

The ILE

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Look Like a Lady, Lift Like a Beast!

Vlada Novitskaya, Group 202

Svetlana Yevgenievna Chernobay is an English lecturer. She's a very nice, positive, friendly and feminine woman. This is the image of her that anyone can easily notice, but she has another quite unexpected charm. She's an athlete with three years of experience in powerlifting and her own set of achievements in this sport.

Since I myself am a striving powerlifter, I couldn't miss the opportunity to interview her, so we met in a cafe and had a very interesting conversation about powerlifting and some other things related to it.

Vlada: I think there's always some kind of background which leads you to making a decision or starting something new. There is usually a person who gives you a slight push first, a parent or a friend. How come you decided to take up powerlifting?

Svetlana Yevgenievna: The whole thing began in the summer of 2017. A desk job was draining me and I craved some physical activity. I started attending a gym

where one day I met Lenur Kataev who happened to be standing in the reception area. He became my coach. In the beginning, I did light workouts just to let my body become accustomed to exercising.

Vlada: Oh, so your main goal was just to be more active, rather than become a professional athlete?

Svetlana Yevgenievna: Exactly.

Vlada: Many people take up sport but quit their workouts eventually because they feel demotivated or other things come to the fore. What motivates you to work on your body, to lift more?

Svetlana Yevgenievna: The main things which keep me doing this sport are taking care of my health, as we all know that moving is living, and my coach's faith in me. I didn't have a goal to become a professional athlete, but I followed my belief that a sound mind resides in a sound body. Actually, those who are really aware that they do sport for their own good and they do it willingly, will always feel motivated and will not quit.

Vlada: You have just put emphasis on the expression "a sound mind is in a sound body", which implies that sport must be considered an essential part of our life. Do you share the view that all people should do sport in some way?

Svetlana Yevgenievna: Yes, of course! I think everyone should do sport because it helps to live healthily and disciplines you. You don't have to become a professional athlete if it's not your goal, but I think everyone should go to the gym, do some sport as a hobby or, at least, do some morning exercise. You know, it does not only help keep your body fit, but also refreshes your mind.

Vlada: You are so right! I wish more people would realize it. Anyway, why did you choose to take up powerlifting rather than fitness, crossfit, you name it?

Svetlana Yevgenievna: Quite simple. My coach encouraged me to do powerlifting. I noticed the results, changes in my body. On the other hand, fitness didn't help me to lose weight and replace fat with muscles, but powerlifting did.

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO

Здорово жить

Vlada: Indeed, it's very effective for achieving healthy weight. But it was not just for the sake of losing weight, was it? I know you also take part in competitions. What are your best results and which titles have you won so far?

Svetlana Yevgenievna: In 2017, there were some breaks between workouts, but since 2018 I have been constantly working on my body. My coach was encouraging me to lift more gradually, and in 2019 he suggested taking part in a competition because I was ready to show some descent results. At least, he said so. It was the Southern Federal Region Championship where I lifted my total 255 kilograms. In 2020, I participated in the European Championship. The total weight amounted to 317,5 kilograms, I took the second place. At my latest Championship I finally earned the title of Master with a total weight of 320 kilograms. It was very difficult to get the title, but I did it thanks to hard work and my coach's support.

Vlada: You did a fantastic job! It is pretty hard to meet the standards. Besides, even if you do something in a gym, it doesn't mean you can always manage it at a competition. Finally, may I ask you, Svetlana Yevgenievna, to give advice to the amateurs and beginners who would like to take their first steps in powerlifting but lack confidence?

Svetlana Yevgenievna: You should have faith in yourself, but don't overesti-



mate your abilities. You should trust your coach, and, of course, it's important to understand that to succeed you have to be patient and work hard for years.

Vlada: Great! It was a pleasure to talk to you. Thank you very much for the interview.

Svetlana Yevgenievna: My pleasure.



Powerlifting — Lift or Die

Vlada Novitskaya, Group 202

Powerlifting is a strength sport. Its roots are found in traditions of strength training of ancient Greeks and Persians. The idea of powerlifting originated in ancient Greece where men lifted stones to manifest their strength. Young people in Scotland did a similar exercise of lifting a 100-kilo rock to prove their masculinity. So, people have always been interested in challenging their resilience and strength.

Nowadays, powerlifting has not become an Olympic sport yet, but it has gained considerable popularity. Powerlifting has been a Paralympian sport since 1984 and, under the IPF (International Powerlifting Federation), it is also a World Games sport. There are 20 most famous federations of powerlifting. In Crimea the main one is NAP (National Alliance of Powerlifters). In fact, I perform in this federation.

The most famous Russian powerlifters are Kirill Sarichev, Yuriy Belkin and Michael Shivyakov. Their great skills are attested by their records in deadlift: Sarichev deadlifted 402,5 kilos, Shivyakov lifted 436 kilos and Belkin did 440 kilos. As for the world record in the deadlift, it was set by Irish powerlifter Hafthor Bjornsson with 501 kilos.

No wonder, most powerlifters are men. If you come over to our sports club, you will see from 2 to 4 female athletes doing their special strength workouts. Others, both boys and girls, just try to keep fit and are into fitness. My coach calls them “snowdrops”. Don’t get this wrong, there is no discrimination. Athletes just cannot understand their light fitness workouts, which they consider a mere warm-up. On the other hand, unlike athletes, the “snowdrops” are not involved into the workouts which could be destructive to your body. Well, I used to be “a snowdrop” too. To be honest, I hate recollecting my first day in the sports club, which divided my life into before and after. Before taking up powerlifting I had lived in a fog. I used to worry about my appearance, about the things imposed on me by the world. What I discovered is that sport literally changes your mind. I think it is all about resilience. Doing powerlifting, you put ourselves into extreme conditions. Automatically, you stop worrying about those foolish things which used to seem very important to you. My friend says, “Can you imagine? I met that boy, but I wasn’t looking my best!” or “Look at her thin legs! She’s so beautiful!” And I just smile through it, remembering my old goals

and ideals. Now I started to value personality even more, though I cannot resist admiring someone’s quadriceps muscles. Well, everyone has their own ideals, and that is great. So, if you feel like re-examining your values and distancing yourself from the image of a fragile woman, this sport will definitely help you.

Now let’s have a look at the disciplines of powerlifting. They are: squat, bench press and deadlift.

Each competitor is allowed to make three attempts for each of the disciplines. For each weight class the lifter with the highest total weight wins.

The only equipment allowed in raw powerlifting consists of a belt, a leotard, knee wraps, wristbands and weightlifting shoes. However, there are special disciplines where people compete wearing extra gear.

The standards of this sport typically include three Classes: Candidate for Master, Master, Elite. Every amateur lifter dreams of becoming Master.

Now you have a general idea of powerlifting, but, like in each sport, there is so much to say about the details.

The crucial element of this sport is a correct technique of performing the exercises. Speaking about the squat, the main aspects are widely set knees and a stable back; as for bench press, they are pushed together shoulder blades, a curved back, a stable body. Deadlift is the most dangerous exercise; it’s very important to hold your back straight, but every lifter knows how hard it is to do it when you are lifting your maximum weight. However, lack of technique increases the risk of getting injured. Like in each sport there is a big list of injuries involved, from a minor sprain to ripped muscles. Sadly, this happens quite often.

The great sport is all about risk. However, you have to work out anyway. There is no excuse for not doing anything. If you have

an injury, you work on another part of your body. Everyone has their hard days, but for a sportsman it means putting up with tiredness and failure. Weight does not give in to you willingly, sometimes you lift with a rounded back and trembling knees. But this is the most incredible thing about this sport – you have to fight yourself to improve the results and reach success.

Now let’s talk about some less appealing things for which you should be prepared if you consider taking up powerlifting. It is very likely that you will constantly receive bruises on your legs after the deadlift. Sore muscles also become a common thing. Calluses will appear on your hands, and you will need to steam them out. Girls will have to forget about wearing long nails. It might be a good idea to wear simple clothes, because they would get covered in chalk anyway. Also you will have to eat one or two hours before a workout, so that you do not get sick. However, you don’t have to worry about these little things as you will get used to them very soon.

The last aspect that definitely needs to be considered is the people who encourage you to develop. My coach has become one of the most important people in my life. The man teaches me, gives me support, makes me laugh and instils me with wholehearted love for what I do. I adore his sarcastic sense of humour. He enjoys giving people nicknames, mine being Kid, Sweetheart, Softie and Soldier. My gym mate Ada’s nicknames are Little Centaur, Adeleshka and Sucker. Ada is 26 and a skilled athlete. She always tells jokes and anecdotes and our gym wouldn’t be the same place without her. She always supports me when I fail. I consider people in the gym my second family. Now I can definitely say that sport brings people together. Take up this sport and you’ll definitely love it like I do.



How Customs Shape the Language

Ekaterina Kozhemyako, Group 202

It is common knowledge that language and culture are closely interrelated. Culture influences language a lot, and it is really important to learn about a country's customs and past to understand why native speakers speak this way and not another. Since we study the English language, we should know more about traditions of the UK. It is interesting that if we go deeper into the culture and history, we shall find out about many British customs that seem quite unusual or even strange like some examples below.

SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKE RACE IN ENGLAND

If you've ever tried to fry pancakes, you must know how hard it is to flip them from one side to the other without ripping or dropping them on the floor. Now imagine that you must toss them while running. Sounds crazy, doesn't it? Well, in Britain, there is an annual competition dedicated to pancake tossing that takes place in Olney (Buckinghamshire, England) every Shrove Tuesday, which is the Lent's eve. The competitors (who are housewives that must live in Olney for at least three months prior to the event and be at least 18 years old) put on skirts, aprons, and kerchiefs and take their frying pans with pancakes laid inside. The point is to run a fixed distance and flip the pancake at least twice while doing it.

This unusual custom dates back to 1445. It is said to have been set by a woman who was so engrossed in pancake frying that she nearly missed a service in church. She ran to the church while still holding the pan and flipping the pancake so that it didn't burn.



Shrove Tuesday Pancake Race in England

Here is another interesting fact: Shrove Tuesday is called "a movable feast". English people use this phrase to talk about holidays with an unfixd date. However, it is also commonly used in the English language to talk about things that change over time or something that can happen at any time or place that suits people. Also, the name of Shrove Tuesday is connected to the word "shrive" which means to listen to someone confessing his sins and offer forgiveness. This gave rise to an English expression "a short shrift". In old times, it meant a brief period of time for confession or absolution given to a condemned prisoner before his or her execution. However, as the time went by, the meaning of this phrase changed to be currently understood as "little attention or consideration in dealing with a person or matter".

COAL CARRYING RACE IN SCOTLAND

Do you use coal in your daily life? If you do, what do you use it for? Heating your house? Fertilising soil in your garden? Whether you have anything to do with coal or not, you can still have some unforgettable moments handling it. How about hoisting a bag full of this kind of fossil fuel on your back and running a certain distance? "Why would I do it?" you may reasonably ask. Well, to beat some rivals, commemorate your past, and generally have fun. This is what Scottish people do, actually. Moreover, they arrange a coal-inspired competition every summer. The Coal Carrying Race originates from the stories about colliers of the late 1800s who used to run home from the pits after the shift was over. They car-



Kelty Coal Race Championship

ried large pieces of coal in their bags for their own use. The competition takes place in Kelty, the village where that type of fossil fuel was mined previously. Both men and women take part in it. Women heft 20 kg, men do 50 kg. The contestants run a bit more than a kilometer, uphill through the village, from the smiddy (the workshop of a smith) to the school.

The coal bags which are used in the race are called "rakers" or "clugs" in Scotland. The latter has another definition: "a shoe with a thick wooden sole" or "a block of wood attached to the leg of an animal to prevent straying". In British English the word is spelled as "clog". It has the same meanings. The Brits even have an idiom "to pop your clogs", which means "to die". Moreover, there is a clog dance which involves wearing this kind of shoe and is popular with people in Wales and Northern England. In addition to this, "clog" is also a verb in British English. The definition is "to block something or to become blocked".

"THE TWELFTH" IN NORTHERN IRELAND

Take a look at the first picture on the next page.

What do you think the enormous structure in the middle is? Is it some strange sort of Christmas tree or a huge cake? Nei-



An Eleventh Night bonfire is prepared in Larne (Liam McBurney/PA)

ther of these two answers is right, actually. What you can see is a bonfire. To be precise, something which is being prepared to become one. The unusual tower is situated in Northern Ireland. It's made of wooden pallets and tyres. Towers of this kind are scattered across Northern Ireland on 11th July every year and in the evening they're lit. Why do Irish people do this? This way they celebrate the victory of Protestant King William III over Catholic King James II at the Battle of the Boyne. In fact, bonfires are an introduction to the main event, which takes place the next day, "The Twelfth". This is the day when members of the Orange Order and Ulster loyalists hold parades to commemorate the historic event.

Some centuries ago a lot of Protestants migrated to Ireland from Scotland, Northern England and American colonies because of the Plantation of Ulster. They were called "hillbillies". There are several theories about the origin of the word. The first one is that it derived from a Scottish dialect, where "hillbilly" was a result of combining "billy" ("comrade") and "hill-folk" (the one who preferred isolation from the greater society). The other theory suggests that hillbillies were King William's followers, so here "billy" refers to the diminutive form of William. It seems that British people don't use "hillbilly" today. Instead, you can find it in American English. However, avoid using it unless you mean to hurt someone: the word expresses

contempt towards rural inhabitants who live in mountainous areas of the USA.

SPOONS AS A SIGN OF LOVE IN WALES

It goes without saying that if you want to show your affection for someone, the best way to do it is to give them a bouquet of flowers or a box of chocolate. However, Welsh young men do something different. For them, the perfect way to demonstrate the power of their feelings is to carve a wooden spoon for their loved one. This tradition dates back to the 17th century. For the girl who received a spoon it was a sign that her suitor was a caring and skillful man and was the best to start a family with. Different symbols carved in the spoon meant different things. For example, a chain was a sign of faithfulness and loyalty. A horseshoe meant good luck and good fortune. A stork represented a new birth. A dragon was a sign of protection. Lovespoons are the most popular gifts with the Welsh on St Dwynwen's Day, which is the Welsh equivalent St Valentine's Day. It's celebrated on 25th January each year. Legends say that Dwynwen, a daughter of Welsh King Brychan Brycheiniog, fell in love with Maelon Dafodrill. However, her father wouldn't give his consent to the marriage, so she ran away into the forest and prayed to God to fall out of love with Maelon. God answered her prayers, turned Maelon to ice, and granted Dwynwen three wishes. Firstly, she wished

to have Maelon thawed, secondly, she wished for the happiness of all lovers and, thirdly, she wished that she wouldn't marry and devote herself to God instead. Since then, Dwynwen has been believed to be the patron saint of lovers in Wales. Welsh people still remember her most famous saying, "Nothing wins heart like cheerfulness".

As you can see, there are a lot more things to be learnt about the United Kingdom. I hope I've helped you sink deeper into the culture, history and the English language. And I hope you'll find out something new about these amazing countries as I myself was astonished at the fact that there were so many things I hadn't known before.



A Welsh love spoon

The Sweet Berry of Shame Only the Best Own Their Bad!

Karina Reshidzhanova, Group 202

It is customary to encourage outstanding personal or collective achievement, from the best songs, books, films to the best scientific works and inventions. However, for some reason, no one thought of celebrating the worst works in a wide variety of categories, while their creators, probably, still want to be noticed.

Apparently, this is exactly what occurred to John Wilson, an American satirical writer. Being dissatisfied with the fact that only the best stole the spotlight, he decided to choose the worst in the film industry and arrange an award ceremony in recognition of the rotten fruit grown and harvested by human effort. Thus, since 1980 the most controversial and dubious movies have been awarded the Golden Raspberry, often shortened to the Razzies. The name comes from an English jargon word “raspberry”, meaning a snort, a loud sound of contempt.

This award is a parody of such famous awards as Oscar and Emmy, but this ceremony marks the worst actors, producers, screenwriters, as well as the worst films and film songs. Annually, nominees and laureates of the ‘anti-award’ are announced one day prior to the Academy Awards. The winner receives a plastic painted golden raspberry placed on a damaged reel of film. The cost of the statuette does not exceed 5 dollars.

Razzie Awards are granted on the basis of the votes of the Golden Raspberry Foundation members. The group of specialists who make the decision does not include film academicians, professional critics or producers, but rather ordinary people willing to pay \$50 and take part in the anonymous vote. The public can also choose the award winners via a poll on the Rotten Tomatoes website.

The announcement of the results can be described as a humorous show rather than a pompous ceremony. Indeed, it takes no more than an hour and takes place in a rather modest spot, so arranging the event does not cost the earth.

Unsurprisingly, nominees and laureates were reluctant to attend the Golden Raspberry Ceremony at first. Paul Verhoeven was the first to go to the Razzie Awards Ceremony in person to collect his Worst Director and Worst Film awards. Later on, actors and di-



rectors with a good sense of humor began accepting their awards on TV chat shows.

Other famous winners include Sandra Bullock who had accepted her Worst Actress award at the Razzies the night before she accepted her first Best Actress Oscar award for a different film. Most Razzie winners still prefer to pretend they didn't win it, though. You will be shocked to find out that Sylvester Stallone is the absolute record holder. He was nominated about 30 times and received 10 Razzies.

Obviously, the existence of such an award is beneficial for filmmakers, as it motivates them to do their best and shoot high-quality films, taking care of the prosperity of the film industry. Likewise, awards are important to keep up students' motivation in the long term so that students can show interest and raise their participation in the everyday classroom tasks, responsibilities and learning. So, wouldn't it be a brilliant idea to bring the academic year to a close with an informal ceremony where funny end-of-year awards could be presented to students? Below, there are some nominations that could definitely be collected by quite a few front-runners in our Institute. Check them out!

1. The Loch Ness Award

For least likely to be seen. You barely meet them once or twice in the campus area, and whenever you do, there must be an important event happening in the university, like the final exams or the presentation day. You soon find out that there are fewer people attending the class than there should be according to the register.

2. The Excuse Trader Award

Making utterly implausible excuses is the distinctive feature of this species of students. Fictional excuses are consistent, they are made up and charged at the professors in order to improve final grades or justify skipping lectures. As a rule, these students seem to have an excess of sudden medical conditions.

3. The Tardy Award

No matter how late or early the class is, these people never come in time. Punctuality is a sin, they seem to think. Actually, they tend to show up only 15 minutes after the class begins, holding a cup of coffee in their hand, and hoping that nobody will notice them. These chronic latecomers have rarely come to class in time, even though you may spot them in the campus before the classes even start.

4. The Borrower Award

These students never come to class with their own stationary; they borrow everything even on the exam day. They enter the room with, “Hey, do you have a spare pen?” After a while, it becomes a known ritual to the rest of the class and an object of ridicule. Some students even bring extra pens to class on purpose, ready to meet the borrowers' requests.

5. The All-Rounder Award

The all-rounder is the star of the school. These students are not only good at a wide range of things, have many different skills and abilities, but also excel in every aspect of university and social life. For example, they can be heads of student councils, manage a drama club and do so many things overnight that even half of the workload could make others dizzy.

Nikita Khorunzhiy — a Crimean in Beijing

Eleonora Abdurakhimova, Group 191
Nikita Khorunzhiy, Graduate Student, Group 205

Nikita Khorunzhiy is an aspiring venture philologist. A graduate student of the Institute of Philology who spent a year living and working in China as an ESL teacher. We have decided to ask him a couple of questions about that period in his life.

How did you get abroad?

Actually it wasn't that difficult. One of my acquaintances had been working in China for quite some time, he gave me a contact of a trustworthy agent. I recorded a self-introduction video in English, my prospective employer was impressed by my command of the language, offered me a contract for a term and off I was flying to Beijing towards my dream job.

What prompted you to take this step?

Having finished school I promised myself that I would be somewhere abroad in two years' time. Since then I was saving up money in order to achieve that goal. Once I had the sum I realized that going to Europe would be rather difficult because of *the Crimean question*. Furthermore, I had a couple of acquaintances working in Beijing who were more than happy to help me find a suitable job there.

What did you enjoy most while working / interning abroad?

Hmm, let me think about it for a while... I've got a couple of reasons to love China. The first one is being able to see something new every day. China is full of surprises, from groups of women dancing in the park to old men playing with their kites and massive yo-yos, there's always something going on. Then there's an opportunity to spend time with other expats, have fun with them and learn more about different cultures. And... TAobao! Put simply, Taobao is a shopping paradise! I've used it to buy everything. If you're ordering from abroad you may have to wait a few weeks for delivery. But, if you're ordering from China, Taobao is generally fast — my orders typically arrived within 1-2 days. Now that I'm thinking about Taobao I just cannot but mention WeChat Pay. It is a function within WeChat, a ubiquitous Chinese messaging app. Every Chinese person has it on their phone, be it an elderly lady or a student. The reason for such popularity is that China is a mobile-first market and most of the people access the Internet via smartphones

exclusively. Another contributing factor is that users can transfer funds between each other for free, which is handy when splitting a bill for instance. With a healthy bank balance and a smartphone equipped with WeChat, there is almost no reason to carry cash in China any longer! Amazing, isn't it?

How long have you been abroad?

I spent almost a year living and working in Beijing.

Would you like to repeat this experience?

Yes, I would very much like to go to China again as a model or an ESL teacher, though I'd rather opt for Europe :)

What does working abroad have in common with working in Russia?

Hmm, that's a tough question actually. To be honest, I think that the only similarity is that you still teach English and the methods you use are quite the same.

What advice would you give to a student who is going to go on an internship or work abroad?

Believe in yourself, motivation and confidence are the keys to success. And don't

get down in the dumps because of some unpleasant events. As one of my friends once told me, the troubles in your life can actually make you better, make you stronger, make you smarter. After some time I can certainly agree with him on this.

What are the features of teaching English to Chinese children?

All Chinese, including children, tend to mistake *he* for *she*. It happens due to the structure of the Chinese language which has two different, but homophonous, characters 她 and 他 for these pronouns (pronounced the same (tā and tā)). Another point worth mentioning is that each child is unique. Some learn best through singing, others learn best by movement or by interacting with others. A good curriculum, be it English or Chinese, must engage children with different learning styles.

Did anything surprise you about teaching in China?

Yeah, the extent of use of modern technologies in education process. Children are well-acquainted with smart TVs and touch screens which are used to create interactive and interesting lessons.



STUDENT LIFE

О студенческой жизни

Why Not?

Jessica Kirillova, Group 202

Eighth grade. Autumn. I was lying on the couch when my mom came into the room. “Jess, would you like to become a translator? It would be wonderful to learn English!” she blurted out enthusiastically. “Well, why not...” I thought. 4 years later I passed the exams and entered the University. “Well, good for you... No one doubted,” were the words I heard in response to the announcement of my admission. Perhaps, many people hear the same things when they reach new heights. Anyway, the University benches were waiting for me.

Well, I came to study rather than inspect the facilities.



Need to stay somewhere

Commuting to University every day was out of the question: the fares were expensive, and every minute counted. The next day I went to the University to get some information about the halls of residence. It was when I had the requisite documents ready and went to get a warrant for a place in my future home, that my first test of fortitude caught up with me. “Don’t ask too many questions; a well-bred person doesn’t talk like that; it’s very difficult to study here; forget about nights on the Internet...” that’s how I was met by one of the course curators. That wonderful lady does not teach me, but meeting with her taught me a lesson. I realized that I needed to put my thoughts into words clearly and speak correctly. As they say, nothing happens for no reason. I got a warrant, thank God, and a bed place was provided for me. The state of the dormitory is quite a sight: it is infested with red cockroaches, and if there is some wallpaper in the room, it is already good enough. Well, I came to study rather than inspect the facilities. In general, I enjoy living in hall as no one disturbs me, though sometimes it’s so quiet that I feel down in the dumps). At least, I can do what I want. And when we finally got hot water and central heating, I felt like a queen!

First days at University

The volume of homework, the unusual timetable, less time to sleep almost drove me crazy. I had an urge to drop out after mere three weeks of training, but I knew I had to hold out. When I talked to the seniors, they said that I was doing a great job

holding out for that long! Everyone said that I should get used to it. Well, I almost did... I try to manage my time reasonably. When I entered University, I realized that all my English knowledge was not knowledge at all. Right now, it’s like I’m learning the language from the beginning. German and Latin are not easy for me either.

Distance learning

That Tuesday, 27th October, just out of the blue, the students were informed that distance learning was starting. I refused to believe it, because I knew that I would get tired of the computer. Distance learning lasted several months. Homework was not reduced, so I also continued to study. By the way, it was fun to see my classmates while staying home! The exam session was also held remotely. The preparation for the session was stressful. How much I was looking forward to the winter holidays!

I prayed to God to give me strength for my studies

How I coped with everything

A person cannot work ceaselessly, so at some moments you feel an urge to give up. That’s what family and friends are for. I am a happy person as I have a large family and I am surrounded by well-bred, educated people. I managed to get a good emotional release: I received support from my elder sister when I cried a lot; I received messages from my dad saying that I would cope and I need-

ed to continue moving forward. By the way, my dad also brought me snacks to the dormitory. I prayed to God to give me strength for my studies; I talked with nice girls and had tea with them; I bought myself pizza. I understood that my life was not so bad.

My expectations

Well, I hope that studying will be getting easier for me day by day and I will gain experience. I believe that further training will be interesting and, of course, I do not exclude the fact that it will be just as difficult. Another expectation is to finally get enough sleep!

I always tell myself, “If they coped, we can.”

Wishes for first-year students

You may have also thought, “Why not?” when you decided to enter University to study foreign languages. Maybe, it was your dream to rush up the steps of the blue building and crowd with other students in its rooms. In any case, I hope, you, guys, enjoy learning foreign languages and won’t wander off your path of learning this new world. When I walked into our blue building, I saw cute colourful posters in foreign languages. I thought those posters had been made by students just like us. I always tell myself, “If they coped, we also can.” I respect myself for not giving up. That I still wait for my bus to University every day. Respect yourselves for this too, and believe that the most interesting things are just ahead!

Pigeons

Ayshe Mamedlaeva, Group 193

What's the difference between pigeons and doves? Why is there a stereotype which describes them as dirty flying rats? Where do the wedding doves fly after a newly married couple let them go? These are all questions frequently asked by people who know nothing about pigeons.

The Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary defines a pigeon as "a fat grey and white bird with short legs. Pigeons are common in cities and also live in woods and fields where people shoot them for sport or food." As for doves, the definition is a bit shorter, "a bird of the pigeon family. The white dove is often used as a symbol of peace". By the way, a small building for doves or pigeons to live in is called 'dovecote' or 'loft'.

Pigeons' homing talents continued to shape history during the 20th century. They were the ones who saved thousands of human lives by delivering critical updates during wars. In both world wars rival nations had huge flocks of pigeon messengers. One racing bird named Cher Ami completed a mission that led to the rescue of 194 stranded U.S. soldiers on October 4, 1918. On 23 February, 1942 a British submarine returning from a mission in Norway was damaged by Nazi aircraft. Notes with the location of the skiff were attached to a bird's leg. The dove flew for 12 days and covered about 9,000 km. For this feat, the bird, called Winky, was awarded the highest military award in Great Britain and immortalized in the image of a bronze statue. In this country more than 30,000 pigeon-messages were delivered during the war years. During World War II a group of underground workers from the Danish Resistance obtained important secret information about Hitler's war plans. There was only one way for delivering it to the commandment – the trained feathered fellows. To reach the coast of England, they had to cover a distance of 800 km. The dove called Mercury was the only one who managed it. Pigeons were such a threat to the enemy that they ordered snipers to shoot pigeons and even trained hawks to act as fighters. In fact, nowadays hawks are as dangerous for the feathered fellows as before. It goes without saying that millions of them died for the victory. So, next time you call the birds "rats with wings", remember that they played a big role in saving many human lives.

Little do you know that those birdies are faster than a cheetah. In 1944, the Irish



homing pigeon, Peddy by name, delivered to England a message about the successful landing of allied troops in Normandy in less than 4 hours, which was a record speed.

Pigeons are even more muscled than gorillas. Their secret is the superpower flight as the wings push them up and forward in one smooth move. This helps them take off vertically and even hover in mid-air. The wings become a stiff paddle and push down a huge amount of air, making a specific clicking sound. Besides, they have about 10,000 feathers for flying and warmth in harsh weather. Shiny and colourful neck feathers are called 'a hackle'. Tail feathers, by the way, are used for balance. Pigeons' bones are strong but light at the same time. Other pigeon powers include their super senses as their ears and eyes guide them around and keep them out of trouble. As you probably know, their field of vision is a total of 340 degrees. Another interesting fact about their eyes is that they can detect ultraviolet rays.

These birds can find their way home from anywhere in the world. Dr Jonathan Hangstrum in the US Geological Survey claims that pigeons form 'an acoustic map' in their brain. According to the scientist, the birds distinguish between sound vibrations. Every terrain has its own infra acoustic map. It may be of natural origin (earthquakes, volcanoes) and man-made (urban landscape). When pigeons find themselves in an unfamiliar area, they receive infra-sound from their loft. Strange as it may seem, these ordinary birds possess some surprising superpower. No wonder people like keeping them.

Pigeon-fancying or keeping is the art and science of breeding domestic pigeons. Hu-

manity has practised pigeon keeping for about 10,000 years in almost every part of the world. People who breed pigeons are commonly referred to as pigeon fanciers. The most famous pigeon keepers are Queen Victoria, Queen Elisabeth II, Charles Darwin, Pablo Picasso, Mike Tyson and Nicola Tesla.

Tesla's favourite was a white female, about whom he once said, "I loved that pigeon, I loved her as a man loves a woman and she loved me. When she was ill, I knew and understood; she came to my room and I stayed beside her for days. I nursed her back to health. That pigeon was the joy of my life. If she needed me, nothing else mattered. As long as I had her, there was a purpose in my life." Reportedly, he was inconsolable after she died.

You may also notice that even rock pigeons have many distinctions. They breed in all kind of shapes and sizes. On the Earth, there are about 400 million pigeons. They are divided into the following categories: fancy (decorative), utility, and flying ones. The last ones are kept and bred for their aerial performance and for reproduction. Racing homers are a type of the homing pigeon, trained to participate in the sport of pigeon racing. Such races often have large cash prizes of up to 1 million dollars, as the Sun City Million Dollar Pigeon Race. Fanciers who fly racing pigeons sometimes win long-distance races and even break records.

Utility pigeons are bred for their meat and as replacement breeding stock. The meat of pigeons is customarily referred to as squab and is considered a delicacy in many parts of the world. Examples of utility varieties include Kings, several different varieties of Mondaines and Carneau.

Last but not the least, fancy pigeons are especially bred to perpetuate particular

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features. Examples of fancy pigeons would include Jacobins, Fantails and Pigmy Pouters. Their owners have them compete against each other at exhibitions or pigeon shows and judges decide who has the best ones by comparing them to each other and their respective breed standard.

In our dovecote, there are fancy ones only – the Uzbek doves. Their specific features are feathered ‘hats’ (one or two) and fuzzy legs which hobbyists call ‘muffs’. According to biologist Mike Shapiro, “pigeons’ fancy feathered feet are partially wings”. They also can turn a somersault while flying. For a nice flip you have to fly those pigeons and, of course, look after them well.

So, great eyes, ultrasensitive hearing, super strong bones and huge muscles make pigeons the surprising champions of the sky. But all those natural abilities are used

only for one thing – making baby-pigeons. Both parents take care of little babies. It’s quite funny to watch them kissing, so very romantic. After their nest is done, they are ready to give birth. In ten days, twins arrive. Baby pigeons are called ‘squabs’. They are sightless, helpless and hungry. But this is not a problem at all as both pigeon parents have a special nursing ability to produce ‘fake milk’, nutritious enough for squabs to double their size in two days. And soon, when the 35-day-old babies are big enough to feed themselves, it’s time for them to leave the nest. After that the parents won’t worry much about them as they’ll have another pair of eggs. Adult specimens can lay eggs eight times a year. The best seasons for this are spring, summer and autumn. In fact, pigeons live 15 years on average.

If you asked me about my attitude to-

ward these birds, I’d say they are incredible. Keeping them teaches you much. You have to be very responsible and keep an eye on them as the lives of fancy pigeons are fairly fragile. I myself got the first experience when my father brought home a neglected fancy squab. It looked like an ugly duckling but I saw nothing but a cute little friend. She was named after a pigeon character, Valiant, but I shortened it to Val (I thought it was a male pigeon as the gender is sometimes hard to identify). All our pigeons have names like Richard, Oreo, Violette, Tortik, Bulochka, Pukhnastik, Eclair. I’m convinced that when you give somebody a name, you make them very special. I, for one, want them to be special and always back home. They have given me the so much needed peace of mind, so I pledge to provide for their joyful life.

Music As a Social Manifesto

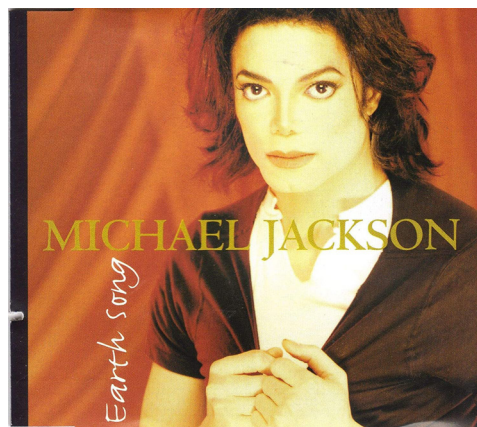
Vladimir Kaberkon & Konstantin Krivyonyshchev, Group 202

A long time ago Nikolay Nekrasov wrote, ‘You do not have to be a poet, but you are obliged to be a citizen’. Indeed, art is often used to express one’s civil position. Throughout the years, poets, writers and artists have tried to draw society’s attention to the pressing problems in the world. So can we call musicians responsible citizens too? Let us answer this question. The inquiry will start with a review of some old works, and a few contemporary ones will end it.

EARTH SONG

Back in the nineties of the twentieth century, there were attempts to express one’s civil position through music. Way back then, Michael Jackson, who is also known as the ‘King of Pop’, introduced his Earth Song in 1995. It was his first ballad that overtly dealt with the environment and animal welfare. ‘What have we done to the world?’ the singer wonders. Thanks to such an artistic device as impersonation, Michael Jackson evokes compassion of the listeners: the Earth ‘is crying’ and the shores ‘are weeping’ just like people do. They are ‘bleeding’ and suffering because of the environmental pollution that we cause, that is what the author wants to tell. As for the style, it contains elements of blues, gospel and opera. The song can be seen as a story that develops rapidly from start to finish. It has a lyrical beginning and a dramatic ending, not leaving the audience indifferent to the problems described in the lyrics.

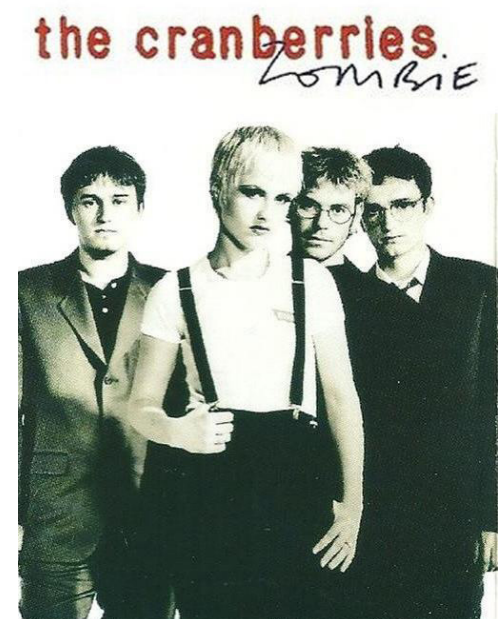
However, we can also hear a repetitive motif which is, in fact, a simple vocalise that makes the ballad more catchy. Apart from this, Michael Jackson recorded a lot of socially conscious material such as We Are the World, Man in the Mirror and Heal the World. In these songs, he also encouraged people to be more responsible for their actions, as this is the only way to make the world a better place.



ZOMBIE

In 1994, a year before the release of Michael Jackson’s ballad, Irish band The Cranberries presented their song Zombie which was written in memory of two young boys who died from bombing that occurred during the Troubles. There is a metaphor in the title of the song. Dolores O’Riordan called the terrorists zombies as they mercilessly killed people without bearing any consequences. In the song she sings about grief-stricken mothers whose children will never be seen alive. So, the main idea is

to stop the war between people, drawing listeners’ attention to its inhumanity. Remarkably, the line ‘It’s the same old theme since 1916’ refers to the Easter Rising, which was launched by Irish republicans against British rule with the aim of establishing Ireland’s independence. As for the music style, it is alternative rock with elements of grunge. The harmony is generally based on power chords. There are some fills at the beginning of the verses with the lead guitar and a simple solo in the culmination.



WHAT I’VE DONE

In the twenty-first century, musicians did not lose the desire to express their civil position. American band Linkin Park introduced their song What I’ve Done in 2007. Listen-

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ing to the lyrics, we may mistakenly think that the song is dedicated to one's emotional problems. Particularly, the following part hints at it: 'I'll face myself / To cross out / What I've become'. It is interesting that 'to face smb' is an idiom which means 'to deal with someone although it is difficult or embarrassing to do'. So we can suppose that the singer blames himself for the mistakes he made in the past. Nevertheless, we will find out that the problem is much more global if we watch the music video. Apart from the fragments depicting the band's performance in the desert, it consists of various footage illustrating the destructive human impact on nature, episodes from the political chronicle, natural disasters and starving people. The main idea is to raise society's consciousness, making people feel responsible for their actions. Thus, it is clarified that the refrain 'What I've Done' equals 'What We've Done'. The style is also alternative rock, but more melodic than in the case of The Cranberries. So there is a piano part that you can hear throughout the song. The tunes are quite simple, but catchy. There is a guitar solo as well as the power chords' line. It sounds in the culmination before the final chorus.

EARTH

Now let us move on to more modern music. Comedic rapper Lil Dicky chose another way to express his social manifesto in his song and cartoon music video 'Earth' published in 2019 on YouTube. In today's world there is lots of different information on any theme. Its stream is massive and unstoppable. People just get tired, so it's not easy to draw their attention and make them want (and that's important) to put their fingers on problems and try to help in settling them down. So Lil Dicky's social manifesto is expressed in a very attractive and emotional way to convey the sense to as many people as possible. The main problem is the danger of being careless about the environment, and the main objective is to awake our love for the planet and remind us of importance of respecting and protecting it. Lil Dicky puts emphasis on the fact that Earth is our home, it is beautiful and needs to be saved by all means (as we really can do it). He shows us nature with its mountains, deserts, tropical forests, savannas, its impersonated beautiful creatures like a kangaroo, a lion, even a bacterium, singing funny and silly things. All of them are voiced by celebrities like Rihanna, Justin Bieber, Ariana Grande, Halsey, Snoop Dogg (he gave his voice to the marijuana plant), SIA, Ed Sheeran and many others. Lil Dicky shows us different countries too with their people. So, the cartoon was created by talented and



hard-working creative people, whose work we always admire, and represents our dear and only enormous ellipsoidal home in very bright colours. It already creates positive impression. As for the lyrics, in general the first thing to notice was mentioned before — it's quite funny and plain. For instance:

Ariana Grande: 'Hey, I'm a zebra.

No one knows what I do, but I look pretty cool.
Am I white or black?'

Ariana Grande: 'Have you ever been to Earth?'

Lil Dicky: 'Everyone who is listening has been to Earth, Ariana. We're not making music for aliens here'.

But the most significant part of the lyrics is Lil Dicky's monologue. He speaks for all the humanity, calling himself just 'a man'. He claims that we trugged the Earth for so long, but many objects are still unknown, we love simple things like nice clothes, beautiful people, tuna fish, but these days 'We (humanity) don't know how to act' to shootings and pollution. He's sure that we need to 'just chill', and make love but not war and difficulties because we have to respect what we built and wish happiness to each other to reach our happy desirable future.

'We gotta stand for love and we love the Earth'.

THE BIGGER PICTURE

Lil Baby, a famous rapper, told his listeners from all over the world about protests against police racism and discrimination in the USA in 2020 in his song The Bigger Picture. He grew up in poverty and harsh living conditions and he speaks on his own experience, experience of his people and in that way explains what's happening. First of all, this problem is long-standing. Despite the fact that slavery was abolished long ago, carelessness about black people remained in mentality, and was passed down from generation to generation. Lil Baby tried to talk to these people, but it was impossible to get through to them. These lines confirm that:

'I gave 'em chance and chance and chance

again, I even told them please';

'Been going on for too long to get even'.

Black people are just exhausted of being hated and persecuted, they understand what's bad and what's good not less or more than we do, but they're just brought up in the environment which makes them who they are. Everybody wants to live and be happy, but sometimes it takes too much, in particular for people who are hated and oppressed by society. They are just products of their environment and this environment is created by government, by other people who hate its products after they created them. 'We just some products of our environment. How the f*** they gon' blame us?' — Lil Baby says.

Although white people did lots of bad things to Lil Baby and his people, he is not mad at all with them and he wants to lead his people by example.

'All whites not racists / I be judging by the mind and heart, I ain't really into faces'.

The chorus of the song makes the picture complete. Lil Baby says that these problems and discrimination are "bigger" than just 'black and white' and it's not about colours but about people, about the system and people need to have it changed. Although it is a long process and can't be done "overnight", they need to start and the sooner the better — so the start is right now.

This song reveals political situation in the USA. Lil Baby tries to send us a simple message. Black people want peace and happiness like everybody else. And all of us need to judge by the mind and heart like he does.

Thus, of course, we can call musicians responsible citizens. They express their civil position and try to convince people of what they believe to be the truth. After all, politics is the world's life, and the world's life obviously concerns everybody. So it's difficult to be apolitical, especially having such a powerful instrument of influencing people as music. No matter what genre you do.

Art or Vandalism?

Svetlana Ovsepyan and Mavile Osmanova, Group 202

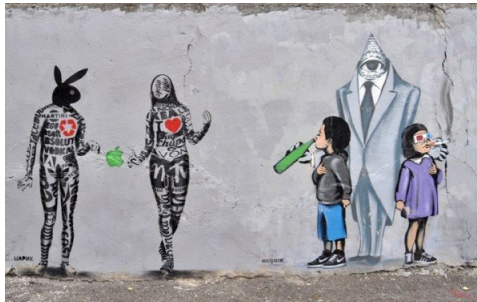
A couple of years ago the city of Simferopol got its own Banksy – a daring young street artist who signs his graffiti as Sharik. Addressing social issues and exposing vices, the works express the author's opinion and encourage people to think about the deep meaning of the graffiti. Though some people would consider Sharik a vandal, his street paintings adorn the walls of our city, including the walls of one of the most prestigious schools on the peninsula.



At the time when this graffiti appeared on the wall of the courtyard of Simferopol Grammar School No. 1, it was named after K. D. Ushynsky. However, some time later the school was renamed after I. V. Kurchatov, who is, in fact, featured in this street painting. The famous physicist became the subject of Sharik's graffiti as he studied at this school before he became an outstanding scientist whose discoveries rocked the world. Some members of the school staff claim that Sharik himself also used to go to Grammar School No. 1.



The transformer vault in the school courtyard boasts a naive and childish, but at the same time very cute and romantic graffiti called *First Love*. On the left side, there is a boy holding a Rubik's cube. On the right one there is a girl with an ice cream cone in her hand. The characters are depicted reaching towards each other though they are divided by the edge of the corner, so that if you look from one side of the painting, you can't see the other side.



The paintings called *Brand Disease* and *The Third Eye* expose the evils of modern society. Young people are striving to look older, blindly harming themselves by drinking alcohol and smoking cigarettes. In order to emphasize the urgency of the problem, the children are depicted so young. The other street painting shows human figures completely covered with various brand names for the purpose of satirizing those who are obsessed with brands.

The last graffiti, a rose as a symbol of eternal memory, is depicted on the exterior of the old school building next to the monument dedicated to the memory and honor of Grammar School No. 1.



Sharik's graffiti are not plain pictures, but real art that urges us to think about many things. A lot of his paintings are located downtown, for example, *A Girl With an Umbrella*, *A Cosmonaut*, *Angry Birds*, *Aviator*, and raise urgent issues.

Angry birds, for example, symbolize people's obsession with this video game. A few years ago you could find it in most smartphones, be they children or adults. This painting also addresses the everlasting problem of social disparity. The poor blame the rich for their greed and indifference.

The painting of a cosmonaut probably appeared as commemoration of Cosmonautics Day. This graffiti, found in one of the underground pedestrian crossings, reminds the passers-by of the contribution of all the Russian cosmonauts to our present and future.

The Aviator is the image of a dreamer. He is looking thoughtfully into the distance, probably, in hope to find a way to make his dream come true.

The following painting shows a girl with an umbrella. It is very unusual, because the lower part of it is sculpted from stone. It is believed that Sharik saw the outline of a dress in this decoration and decided to complement the image to liven up a boring gray building. He saw beauty where there was none – a talent that few have.



This is only a small part of the artist's works. Sharik is not only a talented graffiti-ist, but also a wise person. His works will definitely make you wonder if there is anything wrong with our society. Most people still think that graffiti are vandalism and bad manners, but we hope that our article will prompt the reader to look at these harmless pieces of art from a different angle.

Таланты нашего института

The Honey Trap

Tatiana Mishina and Ksenia Karpukhina, Group 202

Once upon a time, there lived an ordinary girl in an ordinary town... Well, actually it was the other way round, because this story had to be extraordinary.

So, a pretty unique girl lived in an out of the ordinary town. Her name was Masha. She was a good and kind child, but she was a little bit spoilt and got away with all her pranks due to the fact that her parents worked hard and often went on business trips. As a result, Masha was raised by nannies. Nobody paid much attention to her. So, she was a lonely child.

One day her parents decided that it was time their daughter became independent, and all the nannies got fired.

"From today you will do all household chores and cook food by yourself. Tomorrow we are going on a business trip for two weeks. You'll stay at home alone," Masha's parents warned her.

The next day they left. At the beginning, everything went well, but in a few days Masha became bored and decided to go for a walk. She put on warm clothes, filled her backpack with chocolates and left the house. From that moment her adventures started.

The girl was very excited. She looked around the streets. Everything she saw was interesting. As time went by, she went far-

ther and farther away. At one moment, Masha discovered that she had lost her way. Yes, she actually got lost.

However, she wasn't scared. Her parents never told her about all the dangers that she could face. And that's why she thought that being lost would be an exciting experience.

Masha decided that she had to find a place where she could spend the night. Looking for some accommodation, the girl reached the outskirts of the city and saw an old spacious mansion.

It was a two-storied building. There wasn't any light in the house. So, she guessed, there were no people inside. The mansion looked as if it belonged to aristocrats. Everyone who saw the house could say that its owners were wealthy. A postbox with a big golden door plaque "The Beorns" stroke the eye.

"I would not be surprised if it were haunted," mumbled Masha.

It got dark. The little girl had no time to hesitate. She immediately rushed to the house. The door was locked but she noticed that a window was open a crack so she climbed through it and found herself in the kitchen.

Everything was spacious and eccentric there. All the furniture was yellow and orange. In the fridge, the girl found lots of food, but all of it contained honey: honey

EVERY MAN'S WORK



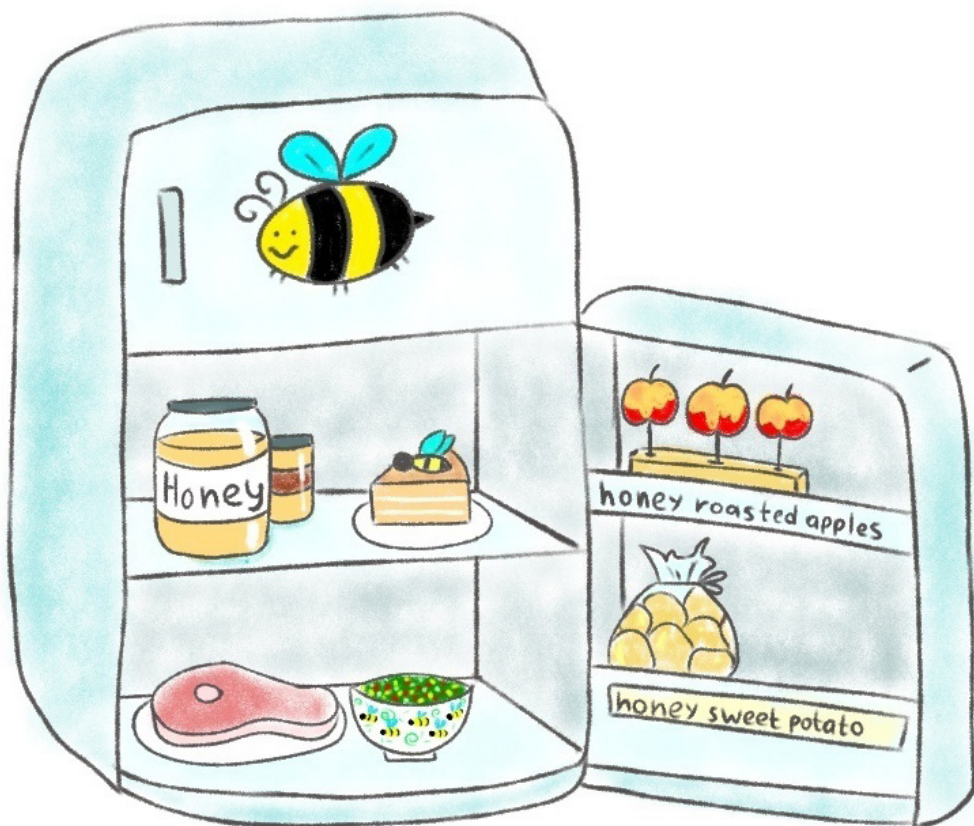
garlic beef, honey baked ham, some salad with honey dressing, a honey cake and honey roasted apples. The girl said angrily, "How strange! I do not like honey! Where is normal food?"

Masha felt at ease, as if she were at her own home. She did whatever she pleased. The girl ate some honey dishes she found in the kitchen. She did not like them much so she left a lot of half-eaten food on the table. Masha got bored; in the living room she noticed Play Station 4 and decided to play with it. And when she got tired, the girl just pushed it away, found a bedroom, tried out the beds in it and fell asleep in the comfiest one with a cute bee blanket.

In the evening, the owners of the house came back. There were three of them. Father Barry was as big as a bear. Mother Ursula had a deep voice. Their child Barry Beorn Junior was club-footed. They were tired and hungry. The father took a bowl and saw that there was just a bit of honey carrot soup that he loved so much. And he roared, "Who has eaten my honey soup?!" Ursula noticed her half-empty bowl and also cried, but quieter than her husband did, "Who has eaten half of my honey-glazed ham?!" The kid's bowl was nearly empty too. So he felt robbed and squalled, "Who has eaten my honey sweet potatoes?!"

Then Barry saw his TV and asked viciously, "Who has been touching my TV remote controller and moved it?!" The mother was angry too and said, "Who has been shuffling my book Beekeeping for Dummies and tore it?!" And Barry Beorn Junior discovered that his Play Station 4 was broken, so he cried, "Who has been playing with my Play Station 4 and broke it?! Now I cannot play my favorite game Angry Bees!"

They decided to check their bedroom. "Who has been sleeping in my bed?!" asked the father with his scary voice. "Who has



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been sleeping in my bed?!" complained the mother. The kid got up on a chair, climbed onto his bed and squalled, "Who has been sleeping in my bed?!"

Then he noticed Masha and yelled, "I found her! She has eaten my honey sweet potatoes and broken my Play Station! Take her!"

Masha had been fast asleep. She hadn't heard scary Father Barry's voice and Mother's deep voice. But when Barry Beorn Junior screamed, she woke up and tried to make a bolt for it. She was chased by the family for a long time. Finally, the Beorns felt short of breath. The father started threatening the girl, "I'll call the police if you don't get out of my house!" "And I will call them too!" the kid repeated after his father.

"Wait, please," asked the girl, "I just got lost. I don't know where I should go!" "It's not our problem!" said the father fiercely. Masha begged them to let her stay at the house for one night. The father and the son were against it. However, Ursula was kind and since she had always wanted to have a daughter, she allowed the girl to spend the night in the house.

Everyone was hungry, so they came to the kitchen to have dinner. While they were eating, they saw a news report featuring a crying couple. They said that their poor little girl had gone missing and they feared she could have been kidnapped.

The family stared at Masha. The mother asked, "Are they your parents?" "Yes, they are my mum and dad," answered Masha. "We must call them immediately. You have broken into our house and done a lot of damage to our property, so your parents must pay a compensation," said Ursula.

Suddenly Masha burst into tears, "No, you cannot do it! They will get as mad as hornets at me! Please, do not call them!" The father answered angrily, "We MUST do it. They are your parents and they must have been having a hell of a day looking for you! And you, you should not have stirred up a hornets' nest in the first place."

Masha was not happy to hear that. So she said, "I can give you a barrel of tasty honey." The child squealed with joy. Honey was their favorite delicacy. But the mother objected, "Only one barrel!? It won't be enough for us. You must give us more!" The girl was shocked but understood that she had no other



choice. She sighed and said, "Why don't you visit our apiary and take as much honey as you need?"

This way they had a deal. The next day they came to Masha's house. The Beorns were collecting honey while Masha and her parents who forgave her the moment they saw her were drinking tea. Everyone was happy.

And happily they lived ever after.

Bee end :)

Not Yet Reservoir Dogs

Ann Skoritskaya, Group 175

Mr. White went to the cinema to watch a new film by Clint Eastwood. It was 1992, not a bad year for a guy like him, but still his pockets weren't full of bees. So that's why he decided not to pay for a ticket and tried to get in without being noticed. Mr. White understood that *Unforgiven* sounded so relatable to him that he could not, but hold on to a sentimental weakness for the cinema and make it to the screening of this masterpiece no matter what.

He asked his friend, Mr. Pink, to bring him a dark velvet mask (he chose a velvet one because he had a sense of style) to sneak into the cinema hall. Mr. Pink was so caught up in the idea that he forgot to make holes in the mask, thinking about the new movie he was about to see. Besides, he wanted to sneak in with Mr. White, so he got a mask for himself too.

The friends easily found each other in the crowd, as they were the only ones who decided to combine a snow-white shirt and a black jacket on that hot day. Both of them, without agreeing, decided that if they were caught in such a petty and shameful crime, they should at least look stunning. Therefore, black ties, snow cuffs, cufflinks and starched collars were used.

When the buddies met, Mr. Pink claimed to have been making the masks all evening. He hoped he'd receive praise, but Mr. White

didn't pay any attention since he was very nervous about the upcoming scam.

"Even a complete idiot can make holes in a piece of cloth," he remarked dryly.

They approached the movie theater, looking forward to seeing something grand on the screen. At that moment Mr. Pink exclaimed, pointing at the nearby retro café, "Oh, I'd like to drop by this diner if everything goes smoothly. I'd like some coffee."

The sounds of the undying hit were coming from the café. "*Like a virgin, touched for the very first time, like a virgin, when your heart beats next to mine*," Madonna sang.

"Why do you go to diners if you never leave a tip, man?"

"You're wrong here, my friend, I'd call it a principle ..."

Mr. White cut him off, "Okay, I get it. Listen, let's get the job done and then ..." Before he could finish, he heard a booming voice duplicate his words, "Let's get the job done" – wow, wow, that sounds like a great slogan for a gangster movie, man!"

"Who are you?"

The Mistery was looking at a guy in a black suit and a white shirt who looked stunning. The Elvis hairstyle gave away his weakness for the era of the 60s and all that was already called old school and the black silk mask

sticking out of his pocket gave away his intentions and his immense love for the cinema.

The guy didn't answer, but just said, pointing to the corduroy pieces of fabric sticking out of Mr. Pink's pocket, "Velvet."

Mr. White was not taken aback and also noticed, putting his hands in his pockets and nodding at the stranger, "Silk."

There was no doubt left.

"Well, gentlemen. As I understand it, we have the same intentions. Clint Eastwood. *Unforgiven*."

"You're right, man, you're right."

"Before I saw you with these masks, I wanted to slip into the cinema unnoticed and offend the Great Art of the Master ... But now I understand that this is impossible, we need to earn money and get into the movies!" he continued, slamming his fist into the palm of his hand.

"We agree, but what do you suggest?"

"Let's go to the cafe and discuss all the details. We need a quick business, a way that we can make quick money."

The men walked past the red Pontiac Lemans and entered the cafe. All the tables were empty, except for the one where a man dressed in a white shirt and a black suit was sitting. On his desk there was a cambric mask. His eyes were full of determination, as if he had decided on something.

The Roe Deer

Ann Skoritskaya, Group 175

No one would be able to remember anything unusual about those sweet summer days. Many people know how the evenings go. I can assure you: that night was just like all the others before it. All the boys ate their cookies and drank milk in the canteen... But to be honest, not all of them, because some gave their cookies to Big Pan. That was the name of the fattest boy in our room, as you might have guessed, but in his defence, no one knew how to tell jokes the way he did. Fortunately, that evening was no exception, and after brushing our teeth white and shiny, as our camp counselors told us, we all covered ourselves with sheets and listened to another Big Pan's story; the lights were already out in the whole dorm.

I looked around the room. Bob was dying of laughter and trying to comment on Big Pan's story at the same time, but everyone just shushed him so that he wouldn't get in the way. Little Luke, the exact opposite of Bob, was crumbling cookies on the bed and giggling softly. Then my eyes fell on Floyd whose nickname was Pink.

He was my best friend in the camp. The guys liked him; although one might have described him as a weirdo, nobody did. Everyone respected him. Pink never gave anyone advice or much help, but there was something in his grand silence that made

us believe in his power and importance. He was not like the others, even in his appearance. His long black hair, always tousled, fell over his thin, bony shoulders. Pink was more like a forest elf lost in the human world. This impression was even more enhanced when he encountered some natural phenomena: he froze at the flight of a bird as if he understood what it was like – to fly, and listened to the rustle of leaves as if he understood the language of the forest. When something interested him, he always clasped his long white fingers together and stared intently at the other person, so that it was as if you were looking into two clear lakes where the night sky was reflected. I bet now you understand that his ways could rather be called special than bizarre.

I was used to his oddities, but something made me worry that night. Firstly, his eyes, always calm and deep, were not looking at Big Pan, but seemed to be wandering elsewhere outside the room. After that I noticed that his face froze as if waiting for something. Somewhat unnaturally, a single question cut the room: "Today is full moon, have you noticed?" he said to no one in particular, but I had the feeling that the words were addressed to me.

An hour later we finally fell asleep. Even now I can't say for sure what happened that night. But the following morning was one of the most mysterious in my life.

* * *

A quiet night covered the space. A quiet night in which people don't dream. The insects and beasts of the forest had awakened and were preparing for a lunar parade, some were predators and others were pray. The leaves hung heavy with accumulated moisture, and the flower petals spread sweet fragrance among the pitch trees.

In the boys' room the floorboards creaked under the weight of someone's feet. A thin boy with long black hair was walking along the moonlit path towards the forest. He didn't feel fear, but rather a strong call that could not be resisted. He ran and felt the wetness of the ground. Suddenly, he smelled the alluring scent of blood. His fangs clenched and he froze, bending a big paw so as not to startle the beast. With a quick tug he bit into the animal's flesh and quenched his thirst. His precise movements did not cause the beast to suffer, and his fangs swiftly severed an artery in the creature's thin neck. Moving his paws, he went to the pack to share the prey with them.

* * *

We woke up too late and, when we did, we noticed that Floyd's bed was empty. I thought he had left early to walk for a while. But when we looked at the porch, we found a corpse of a roe deer with traces of wolf fangs on its thin neck.

Everything and More

Adel Mambetova, Group 193

She is my universe,
An incomprehensible expanse of possibility,
Infinite and unstoppable,
And more beautiful than any single star.
She is my ocean,
Impossibly calm yet impossibly strong,
A quiet hum that can turn to a roar,
Holding me afloat yet swallowing me up.
She is my laughter, light and harmonic,
like a bird's song.
She is my peace, comfortable silences and
warm embraces.
She is my love,
Soft kisses and sweet nothings whispered
into the dark.
She is my everything, and more.

Dysphoria

Adel Mambetova, Group 193

My body is my body.
Despite the feeling that some parts don't
belong,
It's not the wrong body.
Despite the scars and fresh wounds,
It's not a broken body.
Despite the vile pulsing of blood through
my veins,
It's still my body.
Despite the voice telling me I'm wrong,
I am me.
I may be mad, I may be self-destructive,
I may feel like everything is wrong,
But I am still me and my body is still
my body.



EVERY MAN'S WORK

Таланты нашего института

Bloodletting

Adel Mambetova, Group 193

If they break me open, they will find you inside.
 If they tear the flesh from my bones, they
 will find you there,
 Stitched into what allows me to move, to
 breathe, to live.
 I have picked up every piece that you've
 left behind,
 Feasted on the scraps like a starved pathet-
 ic fool.
 I remember, on a day when the sun was
 high, the sky a never ending beautiful blue,
 I looked at you and I knew I burned.
 I wanted... No, I needed.
 On that day, with the sun setting low and
 the sky bleeding into violet, I knew.
 I tasted sewage water in my mouth, closed
 my eyes until I could pretend I didn't exist.
 Wracked with sobs, reassured with denials,
 I begged my heart to see the light.
 Let me –
 But you won't. You never will.
 And still, I never let go, I do not move on.
 This abomination disguised as love has
 chained me down.
 And though I hold the key to my own free-
 dom, I only hold it limp in my hands.
 I shackle myself to the chains; embrace
 them like an old friend.
 I choose to stay.
 To be stopped, I would have to cut open
 my arms, lie down at your feet and watch
 my blood stain your skin.
 To let you go means my death; that is my
 only cure.
 So
 Let me keep what I steal from you.
 Let me look even when you're blinding me
 And let me bleed when it becomes... when
 you become too much.
 But don't worry. I won't.
 I won't let you go.

The Old Khinkalych

Nikita Khorunzhiy, Graduate Student, Group 205

There are lots of Georgian cuisine cafés and restaurants in Simferopol, but from my personal standpoint, only one of them offers you divine food at a reasonable price. This authentic restaurant providing a luring variety of meals is “Old Khinkalych”, whose famous khinkali dumplings and khachapuris are the talk of the town already.

On entering the restaurant you are welcomed by courteous waiters, showing you to a table. As you stroll through “Old Khinkalych” you cannot help but notice some of its peculiarities. The open kitchen instantly catches your eye, providing you with a clear view on the chef's work. The dexterity with which he folds dumplings and crimps famous Georgian khachapuris is truly phenomenal!

Another point worth mentioning is, undoubtedly, the interior. The restaurant's design with its folk embroidered tablecloths along with rustic wooden wall panelings complemented by hunting trophies and traditional Georgian murals is what makes the atmosphere so unique. Are you tired of the constant pop muzak? You will never hear any of that in “Old Khinkalych”, only folk Georgian songs, making you feel as if you were in Tbilisi.

From the restaurant's name it is easy to guess its main speciality. Needless to say that a dozen of khinkalis which I ordered made me feel gluttonous. It is almost impossible to resist the temptation of eating a whole plate of these dumplings stuffed with beef and pork and spices, each the size of a fist. If khinkalis are not really your cup of tea, why not try something else from the menu's wide variety of mouth-watering national dishes? Ranging from light salads and desserts to khachapuris and Georgian wines, it is sure to leave you satisfied.

Beyond any doubt, I highly recommend visiting “Old Khinkalych” for its superb cuisine, reasonable prices, courteous staff and genuine Georgian atmosphere. Whether you are into Georgian food or not, it is worth giving a try!



reputation

Nikita Khorunzhiy, Graduate Student, Group 205

You can leave your past behind
 But it won't let you go...
 All the things that you bear in your mind,
 Et toutes les choses dans ton petit chateau,
 Tu vas essayer d'oublier, mais pourquoi?
 Dans ta tête, c'est là,
 Où tu vas trouver, toi.

You're the one to blame,
 You're the one to forgive,
 You're the one to get rid
 Of all of these wildest dreams.

Why would they want to return?
 Why would they want to meet you?
 Why would they come to twist the knife?
 Oh, to bring drama in your life...

Burn the memories you remember too well,
 Banish the ghosts of the past,
 Release yourself from the chains,
 You were so eager to trust.

Alea iacta est, there's no way back.
 It's in the death of your #reputation,
 When you feel truly alive...

Editorial Team

Nikita Khorunzhiy, Graduate Student, Group 205

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