

Holding Company Ghost by Elena Shushkevitch

‘Auguste have you ever been in Poland?’ Mister Delagrange was sitting in the big comfortable red leather canopy admiring his new ‘toy’ a platinum Rollex with dark blue sapphires. It was shining under the lamps mesmerizing him, and he prefer to to enjoy this brilliant show few moments more before answer to Agent.

‘I think I have a lot of food here so as work, you know how our client are, always ready to exaggerate the best. So Poland it .. weird for me that you are asking about. Poland...yes, I remember i had one night relationship with a young girl from this country. Nothing extraordinary, just maybe her blood was quite different. As it usual for all strangers from another country, Americans has not same taste as British and so on.’

‘I think I can trust to a wonderful vampire as you are’ Agent smiled and as he was sitting at his office table, no wanting to stand up he just letting flow slowly the tickets at form of the airplane to Auguste. He took them there was only two tickets.

‘And what about leo? He is so disappointed by your choice that he wouldn’t came ?’ Auguste laughed and sip a little from his crystal Baccarat glass a precious red liquid.

‘Auguste have you ever been to Poland?’ Mister Delagrange was sitting in a big comfortable red leather canopy, admiring his new ‘toy’—a platinum Rolex with dark blue sapphires. It was shining under the lamps in a most mesmerizing way. He took his time to admire the thing and enjoy the brilliant show of glittering metal and precious stones. Only then he answered.

“Ah yes, Poland. Funny you ask. I recall having a one-night stand with a young Polish girl. It wasn’t anything special, but her blood...Yes, the taste differed. Then again, it’s not a big surprise. Americans don’t taste the same way the British do. Nations differ, you know, in every aspect,” Auguste’s eyes sparkled.

‘I think I can trust you on this one,’ Agent smiled. He was sitting behind his desk comfortably, not feeling the need to get up. He looked at Auguste and his hand produced two tickets which immediately shapeshifted into an airplane-like form and began moving toward him. Auguste grabbed them with his bare hands, looking slightly disappointed.

‘And what about Leo? Poland is not good enough for him? Not fancy?’ Auguste laughed and sipped a bloody red liquid from his crystal Baccarat glass.

Mr agent, do you have any information which shed any light about the painter who was responsible for this most wonderful of portraits which stands before us?’

‘I do apologise but unfortunately I don’t have much knowledge on this person and I have to admit to this very day I have yet been able to track down the creative mind who is behind this magnificent piece of artwork. I can only say that the elusive being has been unknown to me for a quite a while now. The only information which I do have about the portrait is when it was finished, the painter vanished as well as the figure on the portrait and was never to be seen ever again. Maybe one day I will have a more informative answer to give my clients but for now I simply do not.

‘Mr Agent, this is fantastic. I’m looking at this painting and it’s an impressive one. Do you know anything about its author? Who is this art guru?’

‘Sorry, but I don’t have a single clue. Admittedly, to this very day I failed to track down the creative mind behind this masterpiece. But there’s a little something I can share with you. A secret. You see, he vanished after finishing the portrait. Disappeared without a trace, just like the figure on the portrait. Maybe one day I’ll be able to tell more.’

Jane Austen “Pride and Prejudice” (adaptation for English language learners)

<p>It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.</p> <p>However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.</p> <p>"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"</p> <p>Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.</p> <p>"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."</p> <p>Mr. Bennet made no answer.</p> <p>"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently. "YOU want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."</p> <p>This was invitation enough.</p> <p>"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris</p>	<p>It is a well-known truth that a single man who is rich is looking for a wife.</p> <p>And while we do not always know what this man feels or what views he has when he first enters a neighbourhood, this truth is so well understood by the surrounding families that they consider him to be a proper catch for their daughters regardless.</p> <p>"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is finally rented out?"</p> <p>Mr. Bennet answered that he had not. "But it is," she said. "because Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."</p> <p>Mr. Bennet did not answer.</p> <p>"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" his wife said loudly and impatiently. "You want to tell me, and I will gladly listen."</p> <p>This was enough for her to continue.</p> <p>"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that a young and wealthy man from the north of England has leased Netherfield. He came here on Monday in an expensive carriage with four horses to see the place. It delighted him so much that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately and is going to become the possessor before Michaelmas. His servants will arrive in the house by the end of next week."</p>
--	---

immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! Single, my dear, that is for sure. An unmarried man with a lot of money. He receives four or five thousand a year. What a fine man for our girls!"

Private Client's text

Has life been kind to you in the rainy lands of Buckinghamshire?

You are a big boy, my dear. I remember you sitting at the Christmas dinner when uncle Balthasar was still able to rant about Labour being nothing more than a «bunch of well-disguised Communists hatching a revolution» with pudding all over your mouth slowly dripping down, to the floor.

Now, you are planning to become a political scientist student, and I can't help but share a story which might be of an interest to you.

The other day I had a discussion which revolved around EU being a certain power. You might be quite surprised but it turns out that some consider «power» and «force» to mean different things in international politics. Apparently, «power» automatically entails some sort of an ability «to force», while «force» is just a force without necessarily projecting force. Not sure what you just read, dear? Got you.

For now, however, let's not go into further discussions regarding the «power» and «force» difference, but try to understand what is the idea behind each type of power. Imagine them sending a message:

Has life been treating you well in the rainy lands of Buckinghamshire?

You're a big boy, my dear, but I still remember you sitting at the Christmas dinner table with pudding all over your mouth slowly dripping down, to the floor. Oh yes, those were the days when Uncle Balthasar was still able to rant about Labour being nothing more than a “bunch of well-masqueraded Communists, hatching a revolutionary plot.”

Oh well...time flies, doesn't it? I heard it through the grapevine that you're planning to become a political science student, and I can't help but share a story which might be of interest to you.

The other day I had a discussion which revolved around the EU being a certain power. Surprised as you may be, but some believe that the terms “power” and “force” have different meanings in international politics. Apparently, a “power” automatically entails some sort of an ability “to force,” while a “force” is just a force without necessarily projecting force. Not sure what you've just read, dear? I dare say you're one of many.

And yet let's avoid further discussion of the difference between the two and try and elucidate the idea behind each type of power. Imagine, my dear boy, that they're about to send you messages that read:

MILITARY POWER: Do it or I'll kill you

MILITARY POWER - «do it or I will kill you»; CIVILIAN POWER - «We would rather not kill you, but we can if we have a (very) good reason for it», ; NORMATIVE POWER - «Our rules are the best and serve as a model for others»; ETHICAL POWER - «We feel entitled (to act), because we are the best».

Back to the EU. Some call the EU a «civilian power» as opposed to «military power». The difference is simple: let's say you and aunt Anetta had a row over whether you are having Danish butter or Chocolate brownie cookies this afternoon. You might want to take out a knife and threaten her in the name of Danish butter. That would be somewhat like military power. If you, however, prefer to let's say appeal to why you believe that Danish butter cookies are better, i.e. contains less calories, keeping in mind not only the location of knife, but also the fact that aunt Anetta's potential decease would find extensive support among the family, then you resemble civilian power.

CIVILIAN POWER: We'd rather not kill you, but we can if we have a (very) good reason to do it

NORMATIVE POWER: Our rules are the best and serve as a model for others

ETHICAL POWER: We feel entitled (to act, predominantly in a verbal manner) because we are the best

You may wonder how all of these apply to the EU. Well, Oberon, there's always an explanation even to the most bewildering of questions. Some deem the EU to be a civilian power, and not a military one. The difference is rather simple: let's say you and aunt Anetta had a row over the Danish butter cookies.

Should you have them—or is it sounder to opt for the chocolate brownies that are so delicious and smudgy? Now, you might want to grab a knife and threaten her in the name of the Danish butter cookies. In that case, you'd very much resemble a military power.

However, let's say that you've chosen a different path and decided to explain why you believe the Danish butter cookies are better, for instance, they contain fewer calories. That is not to say that the location of the knife has altered: it's still there and you're well aware of it (as well as that aunt Anetta's potential decease would find extensive support among the family).