

The ILE

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Eduard Vladimirovich Likhachev, Assistant Professor of the German Philology Department

Not Enough: The Story of Achievement. Part II

Nial Akhmedova, Group 451
Anna Abryutina, Group 472

Combining science and sport in one's life is not an easy task; it certainly does not seem so. However, Eduard Vladimirovich Likhachev has been doing exactly this for most of his life. According to him, balance is the secret.

First of all, Eduard Vladimirovich, thank you for agreeing to give an interview. We know that quite recently, just last year, you received the PhD in languages and published your thesis all the while taking part in football competitions. It is reasonable to assume that research work must take a lot of your time, but you manage to find a place for both sport and research in your life. What is your secret? How do you make it possible?

It does take a lot of time, but the ability to prioritize is really important. I am not doing sports professionally, it is a hobby of mine – one I very much enjoy, but a hobby none-

theless. As for me, research always goes first. Science is a top priority, it is on the schedule and so are congresses and conferences.

However, still, you do not sacrifice sport for the sake of science. Why do you choose to keep it despite anything?

Because I must. You have to keep in mind that 'a healthy body equals a healthy mind'. It is difficult to imagine one without the other. Both the brain and the body need training and constant work, it's a must. If you intend to have a long career and carry out many years of research, you need to pay attention and check the state of your health condition from time to time. Despite the stereotype, your brain is not the only thing you need to be working – even in research. After all, it is important to keep a certain balance – you can't overwork one muscle and neglect another. There are undeniable pros of keeping fit – even in the field of research.

Which advantages, in your opinion, are there in balancing sport and research?

There are many, I would say. If you think about it, sport and research are not that much different from each other. They have the same element of competitiveness – you have to prepare, train, and then show the results in the final match, going against your opponent, the opposing team. Finally, success is as rewarding in sport as in research.

So, you see science and sport as competitive fields?

In a way. But more often than not, you have to compete with yourself – even more so than with the others – with apathy, laziness, etc. Success in sport and research feel very similar – it is a victory over yourself, over the obstacles and hurdles on your path. It is tackling your own doubts, fears, insecurities and reluctance, the object of your study. And that's not even touching on the fact that experiencing victory in one competition makes you so much more confident in another – even if one is held on a football field and the other in auditoriums behind

NEWS & EVENTS

Вестник ин. язв.

closed doors. It drives you forward, pushes you to carry on and work on yourself further.

Would you advise the students to give sport a try – even if they would have to go an extra length to balance it out with research work?

Not just advise, insist. It seems to me that to be productive and efficient in one field, you have to try yourself in different others. I remember back when I was at school, we had a teacher from Bayern who by diploma was qualified to work both as an English and P. E. teacher. I remember asking him, shocked and very much amused at this fact, how it was possible to graduate from the University with two such vastly different degrees – in physical education and languages. And still, up to this day, I remember what he said to me then. It was a way to avoid narrow specialization. So, yes, I would say it wouldn't hurt – neither the students nor the teachers – of any department – to try doing both.

But why football? What made you choose football and how did you make that decision?

It was largely an unconscious choice. Being a kid – and this mostly happens in early teens – I was trying to follow an example of others, seeing what was happening around me, what was popular amongst the peers, emulating that. It mostly happens on its own, you barely realize that now you have chosen this kind of thing and you are going to do just that. You just start, and then there comes a point when you start noticing that you are getting better and better, and then you see it as a challenge to improve and see better results. It goes somewhat like this – until it becomes a part of your life – quite suddenly even for yourself. Of course, it also helped that football is not a picky kind of sport in terms of equipment, it requires only a ball and a net, and even that is not necessary.

Have you ever wanted to do football full-time, to become a professional sportsman?

A dream like this, yes. More so, I had an opportunity to become one when I played for my school team. Our team play was quite impressive. Around that time I was invited to play for the amateur team 'Chaika' and travel around, playing abroad – in Poland, Germany, etc. However, I chose not to.

Finishing the interview with a kind smile, having shared many of the wonderful memories of life, it is clear that while minutes of nostalgia do taste sweet, Eduard Vladimirovich leaves no room in his life for regret about the decision taken, seeing and reaching for the true and rich life experience with an open mind – and urges others to do so as well.

InTouch – the Project about Our People for Everyone



Students of the Institute of Foreign Filology at Biblinoch

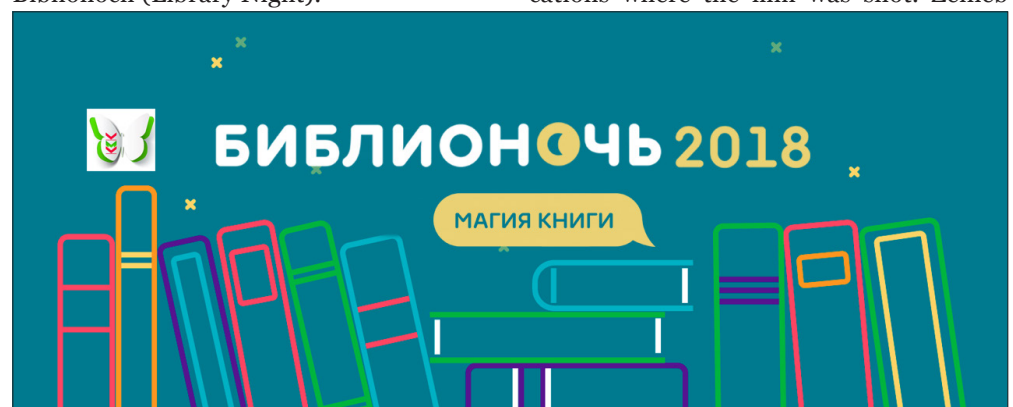
Tatyana Shnuruk, Group 254

If you come up to random people on the street and ask them to name at least three writers or poets whose names are related to Crimea in some way, you will probably be very disappointed as few people will be able to. If you ask them to name any renowned Russian writers, the first names mentioned will be predictable and the list will hardly be long. So students of the Institute of Foreign Philology were challenged to change the situation and make a project aimed at raising awareness of the outstanding Russians who have made a great contribution to our culture and history. The project started in spring 2018 and the first works were presented at Biblinoch (Library Night).

Biblinoch is an annual social and cultural event dedicated to reading. The event takes place every April throughout Russia. This night libraries, bookstores, literary museums and art spaces expand the time and format of their work. The purpose of the event is development of library, museum and book business, popularization of reading and organization of new formats of cultural recreation for citizens.

This year in Simferopol the event was held in Ivan Franco Republican Library and the Department of Foreign Literature hosted the first year students of our Institute with their works.

Students of Group 151 presented a self-made video about Alexander Belyaev's Amphibian Man and spoke about the locations where the film was shot. Zeineb



Vagapova, Arina Bulko, Sabina Velilyaeva and Yekaterina Gayday participated in the process of filming.

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Group 152 provided a variety of different materials. Valeria Demchenko and Yulia Petrova made presentations about Anton Pavlovich Chekhov and Alexander Alexandrovich Blok. Karolina Safonova and Taisia Koistrikova showed a video about famous Russian writers Mikhail Aleksandrovich Sholokhov and Mikhail Afanasyevich Bulgakov.

Group 154 presented a video *Crimean Poetic Map* about 4 poets who visited Crimea and wrote about it – Samuil Marshak, Marina Tsvetaeva, Eduard Asadov and Dmitri Kedrin. Tatyana Shnuruk was in charge of shooting and editing. The poems were translated by Olga Yurmanova and Vadim Faizullin. The project was supervised by Alexandra Anatolyevna Georgiadi, Maria Vladimirovna Beloventseva and Tatyana Anatolievna Radchenko, members of staff of the Institute of Foreign Philology.

Due to this project the students received a lot of positive emotions and plunged into the world of literature in the Crimean peninsula.

Personally, I really enjoyed doing this project. I visited four Crimean cities – Yalta, Feodosia, Sevastopol and Simferopol as well as learned a lot about our little beloved peninsula. I believe that students should participate in such projects as often as possible because you do not only learn something new, but also get a good change from the daily routine.

The purpose of the event is development of library, museum and book business, popularization of reading and organization of new formats of cultural recreation for citizens.

Poetic contest “Visual Poetry”



The winners of the contest: Anna Tkachenko, Yulia Karapetrova, Alexandra Gromova.

Helen Mazina, Nicholas Vovk

The English Philology Department has housed the poetic contest “Visual Poetry”, annually held by associate professor Helen Mazina as a part of an English Stylistics course. “Composing visual poetry facilitates integrated development of students’ creative abilities. It forms the skills of writing poetic English texts as well as presenting them in a recognizable graphic shape. Strong interrelation between the content of a poem and its form is an essential point,” remarked Prof. Mazina.

Third year students of the English Philology Department have taken great interest in the event and actively submitted their works to be scored by the strict and highly qualified jury. Helen Polkhovskaya, the head of the Department of English Phi-

lology, mentioned great visual expressiveness of the contestants’ poems. “The scoring criteria included originality of the idea, correctness and imagery of poetic speech, unity of verbal and graphic constituents. After some lengthy animated discussion the jury selected the works indicative of considerable creative potential, good command of the English language and extensive background knowledge,” Prof. Polkhovskaya said.

Alexandra Gromova won first place for her poem *The Piano*, Nial Akhmedova and Anna Tkachenko shared the second place, and Yulia Karapetrova came in third. Members of staff of the Department of English Philology wish all the contestants further development of their command of English and creative abilities!



NEWS & EVENTS

Вестник ин. яз.

Nial Akhmedova, Group 451

The form and the content of the poem were induced by my reflections on love and by personal experience. The contrast between black and white, as well as different shape of the forms themselves, symbolize heterogeneous essence of love as it is perceived and felt – it is sorrow and joy, acute distress and jubilant bliss. The two separated parts are those in love, whose hearts, though affectionate, beat in different rhythm – one's love is like sun, permanent, hot, almost scorching; the other's love is like the flicker of a candle, bright, ethereal and barely perceptible. The white shape in the middle is conception of a new life, the outcome of mutual love.

Such duality lies at the heart of everything – of nature, order, laws, people. Unsurprisingly, it is duality that is the core of love. In Asian mythology, Chinese in particular, there is a special term to denote this primordial dualism, preceding everything existent. Yin and yang, which is the title of my poem, is fusion of two opposite phenomena – fire and water, light and darkness, chaos and system. Both sources constitute unity which has become the mother of the Universe. Similarly, the two in love, initially different, bridge contradictions, prohibitions and imperfections by their feeling. Their love breeds something more; they create a new world, a new life, a new reality, which is the core of everything.

I was looking
through the window,
Under light of pearly moon
In the garden sat black widow,
Waiting for her victim's boon.
No soul could imagine
that in shiny golden locks
Demons played
abnormal magic,
Having cunning
tricks in store.
Didn't know
this poor fellow
that behind her dark
-blue eyes, there's
no love to hallow
At magnificent sunrise.
And his heart will soon
be broken, as were
broken all of them, her
remorse won't be awoken
by a kiss of handsome man.
In the modern world of pride,
People often trust in vain,
Even moon has other
side, as was said once by Mark Twain.
O c t o b e r , 2 0 1 7 .

The Moon by Anna Tkachenko

ONE
BIG LION
WILD AND FREE
THOUGHT HE WAS
HAPPY AS HE COULD BE
THEN FOUR LITTLE LIONETS
CAME AROUND
AND TURNED HIS WHOLE LIFE
UPSIDE DOWN
THEY MADE A MESS
THEY MADE HIM CRY,
BUT HE NEVER SHOULD
HAVE SAID GOODBYE.
AND FEELS HE NOW,
THEY LOVE HIM SO
BECAUSE THE WHOLE PARTS
OF THE WORLD UNACCEPTABLE
I T H O U
T W E R E
T H E M

The Lion by Yulia Karapetrova.

The sound of piano
makes my life
DELIGHTFUL
It warms my soul
when I am in despair
And suddenly the world seems
BEAUTIFUL AND FULL OF WONDERS
When talented musician starts to play
The touches of his strong
BUT GENTLE FINGERS
Make black and white keys
SING A LOVELY SONG,
And in my memory this song
FOREVER LINGERS.
AT LAST I REALIZE
where I belong!
His love and hate swings back and forth on me.
I hear the beating of his
A N X I O U S H E A R T !
AND EVERY CURVE OF GRACEFUL MELODY
R E T
P O T
F L E M
W E R
L E A
E R N
C T I
S C I
of art

The Piano by Alexandra Gromova

You are a part of me,
You say I, too, am your half,
You come as my sun-kissed opposition
You seem like my star-crossed difference
You mirror my fears, hopes, and desires
You reflect my moon-eyed shadow side,
You know me better than I know myself,
You claim all in me what I despise to be
You fill my lungs with your heavenly breath
You lose in me a sense, and I, in you, a feeling
You start all my beginnings, and end all the ends
You tie me in touches, in kisses, in pieces of self,
You take in my dreams, in my skies, in my arms,
You belong me beyond the limits of holy and wicked,
You promise to my most sacred thoughts, my loneliest joys of all
You prove me sweet dreams, and sweet days, and sweet nights,
You weave my conclusion to all dream-barren nights, and dew-laden eyes,
You mean to me more than all the tears and smiles, and the whole world alike.
You lull me into quiet chaos, defined by questions and confusions, if's and why's,
You tame in me all the raw desperations, all the running fires, all the wild beasts,
You sink into my heart as all the human treasure in all the deep blue seas
You seal my ripped sleeves, torn bleeding stitches and touch-starved wounds,
You claim in me both Heaven and Hell, and both you take as one integrity,
You flow as my river, and dry as my desert, and burn as my fire,
You make of me a sun, and guard my light with silver palms
You dress me in fear, in madness, in death and red flesh,
You love all the unloved depths in my being
You paint my joy and my grief into living
You create all my masterpieces,
You are my love, my life, and
my light.

Yin and Yang by Nial Akhmedova

Alexandra Gromova, Group 453

One of the aims of visual poetry is giving a poem graphic expressiveness in order to promote perception of the content. The topic of my poem is art, music, to be more precise, as I know first-hand that music inspires, aids a person in self-expression and conveying his feelings and emotions. The poem is entitled The Piano but is shaped like a grand piano for good reason. The Russian for a grand piano is “royal”, derived from a French word meaning “royal, connected with the king or queen of a country”. No court ball can go without this instrument.

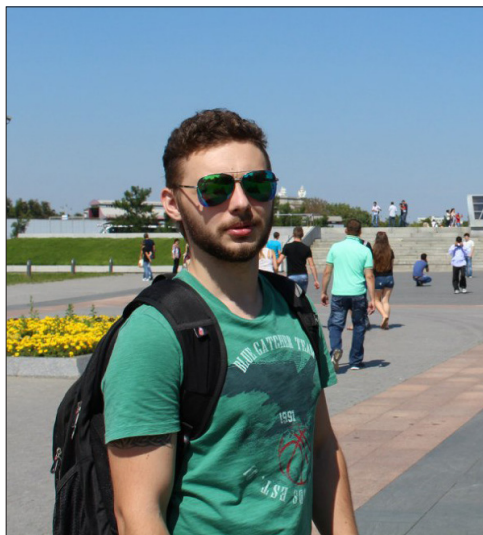
It is justifiably renowned for its exceptional qualities. Certain features differentiate it from other musical instruments. The grand piano is the most polyphonic instrument: it can roar with the deepest bass and tinkle with high-pitched bells, scatter notes with marvellous speed and shudder with powerful chords. The grand piano is not only the symbol of music and art at large, but thanks to its graceful look and noble sound it is associated with something majestic, solemn and mighty. Thus, having shaped the poem into a grand piano, I have emphasized its idea – art has enormous impact on people.

Students of Our Institute

Mikhail Vasilyev, Group 351

Greetings! My name is Michael Vasilyev. I am a third-year student of the Institute of Foreign Philology. I have been studying English for almost 18 years. I strongly believe that through languages we create bridges of some sort. Knowing a foreign language includes not only awareness of grammar structure, frame constructions, rules of pronunciation, but also knowing customs and traditions of native speakers. These are the reasons why I have entered the Institute.

My experience and natural gifts help me make new friends and find new fields of knowledge. I am fond of experiencing something new and challenging that's why I have entered the Military Department in our University as well. My goal is simple — ability to act under different circumstances. So, philological and military knowledge and skills provide me with more options. There are numerous things I need to know and this fact motivates me to work as hard as I can.



Michael Vasilyev, Group 351

Polina Nechipas, Group 353

Hi, my name is Polina Nechipas and I am a third-year student of the English Department of the Institute of Foreign Philology. I have been studying English since my early childhood and have never regretted the decision so far. I am keen on getting acquainted with culture and traditions of the English and Americans, and I hope one day I'll have an opportunity to visit both countries and see everything in person. As for my studies, I am fond of writing scientific articles on English litera-



Students of the Institute of Foreign Filology

ture, especially modern English drama as I have always been captivated with books. From my point of view, literature is one the best ways to understand any nation. This year I have won several conferences and international contests devoted to the latest tendencies in the field of modern literature. However, the biggest achievement I am proud of is the fact that my article was published in an American scientific journal in Los Angeles. This makes me feel motivated and determined about my future goals in the field of the scientific research.

Dinara Ibragimova, Group 253

Singing has been my passion since early childhood. I took up singing at preschool and kept it through my school days. My music life in university began with the performance at the students vocal contest called 'Musical Olympus'. I felt nervous and scared while preparing and I was really astonished to hear that I came a close third. Now I regularly take part in different university events. I'm really happy things have turned out this way. Being active and doing what I like makes me feel good.



Polina Nechipas, Group 353



Dinara Ibragimova, Group 253

STUDENT SPOTLIGHT

Polina Bobko, Group 451

Having always been just an excellent student, I could have never imagined how exciting it is to stretch your limits far beyond exploring the enormous field of study. The endless range of the opportunities that we, students, already have and can further create by ourselves has become one of the most incredible discoveries for me. Being the chairman of the Mass-cultural committee, I'm eager to help the Institute of Foreign Philology flourish and take the leading positions in the social life of the University. I am definitely sure it is necessary to enrich it with the organization of intellectual, creative and entertaining events as well as inspire the students to realize their inner potential and provide them with new horizons. Alongside with the inclination to the performing arts, dancing, acting and writing scripts, I am also keen on scientific research in the field of globalization of the English language, taking an active part in conferences and contests and having a range of publications in Russian Science Citation Index.



Polina Bobko, Group 451

Shazie Mamutova, Group 351

The path we follow while acquiring a profession seems to be the most thorny and winding one. Yet everyone is to complete this vital, full of unexpected twists journey of our life. My name is Shazie Mamutova and I am a third-year student of the Institute of Foreign Philology.

How did I find myself here? My story does not stand out of thousands of stories of choosing a career path. From the age of thirteen I have been dreaming of connecting my life with philology and translation studies. I enjoy exploring the thrilling, boundless world of languages and literary

works. To broaden my horizon I try taking part in various conferences and scientific events. A great experience was *II International Youth Scientific Forum ProfMarket: Education. Language. Success* which I was afraid to participate in and which turned out to lead me to the first place. This unforgettable event made me extremely pleased and happy as achieving results in the chosen field means a lot to me.



Shazie Mamutova, Group 351

Zarina Guseinova, Group 351

Hi! My name is Zarina! I'm 19. I am a student of the Institute of Foreign Philology. Learning foreign languages is my pet hobby. I have been learning English for more than 12 years. Two years ago I started learning the German language which has proved to be quite easy to learn. Also, I'm fond of singing and dancing. Being on stage has always helped me get my second wind. One of the most well known singers once said, "Being on stage is magic. There's nothing like it. You feel the energy of everybody who's out there. You feel it all over your body." Every time I perform I feel this way. At present I'm working very hard improving my skills at singing. Frankly, I am a day-dreamer and I have a big dream. I strongly believe that working hard will one day result in the dream being fulfilled.



Zarina Guseinova, Group 351

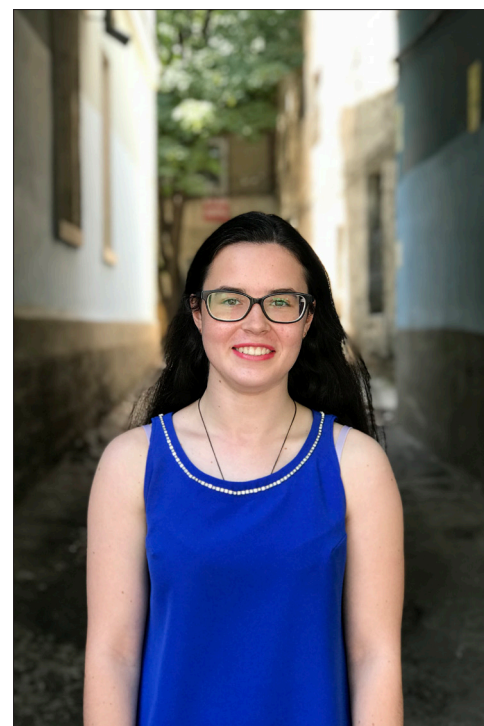
О наших студентах

Valeria Demchenko, Group 252

My name is Valeria Demchenko. I am a second-year student of the Institute of Foreign Philology of the Crimean Federal University. I combine my studies with social, cultural and sports activities. I head the sports Committee of the Institute of Foreign Languages. In addition, I am a candidate for master of sports in ballroom dancing. I play table tennis. On the weekends I like to go to fitness classes, Zumba and jazz funk. An important role in my life is occupied by an interesting job in the fitness industry. Now I'm doing a course in professional fitness instruction. Personally, I have always been attracted to this area and that is why I want to share my experience with others. Moreover, training does not interfere with learning in such a complex and at the same time important sphere of training students.

Language skills often help to conduct classes using foreign terms, movements and concepts as the official language of sport is English. Of course, social activities are also very important to me. This is an opportunity to prove yourself as well as to work directly with people and help them organize themselves. That is why I am also a representative of the Taurida Academy of V. I. Vernadsky Crimean Federal University in students sports club "Griffins".

In conclusion I must say that wasting time on useless things will not help you in life. Studying does take up most of a student's time, but it's still not so difficult to find a free hour and try to do something useful for others or yourself. For example, to do amateur sports. Good luck in your endeavours!



Valeria Demchenko, Group 252

Nikita Khorunzhiy, Group 351

Hello! I am Nikita Khorunzhiy, *Jack-of-all-trades*, the one who designs this newspaper. Several years ago I couldn't imagine I would study English philology in the University as most of my life has been connected with IT industry and especially with graphic/web design and front-end development. Still English has always played a significant role in my life. Knowledge of foreign languages in general opens the door to new worlds thus giving access to new information.

Apart from doing a bachelor's degree in English Philology in our institute I am working as a full-stack designer. The English language has greatly helped me in my career as most of the information I usually look for is in English. I strongly believe that we should learn everything we can, anytime we can, from anyone we can. There will always come a time when we will be grateful we did. For example you can learn another foreign language, such as German or French, or develop a brave new skill, such as SMM or SEO.

I want to say to all young people out there: there are going to be people along the way who try to undercut your success, but if you just focus on the work and you don't let those people sidetrack you, someday, when you get where you're going, you will look around and you will know — it was you, and the people who love you, who put you there. And that will be the greatest feeling in the world.

If you're anything like me,

You knock on wood every time you make plans.



Nikita Khorunzhiy, Group 351

Magic of Rubik's Cube: Genius Mind or a Skill That Can Be Learnt?

Firdavs Chingishonov, Group 254

Today we will talk about Rubik's cube. It is a 3-D combination puzzle invented in 1974 by Hungarian sculptor and professor of architecture Ernő Rubik. Originally called the Magic Cube, the puzzle was licensed by Rubik to be sold by Ideal Toy Corporation in 1980 via businessman Tibor Laczi and Seven Towns founder Tom Kremer, and won the German Game of the Year special award for Best Puzzle that year.

I'm going to interview one of the talented students of our University. His name is Klim Reznikov, a third year student of the English Philology Department. He has a number of fascinating skills: dancing, beatboxing and Rubik's cube solving.

Interviewer: Klim, what started your fascination with Rubik's cube?

Klim: When I was 15, I attended a sports club with my friends. Once, my friend brought a Rubik's cube there. I had only one thought, 'I would never solve it.' Then, I asked him to lend me his cube and teach how to solve it. That was the start of my hobby.

Interviewer: How much time did you spend on solving your first cube?

Klim: It took me about 40 minutes to solve the cube. Of course the Internet was of help. I tried different algorithms, and finally I did it! It was the first cube I ever solved. Oh! What feelings I had! I was absolutely happy. I was so happy that I wanted to share it with everyone.

Interviewer: I can only imagine! For a beginner it looks quite an undertaking. Now you also do speedcubing, don't you? What is it?

Klim: People who are interested in high-speed solving of Rubik's cube are called speedcubers and high-speed solving is called speedcubing. Speedcubing is a competition which involves high-speed solving of Rubik's cube and some other puzzles.

Interviewer: So, this was a new skill you got. Did taking up a new hobby influence your social life in any way?

Klim: Sure. I began to socialize more, help others get new skills and new emotions. I also turned my new skill into a sport.

Interviewer: You've been a speedcuber for a few years now. Have you ever participated in any competitions and what's your best record?

Klim: I took the 12th place in the 5x5 discipline among 100 people in "Kharkiv NULAU Winter 2013". This is probably

one of my best records.

Interviewer: Do you think speedcubing contributes to the development of other personal skills?

Klim: Yes, of course. It contributes quite a lot, for example it develops fine motor skills, visual memory and attention.

Interviewer: Would you like to go further with cubing?

Klim: Yes, I would like to visit the world championship in Los Angeles. I would also like to solve other kinds of cubes.

Interviewer: Is there a big variety of puzzles?

Klim: There are quite many of them. Some of the cubes are rectangular, some of them are not. Starting from basic 2x2, 3x3, 4x4 up till 11x11 Rubik's cubes are regular cubes; also there are mirror cubes and pyramids.

Interviewer: Are there many people in Crimea doing this hobby?

Klim: Not so many, but at this moment I can observe a growing interest in speedcubing. I think it's fun and can attract a lot of young people.

Interviewer: Could you recommend a shop to buy a decent cube? What are the main characteristics a good cube must have?

Klim: In Russia, you can order it online on cutcornercubes.ru. The most important thing is stability of the cube, its softness and of course the quality of plastic. Also don't forget to monitor its condition.

Interviewer: Thank you so much for the interview, for sharing with us the secrets of Rubik's cube solving! I hope our readers will follow your advice and more people will take up this hobby in the nearest future.

Klim: Thank you!



Klim Reznikov, Group 452

Feodosia – a Wonderful Little Town

Aliona Chuenkova, Landscape Design Department

Everyone who visits Crimea or lives here must once visit Feodosiya. It's a wonderful seaside resort town in eastern Crimea. It is famous for its rich history and charming masterpieces.

The first place to visit in Feodosia is Dacha Stamboli. It is a renowned landmark of the city. It was built in 1914 by tobacco magnate Iosif Stamboli. He wanted to have a building in Mauritanian style. Dacha Stamboli was the most expensive building for that time. Iosif spent nearly 1.4 million rubles having it built. Today it is the most famous building in Feodosia. In 2017 Dacha Stamboli was reconstructed and now looks like a new building.

Another famous and interesting place to visit in Feodosia is the Aivazovsky Art Gallery. The famous artist lived here in the 19th century. Nowadays the gallery houses 417 paintings by Aivazovsky. Besides these paintings visitors can admire works of other artists because there are various temporary exhibitions. Also many poetry and music events take place in Aivazovsky Art Gallery.

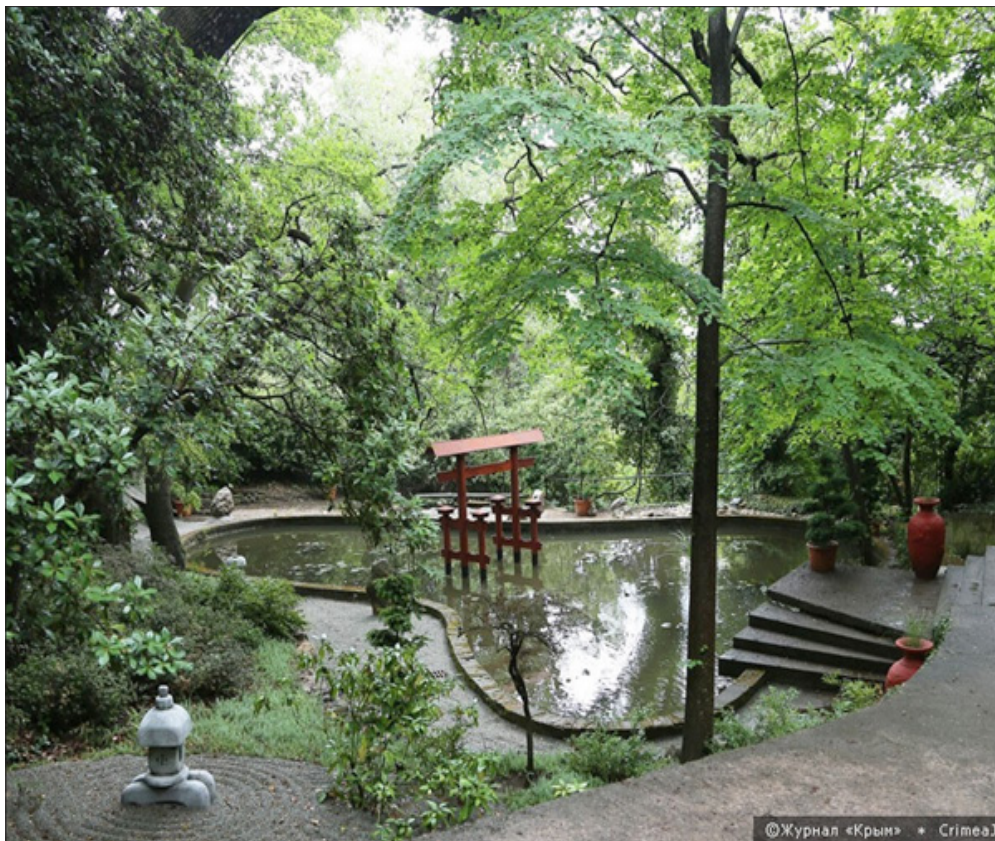
Ivan Aivazovsky was a generous benefactor of the city. The railway and water supply were constructed in Feodosia with assistance of Ivan Konstantinovich. Grateful residents of the town built a fountain dedicated to the painter and called "To the Good Genius".

Apart from the gallery, there are a lot of places associated with Ivan Konstantinovich Aivazovsky. Armenian temple Surb-Sarcis is one of these places. Aivazovsky's grave is here. It is one of the most famous Feodosia sights. In Surb-Sarcis Ivan Konstantinovich was baptized, wedded and buried.

Feodosia is rich in interesting and charming places, but the most famous of them are associated with the family of Stamboli and Ivan Konstantinovich Aivazovsky.



A Japanese Garden in Crimea



The Japanese garden of Nikitsky Botanical Garden

Irina Aksyonova, Landscape Design Department

A Japanese garden is one of the most amazing creations of landscape architecture. It teaches people to see beauty in small things: in stones, trees and water. It's created for lonely walks and musing. Every element of such a garden bears a deep meaning. Water represents a gentle and wise woman and a rock is a symbol of a strong man. A Japanese garden is miniature and laconic so everyone can have it near their house or even inside it! You can even create a garden in a box using small stones and very small trees (bonsai) as well as sand and moss. A Japanese garden fits in the natural landscape of Japan. Evergreen plants dominate in it. All these traits enable landscape architects to make gardens of such style in the mountain part of the Crimean peninsula. Let's go to Nikitsky Botanical Garden and get to know one of the most famous Japanese gardens of Crimea.

The Japanese garden of Nikitsky Botanical Garden (Nikita village near Yalta) is a part of the Seaside Memorial Park. The wooden gate in a small pond attracts great attention of visitors. Its shape resembles a hieroglyph.

This gate is a sacred symbol in Japan. You can also see a stone lantern, a common feature of Japanese gardens. It's located in the center of the "dry pond" which represents real water. To create a "dry pond" landscape architects use gravel and sand. A fan maple is one of the basic plants in Japanese gardens. You can see a species of this maple with dissected leaves and an umbrella-shaped head in Nikitsky Botanical Garden.

Nivaki is a Japanese kind of topiary art (topiary art is an art of creating different figures from trees and shrubs). The gardeners of Nikitsky Botanical Garden used yew, common pine and Chinese juniper for nivaki. The figures of the seven gods of happiness located on the stony slope meet the visitors of the garden. The Japanese believe that they bring luck. Some of these gods came to Japan from Central Asia, India and China.

A Japanese garden teaches people to see beauty in small things: in stones, trees and water.

A Rest at the Million Stars Hotel

Olga Burka, Group 652

The summer has come and thoughts of how to make it interesting and memorable are immediately emerging in our minds. For us, residents of the Crimea, summer is first of all the sea, the sun, the mountains and the southern coast of the Crimea. But after all, the Crimea is not only the southern shore, as many people in our country think. In the Crimea there are a lot of amazing places that many Crimean people do not even know about.

If you are tired of monotonous walks on the seafront of Yalta or Sevastopol, if you can't afford expensive hotels, this is right up your street: a rest at the million stars hotel. Take a big backpack, a tent, some water and food and set off to explore the wild nature of the Crimea. One of the places worth visiting is Cape Opuk. This place is unlike any place in the Crimea, combining all kinds of Crimean nature: sheer cliffs, steppes, salt lakes and sandy beaches of amazing beauty.

Opuk Nature Reserve was created at the end of the 20th century. Now it is the main natural attraction on the southern coast of the Kerch Peninsula.

There are more than 750 species of plants, 23 of which are rare – they have long been included in the Red Book.

Besides, I was lucky to see the beauty of the flowering Crimean steppe.

Opuk reserve is one of the natural and archaeological sites of the Crimea. During the



The million stars hotel

excavations at the base of the mountain, the researchers discovered the ruins of a large ancient settlement Kimmerik dating back to the 5th century. The discovery has scientific and historical value.

As you already know, Cape Opuk is a nature reserve, so you cannot camp there. The border of the reserve ends behind a salt lake. This is where you can stay and then go for a walk across the nature reserve itself.

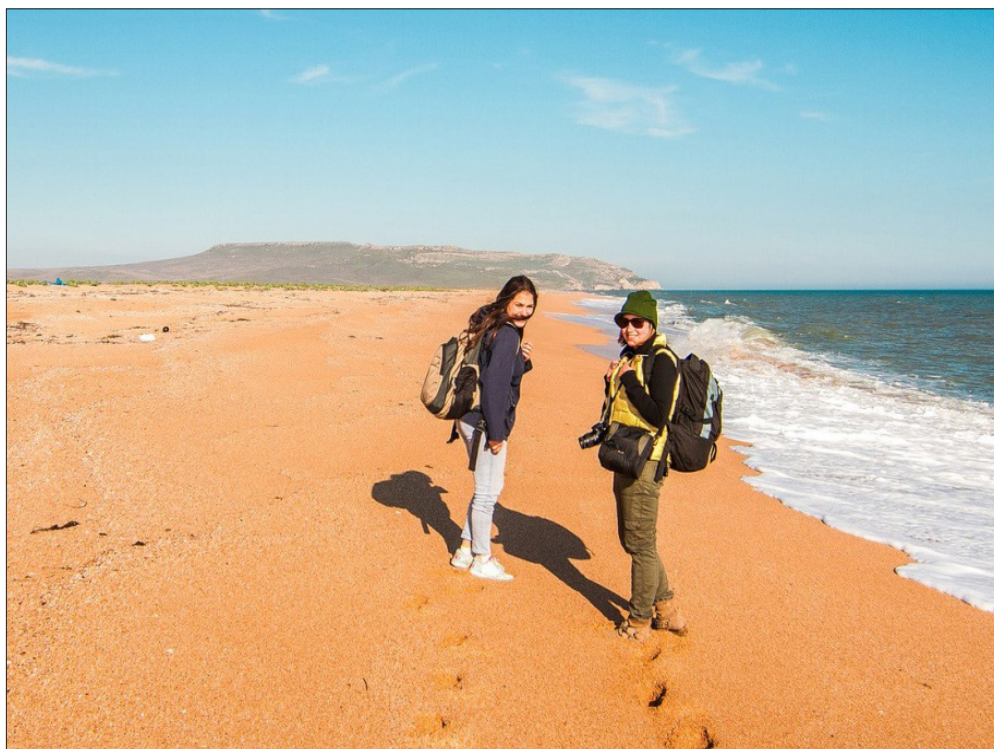
Four kilometers away from the shore of Cape Opuk you can see famous Ship Rocks. This is a group of four small islets. The largest island rock towers twenty meters above the sea. The islands were named like this because they really look like sailboats. A lot of stories and legends are associated with these rocks.

The sea in the area of Opuk reserve is

clean and transparent. This is a great place for diving. Here you can not only enjoy the beauty of the underwater landscape and get acquainted with the marine life but also view interesting objects. These are a shipwreck and an abandoned drilling platform.

But most of all I was amazed by the starry sky. As Opuk is far from big cities, as soon as the sun goes down, the darkness sets in. But when you raise your eyes, you see the beauty of the Crimean southern night, and you are overwhelmed with delight and admiration.

Of course, there is an excursion route around Opuk reserve: you take a bus, go on a guided tour and come back home. But if you want to feel the charm of the place, you should definitely stay overnight under the stars. I am sure you that you won't forget the trip.



Koyash salt lake



Desert beaches

A Robbery on Arc Street

Vadim Faizullin, Group 254

It was a regular night in Matchtown. Everything was quiet on Arc Street. It was close to midnight. Suddenly I was awoken by a loud cry. Any other person would be confused, "Who was that? Where did it come from?", but not the residents on Arc Street. Everybody knew that it was Mrs. Johnson's scream. Nobody on Arc Street would fail to recognize her high and melodious opera singer's voice.

In only 5 minutes a big crowd gathered around the Johnsons' house. Suddenly the door sprang open and Mrs. Johnson appeared on a doorstep with a pale face. After some commotion Mrs. Johnson finally told us what had happened. It turned out that her husband, Mr. Johnson, had to stay in the office for the whole night and she was home alone. Close to the midnight she heard a weird sound coming from her husband's study. She saw a person standing near her husband's safe. That person looked really weird. He was wearing white pajamas with blue dots, so his whole body was covered up. The only thing poor Mrs. Johnson could see was a pair of evil yellow eyes. She told us that the robber ran away with all the money from the safe and Mr. Johnson's important contracts through the window on the first floor. She also told us that the thief hit her with something while he was running away. It wasn't anything heavy, it was something light, in fact, but it scared poor Mrs. Johnson to death.

After hearing Mrs. Johnson's testimony Mr. Roll, a policeman who patrolled our street, stopped writing in his notepad and went into the house with other detectives who arrived while Mrs. Johnson was telling her story.

I have to say that Mr. Roll, despite being a little clumsy, was a good policeman. My neighbour Mr. Ihmus, an old writer, once told him, "Roll, my boy, you're almost as good as Sher-

lock Holmes. I'm so happy that such a policeman patrols our street." Mr. Ihmus was a very good writer, but had very odd habits. Every morning he sat in his garden in his rocking chair in his pajamas and in his favourite Indian slippers. In addition, when the old man wrote a book he always did it in dimmed lights, which really spoiled his eyesight. Mr. Ihmus called all those habits "a search for inspiration". However, no matter which habits he had he still was a good man and he really respected Mr. Roll for his work. He always told him, "As long as you're the one who patrols our street, everything will be alright."

The old man, I thought, was right. I have seen Mr. Roll countless times solve a case that nobody could solve. So when he came out of the house with his usual serious look on his face, I knew right away that he had already found something interesting.

He, firstly, questioned the Smiths couple, the Johnsons' neighbours. He asked if they had heard or seen anything weird since they always went to bed late. Both of them worked in the same office and always had a lot of work to do there. So they had to stay up late. Today wasn't different.

Mr. Smith said that he was working in his study all night with his wife, and that he hadn't seen or heard anything since he was so absorbed in his work. So was his wife.

Suddenly, I noticed that Mr. Roll was looking at Mr. Smith's feet as if he had seen something weird.

"Is there anything wrong, Mr. Roll?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Nothing in particular, I was just looking at your...slippers."

"My slippers?" asked Mr. Smith. "Ah, you're wondering why... It's just Mrs. Johnson's scream was so sudden that when my wife and I ran to her aid we didn't even have time to change... So I'm still wearing my slip-

pers and so is my wife."

I was confused. Why was Mr. Roll so interested in Mr. Smith's slippers? But while Mr. Roll was questioning me I noticed him inspecting my slippers as well, so I had to explain to him that I was in a rush to help Mrs. Johnson and forgot to take off my slippers. So what? I think everyone who had gathered around Mrs. Johnson's house had their slippers and pajamas on.

Well, almost everyone! Peter Larinson wasn't wearing slippers. In fact, he wasn't wearing pajamas either. He was in his favorite business suit, but that was hardly a surprise for anybody. He always wore his business suit no matter where he went. In fact, I once heard from Mr. Smith that he had seen Peter sleeping in an armchair in the suit through a first floor window of Peter's house, and old man Ihmus then added that Peter probably took bath in this suit too. Peter Larinson was a weird guy, in my opinion. He was only a student but he already had a business. He owned a little toy shop in the town center and was really proud of it. He was always boasting how successful his business was and how a storm of kids visited his shop every day. I must say, kids really liked Peter. He didn't just sell toys to children, he actually played with the kids in the shop showing them all the toys he had and allowed them to play with the toys right in the shop. He called it "a business strategy" so that the kids could choose the toy by trying it before they bought it. But I had an impression that he was just happy when the kids were happy.

When Mr. Roll asked Peter why he was dressed like that, he answered that he had been waiting for his business partner but he never showed up so he fell asleep in his armchair. "See? What did I tell you?" said Mr. Smith smiling. When Mr. Roll asked if he had seen or heard anything, Peter said, "When I woke up, I think I saw something white in the Johnsons' garden. It looked really weird from the distance, I should tell you. A person with a white cloth over his body sneaking around the window of the Johnsons' house. Why didn't I try to stop him? Actually, I thought at first that those were local kids playing tricks on Mrs. Johnson, but then I looked at the watch and thought that no kid would play outside at such an hour. And as I thought that, I heard Mrs. Johnsons' scream and hurried here."

After that, Mr. Roll questioned old man



Таланты нашего института

Ihmus. They were too far away from me so I couldn't hear what they were saying but I could see everything. At first everything looked fine. But then something strange happened. It seemed that Mr. Roll asked old man Ihmus to show the slippers he was wearing. Mr. Ihmus showed his slippers and after a little talk the old man suddenly started searching for something in his pockets. Finally, he took out a pair of glasses, put them on and looked at his feet. I couldn't understand what was happening until I looked at his slippers. What I saw was a pair of simple slippers, not his favorite Indian red and yellow slippers, but regular red and yellow ones. He should really like vibrant colours, I thought.

Mr. Roll questioned other people, but they were unable to give any valuable testimony or evidence. After that everybody went back to their homes. I sat on my bed mystified. Who was the thief? Why did he take the money and the contracts? And, most important, why was Mr. Roll so interested in slippers? While thinking that I didn't noticed how I fell asleep.

The next day we learned shocking news. Peter Larinson was arrested on suspicion of theft in the Johnsons' house. It turned out that the thief who ran away from Mrs. Johnson was Peter. And the white cloth she saw was pajamas that Peter was wearing over his business suit. The yellow eyes that Mrs. Johnson saw were his glasses that he used to hide his eyes. He covered the rest of his face with a white scarf. The plan was to frame old man Ihmus for the crime by dressing up in pajamas that looked a lot like those Mr. Ihmus was wearing. Also Peter "borrowed" from the old man his favorite Indian slippers and changed them for a cheap pair of similar regular slippers. He knew that Mr. Ihmus had bad eyesight so he had no problem changing them for a cheap pair. The reason he chose old man Ihmus was because Mr. Ihmus had had a dispute with Mr. Johnson over the money for his new book. It seemed that Mr. Johnson wasn't sure if the new book would be a success, so he was cautious of giving large sums. Anyway, when Peter Larinson was running away from Mrs. Johnson, he threw a slipper at her to prevent Mrs. Johnson from chasing him, as he had to leave the evidence of Mr. Ihmus' presence in the house and leaving a slipper was the best idea possible. Unfortunately for Peter when he threw the slipper he accidentally grabbed its sole and left his fingerprint on it.

Also, when he was running away from Mrs. Johnson, he cut his finger on an old nail and left a little drop of blood. Simply put, he left quite a lot of damning evidence behind.

His motive was a contract in Mr. John-

son's safe. It turned out Mr. Johnson was the one who gave Peter the toy shop. But when he saw that the shop didn't make profit, he took the contract from Peter. It turned out that Peter's "business strategy" went wrong. Kids always played in his shop but almost never bought anything. Just coming into the shop and playing there was enough for them. When Mr. Johnson found out about that, he took the contract away from Peter. A week after that Peter came up with a plan to sneak into his house and steal the contract while Mr. Johnson was absent, making Mrs. Johnson a witness who saw a weird man with yellow glasses, Indian slippers and white pajamas – the clothes that old man Ihmus liked to wear when he was at home. Then he would make a new contract with himself the only owner of the shop. As for the old contract he would destroy it so that nobody would be able to prove that he wasn't the only owner of the shop. As for Mr. Johnson... he would say that Mr. Johnson wanted to take his shop from him. He needed only one more chance to make kids happy, but he wasn't given this chance.

That's what Mr. Roll told us when we visited him at the police station.

"Mr. Roll," I said, "why didn't you arrest him yesterday? I saw that look in your eyes, you knew who the culprit was."

"For two reasons. Firstly, I had to make sure that it wasn't Mr. Ihmus. Because when I heard what the culprit was wearing and when I saw that slipper, I actually thought that Mr. Ihmus could have done it. But then I told myself not to rush to conclusions. And when I saw the pair that Mr. Ihmus was wearing and saw his reaction I understood that he didn't even realise that his slippers were different. So somebody should have taken the slippers from him and that somebody was trying to frame Mr. Ihmus. Secondly, I decided to give Peter a chance," said Mr. Roll. "You see, by inspecting the room, I learned that Mr. Johnson had stored his contracts not just in the safe but in other places, in books, for example. When I returned to the station I called Mr. Johnson and told him about the incident, and also asked about the toy shop contract. He told me that he had already sold the contract to another man, someone who he could trust. Then I called Mr. Larinson and notified him of that fact. An hour later, he came to the station himself and admitted to everything. Because of that his punishment will be reduced."

"Roll, my boy," said old man Ihmus, "not only have you saved my back and my slippers, but you've tried to help this young man as well. I've said this before and I'll say it again: as long as you patrol our street, we can be sure that everything will be alright."

EVERY MAN'S WORK

One Word

Nial Akhmedova, Group 451

*What is it you long for?
My mind, my universe, my soul?*

*The quiet is all I hear,
And silence is all that is left.
Suffocating are the tears,
Terrors of dreaming
Hurt me more
Than death.*

*Fear of rejection
Clinging to the skin.
Blankets of dust on my shoulders,
When it should be your arms.*

*I am
A desolate dwelling,
Overgrown with withered hopes
And extinguished stars.*

*And the frost of your skin
Is my fire,
The taste of your lips
Is my death.*

*Gazing into your eyes
In the shape of indifference
Ruined are all of the stars
I carry in my heart,
And I keep swallowing lies
One by one.*

*Your love,
For all the destruction,
Is all that I want
Deep down in my heart.*

*Your love,
For all the misfortune,
Is the reason
The air still kisses my lungs,
And up to this day,
Thousands of hopes run through the veins.*

*My love
Is a sinful passion
And a violent delight.*

ONE
WORD

EVERY MAN'S WORK

Таланты нашего института

Ticketless

Ann Petukhova, Group 353

As soon as I opened my suitcase, I realized that something was wrong. My things were a complete mess; it looked like someone had been searching for something in my luggage without me knowing it.

Before I flew to the desired seaside vacation, I had gone to work. I had to work in a biological laboratory for the last day before leaving and then go straight to the airport. I knew that many colleagues of mine envied me, but I did not expect them to mess with my suitcase.

So it was in the hotel when I decided to check if anything was missing and started looking through my things. And then I saw something that shocked me: one of my colleagues had put his things in my suitcase while at work and decided to accompany me! There was some of his food in my suitcase which stained my white shirt. I could not believe he had boarded the plane without paying a single dollar, just sitting quietly inside my luggage.

So here I was, staring at a white laboratory mouse that was destined to be my travel companion. I wondered if now I had to buy two return tickets instead of one.

How to Find Yourself in Real Life

Anastasiya Kharitonova, Group 254

In their childhood all people believe in fairytales about beautiful life as an adult. When you grow up you understand that in order to feel good in this big adult world and to become a good person you must find something that is worth developing for, something that will make you want to wake up in the morning. I'm not talking necessarily about work. I'm talking about some kind of activity that will give you pleasure. And if you invest strength and time in this activity, then whatever you do, it will bear fruit as well as material benefits. The most important thing is to find out what exactly will be right for you. So I would like to introduce a little digest how to survive in the big real world.

If you are between 18 and 23, you should know that you don't know anything. But you should also understand that there are many opportunities right ahead. So you have to be resolute and brave to make the first step. Below you'll find a little

list. These tips are taken from psychology books by well-known authors such as Kelly McGonagall, M. J. Ryan, Brian Tracy and many others. After reading these books, I decided to highlight the most common advice and compiled a list of 6 tips.

1. Try to understand what you want to do (your ideas may be banal or a little bit strange but it is normal. You have to find out what you are interested in).

2. Think what you need to achieve your goal. I mean you may have not enough skills or resources to do what you want, so you should think that through.

3. Think about your own abilities and skills that you already have.

4. If you already know what you want and what you can, try to correlate desires and skills. By doing this you will provide yourself with a hobby or some tasks which will make your days pleasant and maybe even open up some absolutely new horizons.

5. Get acquainted not only with yourself, but also learn to focus on people and learn to understand them.

6. You must realize that all people from birth have all the necessary makings for personal fulfillment.

After you follow the tips and find out what you want to do, you will not have any questions about who you are or how to find yourself. Therefore, it is very important to choose the direction of activity correctly and start your personal development from the right point.

Hiss Like a Snake

Nikita Khorunzhiy, Group 351

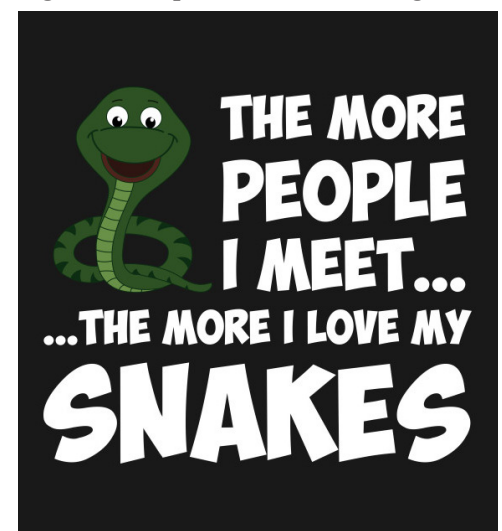
It was a beautiful Sunday morning and Tom had a day off work. He thought that it would be a great day to finally have some rest and meet his pals whom he had not seen for ages — Taylor, Christian and Ann, Christian's fiancé. He called them and the friends agreed to meet at their favourite pub. He put on some of his best clothes and set out.

When he arrived his friends were pleased to see him. 'We've ordered some drinks already, the night shall be exciting,' Christian said. 'You'll drink with us, won't you?' Tom was not sure because he had not been drinking for long and he did not trust Ann as he had had some unpleasant experience with her during their last meeting. 'Don't worry, it will be fine. This night shall be amazing and we'll take care of you if something goes wrong,' promised the boys. Ann was smiling mysterious-

ly. Soon, the friends were drinking the second bottle of whisky and having so much fun that they did not notice that they were already dancing.

Scarcely had Christian and Taylor gone off to have a smoke when Ann tried to chat with Tom. 'So, how have you been doing? I haven't seen you for ages and I missed you so much,' she said. 'I'm fine, thank you,' answered Tom without taking his eyes off his phone. 'And please, do stop acting like you're all nice. Did you really think I wouldn't hear all the things you said about me?' he said and put the phone on the table. Ann laughed arrogantly, 'As you know, my dear, Christian and I are to be married soon. He's such a duck of a boy, he does everything for me,' she whispered. 'He's almost mine, the only obstacle that remains on my way is you and your damned friendship. I do not intend to share him with anybody, he shall be mine only and I'll make sure that your pathetic friendship will end soon.' Tom was not surprised by her words, he had known that she was a snake in the grass. For a moment he remained silent.

'Telling me all this was the worst mistake you've ever made, Ann. You aren't the only snake here,' he said enigmatically. 'What do you mean by that?' Ann's face was puzzled and her hazel eyes were devouring Tom. What happened next she hadn't bargained for. 'Since our last meeting I got smarter and harder. Look what you made me do, I have recorded your speech, my dear Ann, and I'm sure that Christian will be quite surprised to hear it.' Tom was triumphant. There was a mixture of anger, confusion and disappointment on Ann's face. Just then Christian and Taylor were returning to their table, Ann grabbed her things and went off in a hurry. Tom breathed a sigh of relief, his friends had been right. That night indeed proved to be amazing.



School – Back to the Future?

Dlyaver Murtazaev, Group 254

I would like to share with you a true story which happened to me and which, in my opinion, many young people can relate to.

The story is about school and school system. To be more exact, about the fact that nowadays school doesn't open all the doors for its graduates as it should do. So, here comes the story.

Now I'm studying at the Institute of Foreign Philology and my major is English whereas at school the only subject that was properly taught in our class was Math. As a result I was able to pass my entrance exams as I had been studying English hard for 1.5 months by myself. Though it was not particularly hard to pass the exams, I soon faced another problem. It turned out that the knowledge I got at school is not enough to easily catch up with the studying process as I lack practice and knowledge of basic details. I strongly believe I could be doing better at English if the subject had been properly taught before. So, I blame the school. And I wonder if you would agree with me.

I believe that school as an institution has outlived its purpose. Just imagine how many children drift along in class never finding their goals and thinking they are



A classroom in 1870 (Russian Empire)

stupid. I am writing this article to accuse school of killing individuality and of being intellectually abusive. If any doubts may arise, you can find the evidence below. In the first picture there is a classroom from 148 years ago. In the second picture there is a today's classroom. In more than a century little has changed. These days school system claims to prepare students for the days to come. But with evidence like that I wonder if it really corresponds to this purpose as it looks more like a flashback. With the global process there is an increasing need for people with creative and critical thinking, with their own opinion and an ability to connect with others. I find it wrong when one teacher stands in front of twenty or thirty kids whereas each of them has different goals, different needs and different dreams,



A today's classroom (Russian Federation)

but the teacher teaches the same thing to all of them. Of course, biology or geography are important, but not more than singing or dancing. It's hard to say why there is no visible change as the world history has a few examples of successful school reforms. For example, Finland does amazing things in terms of school education: it has introduced shorter school days, homework is nonexistent, teachers receive decent salary and the main thing is they have in focus collaboration, not competition. Now students make up to 20% of the world population but they will make up 100% of the world's future, so isn't it obvious that the school system must attend to their dreams? Personally, I don't have faith in school system, but I do have faith in people and the young generation that can bring some positive change.

Vivere Est Militare – to Live Means to Fight

Daria Agaphonova, Group 254

The Art of War is a famous treatise on the strategy of military affairs. The principles outlined in the work of Sun Tzu, a legendary Chinese strategist, are applicable not only on battle field. And today I want to tell you how you can get rid of annoying bad habits using ancient wisdom.

Sun Tzu advised his soldiers to choose unexpected routes and attack unprotected areas. The thinker's tactic is compared to water: it flows down from the heights filling the lowlands. And at war you should avoid positions where the enemy is strong and strike where the enemy is weak. The Art of War is used far beyond the battlefield because the main idea of this treatise is as follows: if you want to achieve a goal, you need to choose the easiest way possi-

ble. This is the typical course of a wise commander. So, let's see how you can use the strategy of competent warfare in life.

Often we strive to master new skills and acquire positive habits, realize grand plans and win other victories relying exclusively on force and acting too straightforwardly. We boldly go into the battle and attack the enemy at the point when he is the strongest.

"Only then you will be sure of the success of your attacks when you are attacking unprotected places." This means you will be able to develop a good habit if you know how to overcome your weaknesses with the least resistance from your own self. For example, you want to read more books, but you are constantly distracted by modern gadgets. Just try to avoid staying in the same room with a computer or TV. It's easier than it looks, isn't it? Or you want to be



SPEAK YOUR MIND

Мысли вслух...

more active and spend more time outdoors, but every time you can't overcome laziness and you do not want to leave your home. Don't worry, there is a very good solution. Just get a pet that will need to be walked, for example, a dog.

"Only he will win who knows when to fight and when not to fight." This means that a person will succeed if he knows when it is appropriate to restrain his feelings. For example, respect for elders is not just good manners. Respect for elders breeds healthy and grateful society. Of course, no one will deny the fact that there have always been misunderstandings between generations. It happens due to lack of understanding of more progressive views of young people who are brought up on different ideas and values. But this clash of old and new views should not in any way concern respect for the older generation. Therefore, when entering a dispute with an older person, disrespectful tone and foul language are unacceptable and may result in loss of your own face and public humiliation.

When you fail something, it's wrong to put all the blame on yourself. Though in many cases failure is a logical result not of cowardice, but of poor strategy. Experienced generals start with easy victories in battles, thus strengthening their positions. They wait for the right moment to strike a precise blow. Self-improvement isn't just a matter of willpower or organization. It's all about choosing the right strategy. What people consider to be weak is often the result of attempts to achieve a good result in categorically inappropriate conditions. For example, if you have serious weight issues, do not train on programs for advanced athletes and do not expect miracles without doing much either. Too much workout can be bad for health whereas irregular exercising will not pay back even in the long-term period. It's much wiser to start with a feasible load and be persistent in achieving the necessary result.

To get rid of bad habits and breed good ones is the easiest way to success. You should assess the situation and rewrite the rules of the game so that the advantage would be on your side. It may sound corny, but how often have you found yourself in the most exhausting fight without even paying attention to much easier ways out of the situation? You will have plenty of time for difficult battles. Just deal first with the simple ones. The best way to perfection is when you don't have to overcome resistance. So, listen to yourself and on the way to your goal look for the way with the least of it.

Creation of Special Groups to Protect Crimean Nature



Denis Egorov, Group 254

Crimea faces a lot of problems connected with nature. One of them is the fact that some people go to forests or other places in the wild and are careless about nature. Their carelessness would strike anyone. They make fire and do not put it out, which can lead to a forest fire and destruction of the whole ecosystem.

They drop litter everywhere around them and don't clean up. Usually this kind of litter (plastic, tin cans, bottles) takes a long time to decompose.

Tourists destroy monuments and cultural historical sites by taking stones as souvenirs, stealing small things like coins and pieces of pictures and even buildings.

They harm plants (break branches, pick flowers, cut down trees) and animals (hunt in prohibited places or without a license, don't obey the law and catch more fish than they are allowed, use nets and explosives).

The Russian Federation has laws and articles of the Constitution which control and regulate people's behaviour in such cases, e.g. law No.7-FL dated 10th January, 2002. But these laws don't work properly because of control and monitoring issues.

Meanwhile tourists remain the most dangerous threat to Crimean nature. It would be absurd to keep them away because it's a

very powerful economic force, but we have to control their behavior on Crimean territory. With the Crimean Bridge opened we can predict an increasing tourist stream. Because of this control must be strengthened. Much has been made to improve the situation, for example wild nature parks have been built, botanical gardens, zoos, forest reserves and protected woodlands are also common in Crimea.

I suppose that there is another solution to this problem. I propose to organize a group of people who will take care of Crimean nature, and here are the things they have to do.

Protect reserved territories from hunters without licenses, lawbreakers, and from other categories of people who are dangerous for environment. They need to have a gun and a special uniform as well as to be able to register violators and arrest them if necessary. This work must be well-paid and provide a fixed job placement. It will be not arranged but available for those who are physically apt for the job, get a special training to qualify and have a wish to make Crimea a better place to live.

I believe that forming such a group is necessary and will be very useful for our nature because it can solve the problem of control, help stabilize Crimean ecosystems and make Crimea a prosperous place.

Above the Town of Feodosia Burnt out

Original Nad Feodosiey ugas... by Marina Tsvetaeva
Transaltion by Vadim Faizullin, Group 254 & Tatiana Radchenko

Above the town of Feodosia burnt out
Forever magical spring day,
The evening hour's in the bay
And shadows growing all around.

The sadness rises deep in me.
I wander mindlessly in town
And swing around and lower down
My two thin hands lamentably.

The wind with kiss embraces me.
I walk along the Genoese walls
And little silk waves of dress folds
Touch and embrace my little knee.

The rim of wedding ring is thin,
The bouquet of few violet flowers
Is pathetically small and sour
And almost reaches to my chin.

I walk along the fortress' walls
My dusky sorrow smells of spring,
Long evening shadows reach the brim
And hopelessness can't find the words.

Crimea

Original Krim by Dmitry Kedrin
Transaltion by Olga Yurmanova, Group 254

Old friend, I want to speak to you.
Old friend, do you recall Crimea?
A thick dark beech – amazing view
And let's pretend that we are still near.
Red crabs and jellyfish were found
By children, barefoot on the ground.
The ships were calm and not exciting
Behind breakwaters they were hiding.

The sea was cheerful like a dog,
And long blue waves were this dog's tongue.
The dog was lying in the shallow
And licking sand which was bright yellow
Above, the stars were just like tears
And under them were cypresses.
Each looked exactly like a candle
The smell of night was fragrant sandal.

You lit a cigarette and said,
'This place and I've already met.
The night smells good! It's very quiet!
But that Crimea which I liked,
But that Crimea which I love,

Was gunned by me in broad daylight.
Here, in the 20s every bush
Seemed a disguise for some ambush.
Now on the beach, on this warm sand
A stub of cigar can't be left!
And twigs from trees here can't be fallen!
And stones from beaches can't be stolen!
From Kremlin walls to the Crimea,
Each inch of land is mine and dear!
The blood of people is in roses;

They just did not have time to blossom
And let the grapes in glasses pour
The life which twenty years ago
Came to this land to rest in peace
I swear it was worth the risk!
Look! Someone's coming, and he ate
Sunflower seeds at the old gate.
Now silk pajamas are on him
In hands he holds a violin.

Our rest is great, but please recall
While watching films or playing ball,
When you're at work, when you are sad:
This place was really hard to get!
Now you're silent. And your eyes
Are lit with glint of million stars.
The sea is cheerful like a dog
And long blue waves are this dog's tongue.

This dog is lying in the shallow
And licking sand which is bright yellow.
Above, the stars are just like tears
And under them are cypresses.
Each looks exactly like a candle
The smell of night is fragrant sandal.
And so we drank, our bottoms up
Of Muscat wine a fragrant cup
And cheered for our Motherland
For bliss to live in such a land
And to protect it till the end.

Yalta

Original Yalta by Samuel Marshak
Transaltion by Olga Yurmanova, Group 254

The waterfront here is half-round,
The wind is wet, the sea is loud.
Yalta is cheerfully staring
Towards the south and it's glaring.

The yellowness of local grapes
Is just the same as in the days
When we were just the little boys
And is engraved in mountain slopes.

I came to Yalta at the end
Of summer holidays and met
Only young people. And I thought
They were fourteen or so years old.

The house in Yalta then was left
By Chekhov and it looked bereft
Of owner when I there appeared
And saw the city just that year.

And now this house is white and fair,
Above the narrow south street
It strangely seems to have the air
That's from the north and not from here.

And five decades had quickly passed
Without notice; at a glance
They didn't even change a note
In Chekhov's office where he wrote.

And Yalta which was always quiet
Like Russia, wanted a great fight.
And people there all day long
Were singing "Varshavianka" song.





It is really important, interesting and challenging to translate what you like especially if it relates to your future profession. Personally, I find sea and ocean to be among the most charming things on our planet. That's why I decided to take part in The Black Sea Translation Contest last autumn. All tasks were related to water, sea and oceans. It was my second experience in the translation field and I want to introduce one of my works. It is a translation of The Ocean by B. Gosling.

The Ocean Океан

Original by B. Gosling

The waves trickle along my toes.
The soft ocean sprays across my nose.
The sand was compliant under my feet,
Exactly where the ocean and it decide to meet.

The water rose and enveloped around my shin.
The salt water numbing against the skin.
A shell drifted, caught in the tide,
A tiny crab adrift inside.

The water drifted up to my hips,
A million kisses from the ocean's lips.
A gentle caress from the deep blue,
Though it would've been better if it was from you...

The water enveloped around my waist.
A thousand tiny fingers around me laced.
The horizon calls, it beckons me
Out towards it, across the sea.

Translation by Yulia Varlamova, Group 611

По моим пальцам струятся волны,
А нос вдыхает океана брызги.
Песок под ногами уступчивый, ровный,
Но там лишь, где он с океаном близок.

Вода накатила, окутав мне ногу
И кожу слегка заморозила солью,
А крошечный краб, будто ищет дорогу,
В ракушке плывя, уносимый волною.

Вода к моим бёдрам поближе припала,
Нежная ласка глубин синевы,
И в губы меня без конца целовала,
А мне бы хотелось, чтоб это был ты...

За талию крепче меня обхватив,
Вода, словно пальцами, зашнуровала.
А горизонт, мой взгляд захватив,
Манит и зовёт, чтобы снова мечтала

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Nikita Khorunzhiy, Group 351

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