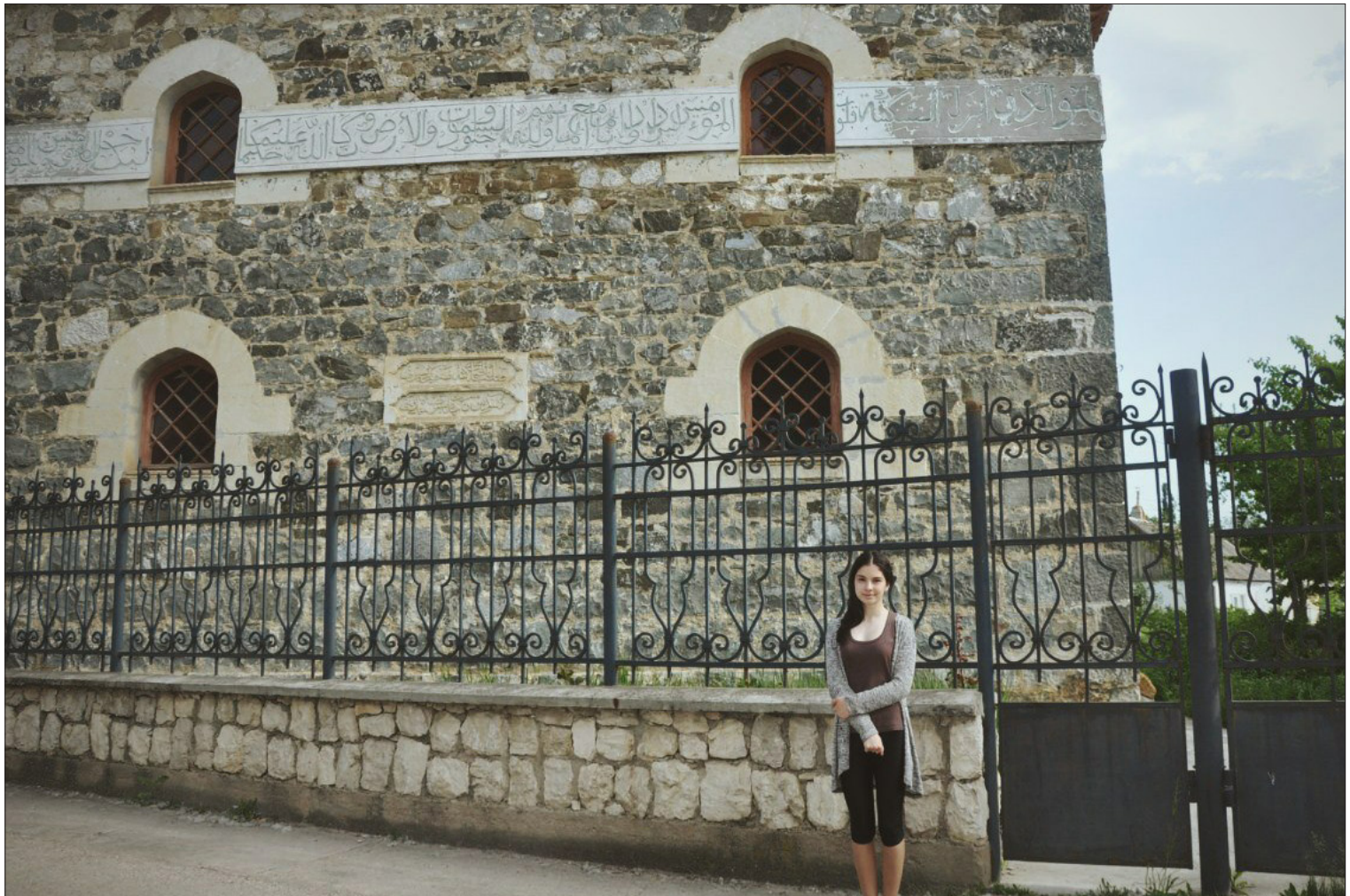
I'd like to tell you about wonderful places of interest located in the village of Sokolinoye which represent unusual beauty of the Crimean Tatar architecture – the Jami Coc-kos Mosque and Yusupov Palace.

Coc-kos Jami was built in 1910. The name of the mosque is of special significance. Coc-kos means blue-eyed in Crimean Tatar (Kok – blue or clouds, kos – eyes). The reason why the mosque got its name is that when you look at the beautiful minaret (the tower of a mosque designed for the call to prayer), it seems that it touches the blue sky and they are united. The mosque was restored and serves its purpose.

Yusupov Palace, or as it is sometimes called Yusupov's hunting lodge, was built in 1908-1912 in the same Crimean Tatar style and was inspired by the famous Khan Palace. The original purpose of construction was a dwelling house, but Yusupov Palace soon became a Medrese (religious school). When I visited the place I was inspired to take these photographs, and I hope to go there again.



Yusupov Palace, or as it is sometimes called Yusupov's hunting lodge



Coc-kos Jami Mosque and Alie Zeitullaeva, second-year student of Group 251



*Мир вокруг нас*

## HELLO, WORLD !

**Do you know...?**

Anastasiya Stankovskaya, Group 252

**D**o you know that you study in a historic building? What do you know about the place you spend your time in?

Our institute is a piece of original architecture. It was built in the second half of the 19th century. And it is a sample of southern architecture – bright, with many small architectural forms and details. It's a two-storeyed house and its veranda in the central part is decorated with Corinthian style pylons; the top of the balcony is supported by four caryatids.

Before the revolution, the house belonged to Shabetai Veniaminovich Duvan (the surname literally means “ruler”), a lawyer known in the whole south of Russia, who was repeatedly elected as a member of the State Duma of Russia. After the revolution the building was the headquarters of the regional committee of the All-Union Communist Party. When the Great Patriotic War broke out, it served the base for the 51st Army commanders.

Since 1956 it has housed the Department of Foreign Languages which transformed into the Institute in 2015.

**My Favourite Places in Sevastopol**

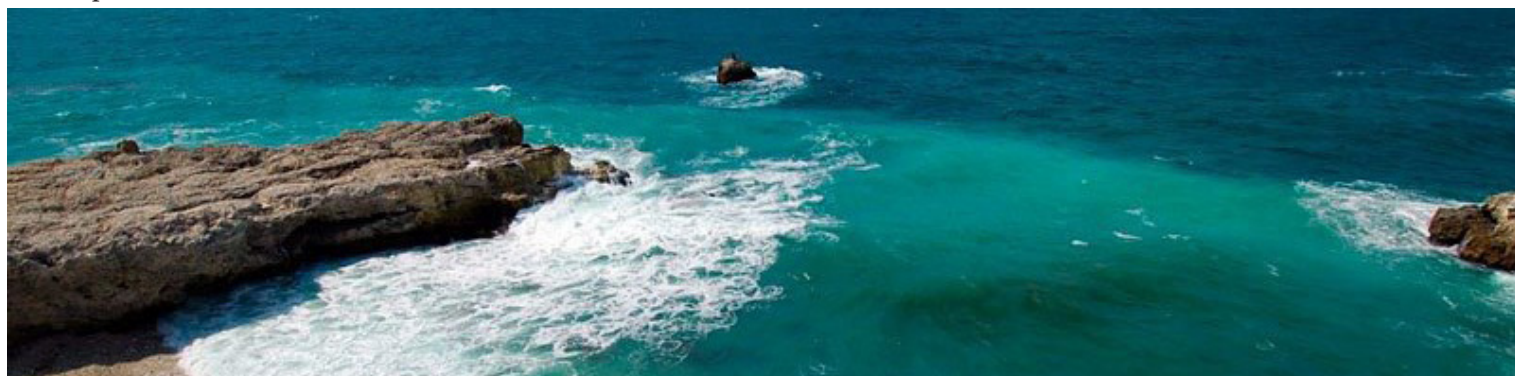
Anastasiya Kharitonova, Group 154

**S**evastopol is a city of glory, a city of sailors and, of course, the brightest point on the map of the Crimea. This city should be visited by every tourist who travels around the Crimea. There are many places of honour and fame in this city, as well as beaches and beautiful viewing platforms. But I would like to tell you not about those popular tourist spots that everyone knows about, but about my favourite places in my favorite city.

The first destination of our trip is a small forest over the beach of Uchkuevka. It is very beautiful there, especially in the evenings, because at the edge of the forest there is a precipice which is located in such a way that you can always watch beautiful Sevastopol sunsets.

The next place is the Blue Bay. I live nearby, so I have the opportunity to enjoy this place more often. This beautiful seashore has recently become a beach and is now popular with the locals. Nearby there is the 35th Shore Battery Museum and over it there is an observation deck which offers a view of the endless open sea.

My last favorite spot is the embankment in Balaklava. Most people visit the place because of its history, but I like Balaklava only because it's insanely beautiful. This place is especially mesmerizing when the weather is cloudy and everything around is in pale gray tones. When you walk along the promenade you have space for thoughts and you completely immerse in them enjoying the beauty.





# Do You Believe in Love by Correspondence?

Nial Akhmedova, Group 351

Life is a gamble, and people are nothing more but pawns, and love, it seems, is just a game to play. I am just a witness, with a bag packed with questions and a camera in one hand – it seems I can only do so much. It appears we love to be confused for we are never quite sure what loving means. Ask and they shall say – to love is to possess, to own, to have. This love is dressed in red – but it is not the shade of abashed enigma hidden behind hundreds of robes, but the crimson of hatred, angry red of bruises and bite-marks. Some say, to love means to pray and be denied, to hope and bleed, to worship. This love is ghastly white, it is cold like precious marble and devoid of any life at all. This love asks for Persian gold, and salt of torments, and the purpose of your whole existence. Others claim to know that unless you've seen into their mind through the skull, unless you've held in your hands like a newborn their every idea and every single hope, you cannot name this feeling love.

But to me it is no love that exists with borders. Love is not a progress, not a fact and not a story. It is a process, it is a symphony of souls and dichotomy of bodies. It is in a face, carved into a body, hiding in the curves and traces of flesh, dripping from sun-kissed palms and gleaming on the edges of crimson fullness of the cherry lips. Loving is losing and finding, breaking down and coming up, loving is sacrificing until you have nothing at all, loving is taking until the fullness comes to define you.

But what if there are oceans between you, and billion steps' distance between love and reality. What if you love them, but they do not breathe the same air, do not feel the same pain, do not know how your skin feels when touched and how your eyes beam elevated when there is another letter in your hands – from them. What if your love is some distance away and the thread between your hearts can only exist in your minds and should stretch for thousands miles?

But if you can't gaze at them like they are art, and drink them like French wine, then how can you love someone?

Easy, it is. You don't know if this feeling has a name but when you gaze upon every curve of their letter written in black ink, and something inside of you snaps and explodes like a star into thousands of beaming lights, you feel it grow deeper into your bones, your flesh, your mind. And when in the wrinkles of beige paper you see the traces of the beloved's

face, you do not berate the distance, but relish in acceptance of what you already have.

You do not cry unable to taste their lips, because their written approval and exclamation marks melt on your tongue like mellow honey or liquid poison, but you'd trade safety of life for a moment of black death, just to feel their initials sink into the depths of your unholy essence, just to feel loved by them even if their love can only exist in the crinkled paper and in the shape of your own hands.

And maybe you have long gone insane, but there is no point in being sane when you cannot enjoy the shadow of their presence beside you, when for a few minutes you allow yourself to be a fool and on the lonely nights imagine their body lying hand-in-hand with yours on much too spacious for one white satin sheets. And when there are days you spend pondering over which paper they prefer best – the newly printed one or the one that's been hidden for ages, like a Victorian rose, long withered and wrinkled.

The tender scent of their skin imprinted onto the paper – you breathe it in, like oxygen, and let it fill your lungs like smoke of a lethal drug, and if this love shall be the end of you – then, you will embrace death like a serpent entwining the rod. Like a butterfly stuck in a spider's web, you trade freedom for a fantasy woven of the sweetest lies and one tart truth. You live life from letter to letter, each engulfing you whole in its context, and you spill what is left of you in the paper, hoping for their reply to come sooner rather than later. You are both addicted to each other, yet you do not think of it as an addiction, but a dance with demons and Russian roulette.

They are fools – those who claim you do not know each other's appearance because you see their reflection everywhere you look – in the pale moon and the garish sun, in the mud and in the stars, in the supple soil and in the evening dusk.

They are the ghost to haunt you at night – their shadow – a reminiscence of all the joy and sorrow your odd love is made of, and in between the folds of the white sheets – you see them lie beside you, and the world goes mute for a second when like a sermon you are reciting their letters one by one, chanting their name like an answer to every question, like a promise of salvation murmured in the depths of Hade's dwelling. Your whole world is in a sheet of paper and every word they'd written you have long learnt by heart – these words they speak to you with every night; because you do not dare to think of new ones – or so it'll be all a lie, because you will not dare to smear their

lips so sacred to you with the language of the mortals among which you count yourself too.

They all who see you as lonely and single – all of them are fools, they do not know how close, how near to you is their being – and you see them so clear, their body of ink and clay, their eyes – mirroring Heaven, and the lips made of sin. And they are so real, you feel their breath on your neck, but you turn around and see nothing but smoke, a shadow. Well, maybe they are merely a demon on the hunt for your heart, for your ribcage feels too wide and too empty inside, like there is nothing, nothing at all within, like you've lost your soul somewhere along the written lines or in the empty space between their promises and thoughts carved into words. Maybe it is just a fantasy, but it is the absolute truth for you because you have felt their hands disappear in your collarbones, you have felt their grip on your heart, their kisses caress your lungs – and you've never felt so safe in the hanging rope when your heart's ablaze but their touch is the remedy to the pain.

They are not here to witness, but your cheeks reddened in bliss and your lips curve in delight and amusement – there is little difference, when all that does matter is their laugh you cannot hear and the joyful smile you cannot see. You keep telling yourself that it shouldn't matter, that the flutter of their eyelashes on your cheek is just an illusion and there is not a trace of their palms against your thigh. But you can still feel, feel, feel them on the surface of your skin, in every tension of a muscle, in every twitch of a finger, in every smile and every fear, in the edges of an open window and in the core of the morning blur. Unfolding the letter, you feel your knees tremble and fingers shake in eager anticipation. There is a clutter of questions in your head, but you pay it no mind in favour of their words which spill akin to a waterfall everywhere they can reach – inside your heart, your eyes, inside your mind, your liver and lungs – into every bone, and every nerve – they spill into the very core and leak from every pore.

Some say – love by correspondence is the purest of all. I think I know why. Because it is that in what little you have, you shall find the greatest pleasure – asking for nothing more than just a few more words, a little longer sentences, a little bigger letters. You cannot be selfish or greedy when you have already accepted all that they have and all that they are – and that is all you'd ever wish for, all your soul longs and the body yearns for. Them & nothing more. Them & their love.



# Interview with Valeria Demchenko

Ann Fedotova and Vadim Faizullin, Group 154

**Interviewers:** As many people know, you take dance lessons. Can you tell us for how many years you have been doing this?

**Valeria Demchenko:** I have been practising modern sport dances and ball dances for twelve years. I was five years old when I started.

**Interviewers:** You must have participated in many contests and competitions. Can you tell us about that in more detail, please?

**Valeria Demchenko:** At first, I participated only in local contests, then I started participating in national Ukrainian, national Russian and even international competitions, for example, Blackpoll in Great Britain. I have taken part in it twice and both times we managed to reach the finals (we took 3rd and 4th places), and we have been placed 1st and 2nd in The Russian National Contest.

**Interviewers:** Dancing undoubtedly takes an important part in your everyday life, but have you got time for any hobbies? Like singing or cooking?

**Valeria Demchenko:** I'm interested in foreign languages, which is not surprising, considering I am studying at the Institute of Foreign Philology. I also studied journalism for four years at the Malaya Academy of Sciences, since I was in Year 8 at school. In fact, I started scientific work a year earlier, in Year 7. I also studied Russian, journalism, literature and English at the Malaya Academy of Science and in Year 7 I took part in the Republican Scientific Works Conference.

**Interviewers:** That's quite an experience, especially for a child. Actually, preparing for the interview, we checked your account in social nets and what was really noticeable is your love for sports and special attention to fitness and healthy nutrition. Is that so?

**Valeria Demchenko:** Well, at first I did athletics, then I played volleyball. Now I am taking Latin dance lessons and Hispanic dance lessons and, naturally, I have been going to the gym for two and a half years.

**Interviewers:** Wow, you do seem to be a healthy life style activist! But let's get back to your main activity for the time being – studying foreign languages. Why did you choose the course?

**Valeria Demchenko:** Actually, I didn't plan to choose foreign language, I had rad-

ically different plans: physical education, choreography, law and journalism. Actually, journalism was my final choice... However, at the beginning of Year 2011 a thought crossed my mind: why don't I try English philology, and so here I am.

**Interviewers:** Oh, it's really unexpected. How many languages do you know?

**Valeria Demchenko:** The total of 6 languages: Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, Spanish, English and German.

**Interviewers:** Are you planning to study other languages?

**Valeria Demchenko:** Yes, I'd like to try French.

**Interviewers:** Before we finish the interview, could you give our readers some advice on reaching their goals?

**Valeria Demchenko:** Every person should set a goal and make a plan of reaching it on his own, and then you just need to go for it no matter what. I think this is the only way to achieve your aim.

**Interviewers:** Thank you for the interview and best wishes for your future life and career.

**Valeria Demchenko:** Thanks a lot.



Valeria Demchenko, Group 152

## The Kite

Anatoly Koshlan, Group 254

"Hurry up," shouted Jane, "It's starting to rain!" I looked at my little cousin. She was impatiently waiting for me outside, tightly holding a kite.

"Don't worry about it, you silly girl, our kite is made of oiled paper. It doesn't fear a small thing like rain."

"Who's silly? You silly!" pouted Jane, "We aren't made of oiled paper, are we? I don't want to get wet!"

I opened my bag with a sly smile. "That's why I took these." I showed her a couple of raincoats that were inside. "With these we won't fear rain either." She immediately snatched a raincoat from my bag and put it on. Then she ran off to the meadow.

If you wonder why we went outside even though the rain was imminent, it was because we wanted to test our handmade kite, which had taken us a lot of time to make. We began to make it a month before. At that time I had just arrived in the village to visit my distant relatives. They had a daughter, Jane, who was only nine years old. She spent all her time trying to make a kite because her friend had one for his birthday. His parents had bought him a very fancy and colorful kite in the city and Jane was envious.

She was struggling to make it so I offered my help and she gladly accepted it. After I had drawn a model of the kite, we began making necessary preparations. We gathered long thin sticks, made a few stacks of oiled paper, fetched some glue from a small carpentry store, and asked her grandmother to knit a bunch of colorful streamers. A couple of days later we were finally ready to get down to work.

Our first attempt was a failure. It didn't even fly. We had to revise our model a couple of times before it finally took off in the air. Unfortunately it soon fell down and broke. Then we spent a whole week repairing and making small changes to improve it before we decided to test it again. The final test happened to be on the last day I could spend in the village, but so did the rain.

She clenched the kite with one hand and hurriedly ran down the slope. At the beginning her efforts were in vain. But when the first heavy drops of rain descended from the clouds, the wind suddenly picked up our kite and it playfully soared high in the sky.

"Look! Look! It can fly!" Jane pointed out with her finger and delightedly laughed.

The kite flew higher and higher and soon disappeared from the view. But we weren't sad. Jane could easily make another one, so we were just standing there, in the rain, looking at the gloomy skies.



## EVERY MAN'S WORK

## Таланты нашего института

# Philosophy of Photography or Photography of Philosophy

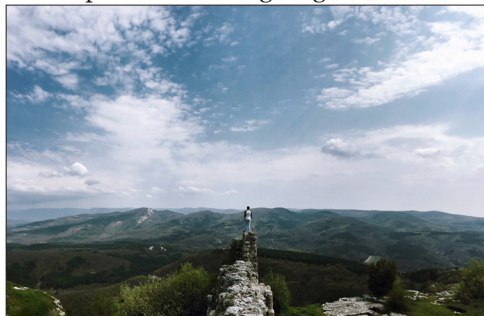
Yana Iskayeva, English Philology Department graduate and an aspiring photographer

**P**ictures and commentaries by Yana Iskayeva, an English Philology Department student and an aspiring photographer, who is in love with the world around us and gives much thought to various interpretations of transcendent ideas embodied in the fragile images captured by her camera.



## The Hand

When tension rises, I imagine myself tearing the transparent tissue of distance apart, transgressing and transcending its hazy maze. Being out of touch is what drives you insane and makes you feel ultimately helpless. The feeling of something slipping away is enormous, and it collides with you as you are not able to get closer. Yet still there's something superior, making you want to reach out in spite of the unforgiving distance.



## The Distance

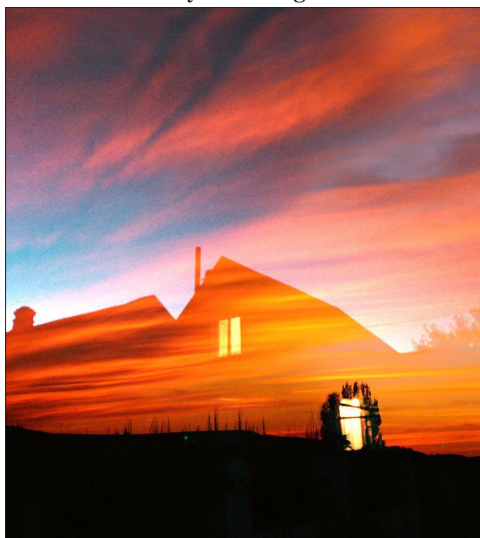
While we measure space with our feet and elbows, space measures us with our ability

to endure it. But for it we would never know how tiny we are. Thus, we were given the day to see the immense beauty of the world and the night to find the bigger beauty in us.



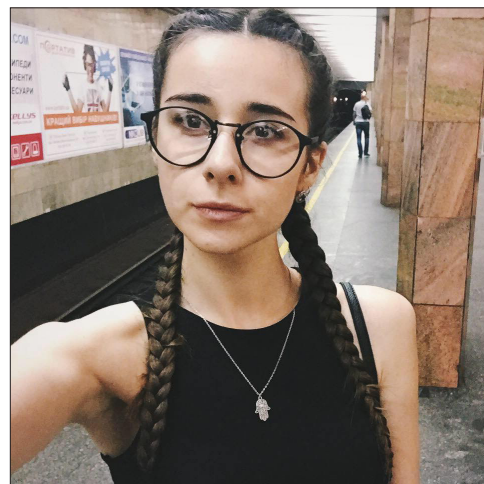
## The Moon

The walls of childhood were the guarantee of safety, while the freedom of growing up either frightens, or shows the way and inspires. Being afraid, we lock up our consciousness in tiny shells of fear. Being inspired, we break free and are always able to go an extra mile.



## Photo 4 The House

*"Beyond the horizon of the place we lived when we were young,  
In the world of magnets and miracles.  
Our thoughts strayed constantly and without boundary,  
The ringing of the division bell had begun..."*  
(“High Hopes”, Pink Floyd)



Yana Iskayeva, photographer

# A Lost Girl

Nadie Zidlyayeva, Group 254

“Amy!” called her classmate. “Amy! Where are you?”

The call dissolved in the silence of the ancient castle. A high, trembling voice asked one more time, “Amy! It’s not funny! We have to go! What if the teacher notices our absence? Amy!”

The long passage was full of dust. Echo reflected from the walls. Stolid paintings were looking arrogantly at a 12-year-old frightened boy. He turned and slowly went back to the rest of his class.

Soon the teacher noticed Amy’s absence. The culprit indecisively confessed his fault to the teacher.

\*\*\*

In two months Amy’s parents started to lose hope.

\*\*\*

Amy turned round. She has just entered a huge chamber. Undoubtedly, the antique bed with a silky canopy hadn’t seen any visitors since the eighteenth century. The hard oaken door slammed shut. Scared, Amy turned back, she was locked in. She began to knock on the door frantically. But it didn’t help. Amy slowly exhaled and drew herself closer to a surprisingly modern closet. Suddenly, it opened all by itself. Inside there was a cabin with many multicolored buttons and levers. Amy was a curious girl, as you may have noticed, so she entered the cabin and gave a green button a slight push. The cabin began to expand and contract rhythmically. The chamber got filled with fog. Amy yawned and fell fast asleep. She woke up in the school bus. Her class was going to the Bodiam Castle. A 12-year-old boy suggested that they should romp in the stronghold...



## Таланты нашего института

### Turn 3 Hours into a Second

Nadie Zidlyeva, Group 254

Today I'd like to muse on how to become happier. Sad to say, this essay is about hobbies. They help us relax and develop creative skills, those that are often lost in the endless succession of routine days. In brief, nothing new for you.

So, I just want to try to inspire you to something bigger than your everyday commitments.

Personally, I love drawing. I cannot say I'm perfect at it, but the meaning is to forget completely who you are. Okay, I am super-sizing, but it is the exact feeling I have while I am sitting in the cozy workshop. There are two big windows with great panoramic view of Chatyrdag (no wonder, it is the 9th floor). A blank page in front of me, music around me. 3 hours turn into a second and I feel completely happy.

Would you like to have a try?



*The picture depicts the effect of lamp light. The street is illuminated and filled with burning strokes. The road with spreading fog stretches into the distance. Dawn is coming and all the beauty is destined to go away...*

### Painting is the Way of Pleasure and Joy

Nikita Khorunzhiy, Group 251

For centuries art has played an important part in the development of society. Anastasia Korpuseenko also finds expression for her feelings in creativity. She is a fourth-year student of the English Philology Department and successfully combines educational process with development of creative abilities. Being fascinated since childhood with the arts, especially painting, the girl has a unique view of the world which is reflected in her pictures. The basic material for the paintings is oil, and

the source of inspiration is breathtaking nature of the Crimea. Painting helps Anastasia to explore amazing and unique things around us. Creativity brings pleasure and joy, it is important to learn how to listen to ourselves and to make the most of your talents.



A. Korpuseenko 'Starfall'

### Basement

Aziz Izmailov, Group 254

The story is based on a real accident from my life. The main characters are my cousin Alim and me. Also there are secondary characters: my uncle, my aunt, dog Boy and the Primitive.

The Primitive was chopping wood; he was trying his best because he had a family who were waiting for him to come back. It was impossible to cook without any wood at those times. While he was working, it was getting darker and darker. "Time to return to the cave," he thought. But he didn't utter a word. He couldn't use words, just like other people of those times. He picked up all the wood and went away.

"It's getting dark outside!" said Alim looking at the clouds through a small window leaf.

At first I didn't hear him. So he called my name repeating all the words he had said one more time. Finally, I glanced at the window leaf and discovered that the clouds were not white anymore; they had become grey with purple tint. Then I looked back at the small figure of the primitive in my hand, I wanted to play more.

That summer my cousin and I went to the basement where all the toys were kept. We always liked to give toys different names and unique abilities.

"I want to play some more," I said.

"Me too," Alim agreed with a smile on his face.

Though we do not look alike, we always understand each other and our world outlooks are almost the same.

We heard steps from the outside. There was no need to check who it was. I knew it was my uncle. He always went to the backyard in the evening to smoke a cigarette and think about future. In some minutes he went back the same way. We heard the entrance door of the house close.

"They've closed the door," said Alim.

"Yes," I replied.

Suddenly our conversation was interrupted by a strange sound from the outside. No, it wasn't a siren or a bell. Have you ever noticed the sound which is produced by running dogs? When their four paws scratch the ground? I find this sound very annoying.

Boy, that's what this dog was named. A Rottweiler of a medium size was running all over the yard, barking, enjoying the freedom and avoiding thoughts that he would be taken to his dog cell in several hours. The 5-year-old boys who were sitting in the basement couldn't imagine a situation worse than that.

"Let's try to call our parents," proposed Alim in a whisper, because he was afraid to make a noise which could attract the dog's attention.

I was so stunned at that moment that I couldn't utter a word. I was just like the primitive; there was a weave of different thoughts inside my head that I couldn't express. I tried to come up with the best solution to the problem, but to no purpose. All of them seemed to have a bad outcome. Then I noticed that something had changed and realized that all the sounds from the outside had stopped.

The door to the basement was always open, because we were afraid that we wouldn't be able to open it from inside. I got up on my feet and quietly went to the stairs which led outside. I was really surprised to see Boy standing right near the entrance. At that very moment I moved back to the place where we were sitting. I really hoped Boy wouldn't enter the basement.

"Do you know where the boys are?" aunt asked uncle.

"No idea," he said.

Imagine...that during an exam you have drawn the only examination card you have studied. Or a person you love dies, but then you wake up realizing it was just a nightmare. What would you feel? We felt relief and a prickle of fear. When we heard the voices of our relatives, we started to scream so loudly that probably the whole village could hear us. We were really trying our best. Suddenly we heard someone coming down the basement stairs. It was my uncle. He came downstairs and started to laugh as he saw us sitting on the ground with tear-stained faces.

"Don't be afraid, I'll bring you to the house."

We went upstairs with him and quickly rushed to the entrance of the house while he was holding Boy. I didn't notice that I was very hungry; fortunately aunt had already cooked dinner, so we started to enjoy our meal.

The door opened, I heard a sound of an approaching dog. I bent down and caressed the dog. It was Boy, but no longer as young as he had been at the time of the basement incident. He became an old dog. I was not afraid of him anymore and we were good buddies.

Yet, even then I would never have thought that one day he could depart this world.



## EVERY MAN'S WORK

## Таланты нашего института

### Anthem of the English Philology Department

Nial Akhmedova, Group 351

*Federation university,  
Crimea's fairest pearl,  
The faculty of languages  
Is what we are today.*

*In metaphors and syllables,  
By the art of pens and words  
We are writing the world history,  
His, and hers, and yours.*

*Scholars and explorers,  
We are poets and philosophers,  
Diplomats, astronomers  
Of the speaking worlds.*

*Rose of all the roses,  
Lingua franca of all tongues,  
Hopkins, Orwell, Lawrence,  
In our hearts and palms.  
We carry human legacy,  
We carry the beloved word.*

*In all known cultures,  
And all the human tongues,  
Means the same – 'Philologist',  
The one who loves to learn,  
Who knows all there is  
And all there is not.*

*Scholars and explorers,  
We are poets and philosophers,  
Diplomats, astronomers  
Of the speaking worlds.*

*We will be victorious,  
In our quest for knowledge  
Sir William's sons and daughters,  
Ours is the way forward.*

### A Little Riddle

Nikita Khorunzhiy, Group 251

Decode the real text and the real authors of the English and Russian poems below:

*A girl: Hey boy, you boy! Why's Peterson  
your name?!!  
Your father is a thug, and just the name's  
a burden;  
Why don't you take me for your honest wife?  
Then I will be no longer Mary Jordan.*

by Ivan Trusikopye

*Once on a wintery bitter cold day  
I got outta the wood, the chill was no joke-  
Behold, up the hill a horse on its way  
Is dragging a cart of sticks freshly chopped.  
And solemnly walking, with dignified air  
A man-kid is leading the horse in the wild.  
His boots are too big, and his coat is  
two-layer  
He has heavy mittens, this mite of a child.*

by Nick Unpretty

*I write to you, my lad.  
And writing is enough  
What other words can be?  
I risk being called a muff!*

By Alex Cannon

*Blacky-decky lay on the bed,  
Blacky-decky was real fat,  
And all top class cooks and all first-rate maids  
Ran off their feet to stuff Decky's face.*

by Father Rooster

*Bright, bright, tiny asteroid  
Are you coming from the void?  
In the dark night starry pit  
Like a magic sparkly bead.*

by Eugenia Portnaya

*It's winter. Peasant in his realm,  
His sleigh runs through the grove  
His horse takes sniff of snowy land  
And trots and plods along...*

By Alex Cannon

*Baby son attacked his dad:  
What is good and what is bad?  
It's not a secret from the kids,  
So, below you get a list:  
If the wind comes through the roof,  
And if hail rattles,  
Sure, I bet, It makes a proof:  
Here some evil meddles.*

By Vlad Lighthouse

### Did You Know???

Vadim Faizullin, Group 154

Just like any other language, English has its linguistics aspects that make you say, "Really? I didn't know that."

Here are some interesting facts about the English language that you most likely didn't know:

1. "Almost" is the longest word in English where all letters are in the alphabetical order.
2. "I am.", "Go." and "I." are the shortest sentences in English.
3. The word "uncopyrightable" has 15 letters which never repeat within the word.
4. "Indivisibility" is the only English word that has 6 letters "i" in it.

5. English writer Jane Austen always used double negations in her books, which isn't grammatically correct in English. She knew the proper rules but used double negation for derision of pretentiousness of high society.

6. The word "set" has over 44 different meanings. For example: a set of stamps (коллекция марок), a set of china (фарфоровый сервис), a set of houses (ряд домов), a set of men (группа людей) and many more.

7. Letter "e" is the most used letter in English.

8. "God be with ye" is the full version of the word "goodbye".

9. English poets can't find full rhyme for the words "month", "orange", "silver" and "purple". You can try to find one, but you'll be able to do it only if you mispronounce these words.

10. There are all letters of the English alphabet in the phrase 'The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.'

Isn't English fascinating?

### Editorial Team

Nikita Khorunzhiy, Group 251

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