

**Факультет иностранных языков
Специальность «Перевод и переводоведение»**

**Вступительный экзамен
Текст для пересказа**

1. Прочитайте текст и подготовьтесь к пересказу и беседе по его содержанию, ответьте на вопросы по тексту.

DOCTOR AT LARGE

After R. Gordon

(The author is a young surgeon looking for a job)

I began to open the *British Medical Journal* as the Chinese open their newspapers, from the back: the last twenty pages are filled with advertisements for jobs.

There were plenty of hospitals advertising for house surgeons¹ in the provinces. So I bought a book of stamps and wrote a dozen of applications².

I soon found out that I was not a success at interviews.

I went through several interviews. They were all held in hospital board-rooms³. In the middle of the room was a table that looked strong enough to support a tank, round which sat a dozen of the most serious people I had seen in my life.

It was important to decide, on entering the room, which of the committee members were doctors and which were lay governors⁴, in order to answer the questions correctly. At one of my earlier interviews I was asked by a clergyman: “What would you do, Doctor, if you were operating alone at midnight and suddenly had an unstoppable hemorrhage⁵?”

Feeling sure of myself, I replied, “Pray to God for guidance, sir!”

A small man on my right said quietly: “Don’t you think, young fellow, you might ring up a consultant surgeon before following the advice of a non-specialist?”

I didn’t get the job.

¹ House surgeon – больничный хирург

² Application - заявление

³ Hospital board-room канцелярия больницы

⁴ Lay governors – члены правления (не медики)

⁵ unstoppable hemorrhage [‘heməridz] – сильное кровотечение

Some of the committees wanted to know if I played cricket, others if I played the piano; some if I was married, or if I was moral; one chairman asked my politics, another the name of my clubs. Whatever answers I gave, they never seemed to be the right ones: there was always a sharp silence, a slight “Oh!” from somewhere, and the chairman was thanking me very much and saying they would let me know.

After a month of cold train journeys I began to feel worried. It was no longer the problem of finding a good start to my surgical career, but of keeping myself alive and fed. I had four pounds in the bank, one suit, a bag of golf clubs⁶, and a set of surgical instruments.

The weather was wet and icy, all my shoes needed repairing. I always seemed hungry. My microscope had been sold long ago.

Soon I had nothing left but a few handbooks which were of no value. I therefore went to my next interview, at a large hospital in Northumberland, determined to get the job. I stood in the waiting-room looking out of the window, trying to forget the other candidates; I marched into the committee room, clasped my hands under the table, and answered all the questions like a policeman in court. This time I felt I was doing well, particularly when the tall surgeon in the corner who had been asking most of the questions nodded after investigating my career at St. Swithin’s⁷ and said, “That seems very satisfactory. And you really mean to go in for surgery, do you?”

“Most certainly, sir,” I answered. “However much personal hardship it means at first.”

“Excellent. That’s the spirit I like to see⁸ in my house surgeons. Don’t you agree, gentlemen?”

Heartening grunts came across the table⁹.

“Very well,” the surgeon said. “Now Dr. Bryce-Derry, our Chairman, will ask you a few routine questions.”

The Chairman, who sat immediately opposite me, was a pleasant-looking, youngish man in a tweed suit and a tie.

“Now, Dr. Gordon,” he started with a smile, “you are certain you really want

⁶ Golf clubs – биты для гольфа

⁷ After investigating my career at St. Swithin’s - изучив мою карьеру в госпитале Св. Суизика

⁸ That’s the spirit I like to see – Вот такое настроение мне нравится

⁹ Heartening grunts came across the table – (зд) Сидевшие за столом одобрительно закивали в знак согласия.

to work in our hospital?”

“Yes, sir.”

His smile vanished. His lips tightened.

“You have been qualified¹⁰ a little over three months, I believe?”

“Yes, sir.”

He paused. He looked at me.

“Are you a member of the Medical Defence Union?” he went on slowly.

“Oh, definitely, sir.”

I felt bewildered¹¹. There was suddenly an odd¹² atmosphere in the room. All the committee members were either looking at the ceiling or staring hard on to their squares of blotting paper. Nobody spoke.

“And of the British Medical Association?” the Chairman continued, now scowling¹³.

“Y-yes, sir.”

This sudden malevolence¹⁴ was impossible to explain. I felt awkward and nervous, and wanted fresh air. I pulled out my handkerchief to wipe my forehead, and pushed back my chair. Then I saw opposite me under the table the edge of a tweed skirt, nylons, and a pair of elegant shoes.

“I – I’m terribly sorry, my dear sir – I mean madam – I –I – Oh, God!” I jumped up and ran for the door.

I didn’t get that job, either.

Questions:

1. How did Dr. Gordon look for a job?
2. Why did he fail one of his earlier interviews?
3. Prove that it was necessary for Dr. Gordon to find a job soon.
4. How did the interview at a large hospital in Northumberland go at first?
5. Why didn’t Dr. Gordon get the job?

¹⁰ To be qualified – получить диплом, стать специалистом

¹¹ I felt bewildered – [bi’wildɔt] Я был в замешательстве

¹² Odd - странный

¹³ To scowl – сердито хмуриться

¹⁴ Malevolence – [mɔ’levəlɔns] - злоба, озлобленность