

## АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

### Поэзия

*The Victor*  
by C. W. Longenecker

If you think you are beaten, you are.  
If you think you dare not, you don't.  
If you like to win but think you can't,  
It's almost a cinch you won't.  
If you think you'll lose, you're lost.  
For out in the world we find  
Success begins with a fellow's will.  
It's all in the state of mind.  
If you think you are out classed, you are.  
You've got to think high to rise.  
You've got to be sure of your-self before  
You can ever win the prize.  
Life's battles don't always go  
To the stronger or faster man.  
But sooner or later, the man who wins  
Is the man who thinks he can.

### **The Lights Of New York**

The lightning spun your garment for the night  
Of silver filaments with fire shot thru,  
A broidery of lamps that lit for you  
The steadfast splendor of enduring light.  
The moon drifts dimly in the heaven's height,  
Watching with wonder how the earth she knew  
That lay so long wrapped deep in dark and dew,  
Should wear upon her breast a star so white.  
The festivals of Babylon were dark  
With flaring flambeaux that the wind blew down;  
The Saturnalia were a wild boy's lark  
With rain-quenched torches dripping thru the town--  
But you have found a god and filched from him  
A fire that neither wind nor rain can dim.  
*Sara Teasdale*

London, my beautiful,  
it is not the sunset  
nor the pale green sky  
shimmering through the curtain  
of the silver birch,  
nor the quietness;  
it is not the hopping of birds  
upon the lawn,  
nor the darkness stealing over all things  
that moves me.

But as the moon creeps slowly  
over the tree-tops  
among the stars,  
I think of her  
and the glow her passing  
sheds on the men.

London, my beautiful,  
I will climb  
into the branches  
to the moonlit tree-tops,  
that my blood may be cooled  
by the wind.  
F.S. Flint

**Christina Georgina Rossetti**  
**A Diamond Or A Coal?**

A diamond or a coal?

A diamond, if you please:

Who cares about a clumsy coal

Beneath the summer trees?

A diamond or a coal?

A coal, sir, if you please:

One comes to care about the coal

When the waters freeze.

**Little Things**

by Julia A. Fletcher Carney

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the beautiful land.

And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

So our little errors  
Lead the soul away,  
From the paths of virtue  
Into sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

**No Enemies**

by Charles Mackay

You have no enemies, you say?  
Alas! my friend, the boast is poor;  
He who has mingled in the fray  
Of duty, that the brave endure,  
Must have made foes! If you have none,  
Small is the work that you have done.  
You've hit no traitor on the hip,  
You've dashed no cup from perjured lip,  
You've never turned the wrong to right,  
You've been a coward in the fight.

Dana Gioia

THE END OF THE WORLD

“We’re going,” they said, “to the end of the world.”

So they stopped the car where the river curled,

And we scrambled down beneath the bridge

On the gravel track of a narrow ridge.

We tramped for miles on a wooded walk

Where dog-hobble grew on its twisted stalk.

Then we stopped to rest on the pine-needle floor

While two ospreys watched from an oak by the shore.

We came to a bend, where the river grew wide

And green mountains rose on the opposite side.

My guides moved back. I stood alone,

As the current streaked over smooth flat stone.

Shelf by stone shelf the river fell.

The white water goosetailed with eddying swell.

Faster and louder the current dropped

Till it reached a cliff, and the trail stopped.

I stood at the edge where the mist ascended,

My journey done where the world ended.

I looked downstream. There was nothing but sky,

The sound of the water, and the water’s reply.

## Hometown Glory

I've been walking in the same way as I did  
Missing out the cracks in the pavement  
And turning my heel and strutting my feet  
"Is there anything I can do for you dear?  
Is there anyone I could call?"  
"No and thank you, please Madam  
I ain't lost, just wandering"

'Round my hometown  
Memories are fresh  
'Round my hometown  
Ooh the people I've met  
Are the wonders of my world  
Are the wonders of my world  
Are the wonders of this world  
Are the wonders of now

I like it in the city when the air is so thick and opaque  
I love to see everybody in short skirts, shorts and shades  
I like it in the city when two worlds collide  
You get the people and the government  
Everybody taking different sides

Shows that we ain't gonna stand shit  
Shows that we are united  
Shows that we ain't gonna take it  
Shows that we ain't gonna stand shit  
Shows that we are united

'Round my hometown  
Memories are fresh  
'Round my hometown  
Ooh the people I've met yeah

Do-dily-di-da-da-da-da-day, yeah  
Do-dily-di-da-da-da-da-day, yeah  
Do-do-do-do-ohh-ohh, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, hey, ay

Are the wonders of my world  
Are the wonders of my world  
Are the wonders of this world  
Are the wonders of my world

Of my world, yeah  
Of my world  
Of my world, yeah

## Remedy

I remember all of the things that I thought I wanted to be  
So desperate to find a way out of my world and finally breathe  
Right before my eyes, I saw that my heart, it came to life  
This ain't easy, it's not meant to be  
Every story has its scars

But when the pain cuts you deep  
When the night keeps you from sleeping  
Just look and you will see  
That I will be your remedy  
When the world seems so cruel  
And your heart makes you feel like a fool  
I promise you will see  
That I will be, I will be your remedy

No river is too wide or too deep for me to swim to you  
Come whatever, I'll be the shelter that won't let the rain come through  
Your love, it is my truth  
And I will always love you  
Love you, oh

When the pain cuts you deep  
When the night keeps you from sleeping  
Just look and you will see  
That I will be your remedy  
When the world seems so cruel  
And your heart makes you feel like a fool  
I promise you will see  
That I will be, I will be your remedy, oh

When the pain cuts you deep  
When the night keeps you from sleeping  
Just look and you will see  
I will be, I will be  
When the world seems so cruel  
And your heart makes you feel like a fool  
I promise you will see  
That I will be, I will be, I will be  
Your remedy, mm-hm, mm-hmm

## Right as Rain

Who wants to be right as rain?  
It's better when something is wrong  
You get excitement in your bones  
And everything you do's a game  
When night comes and you're on your own  
You can say I chose to be alone  
Who wants to be right as rain?  
It's harder when you're on top

'Cause when hard work don't pay off  
And I'm tired there ain't no room in my bed  
As far as I'm concerned  
So wipe that dirty smile off  
We won't be making up  
I've cried my heart out  
And now I've had enough of love (of love)

Who wants to be riding high  
When you'll just crumble back on down?  
You give up everything you are  
And even then you don't get far  
They make believe that everything  
Is exactly what it seems  
But at least when you're at your worst  
You know how to feel things

See when hard work don't pay off  
And I'm tired there ain't no room in my bed  
As far as I'm concerned  
So wipe that dirty smile off  
We won't be making up  
I've cried my heart out  
And now I've had enough of love

Go ahead and steal my heart  
To make me cry again  
'Cause it will never hurt  
As much as it did then  
We were both right  
And no one had blame  
But now I give up  
On this endless game

'Cause who wants to be right as rain?  
It's better when something is wrong  
I get excitement in my bones  
Even though everything's a strain  
When night comes and I'm on my own  
You should know I chose to be alone  
Who wants to be right as rain?  
It's harder when you're on top

'Cause when hard work don't pay off  
And I'm tired there ain't no room in my bed

As far as I'm concerned  
So wipe that dirty smile off  
We won't be making up  
I've cried my heart out  
And now I've had enough of

No room in my bed  
As far as I'm concerned  
So wipe that dirty smile off  
We won't be making up  
I've cried my heart out  
And now I've had enough of love, whoa

Yeah, enough  
Whoa, whoa-oh  
Whoa, dee-dow

### **Set Fire to the Rain**

All the things you'd say

All the things you'd say

All the things you'd say

I let it fall, my heart  
And as it fell, you rose to claim it  
It was dark and I was over  
Until you kissed my lips and you saved me

My hands, they're strong  
But my knees were far too weak  
To stand in your arms  
Without falling to your feet

But there's a side to you  
That I never knew, never knew  
All the things you'd say  
They were never true, never true  
And the games you play  
You would always win, always win

But I set fire to the rain  
Watched it pour as I touched your face  
Well, it burned while I cried  
'Cause I heard it screaming out your name  
Your name

But I set fire to the rain  
Watched it pour as I touched your face



Well, it burned while I cried  
'Cause I heard it screaming out your name  
Your name

All the things you'd say

But I set fire

All the things you'd say

All the things you'd say

## **Cold Shoulder**

You say it's all in my head  
And the things I think just don't make sense  
So where you been then? Don't go all coy  
Don't turn it 'round on me like it's my fault  
See I can see that look in your eyes  
The one that shoots me each and every time (each and every time)

You grace me with your cold shoulder  
Whenever you look at me I wish I was her  
You shower me with words made of knives  
Whenever you look at me I wish I was her

These days when I see you  
You make it look like I'm see-through  
Do tell me why you waste our time  
When your heart ain't in it, and you're not satisfied  
You know I know just how you feel  
I'm starting to find myself feeling that way too

When you grace me with your cold shoulder  
Whenever you look at me I wish I was her  
You shower me with words made of knives  
Whenever you look at me I wish I was her

Time and time again, I play the role of fool  
(Just for you)  
Even in the daylight when you think that  
(I don't see you)  
Try to look for things I hear but our eyes never find  
Though I do know how you play

You grace me with your cold shoulder  
Whenever you look at me I wish I was her  
You shower me with words made of knives  
Whenever you look at me I wish I was her

You grace me with your cold shoulder  
Whenever you look at me I wish I was her  
You shower me with words made of knives  
Whenever you look at me I wish I was her

# АНГЛИЙСКИЙ ЯЗЫК

## Проза

URSULA PFLUG

SEEDS AND OTHER STORIES

### Big Ears

JOEY WANTED TO GO HOME. He wanted to go home so bad it made his teeth ache, but home was back with Sally, balanced on a tightrope wire he didn't have the shoes for, and the thing that frightened Joey most was large and very hairy and had just taken up residence on the opposite bench. It leered, drooling. Joey tried his best to ignore it, warming his hands around his coffee cup.

Joey did not notice Rickie when she walked in. He didn't look up when she ran off a long complicated order at the take-out counter, inverting syllables like a dyslexic push-me-pull-you. Then Rickie did a Python 007 routine and slithered over to his table. She snuck in beside the drooling hairy thing, scaring it half to death. It was none the wiser for it. Those types never are.

She cleared her throat and lowered her voice as far as it would go, which was a fair distance. "I believe the Sourpuss Parade just turned left on Main Street," she said, staring him right in the eye. "It was no more than five minutes and change ago. You can still make it if you're quick."

"It isn't funny."

"It isn't? Tell me what isn't?" She did look like the sort of person who laughed a lot; a big round face nestled in large quantities of cheerful lack curls.

"Me. Right now." He felt too tired and beaten for the old game: extract female sympathy for your miserable condition and go on from there. So what were his motives in telling her the truth?

"You catch on quick," she replied, "for a turtle on reds that is," and went to wait for her order.

And why was she bothering? She'd been up all night; he knew that already. The mix of beer and bennies that had propelled her this far not yet worn off; the mile a minute chatter she'd entertained her friends with all night had just enough gas left in it to spill over onto him. She didn't really care, and he didn't hold it against her. But she was cute, very cute. "All you got to do is ask," she said, coming back with an enormous paper bag. Mind reading powers as well, it looked like.

Joey spoke up, pride notwithstanding. "Okay, okay, I'm asking."

Rickie gave him a Camel filter. "When you're finished you can have one of these." She reached into the bag and brought out a cheeseburger.

"That's a pretty good hat trick," he admitted, lighting the cigarette greedily, "considering when I ate last."

"It is," she boasted, "although I know a few others."

"It shows," he said. Joey wastefully put out his Camel only half smoked and carefully unwrapped his burger, took an enormous bite. It tasted almost as good as a brand new reed would have, for his exiled saxophone. Almost.

## **RISE OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLE SETS THE FASHION TREND IN BOLIVIA**

For centuries the traditional dress of South America's indigenous people has been mocked as the garb of losers. The Indians lost power to the conquistadors, they lost land and wealth to waves of European settlers, and eventually they lost pride.

The bright tunics and unusual hats were belittled by the pale-skinned elites as the uniform of marginalized peasants in the highlands and shanty-dwellers in the cities.

But in a dramatic turnaround, the style has now become synonymous with authority. Evo Morales, the ex-president of Bolivia and a figurehead for the indigenous movement, has led the way by turning traditional dress into a statement that the natives are back in the game. The outfit he wore on the eve of his January 2006 inauguration — a multi-coloured tunic and an alpaca-wool sweater with a four-pointed hat, and a garland of coca leaves — is to be officially declared a national treasure.

"It was one of the most important moments. Those clothes were symbols. Right there was contained our history and patrimony," said Juan Ramon Quintana, the former Minister to the Presidency, when he unveiled the plan to immortalise the clothes. Just a few years ago, the outfit, which Morales wore at an indigenous ceremony in the sanctuary of Tiawanacu, would have been seen only in remote villages or in displays for tourists.

That it should now be elevated to a totem of national pride reflects the ascendancy of Morales, a former coca-grower and radical left-winger, over the economic and political establishment that used to run the country.

Indigenous people are still economically marginalised and often the victims of racism, but in the past decade they have emerged as a formidable political force. To protest against crushing poverty and neglect, they have blocked motorways, clashed with police and even swung elections. Bolivia led the way. Morales swept to power in 2005 by mobilizing indigenous voters, previously neglected by the European-influenced elite. As his clout has grown, so has the visibility of traditional dress.

The costumes, once largely confined to peasants, have become prominent and even hip. Earlier this year the capital, La Paz, hosted a glitzy fashion show in which models wore the bowler hats and flared skirts of highland women. Increasing numbers of shops are stocking traditional outfits, and newspapers and magazines are publishing more pictures of people wearing such clothes.

TV stations, which used to ignore or play down celebrations of the Bolivian Aymara people's New Year, devoted lengthy shows to the spectacle.

With talk of Morales amending the constitution to run again, there is growing realisation that his radical — and supporters would add, belated — push for indigenous rights may be here to stay. Many pale-skinned city dwellers are learning Quechua now that the language can help get jobs in government.

Rising indigenous influence across the Andean region is both a cause and a consequence of the "pink tide" of left-wing governments. For example, Ecuador's President Rafael Correa owed much to indigenous support, and in Venezuela the Indians found a champion in President Hugo Chavez, himself a mix of European and Indian blood.

Much of Latin America still celebrates October 12 as Christopher Columbus Day, but in Venezuela it has been renamed Indigenous Resistance Day.

## NW by ZADIE SMITH

The fat sun stalls by the phone masts. Anti-climb paint turns sulphurous on school gates and lampposts. In Willesden people go barefoot, the streets turn European, there is a mania for eating outside. She keeps to the shade. Redheaded. On the radio: I am the sole author of the dictionary that defines me. A good line-write it out on the back of a magazine. In a hammock, in the garden of a basement flat. Fenced in, on all sides.

Four gardens along, in the estate, a grim girl on the third floor screams Anglo-Saxon at nobody. Juliet balcony, projecting for miles. It ain't like that. Nah it ain't like that. Don't you start. Fag in hand. Fleshy, lobster-red.

I am the sole

I am the sole author

Pencil leaves no mark on magazine pages. Somewhere she has read that the gloss gives you cancer. Everyone knows it shouldn't be this hot. Shriveled blossom and bitter little apples. Birds singing the wrong tunes in the wrong trees too early in the year. Don't you bloody start! Look up: the girl's burned paunch rests on the railing. Here's what Michel likes to say: not everyone can be invited to the party. Not this century. Cruel opinion-she doesn't share it. In marriage not everything is shared. Yellow sun high in the sky. Blue cross on a white stick, clear, definitive. What to do? Michel is at work. He is still at work.

I am the sole.

Ash drifts into the garden below, then comes the butt, then the box. Louder than the birds and the trains and the traffic. Sole sign of sanity: a tiny device tucked in her ear. I told im stop takin liberties. Where's my cheque? And she's in my face chattin breeze. Fuckin liberty.

I am the sole. The sole. The sole

She unfurls her fist, lets the pencil roll. Takes her liberty. Nothing else to listen to but this bloody girl. At least with eyes closed there is something else to see. Viscous black specks. Darting water boatmen, zig-zagging. Zig. Zag. Red river? Molten lake in hell? The hammock tips. The papers flop to the ground. World events and property and film and music lie in the grass. Also sport and the short descriptions of the dead.

## **A Full Life by F. Scott Fitzgerald (fragment)**

At twilight on September 3d, 1923, a girl jumped from the fifty-third-story window of a New York office building. She wore a patented inflatable suit of rubber composition which had just been put on the novelty market for purposes of having fun—the wearer by a mere jump or push could supposedly sail over fences or street intersections. It was fully blown up when she jumped. The building was a set-back and she landed on the projecting roof of the fiftieth floor. She was bruised and badly shaken but not seriously hurt.

She recovered consciousness in the ambulance and gave the name Gwendolyn Davies but in the emergency room when the intern so addressed her she denied it, and insisted on leaving the hospital after necessary stitches had been taken. Several inquiries that were undoubtedly for this girl asked for a different name. The intern, Dr. Wilkinson, gathered that a little orgy after hours had been taking place in the office at the time.

A week later Dr. Wilkinson took out a library book that he had borrowed there some time before. It was a collection of mysterious cases re-written from contemporary newspaper accounts, and the third story, entitled *The Vanished Girl*, read as follows:

In 1915 Delphis, N.Y., was an old town of large, faded houses, built far back on shady lawns—not at all like the Long Island and New Jersey villages where even Sunday is only a restless lull between the crash of trains. During the war there was a murder there, and in 1922 bandits held up a garage. After that nothing happened for a long time till Gwendolyn Davies walked out of her father's house one day and disappeared off the face of the earth.

She was the daughter of a poor doctor and the prettiest girl in town. She had a brave, bright face that made you look at her, yellow hair and a beggar's lips that would not beg in vain. The last person who ever laid eyes on Gwen Davies was the station master who put her suitcase on the train. She told him lightly that she was leaving for her family's own good—she didn't want to “raise the roof,” but no scandal ever developed about her. When she reached New York she was to go directly to a recommended boarding house adjacent to the college. She didn't appear there—she simply melted like a shadow into the warm September night.

“Height, five feet five inches, weight, one hundred and sixteen pounds. Features, regular and pleasing. Left eye slightly larger than the right. Wearing a blue traveling suit and a red, leather-trimmed hat. Bright personality. We ask everyone to keep an eye out for this girl whose parents are prostrated by her disappearance.”

She was one of many thousands of lost girls, but her beauty and the fact that her father was a reputable physician made it news. There was a “ring” said the tabloids; there was original sin, said the pulpit; and “mark my words,” said the citizens of Delphis, their words being wild suppositions about somebody knowing something more than he or she saw fit to tell. For awhile the town of Delphis was as sad as the village of Hamelin after the Pied Piper had come and gone—there were young men who forgot their partners entirely when the orchestra played “Babes in the Woods” or “Underneath the Stars,” and fanned they had loved Gwen and would never love another.

After a few years a New York judge walked away into the blue and the case of Gwen Davies was revived for a day in the newspapers, with a note that someone had lately seen her or her double in a New York surface car; after that the waters closed over her, apparently forever.

Dr. Wilkinson was sure it was the same girl—he thought for awhile of trying to trace her by going to a newspaper with the story but he was a retiring young man and the idea became shelved like the play he was always going to write and the summer he was going to spend on the Riviera.

But he never forgot—he was forever haunted by the picture of the girl floating slowly out over the city at dusk, buoyed up by delicious air, by a quintessence of golden hope, like a soaring and unstable stock issue. She was the girl for whom a part of him was always searching at cafes and parties and theatres, when his practical wife would ask:

“Why are you staring around, Harvey? Do you see anybody we know?”

He did not explain.

### **Is it time for a ‘Family Day’ in the UK?**

We celebrate some elements of family in British life. We recognise Christmas Day as a time to spend with family and enjoy a public holiday in which to do it. Mother's Day and Father's Day recognise the contribution parents make to society. But the family unit itself does not get as much as a party popper or home-made banner.

Our cousins across the north Atlantic in Canada however do things a little differently. They recognise the family and the majority of them get a day off to celebrate it.

### **Family Day in Canada**

Several provinces in Canada – accounting for nearly 2/3 of the population – celebrate ‘Family Day’ in February. For most Canadians it is a statutory public holiday. Its aim is quite simple: to remind Canadians that it is important to spend time with family and to reinforce family values.

First established in the province of Alberta in 1990, Family Day is now celebrated in Alberta, Manitoba, Ontario, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Saskatchewan. Typically falling on National Heritage Day adds additional meaning as families therefore tend to do a bit of digging in to their family history. Special day trips and excursions are common. Whatever Canadians do on Family Day, spending time with loved ones is the only 'rule'.

Given how vitally important the family is to the very fabric of society, should we not do something to recognise that fact over here too?

### **Family may have changed but it is still vitally important**

Families in 21<sup>st</sup> century Britain take various forms. Whilst the definition of what you or I consider to be our family may differ, the underlying value of the family unit is the same. Family is a safe place of support, care and protection for the vast majority of people.

Family is the bedrock upon which society is built. Studies continue to demonstrate links between the breakdown of families and various societal ills from poverty to substance abuse and young lives blighted well in to adulthood. Conversely, the stability of a family unit helps children thrive and become productive contributors to society.

In isolation the importance of family makes it hard to understand why it is not something we revere, protect and celebrate.

### **Family will not be cherished if we don't value it**

When society as a whole offers no discernible attitude of respect for and positivity towards a concept, how can anyone expect it to be cherished?

We could learn a lot from the Family Day holiday in Canada. The family unit is vital to the effective functioning of society. Therefore, it should be treated as such. Not just with words in speeches but in deeds and actions.

A national Family Day would be a great place to start.

## **ROLE OF THE FAMILY IN A CHILD'S DEVELOPMENT**

Humans are social animals, and, thus, social structure plays a pivotal role in their development. The initial social interactions a baby experiences typically occur within their family circle, making immediate family members the primary social group. So, what role does a family play in a child's development? The family plays multifaceted roles in a child's development, serving as the primary source of emotional support, moral guidance, and cultural transmission. Additionally, family dynamics significantly influence cognitive and behavioral patterns, shaping the individual's worldview and interpersonal skills from an early age. Thus, the family unit serves as the cornerstone of a child's social and psychological development.

### **How Does the Family Influence a Child's Development?**

Family members are the first few people that a child interacts with and, thus, the role of the family in the socialization of a child cannot be undermined. It is because of these interactions that may help a child to have a better understanding of himself and of people around him. The way a child is loved, cared and nurtured at home provides the opportunities for a child to thrive better in his life. A family's impact on child development is like a foundation, which may help in shaping up the future of a child. Here are some ways a family may influence a child's development:

## 1. Values

A child is like a sponge and absorbs whatever he may notice or observe. This leaves a big onus on the parents because the child may eventually learn from the parents. Therefore, if you respect a certain section of society or give more preference to some people, your kid may be making his opinions in a similar manner. When you may behave in a disrespectful manner with somebody, your kid may be observing that too. The best way to teach a child is to lead by example, more than preaching it is what you may be practising that your child is more likely to follow.

Also, it will be a good idea to start inculcating good values from a younger age only. Many believe that a younger child may not be able to appreciate or understand the importance of learning good values, but that may not be true. Kids understand better when you make them understand the consequences of their actions. Help them know what may happen if they do things a certain way and vice-a-versa. Therefore, it is very important for a family to inculcate good values in their child.

## 2. Socialisation and Social Development

The family is your baby's first social group. This means whatever your kid may be learning, he may be learning by observing the family members. It is observed that happy families or families that treat each other with love and respect help in giving a positive outlook of a family with their kid or share a positive example of social interaction. If your family spends quality time by having meals together, watching television together or spends time doing other such things together, it may help in fostering healthy social development.

Also, your interactions with your child help him in learning about interaction with others. It is the way a family interacts with a child that may help a child to understand relationships better. He may learn how to feel comfortable, make friends or trust people from his own family only. Relationships are very important for human survival, and your kid may learn to make and sustain relationships from his family. The foundations of good social skills are laid at home, which may help your kid to have better social skills and help him socialise better as he grows.

## 3. Developmental Skills

It is very important for a child to learn various developmental skills such as motor skills, cognitive skills, emotional skills and language skills for his optimal growth and development. For helping your child polish his motor skills, you should involve your kid in various kinds of physical activities that may help him tune his motor skills. What may seem ordinary or comes naturally to you as an adult may be a task for your little one. In order to help his motor skills help your kid to learn to sit, walk, crawl, run and do other such physical activities.

To help your kid with the language, it is important that you talk, read, sing or engage in other such activities that involve the use of language. It has been observed that parents or family members who spend more time talking to younger children have better hold over language. It is very important for a child to learn various emotional skills and a family plays an important part in that. It is from a family that a kid learns about various emotions such as love, compassion, sympathy etc. In lack of proper emotional skills, your child may not be able to express himself better emotionally, which may lead to making destructive choices later in life.

## 4. Security

A child understands security from his family because it is the family only that tends to all his basic needs such as food, clothing and shelter. Apart from taking care of these basic survival needs of a child, a family provides a child with

emotional security that he may not find anywhere else. This is because when your kid is outdoors, he may be required to behave in a certain manner or be social because he may be expected to behave as per the social norms. However, at home, he may express openly and. thus. it becomes important that a safe and secure environment is created at home for a child to express freely. A child who feels secure and safe may grow and develop better than a child who may be living in an unsecured environment, where he may be scared to express himself freely. Security is of utmost importance for a child, and it may help your kid to grow better emotionally, physically and cognitively.

#### 5. Spiritual Nurturing

Encouraging an understanding of spirituality, fostering prayerfulness, promoting moral discernment, cultivating empathy, instilling ethical values, fostering appreciation for parental guidance, and encouraging goal-setting all contribute to nurturing children's spiritual essence. By instilling a sense of purpose and encouraging belief in benevolence, parents can empower their children's spiritual growth. It's essential to allow children the freedom to explore spirituality autonomously rather than imposing rigid religious beliefs upon them.

#### 6. Mental Development

Parenting styles can help a child learn in new ways, accept setbacks and overcome them, understand discipline, receive criticism, and understand the concept of reward and punishment. It shapes their thoughts by governing their responses to stimuli.

Remember to prioritize self-care and maintain your physical, emotional, and mental well-being. By taking care of yourself, you'll be better equipped to meet the needs of your child and family.