

The ILE

MONDAY, JUNE 5, 2017



First year students of the English Philology Department with Karen Hewitt, Academic Exchange Officer, Russian and Eurasian Studies Centre

‘THIS IS A PLEASURE WHICH GOES ON’

Alexandra Georgiadi, Shazie Mamutova, Ilya Gavrikov

In the course of the 2nd International Scientific Congress ‘Foreign Philology. Social and National Variability of Language and Literature’ students of the Institute of Foreign Philology attended a series of lectures by Karen Rutherford Hewitt, Tutor at Oxford University Department for Continuing Education, Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, Emeritus Professor of Perm State University. The lectures introduced the students to biblical motifs in John Milton’s oeuvre, peculiarities of modern English poetry and the history of the British Empire. At the meeting of the English Speaking Club the students also had an opportunity to ask questions about challenges Britain and the British are currently facing. After the event Mrs Hewitt gave an interview to the correspondents of Augment Your Reality! Project.

Interviewer: So, Mrs Hewitt, thank you very much for coming here and hosting this wonderful event, the English Speaking Club. We would like to ask you some questions and the first one is: what brought you here? What made you go in this direction and do what you do?

Karen Hewitt: I’ve always loved Russian literature and I have the advantage of being able to talk about Russian literature to grown-ups, to adult students in Oxford. And

one year they said to me, “Wouldn’t it be a good idea to go to Russia, to see where Tolstoy lived and Dostoyevsky lived?” And I said, “Yes! But it’s probably a little bit difficult”, but somehow we did it. Almost as soon as we arrived I understood that there were many people in Russia who spoke good English, who were very interested in English literature. And I thought, “Why aren’t they being taught?” My job was to teach not just in Oxford but in the towns and villages around, I thought of my area of teaching as Oxfordshire, Berkshire and Buckinghamshire. And I thought, “Well, what I can do is add Russia to that. Why not? It will be a wonderful opportunity for me to go and see this vast country and to talk about literature.” Both things I like.

Interviewer: Would you have any words of inspiration or advice for the students that will be watching this later? What sort of thought would you like to inspire in them?

Karen Hewitt: As far as literature is concerned, I’d like to inspire into them the sense that this is a pleasure which goes on more and more the more you read and that you should go back and reread things. I often find people say, “When I read that I didn’t quite understand it.” But going back and rereading could be so exciting because you suddenly realize what you didn’t realize when you first read it. Of course, you can’t do

“It will be a wonderful opportunity for me to go and see this vast country and to talk about literature.”

it all the time but that is one of the pleasures which I get and which I hope to get over to people. And then again another thing which I feel is that it’s an opportunity for people from Russia to ask questions and to find out what’s going on in other places. It’s much less true now, but there used to be a whole lot of stereotypes of the British which were the ways in which Russians were told about what our country was like. When I came I couldn’t believe that they were having exams on stereotypes. You know, a stereotype by definition is ludicrous simplification and often plain wrong. So I found, at least you can talk to me and I’ll try to give you some ideas. You don’t have to believe me. What’s more, there are lots and lots of other people. This is one of the ways of breaking down stereotypes and finding out how interesting and surprising connections and differences are.

Interviewer: Thank you so much! We hope to experience this lovely event once again in the future.

Karen Hewitt: Thank you very much. Real pleasure to me.

NEWS & EVENTS

The English Language Olympiad 2017

Helen Mazina, Nicholas Vovk

In March 2017 3rd and 4th year students of the Department of English Philology participated in the Annual English Language Olympiad held by faculty members of the Department. According to the jury chairman, the head of the Department of English Philology, Candidate of Philology, associate professor *Helen Polkhovskaya* such events assist students in evaluating their English language competence and setting themselves short-term and long-term goals. Candidate of Philology, associate professor *Helen Mazina* noted that participation in the Olympiad enhances students' motivation for learning a foreign language.

Such events assist students in evaluating their English language competence and setting themselves short-term and long-term goals.

After the first round of the contest the jury comprising associate professors *Helen Polkhovskaya* and *Helen Mazina* and senior lecturer *Nicholas Vovk* selected the best works, the authors of which were offered more complicated tasks such as expressing their opinion on a given topic.

Faculty members of the Department of English Philology are proud to congratulate the winners:

1st place – Yekaterina Charnik,

2nd place – Feride Pyatishlyamova, Pavel Zolotarenko,

3rd place – Nina Bagdasaryan, Yulia Gaivovskaya.

We wish the winners and participants further success in learning the English language and the culture of English-speaking countries!



Participants while writing the Olympiad



First year student Alie Zeitullayeva with one of the festival participants

Military History Festival “The Alma Affair – 2016”

Nicholas Vovk

Within the framework of the series of events “Milestones in the history of Russia and Europe: military glory of the Russian soldier” dedicated to the 160th anniversary of the end of the Crimean War (1853-1856) faculty members and students of the English Philology Department attended the military historical festival “*The Alma Affair – 2016*”.

The event was held on September 25, 2016 on the Alma battlefield near the village of Vilino. The spectators witnessed an impressive reconstruction of the Battle of the Alma between the Russian army and the allied troops of the British, French and Ottoman Empires. The students and the educators learned gripping details of the battle and admired outstanding wartime heroism of Russian soldiers.

Crimean War Event

Tatiana Radchenko, Maria Beloventseva

The last year marked another crucial event in the history of Crimea as well as the whole Russian Federation as it was the 160th anniversary of the Crimean War end. In I.Y. Franko Crimean Republican Universal Library freshmen and sophomores of the Department of English Philology acted out a few short theatrical performances giving an account of the events preceding the war and its key battles from 1853 to 1856 including geographical data, statistics and propaganda of the time. The students recited poems by Russian and English poets and presented their own translations (by P. Bobko, Yu. Varlamova, N. Akhmetova, L. Glukhenka and Z. Kurtunizirova). The students performed as the heroes of the warring camps (the British and Russian ones) giving short biographies of the pre-chosen characters. The students' choir sang a capella “Sebastopol is taken” and “Gde vy sokoly belye”. Finally, the audience had a chance to take part in a Crimean war quiz and win original English books by modern authors. The happy winners were P.

Petrova, A. Gromova and A. Koshlan.

The students we send our admiration and regards for their active participation are Polina Bobko, Vladimir Roslyak, Yuliya Mikhailova, Tamila Kochkarova, Darya Sheremetyeva, Aziz Izmailov, Mikhail Vasilyev, Nikita Khorunzhiy and ALL students of Groups 151, 154 and 153.



Performance of the first year students

Alexandra Georgiadi

Augment Your Reality is the first student wall newspaper which uses elements of augmented reality (AR). AR is a technology which enriches the user's environment with digital information and media, such as 3D models, videos, animation, graphics and sounds. It blurs the line between what's real and what's computer-generated by enhancing what we see, hear, feel and smell.

The newspaper is a result of joint efforts of Candidate of Pedagogy *Alexandra Georgiadi*, students of Group 152 and Ilya Gavrikov, a student of the Department of Business Informatics and Mathematical Modelling, Institute of Economics and Management.

There have been two issues of the newspaper so far. The first one featured traditions of performing Christmas carols in Great Britain, Russia and Ukraine. The second issue contained an interview with *Alexander Demyanovich Petrenko*, professor, Doctor of Philology, Director of the Institute of Foreign Philology, in connection with the United Kingdom - Russia Year of Science and Education 2017. Professor Petrenko shared his wishes to the students and educators of the Institute of Foreign Philology, as well as

Augment Your Reality!



Alexandra Georgiadi with the students of Group 152

everybody studying the English language. Apart from that, the second issue included a survey on learning English through films and provided a list of British films illustrating different accents to compare how people speak in different areas of the British Isles.

In order to access digital information in-

tegrated into the wall newspaper you need a smart phone or a tablet with Internet connection, as well as a special Layar application. The information is available in Layar cloud within one month since its publication, but can also be found in Alexandra Georgiadi's blog at alexa-english.net.

Small Ideas Leading To Big Results

Tatiana Radchenko

On April 14th one of the CFU buildings "Svetchka" welcomed the international students festival "**Bloom**". The main point of the festival was *Small Ideas Leading to Big Results*. Any student had an opportunity to take part in the event. 7 speakers from different countries and different continents made presentations on different topics ranging from telemedicine to travelogue genre. Students of the Institute of Foreign Philology were actively involved in organizing and hosting the event. Namely, Sabina Kavalets from Group 154 was a co-host and Viktoria Melnik, Nadie Zidlyayeva, Polina Sinelshikova, Ilya Ryzhov and Ayson Sadigli were on

the protocol team helping the guests to their seats and doing small talk.

Sabina has shared her impressions of the festival, "The main part of the event included dances from all over the world. The most memorable moments were a solo dance by an Indian student, a dance by a team from Jordan and a stand-up on what is a new "F-word". The event concluded with a song especially written for the festival and called

"Bloom" which was performed by a girl from China. The festival was intended to encourage all students to come together and exchange some ideas and the ways to make them work. And I guess it all went pretty well as all the guests left in a good mood and, hopefully, with some interesting fresh ideas on their minds."



Students of Group 154 at the international students festival "Bloom"

The international festival was intended to encourage all students to come together and exchange some ideas and the ways to make them work.

NEWS & EVENTS

Вестник ин. яз.

Creative Works Contest “Visual Poetry”

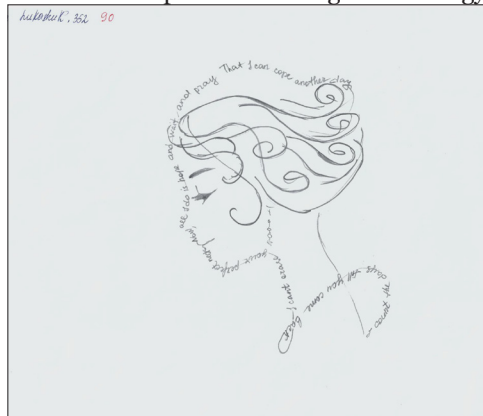


Zera Memetova & Yelizaveta Zhukova, the winners of the contest

Helen Mazina, Nicholas Vovk

In December, 2016 as a part of an English Stylistics course associate professor *Helen Mazina* organized a seminar on graphic imagery in fiction and held a creative works contest in the genre of visual poetry. Students of the English Philology Department took an active part in the event. The contestants composed and presented poems, in which arrangement of linguistic elements created a visual image, conveying the meaning of the text and serving to reinforce ideas and themes contained within.

The jury of the contest, comprising the head of the Department of English Philology



Maya Lukashuk's work

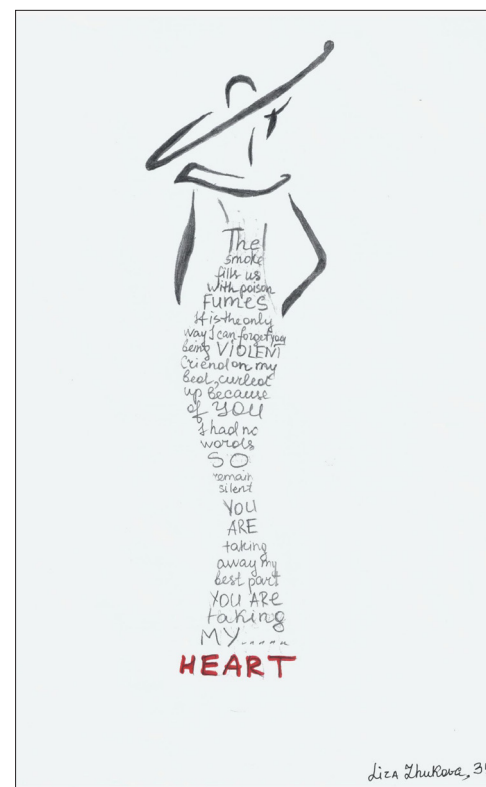
Helen Polkhovskaya, associate professors *Helen Mazina* and *Lidia Bondarenko*, and junior lecturer *Irina Lomakina* noted originality and creativity of all compositions. Zera Memetova, a 3rd year student, won first place for her poem “Magic Keys”. Yekaterina Noskovskaya and Yelizaveta Zhukova came in second and third respectively. The winners were awarded certificates in recog-

This practice gave me the opportunity to improve my knowledge of English and my creativity.

nition of their significant creative potential and extensive background knowledge.

The contestants' impressions:

Zera Memetova : I have recently participated in the “Visual Poetry” contest held among the third year students doing a Stylistics course. The condition of the competition was to compose a poem the meaning of which would be reflected in its shape. Such stylistic device plays an important role in



Yelizaveta Zhukova's work

poetry. It emphasizes its beauty and helps the reader to understand the meaning of the poem deeper.

I am keen on poetry and poem writing that is why I decided to participate in this competition. It was a great experience for me to try if I could create something beautiful and meaningful at the same time. This practice gave me the opportunity to improve my knowledge of English and my creativity.

However, the most important achievement for me is that I have found a new way to express all my feelings and emotions.

Yelizaveta Zhukova : Within the framework of the course of Stylistics our lecturer, Elena Nikolayevna Mazina, offered us to try our hand at creating works of a new art direction – visual poetry. By that time, I had already heard about this kind of modern art, but I had never tried to combine two of my favourite hobbies – poetry and fine arts. My work, “Woman”, was the 3rd best in the “Visual Poetry” contest. However, the most important achievement for me is that I have found a new way to express all my feelings and emotions, and for that, I am incredibly grateful to this contest.

Это интересно...

LANGUAGE & CULTURE TRIVIA

Ahchoo — Bless You !

Anastasiya Terzieva, Group 472

Almost all people in the world automatically react to someone sneezing. Yet, for example, coughs, hiccups or burps are either completely ignored or laughed at and even openly criticized. So, why does sneezing get a special treatment?

In fact, the tradition of saying *'bless you'* has an extended history. Ancient Romans wished a person who sneezed "Jupiter preserve you" which literally meant "I wish you good health". Ancient Greek wished a person to have a long life.

Expression "bless you" is attributed to *Pope St. Gregory I*. He is believed to have said this phrase to everyone who sneezed because in the 6th century sneezing was the main symptom of the plague known as the *Black Death*. It was a fatal disease, that is why with the phrase "bless you" people said goodbye to an infected person and let him meet the Maker.

Another theory about the origin of the phrase goes deep into the ancient times. Ancient people believed that when a person sneezed, his soul was about to escape the body through the nose. The expression "bless you" meant to prevent the devil's attempt to catch hold of the soul.

Nowadays, the process of sneezing is not a mystery anymore. We are well aware of it being a natural reaction to cold or pollen. Sneezing also can be caused by a strong odor. But, though we don't expect anybody to suddenly kick the bucket and don't try to scare away evil spirits, "bless you" is still in use as a part of English tradition.

How to 'Stamp' Your Ground

Ekaterina Karpova, Group 472

Did you know that Great Britain is the only country in the world that does not print its name on postage stamps? I BET you didn't. The fact is that priority in the matter of issue of postage stamps belongs to England. On May 6, 1840 in the UK the first stamp was issued and called "*Black Penny*". By the time of their appearance, the necessity of this invention had been so glaring that the stamps were very quickly adopted. Afterwards the Universal Postal Union, setting uniform claims to stamps in different countries, obliged all countries to indicate the name of countries of issue on the postage stamps. Great Britain, as the first country that released the stamp in circulation, was released from this duty.



Elmira Gorokhova, 1st year student of Group 154

Real Turkmen Pilaf From Scratch

Elmira Gorokhova, Group 154

Hi! My name is Elmira and I come from Turkmenistan. I am a first-year student of the Institute of Foreign Philology. In my free time I like to cook. And I shall say I am good at it. I cook different dishes, but the most favourite one is pilaf. In our family you can often see it at the festive board.

Pilaf is a main dish which is eaten by many ethnic groups in Turkmenistan. Each family has their own secrets of cooking pilaf. It is loved the most by the people in the Middle East. There is a saying that there are as many varieties of pilaf recipe as there are Muslim cities. So, today I'd like to share the recipe loved by all my family. Here it goes:

Ingredients:

chicken (500 grams)
carrots (4 big ones)
onions (2 big ones)
rice (1.5 cups)

garlic (3 cloves)
salt
pepper
vegetable oil

Method of preparation:

Rinse rice twice with water. Cut off the tops of the carrots and cut them into julienne strips. Chop the onions into small pieces. Take a big pot (Turkmen kazan is preferable, of course), pour a large amount of vegetable oil in it, add chicken, onions and gently fry for 5-6 minutes. Add the carrots and cook for 1-2 minutes, stirring from time to time. Then put the rice in the pot and pour in the water (it should cover the rice by 1-2 centimeters). Add salt and pepper. Wait till it boils and reduce the heat. Cook for about an hour. At the end of cooking make 3-4 holes in the rice with the help of a knife and put there a few cloves of garlic for aroma. Serve steamy and enjoy! Bon appetit! Ishdaniz acyk bolsun!

HELLO, WORLD !

Мир вокруг нас

Sabina Kavalets, Group 154

If you travel in the west of Crimea, you probably can't help dropping by Yevpatoria, a seaside resort town sixty-five kilometers to the north-west of Simferopol. It is small but with very rich history and that is why it has many architectural buildings that were constructed centuries ago. In fact, this short article is exactly for those who gets uncannily attracted to old strangely looking houses keeping traces of the past.

The first place to see in Yevpatoria that each tourist guide will offer you to visit is **Juma-Jami Mosque**. Indeed, this is the largest and the most impressive mosque in Crimea. It can be clearly seen from the sea. In the past its two minarets worked as a light house for sailors, fishermen and travellers. It was built in Ottoman style in the fifteenth century when the city was called *Gözlöve*. The name of the temple is translated as the Friday Mosque because for Muslims Friday is a religious holiday. Outwardly, the temple resembles a cube with a round roof whose height is twenty-two meters and width is about twenty meters. The building has almost six dozen windows, so inside of it you will see diffused light passing through them.

One more place that will definitely be memorable is **Gözlöve Gates**. They are one of the five gates of the ancient Gözlöve fortress located on the side of modern Yevpatoria. The structure is about twenty meters high and twelve meters wide, an echo of the Tatar-Turkish history of the city. In 1959, at the time of the Soviet Union, the gates were destroyed, because they allegedly interfered with the public transport movement. Later on, the modern version was built on the ancient foundation, but has a smaller size.

East Or West... My Home Town Yevpatoriya is best



Gözlöve Gates, one of the five gates of the ancient Gözlöve fortress

If you are done with ancienry and want to see something more recent, **Duvan's house** is your destination. Once, this house belonged to head of the city Semyon Duvan. It is rather interesting to look at the building for a while as a lot of decorative elements make it unforgettable. There are women with disheveled hair and lion faces and the

face of a bearded and mustached man. It is a beautiful building, so try not to miss it if you get a chance to visit Yevpatoria, a small town offering apart from gentle sea and sunny beaches a lot of insights into the past and art of human creation.



Juma-Jami Mosque

Abkhazia

Meryem Kurtmemetova, Group 252

The summer is coming. We all know what it means – summer holidays, many fruit, picnics, trips and the blue warm sea. What can be better?! Of course, we live in an amazing place, Crimea. But what if you have already visited all the places here and don't know where to go next, but really enjoy lying in the sun, swimming in the cool sea and new sights? So, this short writing is to give a recommendation to those who wonder where to go. And my recommendation would be Abkhazia.

The Republic of Abkhazia is situated on the eastern coast of the Black Sea and the south-western flank of the Caucasus Mountains. And last year I had luck to visit it. A trip there made me extremely happy. So, why was it unforgettable? First, I was immediately impressed by the landscape. On the way to Sukhumi, the capital of Abkhazia, there was a very beautiful view of the high mountains and from the other side I could see the surging sea with crystal-clear water. It seemed familiar to me. On the Feodosiyskya route, when we go to Belogorsk, Sudak and Kerch we can also see rocky mountains and trees growing along the road which are always pleasant to look at, so I was glad to find similarities. Although there were many trees planted by side of the road, there were no flower fields at all. In spite of that nature is truly wonderful there: figs, Japanese per-

simmons, pomegranates, pineapple trees growing in the yards of the inhabitants delighted me. They look just like trees growing in our yards. I'd even like to share with you a new name of the fruit I learnt – feijoa. Sounds pretty exotic, doesn't it? It looks like gooseberry and lime and has a sweet, aromatic flavour, a cocktail of pineapple, apple and mint.

I was so excited looking forward to exploring everything that I didn't realize I didn't have much time. I spent most of my holiday in Gagra, a legendary resort.

I wonder if you've ever seen a magnolia flower. If you have, you might know that it looks very nice. They are known to grow in tropical and subtropical climates. As it appeared these flowers are quite popular in Abkhazia as they are planted almost everywhere. You may find them in Yalta or Alush-ta too. But don't be tricked by their exquisite beauty as appearance can be delusive. The thing is they are poisonous and, as soon as you bring the flowers home, strong headache and dizziness are guaranteed.

During the entire trip the weather was hot, in summer it may reach even 40 degrees. Here, in Crimea, we usually have really hot weather too, but it seemed to be much hotter in Abkhazia, sometimes boiling, smoking hot. But calm down, don't worry and be cool as you can always drop by at outdoor cafes where local delicious dishes, cold drinks and traditional food are served.



If you are afraid to be misunderstood while travelling, you don't have to be bothered as people there speak Russian and are very kind and nice.

Abkhazia is a country with unusual nature, many ancient cultural monuments, picturesque lakes and great sea air. It is a unique culture that combines modernity and lovingly kept traditions, majestic songs and incendiary dance. No matter where exactly you are in Abkhazia, there will always be something exciting to explore and look at.



The Power of Friendship

Nial Akhmetova, Group 251

Having to choose between love and friendship is a tedious task indeed and there is hardly anyone for whom this is an easy deal. Some argue that friendship, at least in the objectively idealistic sense, is a much more vital part of human existence, a type of connection above all others. Though, no one can say for sure how friendship comes and goes. Is friendship a mere gamble on the circumstances of life? Is it akin to a coin you throw in the game of poker, your own life at stake? Perhaps, but there's no denying the fact that if friendship is born in the game of cards which fate itself is playing, friendships, any card, always come in two sides, and there is no chance to know which side you got before it is too late to change the final outcome.

The idea of friendship is irresistible. A friend is never just a person; it is a soul you recognize as equal to yours, whose purpose of existence and whose means of expression are akin and in tune with yours. Nothing is, perhaps, more endearing than the very idea of a person with whom you may shed the ubiquitous, dull façade of appropriateness and uncover the untamed spirit inside of us. In the end, the state of perfection we must confirm to in our everyday lives is hopelessly exhausting, and we all yearn to find a reason or a person, perhaps not daring to admit it to our own egos, to allow us to be our real, flawed and highly improper selves.

In truth, our imperfection is not the scary shadow side that haunts us like a ghost of the deceased. Imperfection is the blood running in our veins, it is the bones that support our weight and the meat that is dressed upon them, and the layer of skin beneath them – imperfection also. It is both undeniably tragic and unspeakably endearing that all of us, humans, need to thrive in life is someone who would let us speak freely and talk with or without reason.

Friendship is a challenge in itself. It is a shame hardly anyone realizes the pure level of complexity friendships have. To be friends with another is a difficult task because we first need to be friends with ourselves. Jealousy, hatred, envy, wounded pride – all have to be shed without a grain of pity and sympathy. And only after that is done, one can say with slightly more confidence that friendship is built on trust as solid ground.

Friendships make us choose between honesty and acceptability. Unfortunately, so

it happens that the latter attracts us much more than the former. But to be friends means to be sincere, not only to the other or with each other, but with our own selves. Being sincere is being vulnerable, and sadly, not many are on good terms with their own imperfection. Trusting is painful and, from a rational perspective, much less gratifying than it should be. It is only after we have taken out all of the ugly truths about us, that we keep in our pockets and reveal them slowly, fuming with shame and flaming crimson with reluctance, one by one which reveal them to those we respect the most that we may know the taste of acceptance – a loving pat on the hand, a jesterly pinch on the cheek or a benign tap on the shoulder. And what a torture it is – to allow somebody else to witness our own imperfect selves, to see the authentic side of us! What an ordeal it is to let another judge us when we cannot always accept ourselves fully.

To be vulnerable in front of another, to be trusting of another, to call another your friend is a profoundly intimate process, in which both parties are to be equally flawed and equally forgiving of flaws. And in most cases, friendships do not hold up to the ideal. Truly so, friendships rarely look like a skillfully painted tarot card, they are much rather alike a whistle in the dark, a Russian roulette with the fate itself.

Friendship does have tremendous power over us. It wraps and cuts, slices and molds us, bringing out either the best or the worst in us. Somehow, friends imprint themselves in our hearts, whenever they come and go, they add and subtract something from us.

There is no denying the fact that with different friends we too are incredibly different. Some speak honeyed words and a faded shadow of pristine wings hides behind their backs. With them, the air tastes fresher and somehow life itself seems worth living – and you lose sense of reason, and, not without a sense of drunken euphoria, you spill all the secrets once tightly sealed forever behind seven seals.

With others, you are a carbon copy of Monte Christo, all proper, unbending, rigid and stern. Your bones turn into stone and your eyes are razor blades, ready to cut, prepared to slice. With them, you are much less pleasant in person, prone to nitpicking and heartless critique, but somehow this side of you feels much more real than the other ones. Humans are no angels, and with friends like

that, you might show a little glimpse of the devil that lurks beneath your façade.

There are also the ones that bear a needle bed beneath their smiles and with their words always leaks acidic venom. They wrap the image of you so drastically, you look in the mirror and cannot recognize your own reflection anymore. Their words convince you into believing you are worth much less and your life is a burden to the world. You will know nothing of their evil side till they are the ones to cut your dreams with a knife. Their hands may lead you to the stairway to hell, and they will help you go down, with every other step lower and lower, and lower. Such friends should rather be avoided, but at times, they are simply destined to happen. Perhaps, there's a wonderful truth in such people – we all once were them, some just can't stop to be.

Sometimes friends betray you and when it happens, it is a stab in the back and a slap in the face. They suck out of you every last will to live and leave you to reap the fruits of their sins. They do change you – for the good or for bad.

Others will shower you with the sweetest words while ripping away bones from your body – one by one, one after another. And there is really no going back after a friend like that happens to you. They will trick you into forgiving what shouldn't be forgiven, and they will fool you into believing you are to blame for any misstep.

With friends like that, you will either grow stronger or wither in misery. Enemies will never be on par with your friends, they will keep you guessing whether what you feel is wrong. Yet it is useless to wait for confirmation of your doubts, they will keep growing between your ribs until there is no place for your soul any more, and they will keep filling your lungs with lies until there is no oxygen for you to breathe anymore. Friendship is really like a game of poker and cards, you throw a coin, and it is a whistle in the dark.

In truth, there is a lesson all friendships ought to teach – the reason why so many hearts are broken not by lovers, but by friends, the dearest, most darling of all. We all want good friends, but we often forget that to be blessed with good friends we must first become good friends ourselves. In this restless search for the best of the best, we often become our unkindest selves to the people around us. We may not deem them good, kind or polite enough and so we beleave them of our love and compassion, and so we turn away our heads from the cries of the drowning, from the hands of the sinking and from the eyes pleading for help. All

Таланты нашего института

EVERY MAN'S WORK

friendships change us somehow – for good or for bad.

The tragedy is in the fact that people sometimes forget that symbols of friendship should be in the heart rather than on the finger. There is trust, there is pain, there is shame and guilt, and unbelievable kindness and compassion – nothing is left unseen and hidden in the art of true friendship. Friends can be our kindest angels and our cruelest demons, and all that depends on who we are.

Mother

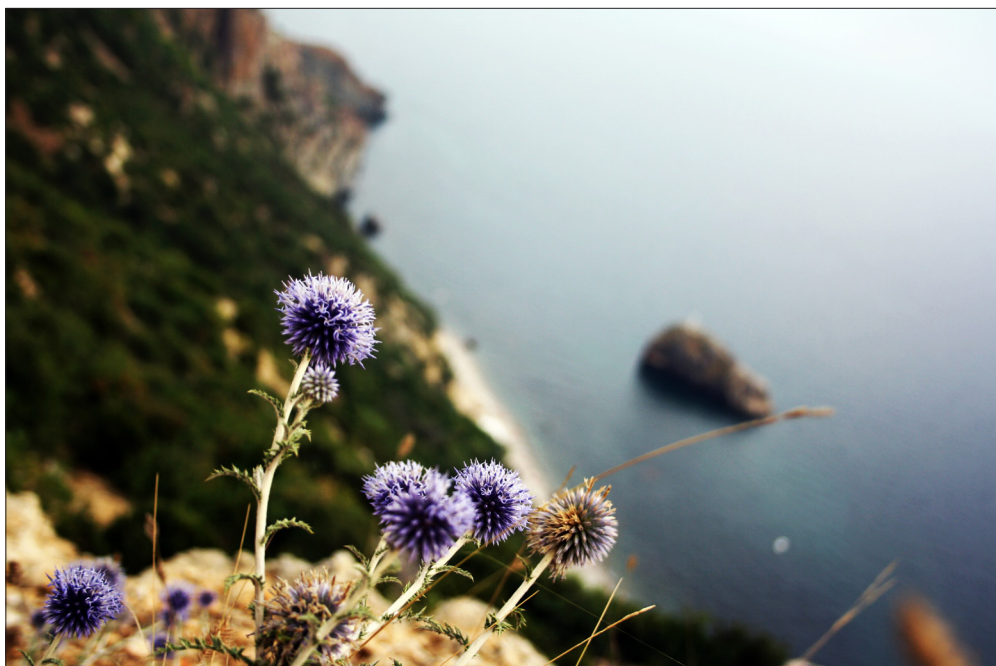
Nial Akhmetova, Group 251

*Mother,
You have loved me,
So gently, so warmly.
I remember your tears,
So cold and so lonely,
Your arms – so open and lovely.*

*Mother,
You have shown me
How to see the ghost of the light
In the darkest of the nights.
You have taught me how to hear
The heartstrings wild rhyme,
And how to feel
The gentle touch of the moonbeam,
Wrapped around my shoulders,
Akin to your arms.*

*Mother,
I remember how you have told me
To give light to all others, even those,
Who are blind to your sacrifice,
For even the desserts among men
Need love like water,
And the greatest treasure
Is to give without measure.*

*Mother,
You have told me to love all, and love
alone,
To love and ask for nothing in return.
And I shall love – the more dearly, the
more fondly,
The more my heart will be plugged with
sorrow and doubt.
I shall draw the order out of chaotic
infinity,
And weave the kindness out of misery.
To every vice, I will answer with virtue,
And in every man and woman
I will love the human, as once
You have loved me.*



Marvellous Crimean Views

Jane Shtolts, Group 472

Fiolent is probably the most beautiful and exciting place in Crimea. Nowhere else have I seen so many artists trying to capture all the beauty surrounding them, nowhere else have I experienced such untouched living nature as there. This place seems like it has not changed for centuries. Just like Pushkin wandered down the monastic staircases leading to the sea almost two hundred years ago, we can walk the

same path in 2017. Just thinking about it is incredible.

Another great place to visit is **Demerdzhi Mountain**. For me it was and remains the most mystical and inscrutable place in Crimea. It's not for nothing that it got the name of Ghost Valley. In foggy weather it looks like real stone block ghosts in greyish robes. This place can be visited hundreds of times and you can always find something new here, a new path or a new angle for a good shot.



EVERY MAN'S WORK

Таланты нашего института

Magic Keys

Zera Memetova, Group 357

Have you ever thought how many keys
The world has created for living in peace.
These keys are especial, they are really unique,
The men's most important life goals bespeak.
It's almost impossible to get complete bunch,
You need to content, to fight and to scrunch.
But you should remember while trying to win
That these keys will help you a new life begin.
You, probably, want to learn more about keys,
I'll tell you a secret – they are only three.
These things were produced for such person who wants
To change someone's life and to open the doors.
The first is called 'love' and it is the main,
It opens your heart and closes the brain.
The second is happiness, also essential,
It is giving to us smiling potential.
The third does not let us give up and go,
It is hope and it is helping us gradually grow.
When you will collect all three keys, at long last
You would understand what was in the past –
Without these keys you were feeling just lifeless
But now your life is fulfilled with brightness.

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Альфред лорд Теннисон
«Атака лёгкой бригады»

Yulia Varlamova, Group 455

... Пушки гремели и справа, и слева,
Пушки гремели близ них, позади.
Выстрелы, грохот, полосы гнева,
Мертвые лошади и всадник вдали.
(Как храбро и браво сражались они!)
И выползли все из разинутой пасти
Смерти, покинув пылающий ад.
Осталось всего-то малая часть их,
Малая часть шести сотен солдат.
Слава о подвигах не увядает,
Мир содрогнулся и кто-то — свободен.
Пусть же из памяти не исчезают
Эти шесть сотен, бессмертных шесть сотен.

Fedor Glinka “Hurray!”

Lesya Glukhenka, Group 511

We were attacked by twenty nations,
But Russia conquered the invaders:
The fields were white from bones of aliens;
Their blood ran through the furrow layers.
Then we defended our land,
Protected honour, saved the throne;
And iron will of ranks were grand,
That frightened fearsome Napoleon!..
Now tremble, Mother-Earth!
That was a nightmare that came true:
Two nations celebrating Jesus' birth
Blamed us for being pagans too!!
The twelfth year of horrors passed,
And West saw in broad daylight
The helmets of twenty nations amassed
After the bloody Borodino fight...

Vasily Nemirovich-Danchenko “Sebastopol”

Nial Akhmetova, Group 251

Not missing a beat,
Breathless – in soil and stone,
You lie, colossus Samson –
In eternal quiescence taciturn.

On the barren shores,
On the deserted streets,
Overgrown with emerald of grass,
Besieged by alabaster pylons,
You lie in pious white,
Bidding farewell to what once was,
To all what now is lost.

A hollow temple, a chain of fallen homes –
A coat of dust – its marble robe.
The tongues of fire have caressed them all,
A sole black stain gapes in a broken wall –
There rots a cannonball,
A memorial of war.

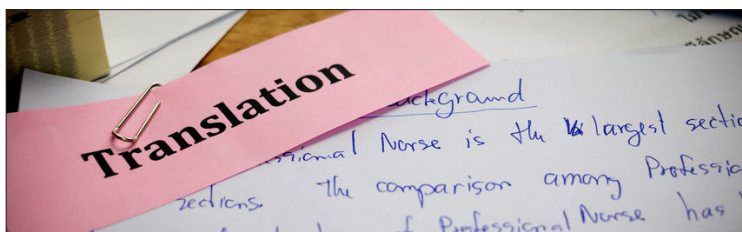
What if I Were to Use the Subjunctive
Mood in a Super Short Story...
And What if I Called it ‘If I Were Dust...’

Yekaterina Korolenko, Group 154

If I were dust, I would scare vacuum cleaners. I would be colourful and fragrant. If I were dust, I would fly everywhere and please people with my multiple colours. People would even take pictures with me. If I were dust, I wouldn't cause allergy and wouldn't force people to sneeze. Instead I would be medicine that could treat allergy. If I were dust, I would be sweet to the taste and I could be eaten for any meal with no fattening effect. If I were dust, different objects could be made out of me and be extremely useful in the house. If I were dust, I would protect the family where I would live. For example, if a thief broke into the house, I would immediately begin to spin, so that he couldn't see anything. Then he would begin to cough heavily. The owners would hear him and call the police.

If I were cosmic dust, I would be the most beautiful dust in the universe. Once a month I could be seen floating in space. People would gather to look at me through their telescopes. Then, after appearing and lingering for some 10 minutes, I would crumble in a million pieces and fall down as coloured cosmic rain.

I think I would be the most beautiful dust ever and would help people unite and enjoy beauty together.



Стирая границы между языками

*In this Necropolis, a mausoleum of souls,
I crush the splinters of the rusty bombs.
What human mind can gauge the sheer glory
Of those who now rest
In rock, in stone, in soil,
In death, in honour, in concord.*

Генри Уодсворт Лонгфелло «Святая Филомена»

Zarina Kurt nizirova, Group 511

*Когда добро царит вокруг,
Благие мысли изрекут
Наши сердца, в веселом упоенье
Полны возвышенных стремлений.*

*Приливною волной глубокие души
Врываются вовнутрь нас и кружат,
И несут нас безудержно
Прочь от всех сует мятеежных.*

*Почтенье тем, чьи дела и речи
Несут в себе немалый прок,
Напористо проделывая течи,
Смывают с наших рук порок.*

*Так думал я, сидя за книгой
О воинах страны великой,
В сырых окопах и холодных
Замерзших лагерей голодных.*

*О раненых на поле боя,
От мук невыносимых воя
По унылым коридорам
Объятые холодным полом.*

*И вдруг! В пристанище страданий
Я вижу деву... и мерцанье
Во мраке ускользает
Из двери в дверь порхая.*

*Неспешно, как в блаженном сне,
Увидев тени на стене,
Страдалец тянется и вдруг
Целует образ добрых рук.*

*Как будто двери в рай раскрылись
И вновь закрылись враз.
Виденье было и прошло,
Свет вспыхнул и угас.*

*На летописи Англии
Ее словами грядущими
Прольет тот свет лучи свои
Через врата минувшего.*

*Останутся в истории страны
Той женщины во тьме черты
Как милосердия пример,
Как символ редкой доброты.*

*Кому нужна такая дань,
Копье, цветок и длань?
Те символы, что были издавна
Святою девою избраны.*

TRANSLATION IS A JOURNEY

Alexey Apukhtin “A Soldier’s Song about Sebastopol”

Polina Bobko, Group 251

*Neither merry my song,
Nor the song of the triumph
That in Borodino and Ochakov
Praised our priors.*

*I will sing you about the Southern fields,
Where clouds of dust arose.
And the army of foes disembarked from the ships
And trampled the virgin with their muddy toes.*

*And they won, but their triumph was vain.
And they never attacked us again.
And they left in disgrace with the sour face
And they didn’t achieve their aim.*

*I will sing you about a noble landlord
Who left home, his dame and his scions.
And a poor kern peasant with God in his heart
Hugged his wife for the country’s reliance.*

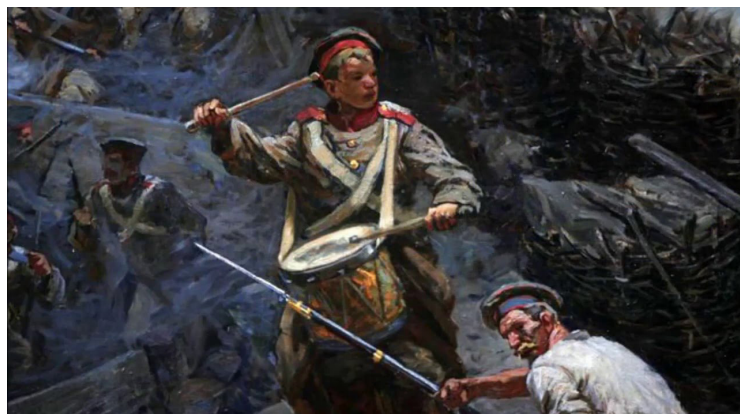
*I will sing you about the growth of the host
Consisting of Russian brave heroes.
Marching firmly, the fighters knew their cost
Iron people did never feel fears.
And they certainly knew they were going to perish,
Yet they sacrificed their lives with the glorious challenge.*

*Russian “nightingales” flew to save their warriors,
And to lighten their cheerless burden.
Every patch of the land step by step came victorious,
And the foes were swept off by the Russian land wardens.*

*Under crashing grenades and through fire and flame,
The incessant moan was heard.
The redoubts grew in an endless chain,
And the shades of the bastions occurred.*

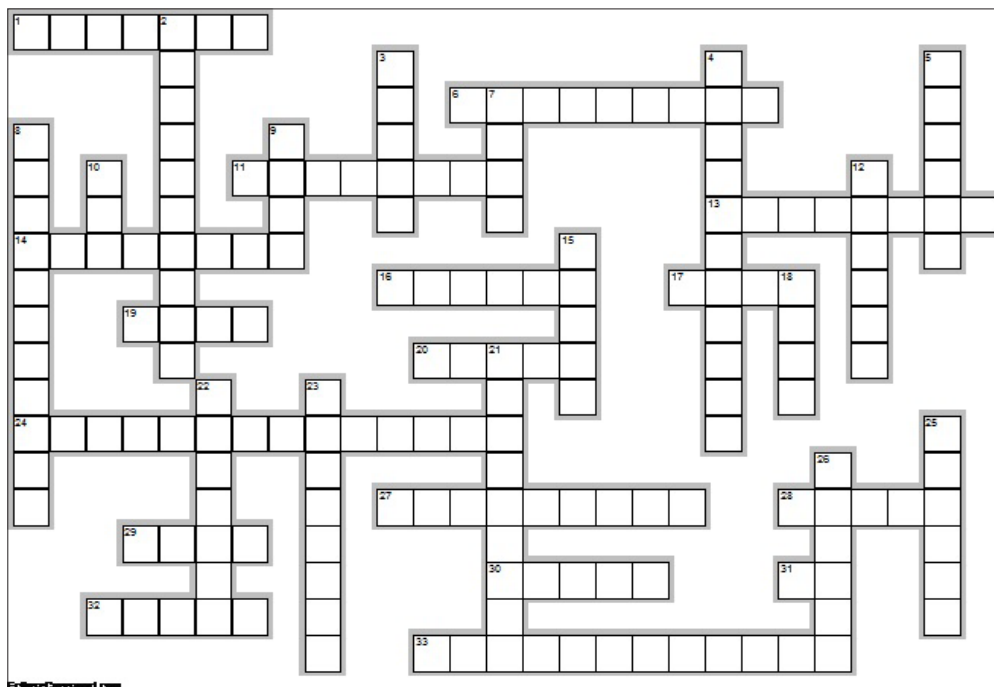
*For eleven long months that massacre was.
For eleven long months the land was defended.
By the miracle fortress that saved our land
Where brave soldiers were buried.*

*May this song be a kind of a sorrowful preach,
It’s quite far from the song of Borodino fight.
It can hardly remind of Ochakovo besiege
Yet reflects the spirit of the glorious might.*



CROSSWORD

Гимнастика для мозга



Across

1. It's to the right of the Dean's Office.
6. The tallest and noblest lady in the vicinity of the Institute.
11. Byron, Shelley, Lermontov, sunset, candles, wine...
13. There are two of them in Room 16, one on each side of the screen.
14. This old foreigner really loved the motto of our University which is literally translated into English as "know thyself". He's also a namesake of one of the Institute tutors.
16. The nickname of one of the University buildings if literally translated into English.
17. ... a deal, ... a salad, ... a mistake.
19. A slang word for a self-assured IT freshman.
20. An object in Room 10 which is hardly ever used for its primary musical purpose and is kept there for a mysterious reason.
24. What is the most attended object in the lobby? (two words)
27. The 'no-trespassing' room on the ground floor which makes you a little lighter.
28. Some learn it in their third year, some really cool guys are said to be born with it. It has a lot of icons and a lot of victims.
29. An apple, a team, an ox, an apparition, a star and that sort of thing.
30. The last name of the honorable citizen who owned the Institute building in the late 19th century.
31. If you add a mute vowel to this mathematical constant, you can have it with tea.
32. A thing both birds and people can do.
33. The subject much enjoyed by those studying English and German. The French language students are exempt from the pleasure.

Down

2. An allegorical Latin phrase you use to call your University after you graduate (two words).
3. An ancestor of the deadly enemies of the English.
4. You rarely face this cruel system until your fourth year at university. It either gives you a pass or humiliates you as a miserable copycat.
5. You write it or you drop out.
7. It's to the right of the entrance, and the upper floor windows have the same shape.
8. One of the cheapest items you could possibly buy in our canteen, not eatable though, which always goes with drinks (two words).
9. One short word to express "oh, no, I shouldn't have done that, but since I did it, it may be not a big deal" (Britney Spears fans may know).
10. Everyone should know his ... not to be a complete ignoramus.
12. The last name of the author of the textbook which has outlived generations of students and teachers.
15. You go down the stairs and pay 4 rubles at least.
18. The scariest thing at University.
21. The name of an Ancient Greek king, one of history's most successful military commanders. He's also a namesake of the Institute's 'commander-in-chief'.
22. You can give, attend or skip it.
23. Any man can be this as long as he wants, but it takes a student a couple of years, a few drops of blood and a 'little' written paper to become this.
25. The number you find before letter 'A' if you enter the Institute, turn left, go straight, turn left again, go through one room, through another room, turn left and squeeze into it.
26. The subject that teaches first year students how to live a righteous life.

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Nikita Khorunzhiy, Group 151

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