

Tatiana Oliva Morales



# Moscow, the 80s



Levels B2 - C2

Book 2

Part 1

Non-adapted short stories for  
translation from English and retelling

**Tatiana Oliva Morales**  
**Moscow, the 80s. Non-adapted**  
**short stories for translation**  
**from English and retelling.**  
**Levels B2—C2. Book 2. Part 1**

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**Аннотация**

The book consists of 6 non-adapted short stories for translation from English. When translating, it is necessary to rely on knowledge of grammatical topics such as the coordination of tenses, conditional sentences of 1 to 4 types, passive voice, gerund, participles etc. The book contains 4276 words, idioms and slang words. It's recommended for students, as well as for a wide range of people studying English.

# Содержание

Annotation	5
The number of words you need to know for the following purposes of using a foreign language	6
How to work at the stories	7
From the author	8
Cafe “Lira”	9
Time Machine – Cafe Lira	12
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	16

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**Tatiana Oliva Morales**

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# Annotation

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# The number of words you need to know for the following purposes of using a foreign language

Purpose	Number of words
For communication without a translator	120
For daily communication on common topics	2 000
For reading easy texts of a general theme	4 000 – 5 000
For reading difficult texts	10 000
Native speaker level	10 000 – 20 000

# How to work at the stories

Follow the simplest rules, namely:

1. First, analyze the sentence for grammar – the tenses and forms of verbs, active or passive voice.
2. If you don't know any words, use your dictionary or the Translate Google service <https://translate.google.com>
3. If the sentence has idioms, or words with difficult realities, use the search for their meanings or the realities here <https://context.reverso.net>
4. First, translate all sentences in the story, then learn all the new words and phrases, do the interpretation of these stories, retell them.

# From the author

If you need additional consultations or classes, you can contact me. Consultations / classes in person and via Skype are possible.

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*Respectfully,*

*Tatiana Oliva Morales*

# Cafe “Lira”



## *Cafe “Lira”, the 80s*

I did not limit myself to parties. In addition to those in the student dormitories of the Moscow State Pedagogical Institute and the University of Peoples Friendship after Patrice Lumumba, I also liked some informal movements, such as parties of artists and poets, hippies, punks and rockers in the street Old Arbat and in Gorbushka (Culture House named after Gorbunov), as well as funny casual meetings of graduates of the 23rd special school in the cafe “Lira”, which was located in the Pushkin Square, on the very spot where the building of the first Moscow cafe “McDonald’s” is now located. In truth, my character was unusually curious and outgoing from nature.

And once in a pleasant autumn evening, when it was getting a little dark, quarreling slightly with my dad about the fact that different generations, views on life and mortal existence sometimes do not coincide, I went in search of new adventures and acquaintances in a place of chance meeting of the graduates of the 23rd specialized English school, cafe “Lira”.

It was just about this place that the leader of the “Time Machine” group Andrei Makarevich wrote winged catch lines at the time:

# **Time Machine – Cafe Lira**

Author of text (words):

Makarevich An.

Composer (music):

Makarevich An.

У дверей в заведение народа скопление,  
Топтание и пар.  
Но народа скопление не имеет значения -  
За дверями швейцар.

Неприступен и важен стоит он на страже  
Боевым кораблем.  
Ничего он не знает и меня пропускает  
Лишь в погоне за длинным рублем,  
И в его поведении говорит снисхождение.

А я сегодня один - я человек-невидимка,  
Я сажусь в уголок.  
И сижу, словно в ложе, и очень похоже,  
Что сейчас будет третий звонок.  
И мое отчуждение назовем наблюдением.

Вот у стойки ребята их лица помяты,  
В глазах глубина.  
Без сомненья ребята испытали в достатке  
Веселящее действие вина.  
И их поведение назовем опьянением.

Вот за столиком дама - на даме панамы,  
Под ней томный взгляд.  
Но панамы упряма и клюет на панаму  
Уже двадцать восьмой кандидат,  
И ее состояние назовем ожиданием.

Вот товарищ с востока танцует жестоко,  
Ему пара нужна.  
Только пары не видно, а танцору обидно,  
И уводит его старшина.  
В милицейском движении сквозит  
раздражение.

А я все верю, что где-то  
Божьей искрою света  
Займётся костер.  
Только нет интереса  
И бездарную пьесу  
Продолжает тянуть режиссер.  
Только крашенный свет,  
Только дым сигарет,  
У дверей в туалет,  
Меня нет.  
Я за тысячу лет.  
Я давно дал обет  
Никогда не являться  
В такой ситуации.

There is a crowd at the door,  
Trampling and steam.  
But the people congestion does not matter -  
There is a doorman behind the doors.

He stands guarding, unapproachable and  
important like a warship.  
He knows nothing and lets me pass  
Only in pursuit of a long ruble,  
And indulgence speaks in his behavior.

And today I am alone - I am an invisible man,  
I sit in the corner.  
And I'm sitting, as if in a box, and it sure looks  
like the third bell will ring now.  
And my alienation can be called observation.

There are some guys at the counter, their faces  
are crumpled, there is depth in their eyes.  
Without a doubt, the guys experienced plentifully  
The exhilarating effect of wine.  
And their behavior can be called intoxication.

There is a lady at the table in a Panama hat,  
Her gaze is languid. And the panama is  
stubborn and the twenty-eighth candidate has  
already falls for the Panama hat. And her  
condition can be called expectation.

Here is a friend from the East, dancing  
temperamentally. He needs a couple.  
But there is no couple, the dancer is insulted,  
And the sergeant takes him away.  
There is irritation in the police movement.

And I all believe that somewhere  
A bonfire will break out with  
God's spark of light.  
Just there is no interest,  
The director continues to pull  
the mediocre play.  
There is only the colored light,  
There is just cigarette smoke  
At the door to the toilet.  
I'm not there.  
I'm for a thousand years.  
I took a vow long ago  
Never be  
In such situation.

By the way, Andrei Makarevich did not study at our school, his sister, Natasha, who loved to sing songs by him, studied with us, of course, we liked to sing them too. We first sang them

to the accompaniment of a home piano, and then we all switched to guitars. At the same time, the songs of Vladimir Vysotsky and Bulat Okudzhava were very popular in our circle.

Speaking of the well-known personalities, Vladimir Basov, who had played one of the leading roles in the popular film “Moscow – Cassiopia” studied with us, but in an older class. He was called Lob by everyone behind his back.

However, I’ve moved away from the main theme of my story – from the “Lira” cafe. Arriving at the cafe, I sat down at a free table, ordered a cup of coffee without sugar and began to ponder how to live on. I didn’t really want to discuss with my dad about the difference in outlook on life.

My mother was in the hospital at that moment, they were going to release her, but not earlier than in a couple of weeks. I wanted to hang out (*temporarily live*) some time in a pleasant and calm atmosphere, close to my heart and soul.

– It would be possible, for example, to go to one of my student dormitories. – I thought, but I immediately abandoned such a simple idea. I wanted something new and unusual.

Then I went to a familiar bartender and asked a question:

– Hello, old man, listen, do you have any ideas of a crib (apartment or room) in which I could hang out for a couple of days? You know, my folks have driven me crazy with their discussions of my wrong lifestyle and with the boring lectures on the same topic.

“Why not, I really do have some,” Karen said, charmingly kind as ever, and turned to the guy at the table to the left:

– Listen, Frost, it’s just that a dudette (*a girl*) named Tania has got problems of misunderstanding by the folks (*parents*). Maybe you’ll attach the girl for a couple of days to any safe crib?

“Well, no questions asked, old man, why not help a good, as I hope, person.” – Frost reacted and, turning to me, asked. – Is the dormitory suburb of the Babushkinskaya metro station suitable geographically?

– Yes, anything will do, thanks a lot, Frost. – I answered.

– Well, why so official, ma’am! You can call me just Serge.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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